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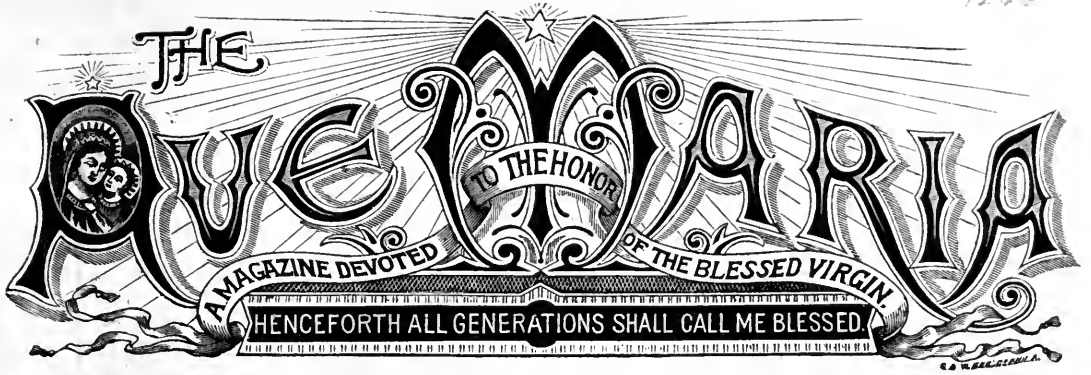
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MADONNA (Fra Angelico).



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Christopher Columbus.

FROM THE SPANISH OF RAFAEL MARIA BARALT.

NOW who dares scorn the fury of my waves?
Who comes from distant world and alien shore
To engulf the wrecks of doomed ships once more
'Twixt heaven and hell, in solitary graves?
What flaunting banner my dark tumult braves,
Only to trail, soiled, tattered as before?
Spain's proudest vessels rotting in my caves,
Not triumph theirs, but terror evermore.—
Thus spake the ocean; a resounding voice
Made answer, "Colon!" And at God's command
Its humbled crest kisses the prow; rejoice!
Helm creaking, sails outspread, serene and grand,
By the Lord guided, Colon leads the fleet
And casts a world at Isabella's feet!

The Second Joyful Mystery.

MARY gave her consent to the words of the angelic messenger, and the mystery of eternal love was accomplished. The moment she answered, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word," she became really and indeed the Mother of God: "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." She bore within her Him "who upholds all things by the word of His power."* Then, after the

wonderful visit which she had received from the messenger of God, she is lost in contemplation of the great mystery that had taken place. She is the first to pay the tribute of adoration to her Lord and God, who has taken up His abode within her sacred breast; she lovingly adores His infinite majesty, and returns thanks for the ineffable privilege which has been bestowed upon her. But soon she recalls the words which the Angel had spoken in regard to her cousin Elizabeth, who had also been highly favored by the Most High; she resolves to visit her and to bring to her Him whom she had conceived in her chaste womb.

There were no merely natural motives that impelled Mary to pay this visit to St. Elizabeth. It was not, as perhaps might be thought, to assure herself of the truth of the Angel's words; for of that she had not the least doubt. The first Eve had doubted the words of God, and this doubt had brought her under the power of the Evil One. The second Eve believed in the words of God, and her faith served to repair the evil wrought through the doubt of our first mother. The first Eve doubted and lost God; the second believed and gained God. Hence St. Elizabeth cried out in a transport of holy joy: "Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord!"*

Nor was it simple curiosity—the desire to see and to be heard—that led Mary to the home of her cousin. Curiosity is to be found only in weak, vacillating minds. The determining motive of this visit was holy charity, especially the desire,

* Heb., i, 3.

* Luke, i, 45.

inspired by a holy friendship, to bring her Treasure to her beloved relative.

And, with her Divine Son, what wonderful graces and blessings did she not bring to Elizabeth and her house! Whilst yet in the womb of his mother, John received the grace of regeneration. For the Gospel tells us: "And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped for joy in her womb."* The infant leaped for joy because at that very moment he was purified from the stain of original sin, and filled with the knowledge and love of God; therefore he rejoiced in the fulness of the Holy Ghost. Elizabeth herself was filled with the Holy Spirit; enlightened by God, she recognized the mystery of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word and the divine maternity of Mary. And she broke forth into these inspired words: "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb! And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"†

These words of St. Elizabeth surpass in magnificence any other form of salutation, and express most perfectly the highest praises of Mary. They declare that, as grace is the source of blessing, she amongst all others was peculiarly blessed, as she was intimately and exceptionally united with Him who is the author and the source of grace; blessed amongst all women, because she is the Mother of Him who is the Lord of glory, the God of angels and of men, of heaven and of earth. And in reply our Heavenly Mother broke forth into that sublime canticle, the *Magnificat*, the most pleasing hymn to God that ever ascended from earth to heaven. In it she herself prophesied, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed"; thus declaring that this title of "blessed" was to be her own especial title throughout all time.

And that prophecy is ever meeting with its fulfilment, and so it will continue until time shall be no more. Through all the ages the Church of God has taken up this holy canticle of praise and made it to resound throughout the whole world. The sweet name of Mary has gone forth with that of her Divine Son, and wherever the adorable name of Jesus has been venerated throughout

the world, the name of Mary has been honored with it, and she has been called "blessed." In every country in the world, where the light of the Gospel has penetrated, the faithful children of Holy Church gather around the shrines of our Blessed Mother, and with loving hearts, and in every language spoken by human lips, proclaim her blessed. They sing her *Magnificat*, and extol her glories, and declare her full of grace and radiant with the beauty of perfect holiness.

But this event, so fruitful in joy and blessing, is not an isolated fact. It is true that, taken in a literal sense, it is something that has happened only once; but, in a spiritual sense, it is repeated every day. Mary brought Jesus once to her cousin Elizabeth, and with Him wonderful blessings to her and her house. Each day she renews this visit to those who have been brought into relationship with her in the spiritual life. She goes to them in her maternal love, and procures for them graces and blessings from her Divine Son. All who belong to her spiritual family are favored in a particular manner by the graces which her visits bring to them, by the assistance which her powerful maternal intercession secures for them. Her Divine Son has said: "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in heaven, he is My brother and sister and mother."*

May it not be the case that up to the present we have lost sight of what should be our principal object in life—to do the will of our Heavenly Father? If it be so, then we have no reason to count on the spiritual visits of Mary, or to expect that powerful assistance which she can give. Therefore, if the Christian soul realizes that he is not as yet a member of the spiritual family of his Heavenly Mother; if his soul, like that of John before the visit of Mary, is still defiled with sin; and if he has a sincere desire for light and truth, let him have recourse with confidence to the protection and influence of the Mother of Divine Grace and the Mother of Mercy. She will turn upon him her eyes of compassion, obtain for him the grace of repentance and sincere conversion, and direct him in the true path of grace and virtue, which will lead him to the feet of her Divine Son, from whom he will receive an ineffable reward.

* Ibid., i. 41.

† Ibid., i. 42.

* Matt., xii, 50.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

IT was a pretty picture. The sunny *patio*, open to the deep blue sky, its centre set with tropical plants in terra-cotta pots, green baskets hanging from the white arches that with their supporting columns had a classic grace, and opening all around rooms with shining tiled floors, frescoed ceilings, and softly tinted walls. A stranger entering would have uttered a cry of admiration and delight, especially if he possessed the artistic sense; but it was too familiar to be in the least remarkable to Carmela Lestrangle. Her dark eyes had first opened on the wonderful Mexican sky, which was now looking down in sapphire brightness upon her, and her whole life had been passed beneath it. She could imagine no other mode of life than that which surrounded her, and all its picturesque aspects were commonplace to her. The pretty court with the dazzling sunshine on its walls, its flowers and arches and quaint, round, red well, Manuela singing in the kitchen, and Señora Echeveria passing to and fro in the loose and somewhat untidy *negligee* which characterizes Mexican women at home,—all had been before Carmela daily during the whole of her seventeen years.

And yet, although completely Mexican in birth and rearing, the girl was half a foreigner in blood. Something less than twenty years before, a young adventurer from the States, wandering down into the Southern land, which was at that time a *terra incognita* to his countrymen, had cast his fortunes there, embarked in business, and married a Mexican girl. Of this marriage Carmela was born; but her father had died before she could know his face, and she was hardly more than three years old when her mother was married again to one of her own people. Señor Echeveria was, however, as kind to the little Carmela as if she had been his own child, and this kindness did not lessen when other olive branches clustered around his board. The family was large, as most Mexican families are, consisting of five sturdy boys and a little brown-eyed girl; but nothing

save the purer white of her complexion marked any difference between Carmela and the others. As time went on, it is doubtful if any one remembered the dead young stranger except his daughter, who prayed faithfully for his soul, but who never thought of any link between herself and any other land than this familiar one.

So, as she sat in a shady corner of the *patio*, with her graceful young head bent over some sewing, she was altogether unaware that she shared in the picturesqueness of her surroundings. She was a slender young creature, a mere slip of maidenhood, but with many gracious promises of beauty, if fate were kind in allowing their fulfilment. A creamy white skin, delicate features, soft dark eyes set under perfect brows and shaded by sweeping lashes,—this description might answer for many faces in the Mexican land, but there was a charm of individuality about Carmela which set her beauty apart from that of others. All unconsciously to herself, there was something pathetic in the young face, which excited interest strangely. It did not arise from any sadness connected with her life, for that had been smooth and sunny, if uneventful; and her temper and disposition were remarkably sweet and amiable. It was rather a stamp which Nature sometimes sets upon those who are formed to feel too deeply ever to know much of what is called happiness by less susceptible people. There were depths of slumbering passion in this as yet scarcely awakened nature, possibilities of aspiration, and chords ready to vibrate at the touch of emotion; while the sweet dark eyes had a questioning, wistful look in them, as if they were asking of life what life is seldom ready to give in answer to such appeals.

But if these things were true of Carmela, they were as yet true only in a limited sense. She was as profoundly unconscious of any hidden forces within herself as most of us are until life reveals us to ourselves, proving often our weakness, sometimes also our unsuspected strength. Existence flowed in a very placid course for her; and as she sat this day in the shady corner of the *patio*, exchanging a few words now and then with her mother, and braiding a little blouse for Alfredo, the youngest boy, she had not a thought which wandered beyond the narrow and peaceful limits of her life.

Yet it was on this day that the rousing touch—shall we say of Fate or of Providence?—came. There was a click of the iron gate that gave entrance to the *patio* from the street, and Señor Echeveria came in. He was a typical Mexican in appearance—of rather full habit, with an olive skin, and a face that expressed great kindness and amiability. He was smiling as he entered, and his dark eyes shone.

"Ah, Carmelita," he exclaimed, on seeing his stepdaughter, "I have a surprise for thee! I have made the acquaintance of a kinsman of thine."

"Of mine, papa?" said the girl, looking up with more surprise for the unusual form of the remark than for the fact so announced. It did not occur to her to think of any one who would be related to herself and not to the rest of her family. "It will be, perhaps, Teodoro Gomez," she added, remembering that a cousin of her mother's had long promised a visit to the city of Guadalajara, where the Echeverias lived.

"Ah, no!" replied the Señor, smiling still more, and shaking his head. "It is not Teodoro Gomez, but a young man from the States. He has the same name as thine, my Carmelita! That struck me. When he came into the bank with a draft, and I saw Lestrangle on it, I thought at once of thy dead papa, and I questioned him. Soon I learned that he is thy cousin, though he had never heard of thee. But he knew of thy papa. And he will come—he has promised to come to see us."

"Whom do you speak of, Antonio?—who is it that will come?" asked Señora Echeveria, advancing from the rear of the *patio*.

As she sat down in one of the peculiarly Mexican chairs of cane and leather, she presented a very ample picture of matronly good looks. It was a sweet face, though without much intellectual charm, on which time had laid no heavier touch than a superfluity of flesh that obscured its once delicate and graceful lines. But the soft gentleness of the dark eyes remained unchanged, the perfect pencilling of the brows, and the fine silkiness of the black, abundant hair.

Her husband looked at her, still smiling with good-natured satisfaction. "It is a cousin of our Carmelita," he said; "a young man from the States. His name is Lestrangle. It was because of that I knew him." And then the little story was told again.

Señora Echeveria listened, smiling also. It was like a dream to her, the brief episode of her marriage with the young English stranger, who had so long been dead; but to the kindly, simple nature any one with a claim upon Carmela or upon herself was very welcome. Full of curiosity and interest, she asked many questions; while Carmela sat listening silently, with a strange thrill at the thought of meeting one connected with the shadowy father she had never seen.

"But how will one talk to him, papa?" she asked presently, a little timidly; for, although she had taken lessons in English, she was conscious that her knowledge of the language, from want of practice in speaking it, was very slight.

"He speaks Spanish," replied Señor Echeveria, with an air of triumph, as if he had seen and anticipated this difficulty. "There will be no trouble. He has been in Old Spain. It seems that he has travelled much. No doubt he is a person of wealth and importance. I asked him why he came to Mexico; he said that it was for recreation only."

"Poor Enrique often said that his family in the Estados were rich," observed Señora Echeveria; "but if so it was not he who had any of the riches," she added, with a good-natured shrug of the shoulders. "When he died—ah, *Madre de Dios!*—Carmela and I would have been poor enough but for what I had from my father."

"It may be that his family knew nothing of his marriage," said Señor Echeveria, in kind excuse. "This young man had never heard of thee or of Carmela. He knew that his cousin was dead in Mexico—no more. When he comes he will tell thee all about thy relatives," the speaker added, with a nod to the young girl.

"And when will he come?" asked her mother.

"Ah, in an hour or two—when you will. I have promised to call for him at the hotel. I thought it best to come and tell you first, that there might not be too much surprise."

"It is you who are always thoughtful, my Antonio," said his wife, affectionately; while Carmela could say nothing for thinking of the new experience which awaited her—the meeting a stranger and a foreigner, who was yet of her own blood.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, the person thus discussed was delivering his own opinion upon the same subject; and this opinion

differed somewhat from that of the kind-hearted Mexican who had hastened home to tell his wife and stepdaughter what had occurred.

Arthur Lestrangle did not hasten at all on his way from the bank, where he had gone to have his draft cashed, and where he had met Señor Echeveria. On the contrary, he proceeded very leisurely through the picturesque streets toward his hotel; and not even the many attractive sights surrounding him—the quaint, curious people, the wonderful bits of architecture, the dazzling sky and brilliant sunshine—could dispel a cloud of something like annoyance that had settled on his face. It was a refined face,—the face of a man of intellectual tastes and culture, perhaps also of artistic taste and talent; but with the drawback of a certain shrinking fastidiousness and consequent irritability, which might make life a difficult thing for himself and those closely connected with him. Yet there could be no doubt of a charm which was also very real and very attractive, and which made those who knew him best ready to pardon the defects of temperament.

Let him loiter as he would, he found himself at length at the door of his hotel, and, passing up a flight of stone steps, reached a broad gallery, encircled by pillared arches, and surrounding a court where orange and banana trees were growing. Walking slowly around this, he knocked at one of many doors opening on it. "Come in!" said a voice in English; and he entered a large apartment, with a floor of glazed tiles, a French centre table, a cane-seated sofa and chairs, and in one corner a very small and very hard bed. On the sofa, wrapped in soft shawls, and at her back a down pillow which had come out of her own trunk, reclined a young lady whose face, although pretty and interesting, showed signs of habitual ill health. A strong resemblance between herself and the young man who entered made it sufficiently evident that they were brother and sister. She was writing with pencil on a tablet in her lap, and looked up as he quietly drew near, to remark:

"I am trying to put down my impressions of this charming place and this delightful climate, Arthur. They will be so glad to know at home that we have at last found exactly what we were in search of."

"It seems to be a nice sort of place," answered

Lestrangle, in an unenthusiastic way; "and if the climate suits you, Miriam, we will certainly stay here. But I regret to say that I have learned since I went out of a slight—or it may prove *not* slight—drawback to the charm of our surroundings."

"What?" asked Miriam. "I shall be sorry if it is anything of importance."

"Would you consider a new and unknown relative of importance?"

The large blue eyes in the thin, pretty face opened wide. "A relative—of ours—*here!* Arthur, you are surely jesting."

"Not at all," replied Arthur, very seriously. "You have probably heard, although you have probably also forgotten, that we had a cousin who came to Mexico a good many years ago. When I was a child I used to hear speculations indulged in as to whether he would return with a silver mine in his pocket or without a penny. As it chanced, he never returned at all, but died here. I have met to-day a gentleman who married his widow, and who tells me that he left a daughter."

"Did he marry a Mexican?"

"So it appears, and consequently no one at home ever heard of either wife or daughter. Queer kind of people, never to let the girl's relatives know that she was in existence! Yet the stepfather to-day was as pleased to meet me as if I had been a long-lost relative of his own. He almost embraced me when I confessed that Henry Lestrangle had been a cousin of mine, and gave me his card—here it is,—and made me promise to go to see my unknown connections."

"He must be a gentleman," said Miriam, drawing a conclusion from the bit of pasteboard in her hand.

"Oh, yes, a gentleman,—but not, I fancy, of the highest class," answered her brother, who had a remarkable instinct for these distinctions, and who had shrunk a little from Señor Echeveria's effusive cordiality. "I am afraid that it will be a great nuisance," he went on, after a short silence, with an irritated strain in his voice. "Meeting unknown relatives is always a nuisance. It is enough, generally speaking, to have to endure those one knows; but when they are foreigners, and when one is brought into contact in a familiar way with a life that is altogether strange, and probably with a host of second-class people, then it becomes something more than a nuisance. If

it were not for your health, I should propose that we leave on the next train."

"We have always that resource," said Miriam. "Nothing but our own wishes need detain us. We can leave at any time. But I do not see why we should run away from a shadow. The people may be very inoffensive—nay, they may really be pleasant, and able to show us a little of Mexican domestic life. I confess I should like that. Don't fall into one of your fits of disgust, Arthur, before you know whether or not there is anything to be disgusted about."

"I am glad you look at it so philosophically," observed Lestrangle, who had really been more annoyed on her account than on his own. "I thought you would be as much averse to the idea as I feel myself. And it seemed hard that we should be driven away from a place that promises to suit you."

"We will certainly not be driven away until we know what we are retreating from," said Miriam. "I feel some curiosity about this unknown cousin. We Lestranges do not fancy ourselves to be quite ordinary. I wonder what result has been produced by the combination of Lestrangle talent and the peculiar character of these half Spanish, half Indian people. I am astonished at you, Arthur, that you do not feel any interest in learning what the girl may be."

"She will be an unformed and unintellectual Mexican woman; what else is possible?" said Arthur. "One has only to look at the faces of the vast majority of these women to see what they are—creatures of narrow limits in every way. I feel no curiosity or interest whatever about her; but if we stay here I suppose I must fulfil my promise of seeing the people."

"Oh, by all means! And, unless they are absolutely impossible, I must see them too. Try and look at the matter more cheerfully. This may really prove, after all, a pleasant episode in our Mexican experience."

Arthur lifted his shoulders with an air of incredulity. "It will be a nuisance and a bore," he said, emphatically. "Do not expect anything else."

II.

But perhaps, in his own mind, Mr. Lestrangle was convicted of rash judgment when, having a little later accompanied Señor Echeveria to his house, he entered upon the pretty, picturesque

interior, which charmed the artistic sense, always keenly alive with him, and very susceptible to outward impressions. It was not the stately house of a wealthy man, but it was the house of a man in comfortable circumstances, and was particularly bright and graceful in appearance and decoration. Opening on the court, with its blooming plants, its columned arches and hanging baskets, was the *sala*—a lofty apartment with ceiling and walls frescoed in soft distemper colors, and floor of shining tiles. There was a square of carpet at the end, where a sofa and two rows of large chairs facing each other were placed in Spanish fashion for purposes of conversation; lace draperies hung at the windows; there were some tall, handsome vases in the corners, and an air of good taste pervading the whole, which was an agreeable surprise and reassurance to the young man, whose eyes took in the effect at a glance.

He was not so much impressed by Señora Echeveria, who came in after a moment and welcomed him most cordially. Her amplitude of size, her looseness of attire prejudiced him; and, not knowing the habits of the country, he fancied her more *bourgeois* than she was. But under the flesh with which time had overlaid it he saw unmistakable signs of the beauty that had distinguished her in her youth, and felt less surprise at the marriage of his dead cousin. "It is not likely that he was a man who looked for any intellectual charm in a woman," he thought; "and there must have been a great deal of physical charm here. It is to be hoped that her daughter has inherited it. She will at least be worth looking at in that case."

As if to answer this somewhat supercilious reflection, Carmela at this instant entered the room. And no sooner had he seen her than Mr. Lestrangle decided that she was very well worth looking at. Slight, delicate, shrinking as she was in appearance, and with no "presence" at all, he recognized at once her unusual beauty. The exquisite moulding of her features, the fine lines of her brow, the statue-like setting of her full dark eyes, and the clear tints that mingled in her soft, ivory complexion, fascinated his gaze. Within the space of two minutes he had seen that graceful head carved in marble, and painted with delicate skill against a background of such deep yet luminous color as the Spanish painters em-

ployed. "She has the most refined type of loveliness that I have seen even among a people remarkable for personal beauty," he thought. "What a study she will make!"

It was characteristic of the man that the effect of this beauty was at once perceptible in the increased interest and respect of his manner. It was the homage he unconsciously paid to the charm of the girl, whose whole appearance expressed something deeper and higher than her personal loveliness. He forgot his reserve, his fastidiousness, his intention to be very guarded in manner toward these people, and give them no excuse for the familiarity he dreaded. Perhaps he began to understand that there was no familiarity to be dreaded, only a kindness and a courtesy that shamed the reserve in which he had entrenched himself.

"And so I have the honor to be the first of your foreign relations whom you have seen, señorita?" he said, addressing himself to Carmela in fluent Spanish. "You must allow me, then, to express for them collectively my pleasure in discovering you, and my regret that we had not known of your existence sooner."

"You are very good, señor," replied the girl, with downcast lids. "It is a pleasure to me to meet at last some one of the family of my father."

"Perhaps, then, you will not be sorry to know that you are to make the acquaintance of two of us," said Mr. Lestrangle. "My sister is with me, and hopes that you will come to see her. She is an invalid,—at least her health is not good; and we have come to Mexico trusting that the climate may benefit her."

"Ah, she is ill?" observed Señora Echeveria, sympathetically. "We will go to see her at once. To be ill in a foreign country—that is very sad."

"You will not find her absolutely ill," said Lestrangle; "but her health has been delicate for a long time, and she can not bear a cold climate. Consequently when winter comes we start, like the birds, for the South. In this way we have travelled much. Last winter we spent in Spain, and this winter we thought we would see what New Spain has to offer."

"You like it, I hope—our country?" asked Señor Echeveria.

"I like it much more than I expected," the young man answered. "The Old and New Worlds

are combined here in the most delightfully picturesque manner. Wherever the Spaniard has touched, there is a romance and a charm to be found nowhere else; and in Mexico you possess in addition to this the most perfect of climates, and a country that in beauty, I dare say, leaves nothing to be desired."

He was rewarded for this little tribute by a glance from Carmela's dark eyes, while Señora Echeveria smiled graciously, and her husband thanked him for doing justice to a country which its people felt to be little known and less appreciated.

"Oh, yes, we have been in the city of Mexico," Mr. Lestrangle went on, in answer to questions that were full of interest; "but we found it cold there—at least Miriam did,—so we have come here in search of a warmer climate."

"It is cold in Mexico at this season," said Señor Echeveria, with the air of one who makes a large admission. "But here—no. The señorita, your sister, does not find it cold here?"

"Well, she shivers a little in the mornings and evenings," answered the young man, smiling; "but your sunshine makes amends for everything. Every day we wander out for two or three hours, and bask in it, while we admire the wonderful fronts of your old churches. They are marvels of picturesqueness. This one just across the way from you now—what is it?"

"Santa Monica, señor," answered Carmela, on whom his eye rested as he asked the question.

"A day or two ago I stood for an hour admiring its wonderful sculptured portals. Perhaps"—as he caught a fitting smile on her lips—"you saw me?"

"Yes," she replied; "as I came out of the church I saw you, and knew that you were a stranger; for while our people love our old churches, they do not think of admiring them."

"Of course familiarity with a thing lessens the perception of its beauty,—or at least is very likely to have that effect," said Mr. Lestrangle, somewhat condescendingly; "but your churches are delightful to an artist's eye—that is, without. Within, although imposing, many details mar their beauty."

"You are perhaps—Protestant?" said Señora Echeveria, hesitatingly.

The young man shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"My people are Protestant," he replied, "but for myself I am a *protestant* only in so far that I protest against all fetters on liberty. I admire the ancient Church far more than the crude and narrow sects that have replaced it with the majority of the Anglo-Saxon people. It has the beauty of antiquity, of art, of poetry. If I worshipped at any Christian shrine, I should undoubtedly be a Catholic."

"But as it is, you are a liberal—what we call a freethinker?" said Señor Echeveria, doubtfully. He had an extended knowledge of freethinkers, and the knowledge inclined him to scant respect for them. Like all Mexicans who are faithful to religion, he had suffered much persecution at their hands, and had witnessed the despotic tyranny which they practise in the name of freedom.

"I am a liberal in the sense of wishing every man to practise what form of religion pleases him best, and in disliking all attempts to restrain his liberty," replied Lestrage. "It is as much a violation of liberty to forbid a man to be a monk, if the fancy pleases him, as it would be to force him to be a monk if it did *not* please him."

"It is a pity that you can not preach such liberal doctrine as that to our Government," observed Señor Echeveria, dryly. "Those who compose it also talk much of liberty, but it is liberty for only one class. Well, perhaps a better day will come, and at least we now have peace. That is why our people submit to much; they are weary of strife, and desire peace."

"But it is buying peace too dearly to submit to oppression in order to obtain it," said the young man, quickly.

"You have not lived in Mexico, señor," answered the Mexican, gravely. "If so, you might think differently. Owing to continual war, our country has been ruined, our credit destroyed, and our people slain by wholesale, until it is wonderful that any Mexicans remain. We bear spoliation and oppression rather than take the responsibility of renewing these horrors."

"For that one can hardly blame you," said Lestrage,—although in his heart he had blamed them, and with presumptuous contempt called them cowards for submitting to the tyranny of a Government as autocratic as that of Russia."

Presently he rose to take leave, and, turning to

Carmela, said: "My sister hopes that we shall see much of you while we are here, my cousin. And I hope so also. You will be interested in hearing of the family and country of your father."

"Much, señor," replied the girl, with evident sincerity. "It will interest me greatly to hear all that you can tell me. I have often thought that I should like to know something of his country and those who were related to him."

"I assure you that those related to him will be very glad to know of *you*," said the young man, with a cordiality entirely without effort.

After he left the house, followed to the threshold by hospitable invitations to return, he smiled at the thought of the rapid change that had taken place in his sentiments since he entered. Surely an anticipated annoyance had never turned more quickly into a source of interest and pleasure. When he walked into his sister's presence, the expression of his countenance at once indicated the changed aspect of affairs.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I perceive that things have not proved so bad, after all. The new cousin is not altogether as impossible as you imagined she might be."

"She is exceedingly beautiful," he said; "and, more than that, she promises to be interesting. Fancy a girl with the face of a Madonna and the eyes of a sibyl, perfectly unformed and undeveloped! Can you not conceive that there are possibilities of remarkable interest there?"

"I think that there must be possibilities of *very* remarkable interest," she replied, "for you to even observe a girl who is perfectly unformed and undeveloped."

"I am certainly not partial to crudity in general, but there is really nothing crude here,—only possibilities as dormant as the color and fragrance of the rose when folded in its green-sheathed bud. She has an exquisite face—lines and tints that one longs to paint, and capabilities of expression such as I have hardly ever seen before."

"You make me curious to see her."

"When you see her you will find that I have not exaggerated in the least. Do not, however, expect anything developed. She is at present simply a shy, shrinking girl, who scarcely speaks. But, unless I am mistaken, the process of development when she is brought into contact with us

will be very rapid. And it will be an interesting study to watch it."

Miss Lestrangle looked at her brother a moment before she replied. Then she said: "I know you are partial to such studies, but you must remember that sometimes there is danger in them."

"To me?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows with a slightly amused smile.

"No, certainly not to you," she answered. "As I have often told you, there are points of resemblance between yourself and some of Mallock's heroes. You have amused yourself so long with certain emotions, that you could not if you would fall honestly in love. But an unformed, undeveloped girl might do so—not understanding the nature of your interest in her. I want you to remember this."

The smile faded from the young man's lips; his brow contracted into a quick, irritable frown.

"You ought to know," he said, "that there is nothing I dislike more than such essentially vulgar and commonplace suggestions as these. A vulgar and commonplace person might be excused for making them, but *you*, I think, should know better."

"I know," she replied, "that human nature is rarely sublimated beyond these possibilities; and certainly one would not expect that to be the case with a girl such as you describe."

"You have not understood my description if you do not realize that the only source of my interest in this girl is that I believe her to be *not* commonplace, *not* ready to prove herself a silly, sentimental creature like the average school-girl—but even the discussion of such a suggestion disgusts one, and lowers the subject of it. I am astonished at you, Miriam,—really astonished! You have almost spoiled my pleasure in the thought of watching the development of this nature, and such an interest is certainly an unexpected good fortune *here*."

Miriam sighed and smiled together. "You think only of yourself, Arthur," she said; "but I was trying to make you think of another. Well, when I see the girl, I can judge better—by the bye, what is her name?"

"Carmela. It is pretty, is it not?"

"Yes, but with a suggestion of sadness. One thinks of a Carmelite nun. Do you remember when Alice Yelverton joined that Order, how

much we heard of the terrible austerity and gloom of the life she entered upon? It really made one shudder."

"There is no suggestion of austerity and gloom about Carmela. She looks more like a muse than a nun. They should call her Carmen, sweetest of Spanish names."

"I hope that she will soon come to see me," said Miss Lestrangle. "I, too, am very much in need of an interest."

(To be continued.)

A Parable of Nature.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE parables of Nature run
From the glowworm to the sun;
There is no land, there is no speech
Nor language, but her voices teach
Therein a truth to every one,
And multitudinous tongues confess
The marvel of her fruitfulness.

I know an answer unaware
Given an unbeliever's prayer—
Who hastens now his joy to tell.

The valley springs had ceased to flow;
For many days no water fell
From out the desert of the sky.
Thirsting, I cried to the Most High,—
With fiery thirst I cried to heaven.
'Unto the prophet it was given,
When leading forth his erring flock,
To smite upon the dusty rock,—
That, smitten, sweated living streams.
Alas! no staff prophetic brings
My stumbling feet to hidden springs.'

With this I turned. A few faint gleams
Of amber sunshine seemed to place
A golden ladder out of space:
I followed to its radiant base,
And lo! a tabernacle set
Beneath a mossy minaret,—
A sanctuary decked with grace.

It was a simple woodland shrine,
With walls of bark and rails of vine.

A thousand bees with drowsy drone—
 Their luscious harvest now complete—
 Suddenly sounded a retreat,
 And left me with their treasure sweet.

When the last belted bee had flown,
 Each golden girdled pillager
 His song of triumph did prefer,
 Leaving me in the wood alone.
 I gathered the delicious spoil:
 My heart was full; the bounteous hoard
 With deft and cautious hand was stored
 In the scented hollow of my gourd.

Onward I tracked the hidden vales,
 Whose secret dell no keeper hath,
 And whither leads no broader path
 Than the bird wings, or wild goat trails;
 And whereunto no stranger goes
 But scents this secret of the air,—
 The green asylum of the rose
 Is sheltered in the shadow there.

Upon the marge of the Savanna
 A soft gale shook the wild banana;
 Its yellow nuggets in a shower
 Heaped at the entrance of a bower
 Seemed offerings of heavenly manna.
 And scarce did I this harvest reap,
 With a few guavas freshly cut,
 With pungent limes—how quickly pressed!—
 When lo! a spinning cocoanut
 Out of its quaint and airy nest
 With sudden impulse seemed to leap.

On mossy pillows that might steep
 A wakeful brow in dreams of peace,
 My spirit found its sure release;
 The waving mantle of the bough
 Spread a thin shadow on my brow,
 And poppy leaves prolonged my sleep.

Such is a life of faith; to ask
 For meat, and lo! a limping kid
 Caught in the jungle, but half hid;
 For drink, and lo! the gilded flask
 Of the plump orange, which I rid
 Of its rich nectar, unforbid.

Thus in my hunger was I stayed
 With fruits, and thus my feet were led
 In the strange paths where, unafraid,
 I journeyed and was comforted!

Nuns in New Tipperary.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN Tipperary, when I was there in March, there was ferment under the outward quietness. The New Town so called was rising from its ashes, and every day a shopkeeper, or two or three, in the Old Town locked his doors and handed up the keys to the sheriff. Yet the bristling swarms of helmeted policemen in the streets, and those shuttered shops with "Eviction" flaming on their red and yellow posters, were the only outward signs of inward trouble. They are reticent, your Tipperary folk, with perhaps a reminiscence of that Cromwellian blood which flows in their veins, and which they will not thank you for ascribing to them.

On Lady Day Canon Cahill's beautiful church was filled with a reverent crowd of worshippers, and in the streets might be seen long processions of little donkey carts come in from the country, with the little mouse-colored donkeys standing quietly awaiting the return of their owners. "I have been hard on my little brother the ass," said St. Francis when he lay a-dying, and remembered hot days and stony ways. Our little brother need not complain of his Tipperary masters, one would say, seeing the placidity of his meek face. Even the little carts, low and light, seem constructed with a regard to his capacity for bearing burdens.

Daffodils were a-blowing and a-growing in the March weather. They were on the white marble altar of the church, as in the hut of an evicted tenant we visited on the outskirts of the town. I am sure many of those worshippers had heavy hearts; for, if you will think of it, an act of great national sacrifice will involve many individual sacrifices, and the men of Tipperary most certainly laid their gold and precious things on the altar of their principles. And without gold or its equivalent one takes troubled thought for the morrow,—not for oneself alone, but for the poor and helpless ones who may be depending on him.

The Sisters of Mercy in their convent above the church had touch of many forms of the

trouble. They would hear what another would not, of how the lack of accommodation galled sorely people who had been accustomed to a certain refinement of life. Actual want there was not, perhaps, so much as in other years, for the New Town employed many hands; but who shall measure the sacrifice which a huddling together would mean to a people with the fine and proud sense of the Irish?

The Sisters, in their bonnets and veils, go bearing "bread and comfort and grace" through the streets of the town, and at home have an industrial school and ordinary school for nearly a thousand children. In the schools the Smith-Barry trouble occasionally broke out, when some sturdy young Cromwellian would object to the neighborhood of a child of less exceptionable principles. But the nuns, women of peace, smoothed as well as they could all such strife.

The convent is a big white house, looking toward the low hills, which they call the Tipperary hills, and with beyond a charming view of velvety upland and hollow. The great school buildings are separated from it by the length of a kitchen-garden, on the walls of which the peach was blossoming—a drift of rosy lilac. The nuns should be plan of campaigners if ever there were any, for they keep this domain of theirs on cruelly drastic terms. Long ago before the Smith-Barry trouble was dreamed of in Tipperary town it had begun here. The nuns held sixteen acres under that now famous landlord, on a yearly lease. Sloping away from the convent, in the midst of green lawn, and overshadowed by beech and elm, is the little graveyard which made that famous trouble. In 1877 or thereabouts, when the first Sister died, the nuns laid her in this quiet place, entirely ignorant that they were breaking the laws of the estate. To them presently came Mr. Leopold Cust, the then agent, furious and threatening, and bade that the body should be exhumed, or the nuns should go. So the poor nuns were in sore strait; for a Sister of Mercy having once gone out on a foundation can no more return to the mother-house; and there should be those helpless ones, all homeless. However, they prepared to take the little Sister out of her quiet bed; but the day before the exhumation, angry Mr. Cust's gout went to his heart, and he died with a curious suddenness. "Ah," will say a

Tipperary peasant, with doubtful meaning, "it was the prayers of the nuns did it!"

However, Mr. Townsend, the new agent, was less fierce, and the nuns were permitted to possess their God's Acre inviolate. But for the sixteen acres they have now six, held at an increased rent—a rack-rent,—but accepted cheerfully by those meek creatures, who dreaded the world as much for the callow nestlings they sheltered as for themselves.

I am glad the poor nun was not disturbed. The little convent cemetery is the most undeathlike place. One comes on it from the greensward, with no ghastly wall shutting it away from the living. There is a little cross at the heads of the half-dozen graves; and standing there one heard the blackbird's song of resurrection in the purpling boughs overhead; and saw, around a flank of the house, the Galtees in all their glory, Galtymore veiling himself forever in a mantle of the mist. There, in the sun and the south wind, with the daisies dancing over it, a less quiet heart than a Sister of Mercy's might rest in peace.

The convent lawn and gardens have the quaint prettiness one knows in such places. Little grottos in the greenery here and there, hollowed-out niches in capacious tree trunks, little shelves in the ivy,—each had its statue, testifying to the ever-present holy thoughts of the nuns, as well as to that childlike heart and simplicity of spirit which make a nun the child of the world, and keep her eyes dovelike and her cheeks fair and unwrinkled long past the time when her sisters in the world shall have become old women.

The nuns are very proud of their great schools, and with cause. We went first to the industrial school proper, where were the children of the vagrant and the criminal classes. The rooms were wide and airy, with whitewashed walls and polished pine woodwork. The little girls were in their classes, droning over some lesson or other,—unlovely-faced children, with too evident traces in feature and color of the sins of the fathers. However, they were clean and warmly clad; and two little ones, babies almost, had a certain pathetic prettiness, such as a little sparrow of the gutter might have.

These two, Nellie and Katie, we soon perceived, were great pets with the nuns, as a baby in a school is sure to be with those virginal ones,

whose maternity of heart God allots to them otherwise unmothered. It was pretty to see the little waifs trotting about hand in hand, in a happy confidence. We met them afterward in the corridor, looking very business-like. "And where are you going to, ladies?" said a round-cheeked little nun who was with us, her eyes growing kind and merry over the demure pair. "Please, Sister, to learn our lessons," says Nellie. "To learn indeed!" cries the nun. "Much learning *you'll* do! Then trot off, the pair of you!"

Maryanne, the pet of the ordinary day-school, who deserved a prettier name, struck one with a painful sense of difference. She was a pure-faced little child, with pale hair, and the most innocent wide eyes, with no stain of far-away sin upon them. She was very much at home in the nun's arms, and piped out little silvery answers to our questions. 'No, she wouldn't stay with the nuns, for mother couldn't do without her,' and much more, in the sweetest baby-fashion. The difference of faces in the schools hurt one like a blow.

In the big kitchen a couple of stout girls were whitening the walls and painting the great fireplaces a cheerful red. There was general spring cleaning going on for Easter; and another girl was polishing the window-panes, where the boughs, with the leafage in little rosy buds, were tapping faintly. The fireplaces, the coppers and the ovens were the apparatus of housekeeping for giants. There were great piles of baked bread in the bakery, and bins of whole meal and white flour, which a little nun showed us with great pride. They do their own providing and provisioning, the children and nuns; and very happy the little girls seemed over their work, and very much at home.

Upstairs in the workrooms were piles of the most dainty *lingerie*, which one could never imagine those rough-fingered children making; there also were smocked frocks for little ladies, with deftly executed smocking, which might win praise from the great Liberty himself. The glass cases around the room had knitted petticoats and shawls, warm and fleecy. Many kind ladies give the nuns orders for such work. The beautiful things we saw ready to go off were for Mrs. Moore, of Mooresfort, the wife of Count Arthur Moore, one of those Catholic landlords whose estrangement we, land-leaguers Irish, yearn over.

He it was who in the days when Scully of Bally-cohey whipped his tenants with whips of scorpions, stepped in and bought the estate on the exterminator's own terms, to save the tenants.

Close by the workroom is the children's oratory, with Our Lady in her wreath and veil, and little drifts of March flowers on the altar. From the windows one looked away to the Galtees, with their low blue wall, behind which lies the Glen of Aherlow, that loveliest of Irish valleys, and the taller peaks rising rugged and grand up in the March vapors.

We saw the dormitories, with the little blue quilts on the small beds, and the omnipresent altar, and the air blowing sweetly through the open windows. The refectory was on the ground-floor, and was very cheerful, with its light wood panelling and spotless table-cloth. By every door was the holy-water font, with a winged angel leaning over and holding the shell of clear water.

Leaving that happy and healthy human hive, one realized the nuns' timidity. Revolt is impossible when one dare not risk disbanding for all those helpless waifs, with that added complication of inherited temptations and inherited weaknesses.

We saw the nuns' chapel, with its lamp hanging in a sun-ray, like a poised golden dove; and the nuns' stalls in the little choir carved and pretty. Chapel and convent were as a little green place by pure waters, full of peace in an environment of much trouble. Going away from it, we saw a peasant kneeling in broad day at the priest's feet, out on the rough gravel drive of the priest's house, and humbly receiving "the pledge." Only in the streets of an Irish town could one see such a sight. There faith and love and simplicity walk hand in hand,—whence, despite poverty and oppression, such great churches as that in Tipperary, with its marble and mosaic, its wall-painting and stained glass, and such great houses wherein to do God's work as this of Our Lady of Mercy.

A HEART which seeks to know and love God will find Him in everything; but the heart which is wilfully blinded by the world and its attractions can not discern Him even in the greatest and most magnificent of His creations.

SELF-DENIAL is one of the surest staffs on the narrow and rugged way of virtue.

The Growing Power of the Church in Great Britain.

THE conversion of England goes on apace. The Protestant press and people are slow to acknowledge it, but gainsay it they can not. Year by year accessions to the fold are chronicled in large numbers. And how many of the poor are received into the Church of whom the world at large knows nothing! Prayer is doing good work. Only the other day, at a public ceremonial, the Very Rev. Monsignor Gilbert, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Westminster, over which Cardinal Manning reigns, announced that in his diocese alone the conversions amounted to upward of 1,300 annually. The true significance of this increase of the members of the faith can not be appreciated unless we turn and hear what the leaders of Protestant thought have to say on the secession from their ranks. In one word, they fear the growing power of the Catholic Church in Great Britain.

"Have we in England anything to fear from Roman Catholic aggression?" A week or two ago one of the organs of the Protestant press in London asked this question in its leading article, and it set itself also the task of answering it. It confessed that the question was a serious one, and should not be answered before the whole subject had been thoroughly considered. And what is the answer? "We are inclined to answer in the affirmative the question with which we opened this article." If any corroborative evidence were wanting as to the progress of the Church in the British Isles it is here supplied. This organ of the Protestant body accounts for the rapid increase in the number and power of the Church, by the gradual disappearance of prejudice and bigotry. As if ashamed, however, to make this confession, it urges the Protestant laity to a great revival lest Catholic influence become predominant in the land.

How true, then, is it that truth must prevail, and that in the end right must vanquish might! Close observers in England can not fail to note the uneasiness that is manifesting itself amongst the younger clergymen of the Church of England. Only the other day the rival sections of the Scottish Church were seriously debating whether

or no to expel a clerical member. Nearly three hundred reverend persons voted for the expulsion, whilst about seventy more voted against it. In the eyes of these three hundred clergymen of the Free Church of Scotland one of their professors had been guilty of heresy, but in the eyes of a few more such could not be proved against him. Here, then, is chaos and disorder. Again, the Anglican Bishop of Lincoln has been put on trial for indulging in "Romish practices." Friends of the English Church are complaining that if the Bishop be found guilty a large number will be certain to leave the Church and seek shelter in that of the Pope of Rome. No matter where the eye is turned discontent and insecurity meet it, save in the Church of the Pope of Rome. Can it be wondered, then, that in the midst of this uneasiness and indecision men should turn to the Church where no conflicting theories and ideas on Christian religion are ever heard of?

Is the conversion of England within measurable distance? The answer to this can hardly be in the affirmative, at least not yet a while. Outside of the Church there is an unchristian spirit abroad. There still remains much of the bigotry and hatred which the Catholic Church had to encounter in England at the beginning of the century. True, a good deal of the unreasoning hostility to her has disappeared, but in the minds of a considerable number mistrust of those who profess the Catholic religion still prevails. While the legal ban has been removed, the social one is still retained. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, almost insuperable, the Church is hourly making progress, which, if small, is steady and it is sure.

It is asserted that Englishmen, from their very nature, could never again become members of the Catholic Church. But this assertion encounters, at the very outset, a direct contradiction; for can not the Catholic Church boast among her adherents such Englishmen as Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, not to name a large number of the clergy? Besides, what is there in the temperament of an Englishman that makes the Catholic Church repellent to him? He delights in informing you that he loves freedom, and that he possesses a mind of his own, which is not to be a mere instrument at the bidding of another. In this respect the Catholic Church and he are one. Where, then, are their points of divergence? In

so far as the temperament is concerned, none can be discovered. Accepting the assertion as true, however, the possible point upon which the typical Englishman could part from the Church is that of authority, which he has been taught to believe she wields in a wholly unjust and tyrannous manner. But, as these cobwebs are cleared away before the march of truth, a truer appreciation of the position and dignity of the Catholic Church is speedily apparent. So far, then, from the Church and Englishmen being irreconcilable, they are the very opposite, and the numerous accessions to our ranks among the younger branch of the Protestant clergy prove this emphatically.

Another point that may here be noted is the tendency of the "High" Church movement in the Church of England. These "High" Church people are not Catholics in name, but they are nearly so in practice; and, as one Protestant organ confesses, "the line drawn between the 'High' Church party in the English Church and Roman Catholicism is so thin as to be almost invisible."

There can not be a doubt but that the spirit of the age is tending toward Catholicism. To it men look for light and guidance and instruction. This is a satisfactory indication; and if the conversion of England be yet beyond reasonable distance, that it will come is certain. The doubt and difference that exist in all other bodies can not but turn men's minds to the one Church of the one Shepherd. The gradual disappearance of the mists of hatred and bigotry from before the eyes of men, and the realization of the Church in her true aspect, can not fail to awaken in the hearts of Englishmen a longing to be once more in her fold. As the venerable Cardinal Archbishop has often said, "let us pray that the hour is fast approaching when this dear land of ours may have restored to it the faith of which it was so ruthlessly robbed." For England is Catholic in spirit, if she would only be so in practice.

THE Gospel proclaims the dignity of labor. Judged by its standard, every honest employment is honorable, how menial soever it may be.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

At the time when we seem to be almost forsaken by God it is our own fault if we are not nearest Him.

Chats with Good Listeners.

ON A CERTAIN SNOBBISHNESS.

THERE is a strange contradiction between our talk on some subjects and our practice. As Catholics, we are constantly proclaiming that we are the heirs of the ages, and as constantly exhorting our brethren to make themselves worthy of their heritage of philosophy, of art, of poetry, of music; but let one of our brethren try it, and we suddenly pounce on him with a violence of criticism which we rarely exhibit to men not of our faith.

Why is it that the name Catholic applied, in our modern time and our modern land, to a book, a picture, or a poem, causes those who in their hearts love that name to shrug their shoulders and to turn away, or to pull out their microscopes to search for faults? Why? Why is it that a Catholic will always suffer under the imputation of being second-rate until he makes a reputation among non-Catholics? Why is it we sneer at, and put on airs of superiority to, every young man of our own faith who attempts the work of devoting himself to that cause which we enthusiastically advocate—in words?

Jack Stripling, who was graduated only a year or two ago by a Catholic faculty, writes an essay in a Catholic magazine; it passes without a word of praise from the Catholic readers. But by and by it is rumored that Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Stevenson or Lord Tennyson has praised it. We return again to the forgotten article, and say regretfully: "What a pity he buries himself in a Catholic periodical!"

But this does not exactly express what I mean; for praise from Lang or Stevenson or Gilder or Stedman or Tennyson would naturally incline us toward a serious consideration of the thing praised. Even if the praise comes from some non-Catholic source—a daily paper, for instance, without a shred of critical acumen,—the same phenomenon takes place.

Now, why is it? Let us admit the fact that we are mostly snobs. Thackeray had never had the opportunity of encountering our type, though he could have found plenty of it in Ireland in

his time,—it is rarer there now. Miss Laffau, in one of her cynical but clever novels, makes a young Irishman hear his mentor remark, very wisely: "If you want to be well considered among Protestants, make yourself first of all well considered among your own people." With us it is the reverse.

If there were any reason why we should look on the title Catholic as fatal to all grace of workmanship, all literary skill, or all beauty of idea, then this feeling would not be snobbish. But there can be no such reason, since the general literary product of American non-Catholics is not so superior to that of American Catholics as to justify this coldness.

If it were true that Catholics were of such a small intellectual calibre that the artist of pen or pencil who devoted himself to their service must in doing so narrow himself to their capacity, then the *cognoscenti* might sneer. If it be true that Catholic education, which produces a few men who prefer an audience of their own people first, is cramped and limited and "provincial," then the feeling is not snobbish. The attitude of condescension which Catholics, as a rule, take toward their own men of letters implies that these things are true; for all men who write in Catholic periodicals, and whose writings are scarcely read by Catholics, can not change suddenly into literary demigods by merely passing into *The Century* or *The Atlantic*, or receiving commendation from a newspaper critic. The transformation is in the eyes of their audience, not in them.

We are snobs because we are half civilized; because, like the savage, we take the symbol for the thing itself. If robustness of character and honesty of taste came by the grace of God we should not be snobs in this way. As it is, there is a certain snobbishness among us hateful to all sensitive minds, and, what is worse, destructive to true progress.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

CONTRITION, contrition, and always contrition. It is our hope for the past, our watchword for the present, our safeguard for the untried future.

It is easy to preach virtue, but far more difficult to teach it by practice and example.

A Prayer of Faith and Its Answer.

IN one of the small, narrow streets of Sydney, Australia, lived a poor woman—a widow. She took in washing, and, by working hard, managed to earn enough to support her family. She was a Protestant, but her faith was great, and, acting according to the light she had received, she prayed much and constantly read the Bible. She had one great sorrow: her little girl was paralyzed, and the doctor had told her the case was hopeless. While she worked, her eyes often looked into the suffering face of the poor child, stretched motionless on her little bed. Suddenly a thought struck this woman—and who can say what share her guardian angel had in it?—as she said to herself: "Why should not Our Lord cure my child? He is the same powerful and merciful Lord as when, on earth, He went about healing the sick."

Her resolution was soon formed, and when she had finished her day's work she took her child in her arms, and, accompanied by her brother, bent her steps toward the Protestant Church of St. James. She gently placed the little girl within the porch, and explained to the door-keeper what had brought her there.

"You must have taken leave of your senses!" he exclaimed.

But she pressed her request so eagerly that he consented to go for the clergyman in charge.

The latter arrived, and asked the mother if she really expected him to cure her daughter.

"I do," was the answer.

"Then, my poor woman, you are simply mad!"

"I am quite as sane as you are, sir," she replied, dryly. "Did not the Apostles cure the sick?"

"We are no longer in the time of the Apostles, neither can we do what they did," observed the clergyman.

"But did not Our Lord say to His disciples that the works He did they also would do, and that He would be with them to the end of the world? Can you deny," she added, "that if you are His minister, you also have that power? But if you say you can not cure my daughter, I must have recourse to a higher representative."

The only answer made by the clergyman was silence, as he retired, shrugging his shoulders.

The poor woman took up her child, and, noth-

ing daunted, started for St. Mary's, the Catholic church. It was one of the feasts of our Immaculate Mother, and the first Archbishop of Sydney was singing Mass in her honor. Brother Benedict was standing near the door, when he saw coming toward the church a woman staggering under the weight of a paralyzed child. The Brother hastened to assist her, and patiently listened to her story.

"Then," said he, "you believe that our Archbishop can cure this child? Well, as soon as Mass is over I will go and speak to him."

"My child," said the holy Archbishop, who soon made his appearance, "do you really believe that I have power to cure your little girl?"

"I believe it as firmly as I believe that there is a God in heaven," she answered. "If you are God's minister you can cure my daughter."

"Bring your child close to the altar," said the Archbishop.

With the help of Brother Benedict, the mother carried the little girl and placed her on the altar steps. The Archbishop took oil into his hands, and anointed the arms and the feet which were paralyzed. As he did so he prayed most fervently to Almighty God to bless and help the little sufferer. Then, giving the mother some of the oil, he advised her to repeat certain prayers, and to apply the oil as he had done, and he added:

"Come back to-morrow with the child."

The next day at the appointed time the helpless child was laid again in front of the altar whilst the Archbishop was saying Mass. Three successive mornings the Holy Sacrifice was offered whilst the child was stretched before the altar. The third Mass was hardly finished when she rose up and walked without the least assistance, and looked in perfect health.

We will not attempt to describe the mother's joy or her gratitude; her heart was full to overflowing. The venerable Archbishop shared in her happiness, and asked her if she felt tempted to go back to the Protestant church.

"Oh, never, never more!" she answered.

A short time after this event had taken place the Church of St. Mary's witnessed a touching ceremony. Twenty persons, either friends or relatives of the poor laundress, were receiving, with her, for the first time, the Bread of Angels. Once again these words were verified: "All is possible to him who believes."

Notes and Remarks.

In introducing the subject of the Propaganda in his recently published work, "The Pope and the New Era," Mr. Stead pays a warm tribute to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. He says: "The most sacred place, where life is most centred, is the plain and unpretending College of the Propaganda, in the Piazza di Spagna. Bae-decker dismisses it in six lines and a half, and nine-tenths of the tourists never notice its existence. But it is from that dingy building, now half concealed by scaffoldings, and chiefly noted as standing in the shadow of the column from the summit of which Mary, standing in the crescent moon and with the stars of heaven around her head, looks down upon the square, that the great heart beats whose pulsations are felt to the uttermost ends of the world."

The many friends and admirers of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, the eminent rector of the Catholic University of America, will rejoice to be assured that the injuries which he sustained in a recent railroad accident, while on his way to embark for Europe, are not of a serious nature. His escape from death, which would be nothing short of a calamity to the Church in the United States, was remarkable, under the circumstances. All will pray that the beloved prelate may soon be fully recovered, and that a life so precious may long be preserved.

The victory for the Catholic party in Belgium has secured the present Government a lease of power for two more years, and secures for Belgians an honest administration.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has had for some time under consideration the conferring of the title of "Doctor of the Universal Church" upon St. John Damascene. This Saint was born in the year 690, in the city of Damascus, where he died in 780. He was the son of a vizier, and on his father's death he became himself grand vizier at the court of the caliph, notwithstanding his open profession of the Christian faith, which led him, later, to embrace the religious state. He was the first to initiate the Arabs into the study of the sages of Ancient Greece, and to apply the

method of Aristotle to scholastic philosophy. His dogmatic writings, as handed down to us, are characterized by erudition, precision and force, as were his orations by fire and heart-stirring eloquence. His homilies show great fervor and tenderness, especially when he speaks of the Blessed Mother of God, to whom he was particularly devout, and from whose hands he received remarkable graces. It is related of him that his enemies accused him of treason, and, by order of the caliph, his right hand was struck off. In the evening St. John knelt before a statue of Our Lady and prayed thus: "O stainless Mother of God, in defence of holy images I have lost my hand! Help me, heal me, that I may still write of thy praises and those of thy Son." Sleep came over him, and in a vision he heard Our Lady say: "Thy hand is whole; be it as thou hast said, as the pen of one who writeth swiftly." He awoke—his hand was restored; only a thin red line showed that it had been severed. The caliph recognized his innocence and restored him to office.

Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., the author of a fine legendary poem on the Blessed Virgin, has written the most beautiful sonnet we have yet seen in honor of Cardinal Manning. We have great pleasure in giving it to our readers:

High Priest of God most High! Thou hast the scars
Of wounds, which Francis-like thou fain wouldst
hide;

But which—though not in hands and feet and side,
Like his—thou canst not hide! They are the stars
Which crown that Silver Jubilee of wars,
Which thou hast waged against our Island Pride—
To feed and clothe and peace-make far and wide,
And save from drink and crime and prison-bars.
True shepherd of the great Arch-Shepherd's flock!
Who livest on, to guide from Error's glare,
Toward the shelter of St. Peter's rock
The sheep and lambs committed to thy care;
For light to lighten more our Island Home
We look to thee—and look, through thee, to Rome!

Mgr. Freppel recently pronounced, in the Cathedral of Angers, a beautiful discourse on important social questions. "It is in vain," he said, "that we try to find outside of religion a satisfactory solution of the labor question; and I dare to add that it is even more than an economical question: it is a religious and moral question." Bishop Freppel further observed that to

give the workingman nothing to hope for on this side of the tomb but fewer hours of work and a slight augmentation of wages, is to make riches an injustice in his eyes, and all degrees of position insults. He will soon learn to resolve to destroy these things as soon as he gains strength and numbers. "Let us tell the honest truth," the speaker continued: "if religion is torn from the hearts of the working people, to leave there doubt and atheism, a war between classes will be inevitable; a social war must come, with a return to savagery and the downfall of Christian civilization."

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* quotes the following description of the personal appearance of St. Dominic, which will be of interest to all lovers of the Holy Rosary, as well as to the clients of the Saint:

"St. Dominic was about the middle stature, but slightly made; his face was beautiful and rather sanguine in color; his hair and beard of a fair and bright hue, and his eyes fine. From his forehead and between his brows there seemed to shine a radiant light, which drew respect and love from those that saw it. He was always joyous and agreeable, save when moved to compassion by the afflictions of his neighbors. His hands were long and beautiful, and his voice was clear, noble, and musical. He was never bald, and he always preserved his religious tonsure entire, mingled here and there with a very few white hairs."

A portrait of St. Dominic believed to be authentic exists in the Dominican Convent at Bologna. An engraving of it forms the frontispiece to Mgr. Curé's translation of the "Life of St. Dominic," by Thierny d'Apolda. Copies of this engraving may be had at the office of *L'Annee Dominicaine*, 49 Rue du Bac, Paris.

The first anniversary of the unveiling of Giordano Bruno's monument at Rome excited no enthusiasm, and the papers took no notice of it whatever.

The annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame drew together a large assembly of the parents and friends of the students, and persons interested in Catholic education. Among the distinguished visitors were: the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, of Florida; Monsig. Bessonies, of the Diocese of Vincennes; the Abbé Bessonies, of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris;

the Very Rev. T. O. Sullivan, of Chicago, Ill., etc. The exercises were opened by High Mass, celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart; they consisted of the usual field-sports, a boat-race, the oratorical contest, a dramatic "episode" acted by the students, an operetta, and an oration by Bishop Spalding. This discourse was the crowning event of the occasion. It was thoughtful, spirited, and admirable in literary form. The exercises which mark the beginning of real life for the graduates closed one of the most successful years in the history of the University. Degrees were conferred on twenty students of the various departments.

Cardinal Manning considers the question of temperance one of the most vital questions of the day. The cause has no abler or more zealous advocate than his Eminence. It is recorded of him that twice, when supposed to be in *articula mortis*, he absolutely refused to drink brandy, evidently considering example the better half of preaching.

Queen Margherita of Italy recently received a number of the blind pupils of the Prince of Naples Institute, and treated them with great maternal kindness. It may be that the Queen's charity and prayers may bring about the conversion of her husband.

The Rev. Padre Giacinto da Troino, Capuchin, assistant to the late Cardinal Massaia, has presented to the Borgian Museum of the College of the Propaganda the stick which the venerable Cardinal used in his missionary travels through Africa for many years.

The Catholics of Straits Settlements lately celebrated, with much rejoicing and many expressions of gratitude, the Golden Jubilee of Mother St. Anselme, of the Institute of the Holy Infant Jesus, who for fifty years has devoted herself to the tuition of children and the service of suffering and neglected humanity. It is given to few to labor in the Lord's vineyard for half a century, and this long term of service in the case of Mother Anselme has been marked by hourly self-sacrifice. Having labored at Singapore, Malacca, and Penang, she is known all over the colony, and is everywhere held in affection and esteem.

All the different classes of the community, irrespective of nationality or religion, joined in the celebration of the Jubilee, which will be remembered among the most notable events of the year. A life like that of Mother Anselme is above human praise: only God knows its worth. We have only to express the hope that He may grant to her institute the grace of preserving her admirable spirit.

New Publications.

PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE. By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. London: R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

It has been noted that our devotional literature in English is characterized by a great deficiency in works by which the Christian soul, desirous of leading a life of perfection in accordance with the maxims of the Gospel, might be provided, in a compendious and easily digested form, with the "principles" upon which such a life is founded. There are indeed, in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, many works which explain very fully and with great accuracy the duties and obligations of a life tending toward perfection, but there are very few books in English bearing in any way upon the subject. We have, it is true, plenty of spiritual and ascetical works suitable for religious, but up to the present time there have been none which define the exact law of the Gospel and set forth its practical application to a devout life in the ecclesiastical, the religious, or the secular state. The work before us—"Principles of Religious Life,"—by the Very Rev. Father Doyle, is destined to supply this great want, and will be heartily welcomed not alone by members of religious communities, for whom it has a usefulness peculiarly its own, but also by all those faithful souls who are endeavoring to lead devout lives in the world, and who can not fail to be benefited by the abundant practical instructions contained in the book.

The plan which the learned and pious author has followed in the treatment of his subject is a very simple one, and may be concisely stated as follows: In the life of every man there is an *ultimate* end, which is God. But, in order to reach that ultimate end, man must comply with certain conditions which have been laid down by God for the attainment of so magnificent a destiny. Therefore, besides his ultimate end, man has also a *subordinate* end, or object in life. This is to win for himself that measure

of perfection which is compatible with his state here upon earth. Perfection, however, is made up of three elements: of charity, of purity of heart, and of humility—all of which must be made so to enter the very fibres of his being as to become part and parcel of himself. To obtain this subordinate end there are various means at man's disposal, chief among which are prayer, divine grace, docility to the movements and inspirations of the Holy Spirit, imitation of Christ, and mortification, both internal and external. Upon each of these subjects, and upon the various ramifications into which some of them logically lead, ample instructions suitable for Christians in general are given. For those who wish to enter the ecclesiastical state, there are chapters devoted to the treatment of subjects which are special to their sacred calling. And for those who in order to obtain perfection make their self-renunciation perpetual by means of vows in the religious state, several chapters are devoted to an explanation of those holy bonds by which they are more closely united to God.

There is also an appendix, in which each chapter is carefully analyzed, and which will enable the reader to more deeply imprint upon his mind the matter perused. For one sealed with the priestly character and intrusted with the care of souls, these outlines, or sketches, will furnish plans by the aid of which he will be able to use the doctrine contained in the volume for the spiritual training of those committed to his charge. The whole work is characterized by a clearness of style, simplicity of language, and depth of learning, that make it one of the most useful and instructive manuals of Christian faith and practice published in the English language.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIALISM. A Solution of the Social Problem. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D. St. Louis, Mo.: Published by B. Herder.

Unfortunately, the men who undertake the solution of the "Social Problem" never belong to the class whose life is a constant struggle for daily bread. There was a princess during the French Revolution who thought the people were very foolish for starving. "Sooner than starve," said she, "I would eat bread and cheese!" It is true that if a man becomes a good Christian, God will not let him want for daily bread; but that is not the motive which makes good Christians. When all men become Christians the Social Problem will be solved, but they will not become Christians merely with a view to such a solution.

THE LEPER-QUEEN. A Story of the Thirteenth Century. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This pathetic tale of the dread scourge which followed in the train of the Crusaders on their re-

turn from the Holy Land is admirably told. Aleidis, the lovely and saintly daughter of Count Dagobert of Hungary, is stricken with leprosy on the eve of her betrothal with Prince Louis. She had contracted the disease during her ministrations to the sufferers, and henceforth devotes her life and prayers to their necessities. After many years of fidelity to his leper-love, Prince Louis marries from political motives, and the child that is born to him becomes in time a victim to the plague, only to be cured by the prayers of the dying "leper-queen." The style is simple and touching, and Messrs. Benziger Bros. have produced a neat little volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Brother Eusebius, C. S. C., for many years a zealous and efficient employé of THE "AVE MARIA" Office, who passed away on the 27th ult., after receiving the holy Sacraments.

Rev. Mother Joseph Hickey, foundress of St. Michael's Presentation Convent, New York city, and Sister M. Berchmans, of the Sisters of Mercy, Chicago, Ill., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Dr. E. J. Melia, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died suddenly on the 6th ult. He was an exemplary Catholic.

Dr. C. P. Smith, who departed this life on the 18th of April, at Grand Coteau, La.

Mrs. T. J. Donovan, of Montreal, Canada, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 3d of May.

Mr. John Beaton, of Leigh, Neb.; Mr. Nicholas Dwan, Mr. William Finan, and Mrs. Mary Hagan, Lonsdale, R. I.; Mrs. Patrick Mahoney, Westfield, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Ford and William P. Dervin, Newark, N. J.; James S. Galligan, South Boston, Mass.; Mr. Lawrence Murphy and Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Michael Colbert, Mr. Terence Lynch, Miss Mary Powers, Mrs. Mary Sladen, and Mrs. Catherine Igoee,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. Charles Boyle, Sherborn, Mass.; John Herron and Bridget Rattigan, Bordentown, N. J.; Mrs. Ellen Newel, Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. O'Connor and N. and K. Kearns, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Timothy Sullivan, New York city; and Mrs. John Brophy, Kilkenny, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Yellow Butterfly.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

WHAT do you think I saw to-day,
 When the rain was falling swift and gray?
 A poor little butterfly, yellow as gold,
 Fluttering by in the wet and cold.
 His wings were heavy, his little legs
 Hung straighter and stiffer than wooden pegs;
 He wavered and wandered, weak and slow,
 And the raindrops gave him many a blow;
 The great red roses showered down a bath,
 The tall white lilies shook in his path,
 The green vines reached with a hundred arms,
 The hollyhocks flaunted all their charms;
 But he never stopped for a moment's rest,—
 Not a single petal his tired feet pressed.
 I watched him struggling on and on,
 Until clouds had vanished and rain was gone.
 Who would have thought so small a thing
 Could mount and mount on a fainting wing?
 Who would have thought a butterfly
 Had strength and courage to do or die?
 When tasks seem heavy and effort vain,
 Just think of that butterfly out in the rain.

Henry.—A Prison Story.*

I.—THE ACCUSATION.

IN the corner of a room, poor but scrupulously clean, a boy of about twelve years crouched before a low stool, silently crying.

"I tell you again, boy," said a stout, square-built man, whose breath was foul with brandy, "I will break every bone in your body if you do not own up to it at once! You took little Baron Adelbert's watch; no one else can have done it, though you deny it a hundred times, you rascal! Oh, that I should live to see a child of mine

guilty of such an act! I am only a poor wood-chopper, who earns his bread well or ill, as it comes; but no dishonesty sullies these hands." And, with a fierce gesture of anger, he shook his fist in the boy's face.

"I did not do it, father," said the latter. "I was in the garden while you were cutting the wood, and just looked once—"

"Hold your tongue!" thundered the wood-chopper. "Didn't old John see you sneak to the door of the garden near the parlor, where you peeped through the window? And didn't Bertha, my lady's chambermaid, lay the young master's watch on the table in the parlor—that very table by the garden window? Eh, fellow? What business had you to be spying on what didn't belong to you? What were you doing in the garden, any way, if you hadn't something else in your head besides helping us bring in the wood? Own up, own up this minute, and then go over to the Baron and beg his pardon. Perhaps he will have pity on your youth, and not push the matter any further. Well! are you going to do it?"

"I am not guilty," persisted the boy; at which the father became fearfully enraged, and would have cruelly abused the child if the mother, also crying, had not stepped between them and shielded the boy from his drunken blows.

Theron, the wood-chopper, was an industrious, well-meaning man, who by hard work sought to make an honest living for himself and his five children. He had only one fault, one weakness—brandy. When anything went wrong, or any little occurrence roused his anger, he sought to drown his vexation in drink, while wife and children suffered from his drunken rage. At this time he had not been entirely sober for many days.

Theron and his oldest son had been cutting wood for the Baron Hagenan, who lived on William Street. The younger children always came later to help them pile up the sticks. Henry, a fine, active little fellow, was the first to get there on this occasion; and, as his father and brother were not quite ready for him, he had spent the time wandering about the grounds, at last even venturing to step into the shady garden,

* Translated for THE "AVE MARIA" from the German of Antoine Jungst (*Alte und Neue Welt*), by Mary E. Mannix.

where the glistening pearls in the falling spray of the fountain aroused all his interest.

Some steps, overhung with rare plants, led into the garden from the veranda, before the parlor, and the poor child had cast a glance into the apartment, gorgeous with gilding and marble. "Heaven can not be more beautiful than this!" he thought, and remained standing before the open window, chained to the spot with astonishment and delight. But he heard his name called, and, starting back in fear, he glanced furtively around to see if any one had noticed his stolen entrance into the garden. He well knew, by experience, how particular his father was that the children should never take the slightest liberty away from home. He hurried to his task with frightened mien, and, conscious of his fault, sought to atone for his disobedience by applying himself to his work with redoubled zeal.

Who can describe the fright of the boy and the rage of the father when that evening a servant of the Baron appeared, and, without wasting any words on preliminaries, announced that the gold watch the little baron had received the day before for a birthday present had been stolen? Theron was commanded to restore the missing article at once, and without much ado; for both the coachman and chambermaid had seen his little boy sneaking around in the garden, spying upon whatever he could.

"What!" shrieked the honest laborer. "My son, my Henry, a thief, and hiding it! Impossible!"

But, in spite of all denial, in spite of his bristling anger, Theron could not help acknowledging that the accusation of the servant had the appearance of truth.

In vain Henry protested his innocence: no one but he could have committed the theft. No stranger had come near the house. The porter and servants had not quitted their posts even for a moment. His surreptitious entrance into the garden was conclusive evidence against him; his timid, embarrassed manner as he came back to his work was regarded as the awakening of a guilty conscience. Henry wrung his hands in despair; neither the entreaties of his mother nor the blows of his father could extort from him more than, "I did not do it."

There was no reliance to be placed on Theron after this unlucky day. He came home habitually

drunk from the tavern, with the excuse that he sought to drown in drink the disgrace of his son being a thief, especially as Baron von Hagenan had had a warrant issued for the boy's arrest.

The police officer, a tender-hearted man, tried every gentle means to touch the boy's heart, assuring him that the Baron would undoubtedly forgive him and be lenient toward him if he would only confess and give up the watch. This being futile, and Henry still protesting that he had not taken the article, he had to intimidate him by threatening the extreme penalty of the law; but the one as well as the other was unavailing. All pleadings and scoldings had but a contrary effect from that expected and intended. The boy, who at first appeared before his judges with tearful eyes and trembling lips, became more stubborn each time he was questioned. There was a dogged defiance in his glance, a contemptuous look about his mouth, as he shortly answered the questions put to him by the officers.

"That's a rascal!" said policeman Alman to his fellow-officer, as Henry was once more led by, with sullen looks and compressed lips. "I have rarely seen such an obstinate villain. If he does not end on the gallows, then I never shall be called 'the terror of thieves' again."

"Guilty, hardened, defiant, bold,"—that was the opinion of the judges and spectators, as Henry obstinately refused to answer the questions put to him; and when the officials commanded him to tell the truth and confess his guilt, he answered at last, with an angry gesture:

"How will it help me to tell the truth when no one will believe me?"

Theron, who was standing behind the boy, trembling in every limb, doubled up his fists. Beside himself with rage, he would have rushed upon his little son if a policeman had not restrained him.

"Rascal!" he hissed, between his set teeth,—"that it should have come to this!" And a torrent of invectives poured from his lips.

The sentence of the judge was that the young criminal should be sent to a reform school. Without moving a muscle, Henry listened to his sentence of condemnation, standing rigid and motionless before his accusers. It almost seemed as though there was a look of derision about his mouth, a defiant smile, which gained for him a

push on the part of the police, and which caused the spectators to regard him with abhorrence.

"Such an out-and-out villain!" thought each one to himself. "Thank God my children are not like that!"

II.—FATHER HERMANN.

Indifferent alike to the jeers of his comrades and the insulting nicknames of the street urchins, Henry accompanied the policeman whose office it was to take him to the reform school, through the noisy streets of the city, back to his own home. He seated himself in silence in his accustomed corner and gazed sullenly before him. The two younger children looked at him distrustfully, and his mother gathered up his few possessions with tearful eyes. His father was not there; he had gone from the court directly to the bar-room, and had not yet returned. The elder brother had been obliged to go to his work early in the morning.

The small bundle of the young culprit was soon packed, the handkerchief firmly knotted, and a bite for the journey placed on the table. Henry sat motionless, watching the proceedings of his mother as though it were no concern of his. At her request that he should drink a cup of coffee he shook his head, and remained in the corner, while his guard partook of the simple meal without much urging.

At last the policeman rose, and, looking at Henry with a questioning gaze, said: "It is high time to be off."

The boy got up mechanically and reached after his bundle, without moving a muscle of his face; but as his mother approached him, and said in a choking voice, "Henry, it breaks my heart that you can so forget God and your parents, who have loved you so," a flood of emotion quickened his breath, his heart heaved violently, and, throwing his arms around her neck with his head upon her bosom, he whispered:

"Mother, I swear to you I did not do it!"

"My child, my child!" exclaimed the weeping woman, "how can you be so hardened? If you would only confess your guilt God would pardon you, and your father and I would forget it all."

At the first words of reproach from his mother the boy had let go his hold of her; the hard, unnatural expression returned to his face, and, without a word of response, without a look of

farewell, he turned and followed the police officer out of the house.

Father Hermann, the chaplain of the reformatory school at Barfeldt, had listened with a sigh to the director's account of the youth who had been brought in the day before, and as it was finished he said:

"That is certainly bad. Only twelve years old, and already so hardened in guilt that he persistently denies his crime in spite of the convincing evidence against him! A deplorable sign of the times, truly. Do not be offended with me, director," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "but I would like first to try kindness with this boy. We may always use severe discipline if milder measures do not succeed. Who knows in what circumstances the poor child has been raised? Possibly trained to vice from his cradle, and—"

"No," interrupted the director; "the parents of the boy are worthy people—poor day-laborers, who have endeavored to bring up their children honestly, although the father has been given to drink now and then."

"That, of course, changes the whole order of things," said the priest. "However, with your permission, I would like to make an appeal to the boy's heart, and try the power of gentleness. I have always found the old saying true, 'A good word finds a good place.'"

"I know already," replied the director, with a smile, "you are an apostle of love, and always appeal to the best in man. You will surely discern in the culprit a remnant of innate good, in direct opposition to our penal code, which stamps every one a criminal until he is proven not to be one. But follow your own feelings in the matter, dear Father," said the old man in conclusion, giving his hand to the priest. "You have succeeded better with your method than we have with ours."

In the weeks which followed Henry Theron was an object of especial regard on the part of the priest. Not one of the teachers or managers of the school had any complaint of disobedience to make against this boy reputed to be so hardened. No impertinent word ever passed his lips; there was not a single sign of insubordination. He performed every task imposed on him in silence and with an earnestness far beyond his years. Never did even the ghost of a smile light up the pale, handsome face. He watched without a

word the other boys when they, with the happy abandonment of youth, could forget where they were, and sought to make the most of their brief play hours.

"Why do you take no part in the games of your companions?" asked Father Hermann, observing the boy crouching as usual in a remote corner, looking fixedly before him. "Are you homesick, my child?"

There was a scarcely perceptible twitching of the pale features, a suppressed sob was forced from the overburdened heart; but in a moment the mouth resumed its stern expression, and deep furrows settled on the youthful brow as the boy answered: "No: they think me guilty; they believe me to be a thief!"

A hand was laid gently on the boy's shoulders. Clad in the coarse, gray garments of the reformatory, he stood up before the priest.

"Henry," said the latter, "I have great sympathy for you. The dear Father in heaven—"

"Oh, don't say anything to me about the dear Father in heaven!" interrupted the boy, in angry defiance. "I can not believe there is a good, powerful, all-wise God. If there were, He would have heard me; He would not have allowed me to come here. Oh, I prayed—I prayed so fervently at first, but it did not help me at all. I did not even notice Baron Adelbert's watch, to say nothing of stealing it; and yet all—my father, my mother, the judges—insist that I took it, and that I must give it up." And, as if the long-suppressed emotion must at last have vent, the poor boy threw himself on the ground in a passion of convulsive sobs.

Father Hermann looked upon the weeping child at his feet, saw how he writhed in anguish, and heard his disconnected protestations of innocence. They were not those of a child reared to the practice of crime; this was not the hardened defiance of self-conscious guilt: it was the irrefutable voice of truth. Filled with emotion, he stooped and raised the boy, saying earnestly as he did so,—

"My child, if no one else believes you, *I* believe you."

Henry looked in astonishment at the kind face of the priest, into the eyes fixed sadly upon him, and a joyful expression passed over his tear-stained face.

"I thank you!" he murmured feebly, and fell back unconscious.

When Father Hermann related this interview to the director, and assured him that he was convinced of Henry's innocence, that officer shrugged his shoulders. With a doubtful smile he tapped the lid of his snuff-box, and said, as he took a pinch from it:

"We shall see, we shall see, dear Father! But I fear your kindness has played you a trick this time. The most accomplished villains know how to assume the *role* of innocence when it suits their purpose to do it. It is the old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing. However, I must admit that Henry Theron is an extraordinarily gifted boy,—handsome, too, in spite of his ugly gray garb. He is certainly an intelligent child, with a notably good face and manner."

From that day a rare friendship developed between the priest and his pupil. Henry clung with an affection that knew no bounds to this man, who alone of all human beings believed what he had said. He would have gone through fire and water for the priest, and longed for an opportunity to lay down his life for him. The priest, on his side, felt a deep affection for this child, who, through a chain of disastrous circumstances, had been condemned by false evidence, and had been so near to becoming wicked and impenitent. He exerted himself to the utmost to heal the wound in the boy's soul, and sought to atone for the fault of others by a twofold love and consideration.

The good seed which he so tirelessly sowed fell upon fruitful ground. Henry became as plastic clay in the hands of the skilful potter. The priest's intercession obtained for him many privileges. Many an hour did he spend in the quiet study of his pious and faithful friend.

(To be continued.)

The Robin's Lesson to Me.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

ALL day as sunny hours pass,
I hear the robin in the grass,
His sweet notes singing with a trill,—
He sings and sings to do God's will.
His work is God's, and so shall mine
Be offered to the Child Divine!

Our Lady's Sparrow.

In a forest of Champagne, France, there once dwelt a pious hermit, now little known even in legends, although in his own day his fame was great. St. Bernard composed the office for his feast and twice pronounced the panegyric of this holy solitary, St. Victor of Plancy.

Victor's reputation for sanctity drew many visitors to his forest home, and he worked in their behalf numerous miracles. The most surprising prodigies effected by him were, however, his conversions of hearts hardened in vice,—conversions which transformed inveterate sinners into humble penitents and prospective saints.

The sweetest hours of the hermit's life were those which he spent in solitude, when his little cell was undisturbed by the presence of his fellow-men. At such times his only companion was a tame sparrow that he had tenderly cared for, seeing in it an emblem of his solitary life.

In his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Victor unceasingly invoked her patronage; and if his habitual silence was broken from time to time, it was only to utter his favorite ejaculation, "*Ave Maria!*" From continually hearing these two blessed words, and hearing scarcely any others, the sparrow came to learn them. We can fancy the delight of the devout hermit when for the first time his little pet flew toward him, and, alighting on his shoulder, charmed his ear with its chirping cry, "*Ave Maria!*" The Saint at first fell on his knees, thinking that some angelic spirit charged with a heavenly mission was passing. But the bird joyously repeated a second and third time, "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*" Victor was enchanted. His sparrow had now become something more than an innocent distraction: it was a friend, almost a brother, one of God's creatures that could pray. He redoubled his affectionate care for this tiny client of Our Lady, and thereafter found his solitude most agreeably enlivened.

The little bird seemed, too, to comprehend the joy it occasioned its master. On opening its eyes at the first flush of dawn, it greeted the new-born day with "*Ave Maria!*" When Victor gave it the seeds which formed its food, it always sang, as a prelude of thanksgiving, "*Ave Maria!*" When the

Saint prostrated himself in prayer, the sparrow flew to him, and, as if in unison with Victor's thoughts, murmured softly, "*Ave Maria!*" If the pious solitary, in cultivating the little garden that adjoined his dwelling, for a moment forgot his life of consecration, his companion, flitting from branch to branch, recalled his thoughts with its oft-repeated cry, "*Ave Maria!*"

The Christians of the vicinity, who came to pour into the ear of the devout hermit tales of human woe and misery, deemed it an auspicious circumstance that they were invariably greeted with the sparrow's graceful salutation, "*Ave Maria!*"

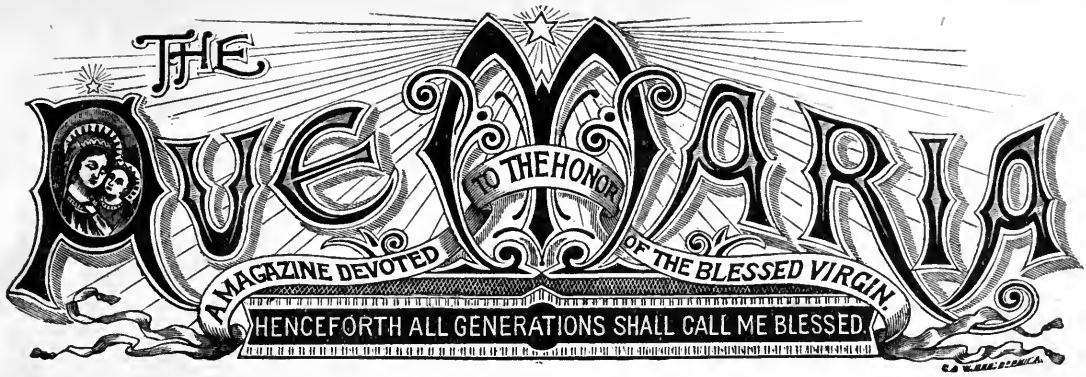
Prince Louis and His Tutor.

There have been men who, however high the station of the listeners, never, under any temptation, hesitated to tell the truth. When the young Prince Louis of France, who was afterward King Louis XIII., was in need of a tutor, his father consulted the Duke de Sully as to the proper person to have the full oversight of the dauphin's education. The Duke recommended the Marquis Pisani. Sully, we all know, was very fond of telling wholesome truths to the King. Perhaps it was for this reason that he mentioned the Marquis, who, he was very sure, would tell them likewise to the young son. At any rate, the Marquis was chosen, and wisely, too. His sincerity and strength of character were equal to his learning, and he never hesitated to reprove his royal charge when he needed it—which was no doubt often,—just as if he had been little Jacques, the butcher boy.

One day the Prince and his teacher were hunting, and they met a peasant, who bent almost to the ground, so great was his humility, in the presence of the king's son. But Louis noticed him no more than if he had been a stump or a bush, not even making a slight bow. The Marquis could not see such rudeness without rebuking it.

"Sire," he said, "that peasant is very low in station and you are very high, but you would die of hunger if such as he did not till the ground."

The Prince, who loved his tutor, was not offended, and bowed good-naturedly to the next peasant he met.



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The Month of the Precious Blood.

STANDING 'neath the blessed rood,
Crimson with Christ's Precious Blood,
All earth's glamour fades away,
And my lips can only say,
"Drop by drop it flowed for me,—
Lord, my fealty is for Thee!"

Selfishness can have no place
Near that wan and haggard Face;
Angry thoughts are all forgot
In the silence of that spot
Where my Jesus bleeds for me,
Careless, callous though I be.

As the wavelets evermore
Gently bathe the arid shore,
May the life-stream from Thy Heart
Cleanse my soul in every part!
Lord, Thy Blood was shed for me,—
Let my fealty be for Thee!

M. E. M.

The Story of Rienzi.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

POPE BENEDICT XII., third of the seven Pontiffs who resided at Avignon, having died on April 23, 1342, the Cardinal Peter Roger, a Benedictine monk and Archbishop of Rouen, was elevated to the Chair of Peter on May 6, and took the name of Clement VI. During this reign an end was put to the schism of Louis of Bavaria

by the sudden death of that prince in 1347. Clement VI. continued the severity of his predecessors toward Louis, and procured the election of Charles of Luxemburg, son of King John of Bohemia, after having threatened to choose an emperor himself, by virtue of his apostolic authority, in case the electors refused to act.

Shortly after his elevation, Clement received from Rome a deputation of eighteen persons, at the head of whom were Stephen Colonna and Petrarch, the latter now a Roman citizen. These deputies were charged with the then usual request for the restoration of the Papacy to its proper residence, and with the submission to the Pontiff of these two propositions: the Pope was to accept, not as Pope but as the Lord Roger, the titles of Senator and Captain of the city; and he was to ordain that the Jubilee, instituted by Boniface VIII., should be celebrated, not every hundred, but every fifty years. Petrarch supported these requests in pathetic and beautiful verses,* and the Pontiff replied that he would return an answer in two months. When the reply was finally given it was found that the Pope accepted the title of Senator, but without prejudice to his sovereign rights; he accorded the petition concerning the Jubilee; as for the restoration of the Holy See to Rome, the Romans were not surprised at the usual Avignonesse assertion that "the times were not propitious."

At this period the royal authority of the Pontiff in the Roman States was purely nominal; the pontifical vicar, usually the Bishop of Orvieto, saw his power confined almost entirely to spirituals;

* "Carmina," b. ii, ep. 5.

outside the city, the country was at the mercy of petty barons, where it was not ravaged by the mercenaries of Charles of Luxemburg or of the Visconti. The people of the capital had divided it into thirteen wards—*rioni*,—each under its own banneret; but in reality the Romans were the victims of brute force, now uppermost in the persons of the Colonnas, and then dominant under the sway of the Orsini. There was no guarantee for property, no security for life; iniquity sat in the tribunals, immorality was rife in the sanctuary, and misery weighed down every family.*

Petrarch eloquently describes the misfortunes entailed upon the queen of the world by the unfortunate mistake of Clement V., and shows us the utopian schemes for her restoration, which were cherished by many of his enthusiastic contemporaries, who hoped to see Rome again the head of universal empire under the rule of concordant Pope and emperor.† A beautiful dream indeed, remarks one of the most intelligent of modern polemics;‡ but which, if realized, would have reduced the Popedom to as servile a condition as that of the Constantinopolitan patriarchs of the Lower Empire. One of these dreamers was Nicholas Gabrini, known to history as Cola di Renzo, or simply Rienzi.§ His mother was a laundress and water-carrier; his father a tavern-keeper, although Cola himself boasted of being an illegitimate son of the Emperor Henry VII.

Like most young Romans even in our day, Rienzi was made familiar with the olden heroes of Rome, but his enthusiasm was more than ordinary; and, after a youth passed in assimilating the aspirations of the classic writers of his coun-

try, his early manhood found him living almost exclusively among the monuments of an irrevocable past, murmuring to himself, "Shall I ever see such men in Rome?" All his studies impelled him to an attempt which must ever be impossible even to the greatest genius*—namely, the withdrawal of a people from its tomb. He possessed qualities apt to make him a successful revolutionist. His figure was beautiful yet majestic; his features were exceedingly mobile and his smile magical; his voice sweet but sonorous; his conversation passionate and entrancing; his style of writing highly colored, though elegant. But he was inconstant, vain, and weak in judgment; and often his romanticism prompted him, even at the most serious crises of his enterprise and of his life, to play the mountebank.

Rienzi made his entrance into public life in 1344, having been chosen by the Romans to urge again upon Clement VI. the propriety, nay necessity, of his coming to his See.† At Avignon he made a great impression on Petrarch; and his friendship with that poet, then at the height of his fame, influenced the Pontiff to accord him so much favor that a daily audience was granted him during several weeks. With the exception of a short interval of coolness, brought about by Cardinal John Colonna because of Rienzi's eloquent denunciation of the Roman nobility, this favor was continued to him until his dismissal, when he was rewarded with the then lucrative office of Notary of the Apostolic Chamber. History is silent as to the date of his return to Rome, but we find him in 1347 arisen to such a height in popular estimation that he dared to publicly upbraid the nobles as "drinkers of the blood of the people," and to call upon the "good estate" to provide for its own safety against the "dogs of the Capitol." On this occasion a Colonna

* "Fragm. Hist. Rom.," in Muratori's "Antiq. Ital.," vol. iii, b. 2, c. 5.—Zeferino Re, "Vita di Cola di Renzo," Forli, 1828. This work is based on the famous one by Fortifiocca, "Vita di Cola Rienzi, Tribuno del Popolo Romano, Scritta in Lingua Vulgare di Quella Età," Bracciano, 1624.—The chronicle published by Bzovius, in his "Annals," vol. xiv, and entitled "Diarium ex MS. Vaticano," is only an abridgment, and an inaccurate one, of the "Vita" by Fortifiocca.

† See our article on "The Popes at Avignon," in "AVE MARIA," vol. xxix, no. 22.

‡ Christophe, "La Papauté pendant le Quatorzième Siècle," liv. viii., Paris, 1853.

§ His father's name being Laurence (Lorenzo), he was styled Nicholas, son of Laurence, Cola di Renzo.

* "Nihil actum fore putavi, si qua legendo dicere non aggrededer exercendo." Epist.

† Some historians place Rienzi in the first embassy sent to Pope Clement VI. in 1342. But, according to the "Fragm. Hist. Rom." above cited, and the third "Life of Clement VI." in Baluze, that first embassy was sent by the senate, clergy, and people, while Rienzi was sent by the thirteen bannerets,—"*i tredici, buoni uomini di Roma*" (Fortifiocca, c. i). Again, Villani narrates the mission of Rienzi, and gives him no colleagues; whereas in the first embassy there figured three persons.

struck him in the face, but generally the patri-
cians simply ridiculed his demonstrations; even
when, one day, while dining with Gianni Colonna,
he declared that he would yet be emperor, and
would send the barons to the scaffold, the whole
company was convulsed with laughter. His ex-
hibition of pictures on the walls of Sant' Angelo
and before the Capitol, showing the woes of
Rome and the imminent justice of God; his own
appearance in St. John Lateran's, vested as a
stage monarch, and weeping because of Rome's
having lost "her two eyes: the Pope and the
Emperor,"—such and other demagogic tricks
excited smiles even in many who desired the
accomplishment of his promises, but the multi-
tude was profoundly impressed.

And meanwhile Rienzi added the *role* of con-
spirator to that of demagogue. Among the
middle classes he soon counted a large number
who swore to co-operate with him in raising up
the "good estate," and awaited only his signal to
act. Chance afforded an opportunity on the first
of May,—Stephen, head of the house of Colonna,
and most of the barons, having left the city in
quest of grain, there being scarcity of food within
the walls. Rienzi sent trumpeters to every quar-
ter, proclaiming that at nine on the next morning
all the citizens, without arms, would meet at the
Capitol to debate on the amelioration of the
"good estate." From midnight until the ap-
pointed hour Rienzi prayed in the Church of San
Agnolo in Peschiera, where he had caused thirty
Masses to be offered in honor of the Holy Ghost.
As the clocks struck nine a curious procession
left the church. First came Rienzi, bareheaded,
but otherwise in full armor, accompanied, strange
to say, by the papal vicar, Bishop Raymond of
Orvieto, whose ostensible duty would have been
to repress such demonstrations, but whose weak
nature had yielded to the ascendancy of superior
genius. Next marched four standard-bearers,—
three displaying the emblems of liberty, justice,
and peace, and the fourth carrying the time-worn
remnants of the flag of St. George. Then came a
hundred men-at-arms, and nearly all Rome fell
into line as the procession joyfully wended its
way to the Capitoline.

From this historic hill the "liberator" made
one of his fervent addresses, and then deliberately
read his new constitution. The citizens were to

be guaranteed from all oppression by the barons;
a citizen militia was to be enrolled, and a navy
was to protect the coasts; the nobles were to
keep the roads safe, but no patrician could have
a fortress or stockade within the walls; justice
was to be prompt: no trial was to be prolonged
beyond a fortnight; the State would establish
granaries for the benefit of the poor; widows
and orphans, especially if made such by war,
were to be at the charge of the state; each com-
mune was to send two representatives to a general
congress in Rome, and an Italian confederation
was to be promoted; above all, the Pope-King
was to return to his See and capital. The people
gladly acclaimed these provisions; the two sen-
ators, Sciarra Colonna and John Orsini, were
chased from the Capitol; and Rienzi, joined
ostensibly in authority with the papal vicar, at
once assumed a dictatorship, although he and
Raymond were not declared tribunes until the
20th of May, Pentecost Sunday.

Quick work was made with the barons. When
Stephen Colonna, then at Corneto, heard of
the revolution operated by a person whom he
had regarded as merely a buffoon, he rushed
back to Rome, only to receive an order to with-
draw at once. He tore the missive to shreds,
exclaiming, "If this fool makes me mad, he shall
be pitched from the windows of the Capitol!"
But Rienzi caused the great bell to be rung: the
people rushed to arms, and Stephen was lucky in
saving his life by a precipitate flight to his for-
tress of Palestrina, accompanied by only one
retainer. The dictator immediately ordered all
the barons to retire to their castle in the country,
—a command which was gladly obeyed, after the
discomfited nobles had sworn not to disturb the
roads, to harbor malefactors, or to do any injury
to the "good estate."

Rienzi at once notified the Pontiff, the Em-
peror, the King of France, and the Italian powers,
of his accession to the tribunate. The two rivals,
Louis of Bavaria and Charles of Luxemburg, and
Queen Jane of Naples, received his ambassadors
with honor; Florence, Siena, and Perugia sent
him troops; the cities of Umbria sent deputies
for his congress; Gaeta gave him 10,000 golden
florins—a very large sum at that time—and the
sovereignty of the city; Venice and Luchino
Visconti declared themselves his allies; but the

Pepoli of Bologna, the Esti of Modena, the Scala of Verona, the Gonzaga of Mantua, the Malatesta of Rimini, and other sovereign princes, at first regarded him as a lunatic. Philip VI., of France, wrote to him as if writing to a trader, and sent the letter by a common soldier. The court of Avignon was somewhat disturbed when it received the couriers of "Nicholas the severe and clement, the illustrious liberator of the Holy Roman Republic, the tribune of liberty, peace and justice," swearing fidelity to the Holy See, and begging for pontifical recognition; but prudence bade Clement VI. send letters to Bishop Raymond and to the Roman people, accepting the new constitution, but condemning its irregular and revolutionary origin, and reserving to himself future liberty of action.

News came to Avignon of the comparatively contented state of Rome; justice reigned, for crime was punished without exception of persons. The tribune had created a "chamber of justice and peace" for the enforcement of the ancient and now revived law of retaliation—*lex talionis*,—and its judges were chosen from among the most irreproachable of the plebeians. This method of satisfying for injuries was so enthusiastically accepted by the Romans that, according to the "Life" by Fortifiocca, its exercise became a fanaticism.* Once more, however, the peasant cultivated his fields in security; again the pilgrim made his unmolested journey to the tomb of the Apostles. The once truculent barons could rage only in secret. One alone, John de Vico, Lord of Viterbo, dared to resist Rienzi; but his towns were taken, his property confiscated; he was forced to swear, on the Body of Christ, submission to the Roman people, and only then was he allowed to resume his lordship under the tributinal suzerainty. Facts such as these made a good

* When the adversaries were brought to this "chamber of peace," each swore to leave it reconciled. Then the offended party rendered injury for injury to the offender,—literally, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." An embrace followed, and enmity was at an end. Once a man, who had just gouged out another's eye, ran to the tribunal voluntarily; and when the victim appeared he fell on his knees, turning up his face for the retaliatory treatment. The injured man refused the proffered satisfaction; then ensued a struggle between "justice" and charity; and finally the culprit left with both eyes, a fast friend of the other.

impression at Avignon, and Petrarch took up his pen to felicitate Rienzi.

Some critics have denied that the poet had the tribune in his mind when he wrote that most beautiful of his works, "Spirito Gentile"; but, be that as it may—and the affirmative arguments are by far the stronger,—the letters of Petrarch to Rienzi show that he regarded the tribune's enterprise as restorative of that Roman grandeur which was the unique object of his own aspirations:

"Your letters are read by every prelate of the court; every one copies them. One would think that they had come from heaven, or at least from the antipodes; for when the courier arrives there is a struggle to obtain his missives, and the oracles of Apollo were never so variously interpreted. Your enterprise is wonderful, and you are free from all blame; for you have shown at once your own great courage and the majesty of the Roman people, without any want of respect to the Supreme Pontiff. It is incumbent on a prudent man like yourself to reconcile these things, which apparently are contradictory... You have shown no craven fear, still less any mad presumption.... We know not which to admire the more, your deeds or your style of speech. Men say that you act like Brutus and talk like Cicero.... Do not abandon your magnanimous undertaking.... You have laid solid foundations—truth, peace, justice, and liberty.... It is well known that I warmly defend the justice of your tribunate and the sincerity of your intentions.... Romulus founded Rome, Brutus gave her liberty, Camillus raised her from her ruins; you, illustrious man, have done more than all this! Romulus surrounded Rome with weak walls, but you give her inexpugnable ramparts. Brutus delivered her from one tyrant, you have freed her from innumerable oppressors. Camillus raised her from smoking ashes, you have raised her from ruins under which even hope had perished. Hail, then, our Romulus, our Brutus, our Camillus! Hail, restorer of our freedom, peace, and concord!"

(To be continued.)

SINGULARITY in the Christian life is more often a token of pride than of true virtue. The sincere Christian is always simple.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

IT was not long before Carmela came: the next day her mother and herself called in state on Miss Lestrangle, and the latter was enabled to judge of the accuracy of her brother's description. Knowing his fastidious taste and artistic perceptions, she had very little idea of finding him mistaken; but not even his unusually enthusiastic words had prepared her for the exquisite face of the young girl,—so picturesque and delicate, with its shadowy eyes full of unconscious pathos, and tender, softly-smiling lips.

"I could do nothing but look at her," she said afterward. "It was like a head transformed to breathing life from the canvas of some beautiful old painting. She must have thought me very rude for staring so."

Carmela, however, had seen no rudeness in the mild blue eyes that turned constantly to her face. On the contrary, her heart had warmed toward their owner, feeling the cordial kindness in the gaze. Whether it was kindred blood or sympathy of nature between these two, the fact remained that they understood each other from the first; and when Miriam said, "You will come to see me often. Remember I am an invalid, with little to amuse me," the Mexican girl looked with wistful entreaty toward her mother.

"Yes, she shall come," observed Señora Echeveria; "and you will come to see us also. Our home is yours. I had not expected that Carmela would ever know any of her father's family, but it is well that she should do so. She shall come whenever you wish for her."

"That will be very often," said Miss Lestrangle, holding out her hand to the young girl. "And tell me, Señora, if your Mexican customs will allow that she should go about with us a little? Am I chaperon enough?"

"You mean in public?" asked the Señora, doubtfully.

"Yes: to help us in our sight-seeing, to go with us on little excursions, to show us the beautiful old churches of your city, and other objects of interest."

"I see no harm in that," answered the Señora, after a moment's reflection. "It is not exactly according to our custom; but you are relatives—there can be no serious objection. Yes, if you wish it, she may go with you."

"Thank you!" said Miss Lestrangle, gratefully. "It will make our excursions very different, to have some one who can tell us the things we always want to know. And I will take good care of her, I promise you that."

The Señora replied that she was very sure of it, and then the two ladies took their departure, promising that Carmela should return the following day.

The next day she made her appearance punctually, wearing over her graceful head the black drapery of a Mexican lady, instead of the hat in which she had made her ceremonious visit of the day before.

"I fear that I am a little late," she said; "but you will excuse me. It is a great feast to-day, and I went to the High Mass at the Cathedral. I thought that perhaps you would be there also."

"We are not Catholics, you know," answered Miss Lestrangle; "and I was not aware that it was a feast to-day, else I might have gone—for the music. You have very fine music in your Cathedral."

"It is the Purísima Concepción," said Carmela, with a surprise that she could not restrain in her dark eyes. "Is it possible that Protestants do not recognize that?"

"I suppose you mean what is called in English the Immaculate Conception?" replied Miriam. "We do not observe it; it is a Roman feast altogether. In fact, you must not be shocked if I say that I do not believe in that which it celebrates."

"Not believe—" For a moment Carmela could not finish her sentence. Then she said a little timidly, as one who fears to sound an unknown depth: "You can not mean that you believe there was any stain of sin in the Mother of God?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Lestrangle, although the form of the question made her feel somewhat doubtful. "Why should she have been exempted?"

"Why, for the honor of the Lord!" answered Carmela, using unconsciously the words of a great saint. "If He was God—and you believe *that*, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" with a slight smile; "I believe that as fully as you do."

"Then He surely had power to exempt His Mother from the power of the devil; and it would have been very strange—do you not think?—if He had not done so."

"I suppose so," assented the other, who found herself quite unable to answer this simple argument. Then, with sudden recollection, she added: "But we must not discuss these things, or your mother will be afraid to let you come to see me. Besides, I admire your faith very much, and I would not for the world suggest anything that might unsettle it."

Carmela might have been forgiven if she had smiled, but she was too well-bred for that. She only remarked, quietly, "That would be impossible," as she rose to shake hands with Arthur, who entered at the moment.

"How charmed I am to find you here!" he said—and he looked what he expressed. "It is a great pleasure to my sister to have a companion, and she tells me that you are going to be kind enough to accompany us in some of our wanderings about your beautiful old city. By the bye, everything seems *en fete* to a tremendous degree to-day. Bells are clashing from every steeple, and draperies are floating from windows and balconies. Pray what is going on?"

"It is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception," answered his sister. "Carmela was just telling me of it before you came in."

"Ah!" said he. "That accounts for the blue and white colors everywhere, and for so many copies of Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception' displayed here and there. It is indeed a wonderful sight—a whole city decorated in festal attire to celebrate an abstract dogma of faith. I never saw anything quite like it."

"And did you not see the illumination last night?" asked Carmela. "It was beautiful, especially that of the Cathedral."

"No. I am sorry to say that we did not go out last night. We received a package of books and papers from home, and devoted our evening to them,—not knowing that there was anything special going on. Of course we heard a great many bells, but that was not sufficiently remarkable to excite inquiry."

"If you like the decorations to-day, you would

have been pleased with the illumination," said Carmela. "But you can see it to-night."

"And meanwhile I want you to go out and look at the streets," said the young man, addressing his sister. "Put on your hat while I order a carriage. You will come with us?" he asked, turning to Carmela.

"Of course," replied Miriam. "She has promised to be our *cicerone*, and show us what is best worth seeing."

Carmela acquiescing with a smile, the carriage was ordered, and the three were soon driving through a city that had indeed decked itself in festal guise to honor the stainless purity of the Mother of God. Everywhere her colors appeared. White draperies of lace or muslin hung from the outside of windows and balconies, tied by ribbons blue as the sapphire sky above; and here and there, framed in flowers, appeared the well-known picture of the slender virgin form upborne upon the crescent moon. Street after street was decorated in this manner,—a touching and wonderful sight, the spontaneous homage of a whole people. The poetry of it struck the "liberal" young strangers, who had no idea of the depths of divine truth involved in this doctrine of Our Lady's immaculate purity.

"What faith it all shows, and what love!" said Lestrangle. "To think that they fling out their banners, and dress their houses with lace and flowers by day and lamps by night, simply to show their rejoicing that the Mother of God was preserved free from original sin!"

"But she is our Mother, too," remarked Carmela. "That is why we rejoice. She is the Second Eve—the Mother of the race to whom heaven was opened by her Divine Son. When we think of all that this privilege of hers means for us, is it strange that we should show her all the honor in our power?"

"From that point of view—no, it is not," answered Miriam, reflectively. "I am afraid that we seldom think of her part in the great drama of Redemption."

"I have always thought that the cult of the Virgin is one of the most beautiful, poetical and really elevating things in the Christian religion," observed Lestrangle. "Protestants made a great mistake in discarding it."

His sister gave him a slight, satirical glance,

but, on account of Carmela's presence, restrained the words trembling on her lips. "It is not necessary to let this child know that he has no faith at all," she thought.

A moment later their carriage drove around a garden where blooming flowers filled the air with fragrance, and approached the front of a noble old church of brown stone, elaborately and quaintly carved, and with the open belfries that give such an eminently picturesque effect.

"This is our Santuario," said Carmela. "I suppose you have seen it before?"

"Oh yes, we have admired it often," answered Lestrangle; "and I have sketched it from the garden opposite. It is a magnificent old pile. In form and color it leaves nothing to be desired. But why is it called the Santuario?"

"Because it is the Church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. You have been to our great shrine near Mexico, no doubt?"

"Certainly. We went there and were vastly interested. And this is the Church of Guadalupe here? Ah, I understand now!"

"Within a few days our great national *fiesta* of Guadalupe will be celebrated," said Carmela. "That will perhaps interest you. The city will be decorated then more handsomely than to-day. This is the feast of the whole Church, but that is our own specially."

"You must forgive my ignorance," observed Lestrangle; "but why should it be your own specially?"

The girl looked at him with surprise. How could people whom she had regarded as marvels of education and culture be so ignorant?

"Because," she answered simply, "the Blessed Virgin, in revealing herself to the poor Indian, Julian Diego, proved her adoption of the whole Mexican people as her children. So we try to show our love and gratitude on the feast of Guadalupe, which is a Mexican feast alone."

"And this church will be the headquarters of its celebration, I suppose?"

"Yes. When the *fiesta* is at its height, it will be crowded so that it will be difficult even to approach it."

"Then let us go in now," said Miriam.

And so they found themselves, a few minutes later, in the solemn old sanctuary. The Masses of the day were over, but an odor of incense still

pervaded the interior, and many kneeling forms were scattered through the long nave—empty of seats, like all Mexican churches, and leading the eye at once to the dim magnificence of the high altar, over which, surrounded by hangings of rich crimson velvet, was suspended an admirable copy of the miraculous picture of Guadalupe.

Those who expect to find this wonderful picture (which is impressed upon an Indian blanket, by what vehicle the most skeptical have never been able to discover or declare,) rude in design or execution, will be astonished by its grace, tenderness and dignity. There are indeed few representations of the Virgin of Nazareth and Queen of Heaven which surpass it in these respects. Clothed in a sun-like garment and wrapped in a mantle embroidered with stars, the majestic yet benignant figure stands upon the crescent moon—the Woman of the Apostle's inspired vision, yet the tender Mother of the faithful, as the bending face implies; while in exquisite pose, the hands are clasped, as if in prayer, upon the breast. Even those who have no belief in the gracious miracle which wrought the picture can hardly look upon it unmoved, so compelling is the charm of its blended sweetness and majesty; while no one can wonder at the ecstatic love with which the Mexicans gaze at the image of her who so appeared to one of the poorest of their race, and impressed her radiant likeness upon his blanket, as a marvel and token for all generations.

"What an exquisite legend it is!" thought Lestrangle, letting his gaze wander from the picture—with which he was familiar, and which he had often admired—to the paintings around it representing the story. "Some day I will make a picture of that scene on the mountain. Treated artistically, it would be very fine. Or perhaps it would be better to paint a scene in some of these churches: a rich old altar like this, the picture above, and a group on the pavement below—a peon with arms outstretched in supplication, a poor old woman telling her beads, and a young, beautiful girl kneeling in soft shadow, with one ray of misty sunshine falling over her from one of the high windows of the dome."

It was a coincidence that just such a ray was falling over Carmela, as she knelt with upturned face and lips softly moving in prayer. "If I could only catch that expression!" thought the young

man; and then, some feeling of propriety coming to him, he turned his gaze away from her to the old church in which he stood, where all things were mellow with the touch of age, full of dim richness and infinite picturesqueness.

"Except in Spain, I have never seen anything to equal these Mexican churches," he said, as they presently emerged into the dazzling sunshine—how dazzling after the soft gloom of the old sanctuary!—the balmy air and fragrance wafted from the garden opposite. "I want to paint a scene in that church. If I succeed, will you let me put *you* into it?" he asked suddenly, addressing Carmela.

She looked a little startled. "But how?" she asked. It did not occur to her that she could readily form a part of the Santuario.

"Oh, I would like to introduce one or two people! It would be more natural. And you certainly can not object to figuring in such an irreprouchable place."

"Are you, then, a painter?" she inquired.

"In an amateur way," he answered; "which means that I am not much of one, but I like art exceedingly."

"It means that he could be a very fine painter—everyone says so—if he had a stimulus to work," observed Miss Lestrangle. "If he had to paint pictures to sell he would soon make a reputation."

"That I deny," observed the young man. "Under those circumstances, I might paint 'pot-boilers,' but I certainly would not produce fine pictures; no man can do his best when he works under sordid compulsion."

"Yet the best work of the world has been produced in that manner."

"I doubt it. The men of whom you speak could have done much better had leisure for careful work been allowed them."

Miriam shrugged her shoulders. "We have often discussed that question," she said, "and never agreed. I should like to see you put to the test. If Aunt Elinor found another heir, you might become an artist."

Mr. Lestrangle colored in a manner which plainly indicated that he was not pleased. "If I am an artist," he said stiffly, "an accident like that of which you speak could neither make nor mar me. But this is very irrelevant. What interests me at present is whether Carmela will allow me

to put her into my picture of the Santuario."

"I shall be very much honored," remarked Carmela,—Spanish courtesy and the association with the revered shrine banishing any doubt she might else have entertained with regard to the proposal.

"It will be a very fine subject," said Miss Lestrangle, looking back at the noble old building. Then, as her glance fell on Carmela, she smiled. "The question is," she added, "will it be a picture of the Santuario or of Carmela?"

(To be continued.)

The Rest that Cometh Soon.

⦿ TOILERS in life's vineyard,

Who sigh for perfect rest,

Whose dim eyes, peering upward,

With weight of years oppressed,

Look for the blissful slumber

God gives to His beloved,

Wait till the day is over,

And He the task has moved.

Here, where the long, long morning

Melts into busy noon,

The hours are all unrestful,

But evening cometh soon:

Lo! on the lofty mountain

The first faint shadow lies,

And God will draw His curtains

Over the far-off skies.

Short slumbers has the pilgrim,

His ready staff in hand;

The soldier may but linger

Till the foe is in the land;

The child must hasten homeward,

O'er hill and field and dell;

And the golden gates are open

Where all in rest shall dwell.

O weary heart, take courage!

O feet, march on a while!

O busy hands, still labor!

Tired eyes shall see Him smile

Who has within His keeping,

Still waiting for your claim,

The perfect rest of heaven—

The gladness of His name.

No storm disturbs the waters,
 No wind breaks that repose;
 No trumpet calls to battle,
 Nor triumph then the foes;
 Though season follows season,
 And year fades into year,
 That rest is still remaining—
 That heaven shall still appear.

Take up the burden, Christian;
 Bear thou, and labor on;
 A little sorrow only,
 And the kingdom shall be won;
 Only a few more footsteps,
 And then the tranquil rest;
 Only a few more longings,
 And then the sheltering Breast.

A Secret that Died with Its Possessor.

AN EPISODE OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS QUATORZE.

AT the most brilliant epoch of the reign of Louis XIV. a singular incident occurred, which, while it excited popular interest and curiosity to the utmost, remains now, as it was then, an impenetrable secret.

One day, while pursuing his favorite amusement of stag-hunting in the forest of St. Germain, the King caught a glimpse of some strange, indefinable object. At the same moment his horse, evidently terrified by its presence, reared violently, as though attempting to throw him. But the vision having passed like a shadow, the King persuaded himself that the effect was caused by the flight of some large bird, dismissed the matter from his mind, and did not mention it to any one.

About the same time an apparition presented itself to a man of the little town of Salon, in Provence, commanding him to go to the Governor at Aix, who at his request would give him a letter which would obtain access to the minister at Versailles, and through him to the King. That he was not to be uneasy as to what he had to say to the King, for that would be told him on his journey; but that he must consider it his duty to fulfil this mission promptly, and not to reveal it to any one under pain of instant death.

The man, too frightened to speak, bowed his head in token of acquiescence. His wife, seeing his agitation, begged him to tell her the cause of it. He refused to satisfy her, saying he was threatened with death if he betrayed his secret. This, of course, excited more vehement importunities on her part; and the unfortunate man at last told all that had happened, and at the close of the recital fell dead before her. The terrified woman rushed into the street, crying out to her neighbors that her husband had suddenly expired, but not daring to reveal what had passed, lest she should be reproached with having caused his death.

Next day the ghost appeared to another man of the same town, giving him the same instructions, accompanied by the same threats. But he, too, had not power to keep the secret, and flying in the first agitation of his terror to the curé of the village, he told all that had happened; and at the moment when he related that the spectre had threatened him with death if he spoke of his vision, he fell dead at the priest's feet. The curé, of course, spoke of the thing exactly as it had happened; and the wife of the first victim, emboldened by this, came forward and deposed that the death of her husband had had exactly the same cause. It may be imagined what a stir this event made in the neighborhood.

Meantime the ghost appeared the third time to a farrier of Salon, François Michel by name, as he was returning home after dark. A person clothed in white, of royal aspect and dazzling beauty, appeared to him in the midst of a great light, called him by name, and bade him listen carefully to what she would tell him. She assured him she was the late Queen, and that he was to go to the King, and communicate the message which would be confided to him. She repeated the instructions which had been given to the others, assuring him that the official at Aix would give him credentials to the minister, who would secure for him an audience with the King; that he would be sent to Versailles, and that there he would be told what he had to say.

The vision disappeared, and François tried next morning to persuade himself that the occurrence was an illusion. However, a repetition of the vision, with reproaches and reiterated threats, roused all his determination. He went straight to the official at Aix, addressed him with the

greatest decision, saying that he knew he would think him mad, but that he was perfectly in his senses, and desired credentials to any one of the ministers of the King, in order through him to obtain an audience. The official tested and brow-beat him in every possible way, even threatening to put him in prison. Michel retained perfect calmness and self-possession; and, after making judicial inquiries at Salon as to the sanity and honesty of the farrier, the official ended by giving him the letters, and sending him to Versailles under the escort of an officer, whom he charged to observe him carefully. The officer reported that he had found him full of good sense and sincerity.

Michel reached Versailles, still ignorant of the message he was to deliver to Louis Quatorze. But that same night the vision appeared again and assured him he would obtain the audience; that the minister would make difficulties, but that all he had to do was to tell him to ask the King if it was not true that the last time he was hunting in the forest, at a moment when his horse reared, he had been struck by an apparition he could not define, but which he still remembered; and that this detail would induce the monarch to see him. Michel was then instructed what he was to say to the King, the ghost adding that if he betrayed the secret to the minister, who would question him closely, or to any living being but the King, he would share the fate of his two neighbors.

The King had already been informed of the matter through the Governor of Provence, and he directed the Marquis of Barbezieux to question François Michel. But he, who had never been out of his little country town, and knew nothing beyond his trade, objected to Barbezieux, saying he could only speak to a Minister of State, and that he was not one. Thereupon the King named M. Pomponne, who kept Michel with him for more than an hour, using all his diplomatic arts to wrest his secret from him. He failed utterly to get one word more than that a vision had appeared to him, who had sent him with a message to the King, and had bidden him give his knowledge of the apparition in the forest as the credential of his mission; the farrier added confidently that this would secure him a hearing. A council was held, at the end of which

Michel was summoned to the King's presence.

There was no mystery or concealment about this audience. The farrier was ushered into the same royal cabinet where other illustrious visitors were received. The King detained him more than an hour, taking care that no one could overhear them. This so provoked the high chamberlain, M. Duras (who was on terms of familiarity with the monarch), that he broke out next day into contemptuous language about Michel, using the vulgar saying, "The King is not noble, if this man is not mad!" The King turned round and said, with much dignity: "Then I am not noble; for I have conversed long with this man, who has spoken to me with the greatest good sense, and who, I assure you, is very far from being a madman." He remarked to those present that the good farrier had reminded him of something which had happened to him twenty years ago, which he was quite certain he had never mentioned to any one; and he related the story of the phantom he had seen at the stag-hunt. He had another long interview with Michel, and took leave of him in public with all the ceremony usually shown to ambassadors,—giving orders that all his expenses should be paid, and that, without taking him out of his position and trade, he should want for nothing for the rest of his life.

The secretive power shown both by François Michel and the ministers was very remarkable. Curiosity, stimulated to the uttermost, besieged them in every possible way; but neither in court or country circles was one word ever extracted from them which could throw any light on the secret; we have reached the limit of known fact: all beyond is conjecture. Naturally, a strong public opinion was formed about it, and several after-circumstances were connected with the mystery.

Louis XIV. had the greatest confidence in the wisdom and discretion of his favorite grandson, the Dauphin, the very ideal of a Christian prince. "A few days after my father's death," the Duke of Burgundy, now become the Dauphin, once said, "the King gave me, under the seal of secrecy, the greatest mark of confidence a father could give a son, and one which I shall never forget. But when I asked him a further question about what he had told me, he did not see fit to satisfy me, saying with a demonstration of tenderness that touched me even to tears, 'I have told you

enough, my son, for your instruction; the rest I must keep for my own. Who would not fear Thy judgments, O my God?"

The speech of Louis Quatorze when, in 1700, after having consented to secure the crown of Spain to his grandson Philip, he said 'that he did not place his reliance on his power or his numerous posterity; for that, the judgments of God being impenetrable, he contemplated the possibility of a sorrowful future, which he prayed Heaven to avert,' was always supposed to refer to the secret message of the farrier of Salon.

When, in the year 1712, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and their eldest son, were all swept off within the space of a few days, the great monarch was so stricken with grief that for a short time his own life was thought to be in danger. But he quickly rallied, and supported his bereavement with heroic resignation. "You see," he said to the Maréchal de Villars, "the state to which I am reduced. Few have had to suffer, like me, in one short week the loss of a grandson, a granddaughter, and their child,—all of the greatest promise and most tenderly beloved. God is chastising me, and I have well deserved it. I shall have less to suffer in the other world."

When the first tumult of popular excitement over the mission of François Michel to the King subsided, a steady belief gained ground throughout France that, as Nathan of old to David, he had been sent to announce to Louis le Grand that God would accept his present repentance; but that, in expiation of the scandals he had given to his people in the days of his youth, he should see his power as humbled as it was then exalted; that war and famine should bring desolation on his kingdom; that he should himself assist at the funeral solemnities of his numerous posterity, of which one feeble offshoot would alone escape.

Was the *vox populi* in this instance the voice of God? The decisive answer to this question can never be given till the day when the secrets of all hearts, whether of prince or peasant, will be revealed. But, combining all the circumstances related above, there certainly seems some ground for believing it. The after-life of François Michel precludes all idea that he was consciously an impostor. His only anxiety, when his message was delivered, was to get back to his home and

his trade as soon as possible, and he returned as simple and unassuming as he was before. Years afterward the Archbishop of Arles, whose country house was at Salon, bore witness to his good, simple, honest manner of life.

Certainly if a victim of expiation were needed, none nobler and purer could have been found than the Dauphin—in the very flower of his age and the height of his popularity, the idol of his grandfather,—who, after gigantic efforts to prepare himself for the task of reigning, saw death approach without a shadow of regret, just as the crown was about to descend upon his head. "I shall be the third victim," he said, when his attendants were striving to persuade him that he would not die. "God grant I may be the last, and satisfy by my death for my own sins and those which have provoked so long His vengeance on this kingdom!"

Much of the glamour which hung about the reign of Louis Quatorze was dispelled when the fierce glare of the Revolution revealed the miseries and corruption which seethed beneath its despotic splendor. But when, before sinking into the tomb himself, he saw all falling around him,—when, his power humbled by disastrous wars, his kingdom desolated by famine, his posterity swept off by the breath of death, the great monarch stood resigned and calm, with face turned heavenward, saying in the spirit of the royal David, "I have sinned, and the Lord is chastising me. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" the hearts of all involuntarily own his grandeur.

There is no instance in the history of ages of a prince whose passions had been so flattered, whose course had been so prosperous, whose will had been so supreme, accepting with such constancy and resignation the bitter lessons of adversity. If indeed the faithful wife, whom he had so deeply wronged, busy for his salvation in the other world, was really allowed to prepare him by a supernatural warning of the expiation God would exact for the evil he had done, it throws a pathetic light on the moral grandeur of his closing years. Nothing seemed to overpower him, nothing even astonished him. While no one can pretend to decide whether it were true or false, it is not wonderful that popular opinion ascribed his marvellous equanimity to the forewarnings of the farrier of Salon.

A Nemesis.

VOLTAIRE, the most audacious of deists, after having taken an oath of eternal hatred against our Lord Jesus Christ (which he declares he did on the banks of the Thames), conceived the impious project of overturning the sacred altars on which He was adored. It was his determination to annihilate all denominations that professed belief in Christ's Divinity, and to tolerate only Socinians and Anti-Trinitarians, which sects, he infamously declared, Julian the Apostate would not have opposed.

In concert with D'Alembert and other "modern philosophers" as impious as himself, Voltaire decided by what means this diabolical inspiration should be carried into effect. They resolved first to demoralize the youth of France by circulating booklets abounding in gross allusions conveyed in fascinating language, and illustrated with indecent engravings. These they believed would gradually corrupt youthful minds and hearts, and prepare them to accept the infidel ideas these fiends intended to promulgate.

Their next step was to be the destruction of the illustrious Society of Jesus. The Fathers of that Order, by their talents and superior merit, had been received into the Academy of Belles Lettres, in Paris, in such numbers as to secure the exclusion of infidels. As most of the great families of Europe were accustomed to select preceptors from that Academy, the suppression of the Order was deemed a necessary prelude to an attack upon religion. The philosophers began by calumniating the members of the Society in every court in Europe. Soon the outcry against the Jesuits became general. Madame de Pompadour, the unworthy favorite of Louis XV., was used as a successful instrument in estranging the mind of that Prince from the members of the Society in France. In vain did the Queen, Mary Lecinszka, urge the Duc de Choiseul (Prime Minister) to avert the blow: he too had become poisoned by the atmosphere of irreligion.

In Spain, the avarice of the Marquis of Pomalupon Paraguay led him to decide very easily on his course toward the Jesuits. Forgetting all that his country owed to that devoted body in both the East and West Indies, in New Spain,

etc., he entered into a conspiracy with Aranda, and other members of the council of Carlos IV., for the spoliation of their extensive missions, and to detach both the Spanish and Neapolitan courts from the interests of the renowned Society. By the machinations of these men—some of them of high repute as authors and politicians—the sovereigns of these courts were brought to consent to the expulsion of the Fathers from their several territories.

The King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus II., was also drawn into the vortex; and even the good Empress Maria Theresa, though abhorring the persecution of these worthy ecclesiastics, was at length persuaded to yield, by the prospect of aggrandizement in the marriage of her daughter, Maria Antoinette, with the Dauphin of France. The Empress consented to observe a strict neutrality should the Pope, Clement XIV., in order to preserve peace in the Church, find it prudent to abolish the Society of Jesus.

No sooner was His Holiness notified of the fatal promise of Maria Theresa, than the ambassador of Louis XV. peremptorily demanded of him, in the name of his master, the abolition of the famous Society. The minister required this from Clement XIV. as head of the royal house of Bourbon, and as representative of all the sovereigns of that powerful family. The Pontiff was even threatened with the prompt departure of all those diplomates, unless he ordered the immediate and unconditional suppression of the Society.

Don Pedro-Pablo Aranda sent instructions to Azaram at Rome, enjoining him not to subscribe to the secularization of the Jesuits, but to exact their expulsion pure and simple. In spite of their prominent influence with powerful personages, the religious could not anticipate or arrest the blow, as impolitic as it was irreligious. At the same hour they were arrested throughout Spain, and with almost unexampled barbarity exiled to Italy.

Clement XIV. was profoundly afflicted. He saw clearly the dangers to which religion would be exposed were the demands of the sovereigns resisted. In vain the venerable Pontiff exerted himself to soften the spirit of the enemies of the Jesuits, or to obtain for the Fathers the privilege of a fair trial, in which their guilt or innocence could be proved to the world. Finally,

seeing that their institute could no longer continue the great work for which it was founded, and in order to prevent the serious evils which menaced the Church, the august Pontiff felt himself compelled to sacrifice an order illustrious for the piety, learning and devotedness of its sons. Thus the mighty ones of earth seemed to triumph over the meek followers of the Saviour.

Mortals may not irreverently scrutinize the designs of an all-wise Providence, but no student of history can fail to observe the sinister events that in rapid succession followed the suppression of the Society of Jesus. One generation had not passed ere Misfortune waved her wand over the career of each one of the potentates who had concurred in the measures taken to bring about the suppression of the Order.

Louis XVI., although head of the house of Bourbon, was doomed to expire on a scaffold. Charles IV. of Spain, defeated at Bayonne, was obliged to abdicate his throne. The Braganza family found safety only in precipitate flight, and embarked for Brazil at the very port from which they had compelled the Jesuits to take shipping for Italy. The sovereign of Naples sought an asylum in Sicily, and the King of Sardinia was forced to fly to an island, sole remnant of his dominions. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette suffered on a scaffold what the weakness of her mother had destined her to undergo; and the head of the house of Austria was, by his humiliation, obliged to consent to the sacrifice of his daughter, Maria Louisa, to satisfy the ambition of a soldier of ignoble birth, who trampled on all the high pretensions of the house of Bourbon.

The storm of impiety assailed with malignant though impotent fury the Rock on which the divine Founder of Christianity had built His Church. Haller, a Swiss Calvinist, was ordered to announce to Pius VI. the termination of his temporal power. After enduring many gross personal indignities, the venerable Pontiff was torn from his dominions, to end his days in captivity.

The desolation which the death of Pius VI. brought on the Church was, however, of short duration. An army from the North cleared the plains of Italy of hordes of Frenchmen, whose presence prevented the election of a successor. A conclave was therefore held at Venice, in which Cardinal Chiaramonti was raised to the Apostolic

Chair, and the Catholic Church praised the mercies of Him whose arm was extended to save the sinking Peter. The pastoral functions of Christ's Vicar were resumed, when Pius VII. quietly took possession of the Capital of Christendom.

In the history of France we learn how Napoleon I. used his power to humble Pius VII. During the captivity of that Pontiff many of the princes whom misfortune had oppressed found means to convey to him their wish that the Society of Jesus should be restored. The gigantic strides of the ambitious Napoleon resulted in his discomfiture. The change in his fortune was followed by defeats, which culminated in the liberation of the venerable Pontiff, and restored him to the exercise of his apostolic functions and the possession of his territories. Pius VII., after his release from imprisonment, issued a bull, by the authority of which the Society of Jesus was restored and placed on its ancient footing.

The most superficial observer of our times can not fail to see that the leaven of Voltaire's iniquity is not yet expelled; while current events prove that the house of Bourbon still suffers for the iniquities of its erring ancestors to the third and fourth generation.

E. V. N.

The Growth of a Beautiful Soul.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I HAVE watched it for ten years, from just that distance where the light falls clearest upon it. I have been moved in my noting of it neither by personal affection nor interest. It has simply and unconsciously ascended and expanded toward the Sun of Righteousness, while its tinting and its texture, its perfume and its dew-fall of charity, have been the work of that divine radiance. This has happened where I was aware of it. It is the soul of a Child of Mary.

Ten years ago I was a visitor at a certain convent chapel. A convert, strange to Catholic life and Catholics, I liked to go into that quiet holiness, and think and wait and learn silently. I soon began to distinguish others who came on a like errand. Frequently I found there a very pretty woman, young, elegant, married, and evidently of

high rank in the fashionable world. She used to glide noiselessly up the aisle, slip into one of the narrow benches, kneel for a few minutes in motionless prayer, tell her beads, and pass away again,—unobtrusive, unobservant, yet so perfect in her every appointment, so at ease and so unclouded in her brilliant style, that she seemed to have nothing for which to ask, and to take everything too unquestioningly for acknowledgment.

There was something charming to me in her serene, refined face, her grace of movement, her exquisite toilettes; but I could not then quite reconcile the evidences of untrammelled wealth and luxury with her apparent devotion. Something of the narrow-mindedness of Protestantism clung to me, and I had not learned that it is indeed “the Spirit which quickeneth” even the dead forms and ceremonies of an outwardly worldly life. Even then I thought of her with admiration unpoisoned with censure. She always made me think pleasant thoughts.

After a time I, too, became a Child of Mary. Then we met constantly; for at every Mass, at every Benediction, at every retreat, at every meeting, she was there as surely as the day came round. That acquaintance which arises from such association soon grew up between us. In her polished way she greeted me and parted with me; and, if it so chanced we were near each other, we spoke together of the events under discussion. I do not remember that I was ever introduced to her, or how long it was before I learned even her name, but it was some time. I lived out of the city, and lacked that knowledge of well-known people’s faces which comes unsought through eye and ear. Nor can I recall when it was I first saw a change in her, but all at once it was there.

Her pleasant acquiescence in all the others did become cordial interest, and then intelligent and earnest activity. Now her name was among those who would visit the poor during the next month; now she was appointed to visit the prisoners; now she was mistress of ceremonies. And such a mistress!—carrying into her beautiful duties all the grace and sweetness of her home manner; welcoming, winning, brightening with smiles, with such a cordial hand, with such a warmth of tone, such unconscious earnestness in the distribution of work, such pretty acknowledgment of its return! There was not the slightest affecta-

tion about her,—not even the allowable affectation of doing her best to please everybody. It was simply *feeling* all kindness and affection for our Blessed Mother’s children, and showing it gladly.

From that time she has not dropped out of the active circle. Whatever there is to do, she does it if she can; and whatever she does is beautifully done. Little by little—a word from this one, a word from that one—I have come to know that she has a busy life and far from an irresponsible one. She is the idolized wife of a prominent man; she is the mother of several sons—now nearly grown—and of several little ones. Her children have all grown out of her arms, but not out of her heart nor her prayers. Simply, sweetly, steadily, she fulfils her many duties—entertains, sees to her house, suggests, sympathizes, smooths over rough places, helps to strengthen weak barriers against temptation, and cares for her own soul. At what a cost of never-failing effort and self-renunciation these things are done, every woman among us knows. Yet, what one of us does, the rest of us should blush to leave undone; or, rather, to leave unstriven for against our separate odds.

As I have said, I have watched this living and growing soul ten years. I met her this morning on the street, and, lightened at heart by her smile in passing, I walked home thinking of the lessons she has taught me in many ways. And first, in her beauty. Ten years have not marred it. She is changed, but not faded: a little paler and thinner, perhaps; but the soft eyes are so deepened and cleared, the curves of the beautiful mouth so much more tender and loving, the serenity of the smooth brow so unmistakably established, the whole countenance so purified and illumined by the fervent, holy soul within, that where one used to say, “What a pretty creature!” now ten exclaim, “What a lovely woman!” Hers is now a beauty that will never fade. The fire of Life within her, “shining more and more unto the perfect day,” will consume all that is perishable, only to render radiant forever the truest beauty.

And next, in her position. Where God placed her she has been faithful. Growth in holiness has not been growth away from what He gave her here: she has drawn closer and closer to Him, taking them with her. Loving and longing with her have wrought for His glory and their salva-

tion. Self-denial and renunciation with her has never been at the expense of others. She still wears perfect toilettes, and they cost a great deal—at first. But they are bought with an eye to unobtrusiveness, and constant and exquisite care and neatness keep them fresh and dainty far longer than a casual glance reveals. I have learned that good people are needed in the fashionable world by Our Lord, who has not renounced His kingdom there, and that as fair a soul may be robed in an imported toilette as in sackcloth and ashes.

I have not told a very stirring history, have I? It has all been as simple and plain as the daily lives of most of us. But when I think, as I do, of that sweet woman, moving toward God through His world, just step by step; desiring, hoping, believing that she goes as He wills; modest, matronly, filled with pure thoughts and tender charity for all His world, I think I surely must tell of it to some gentle life, and encourage the humble and loving to go onward in joyful hope. She has no thought of it; but only to pass her as I did this morning,—only to meet her eyes and their smile of peace and good-will,—is to awaken in me the desire to be good and do good for our Blessed Lord's sake.

Is there surer proof of a soul's growth in beauty, and heavenward?

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

COMPARISONS may not always be odious, but they are generally unfair. At present one hears a great deal about convent school education as compared with the instruction given at Vassar and the "annexes." And the charm of it all is to the cynical listener that the people who do most of the work of comparison have very little knowledge of the women's colleges, whatever they may know of the convent schools. To most of the amiable talkers, the schools, like Vassar here and Girton over in England, are paradises, where "sweet girl graduates" move serenely, as in Tennyson's "Princess."

It used to be the fashion to compare the convent school with the public schools, much to the advantage of the latter. But Americans of cultivation are ashamed to do that sort of thing now. At present we are very well beyond that "provincialism." A comparison of the German public school with the American has taught us the valuable lesson of reticence; so we do not boast of our public schools as we formerly did. We have come to the conclusion that they do not educate, and we are doubtful as to whether they instruct.

But now that we have been taught that there are heights of education for women above the high school or the normal school, we have fixed our fondest desires on Vassar and the "annexes." The "high school" and the "normal school" ideal will not do any more. It is not enough that a young woman should have dipped into Cicero, read a literature book, and recited so many "quotations," dates, and facts, or finished Euclid. She must not only be educated but "cultured." And Catholics are exhorted to take example by the "annexes,"—but we are not told in what the excellence of the "annexes" consists.

The vulgar, humorous impression of the "annexes" and Vassar is just as coarse as the average ignorant gibe at the woman student. It is false, this impression that the young women who enter these places are short-haired, masculine creatures, who study Greek merely for the purpose of showing the male sex how little it knows. The Greek of the Vassar girl depends very much on herself, very little on the college; and her philosophy is thin or solid, according to her faculties and her knowledge of the art of studying. In fact, scholarship depends on the woman, not the college. The young woman at Vassar may be as frivolous as she chooses or she may study as hard as Margaret Roper; she may become as instructed as she likes to be, but she can never be educated at her college.

It is to the convent schools and the homes of the land to which we must look for education. They make the woman; a college may perfect her as a scholar or make her a *precieuse*. The convent school is not in our country a mere vestibule to marriage. There are some convent schools in France where the young duchess or the young countess steps from the care of the Lady Superior into that of her husband, blind-

fold as it were,—only *some* convents, for the convent school in all countries is adapted to the needs of its students.

With us, it is well that our daughters should be self-reliant and well-bred, simple yet refined in their tastes; that, above all, they should have good principles, reinforced by an enlightened faith; that they should have a desire for study, for self-improvement. This is education; this the convent school supplies. It would give more than this if the parent who sends his child to the school would afford her the opportunity of acquiring it; it would enable the graduate to enjoy, as an eminent prelate recently said, “the society of the great ones of the earth, whether she lived in a hovel or a palace.” It would give her the key to Dante, to Plato, to Shakspeare,—in a word, it would give her culture.

But how few parents, how few daughters, would look on art as more precious than time! The longer the intelligent preparation, the greater the success in life. What is called the “practical” limits the education of Catholics; the blame rests with the short-sighted parent and the influence at work in an atmosphere of hurry rather than with the convent school. And, to be practical on the other side, let us compare the cost of Vassar or the “annexes” with the convent school. Let us remark, too, that if money enough were raised by Catholics to endow an advanced college for girls, a perfect faculty could easily be formed from the Sisters of any of the teaching orders.

The Apparitions at Castelpetroso.

THE *Servo di Maria*, a religious journal published at Bologna, gives the following letter received by the editor from the Bishop of Bojano, Italy, relative to the apparitions which took place at Castelpetroso, a village in his diocese, a brief account of which has already been given in THE “AVE MARIA”:

“On the 22d of March, 1888, two shepherdesses of Castelpetroso related that they had beheld an apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the mountains overlooking the village. The report of this event spread far and wide, and very many persons, young and old, visited the spot. Day after day

hundreds of the faithful thronged to the sacred place, many of them passing the whole night there, in sighs and tears and prayers. In a short time pilgrimages were organized of pious Christians wishing to behold the miracle with their own eyes. And so great were their faith and piety that very many among the pilgrims had the happiness of obtaining their wish.

“The Blessed Virgin appeared daily—more frequently as the Mother of Sorrows, and at other times as Our Lady of Mount Carmel or the Queen of the Holy Rosary. A number of persons affirmed that they saw apparitions of St. Michael, St. Anthony, St. Joseph, St. Sebastian, together with the Blessed Virgin, and also the Holy Face of Jesus surrounded by angels.

“As the event became more widely known and acquired a high degree of credibility, I deemed it expedient to have an account reduced to writing, and certified to by the depositions, under oath, of those who had been eye-witnesses of the prodigy. The preparation of this report occupied several months. When it was completed I took it in person to Rome to submit it to the Sovereign Pontiff, that the Holy See might pronounce authoritatively and definitively in the matter.

“I myself can bear witness that I visited the sacred spot, and, after some time spent in prayer, saw the apparition of the Blessed Virgin. At first the image of Our Lady appeared faint and indistinct, but at length she appeared in the attitude and proportions of the representation of the Mother of Sorrows published in one of the numbers of the *Servo di Maria*. Besides myself and the very large number of persons whose names are recorded in the official report, there are the Vicar-General of the diocese, the Archpriest of the Cathedral, and many other ecclesiastics, who also beheld the miraculous apparitions. . . .”

A beautiful Gothic church is being built on the spot where the Blessed Virgin appeared; the corner-stone was laid in May last.

THERE is no want of the soul which Christianity does not satisfy; there is no civilization that it does not enlighten and purify.—*Cardinal Gibbons*.

THAT is a barren soul which has never brought forth fruits of patience through the travail of suffering.

Notes and Remarks.

Cardinal Manning recently said that it would be misleading to judge the influence of the Catholic Church by its estimated numbers. The true progress of the Church, he said, was to be measured by its material development in churches, clergy, colleges, convents, and schools; its relation to public opinion; the spiritual action of the Church upon its own members by the administration of the Holy Sacraments, public acts of worship, and preaching. These evidences, he declared, are eminently satisfactory. "I do not believe," he added, "that even at the time of the Reformation—*so called*,—there were ever so many receiving the Sacraments of the Church as at this moment."

The editor of *Church Progress and Catholic World* writes some sensible words on the shortening of the school term. He truly says that the exertions of the educator and the student during the hot days after the middle of June are intolerably torturing. This plea for early closing will be supported by many people who feel it a duty to attend commencement exercises when the hottest days in the year occur. By all means let us shorten the scholastic year.

The Holy Father recently promulgated decrees approving the virtues of Ven. Mother Maria Rivier, foundress of the Sisters of the Presentation; and of Ven. Brother Michael Angelo, lay-brother of the Order of St. Peter of Alcantara.

The Civil Marriage Law is now in operation in Brazil. Before it went into force thousands of people took advantage of the brief delay to have their marriages blessed by a priest.

Wonders are often wrought by the use of articles blessed in honor of some particular saint. The Jesuit Fathers have a formula for the blessing of water with the relics of St. Ignatius, and among the many marvellous effects of the use of this water the following recent occurrence is noteworthy: Miss Nellie Hennessy, of Oswego, N. Y., had been unable to walk without crutches for the past seven years on account of a disease of the spine. The Rev. Father Hartmann, S. J.,

had come to Oswego to conduct a retreat. It appears that the young lady sought out the Father and told him of her affliction. Father Hartmann recommended earnest prayer, promised to pray for the sufferer, and gave her to drink some water blessed in honor of St. Ignatius. She attended Mass three days in succession, during which time relatives and friends prayed devoutly for her recovery. On the fourth day, as she was being admitted into the Young Ladies Sodality of the place, she found herself suddenly cured, and has been perfectly well ever since. The occurrence is well attested and altogether worthy of credence.

The Jews are as consistent as they are firm in their opposition to Protestantism, and prominent Israelites have often declared that if they were urged by a vision (the only mode of conversion the Jews seem to admit) to embrace Christianity, the one Church whose claims they could consider would be the one that has Peter for its cornerstone. An eminent Jew, writing to the *Montreal Gazette* recently, expresses this declaration in unmistakable terms, and remarks that all efforts of sects to convert his race are made in vain.

The Rev. Abraham Bechewate, who is collecting funds in Eastern cities for the establishment of a Syrian mission in New York, recently celebrated Mass in Philadelphia according to the Greek rite. Philadelphians were thus privileged to witness a function which, though essentially the same as our Mass, is nevertheless very uncommon in the United States.

One of the most enjoyable of recent books is the autobiography of Mary Howitt, an English Quaker lady, who attained much celebrity in the literary world some years ago, and whose works, with those of her husband, William Howitt, still occupy an honored place in family libraries. Her daughter Margaret became a Catholic sometime in 1870, and she, some years later, was also received into the Fold of Christ, and died a most happy and edifying death at Rome. In 1843, while yet a Protestant, she thus records her impressions of travel in Germany:

"Of the Catholics we knew but little; I had, however, from our first arrival in Germany, been much touched by the wayside shrines and crucifixes; they seemed to me like religious thoughts on the highway

—true guide-posts to heaven. The Catholic character of the valley of Petersthal, near Heidelberg, had likewise a charm for me. There were little images of the [Blessed] Virgin in niches on the front of the cottages, which, although wretched plastered figures, gaudily colored, indicated much devotion. At the end of the valley was a chapel of a most simple and ancient appearance, surrounded by solemn woods. Every object in the edifice bespoke poverty; and was of the most primitive construction, forming the greatest contrast to the magnificent interior of Cologne Cathedral, for instance; and yet in both reigned the same spirit of sanctity and of prayer."

The Archbishop of Goa, in a letter to his clergy, announces that in December next the body of the Apostle of the Indies will be exposed for public veneration, with all the splendor and ceremony befitting a great apostle and a great saint. After St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis Xavier seems to be nearer the hearts of faithful Christians all over the world than any other canonized saint.

As the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" already know, Mohammed in the Koran (Surah, iii, 31) seems to express a belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; and, according to the orthodox Moslem tradition, the founder of Islam said that "no child is born but the devil has touched it, except Mary and her Son Jesus."

The eminent Bishop of Diakover, Mgr. Strossmayer, who so ably seconds the unceasing efforts of Leo XIII. toward bringing the Slavs into union with the Church, intends to build in the Basilica of Loreto a chapel in honor of the patrons of the Slavs, SS. Cyril and Methodius.

Miss Kate Field, in her newspaper *Washington*, calls attention to the difference between the "unreservedly bigoted" attitude of the Methodist Bishop Foster and that of Cardinal Gibbons in relation to the stage. "Both," says Miss Field, "admit never having visited a theatre. Bishop Foster denounces the stage unreservedly. Cardinal Gibbons, deriving his information from friends, is firmly persuaded that 'some plays are not only entirely harmless, but are even elevating, refining and instructive to a high degree in their tendency; though I must say that I fear the great majority of theatrical productions are

highly pernicious and even demoralizing. My advice to Christians, therefore,' he adds, 'would be that they should avoid bad plays altogether, quite as carefully as they would avoid noxious food; and that they should indulge in even the best plays with very great reserve.' Which of these men," asks Miss Field, "is the more likely to do good to his flock—the Bishop with his unnatural, intolerant prohibition, or the Cardinal with his benevolent reason and moderation? High-spirited youth will fly from the Bishop and confide in the Cardinal."

The rumor of greater toleration for religion in France is met by the announcement that M. Constans has just closed a chapel served by the Jesuit Fathers in Brittany.

The following additional offerings to promote the cause of the Curé of Ars have been received:

M. G., Louisville, Ohio, 50 cts.; H. F. F., \$2; Mr. J. M. Dunigan, \$3; "A few friends in St. Louis, Mo.," \$20; Mrs. C. Wood, \$4.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in Chili:

A Friend, \$5; Miss Susan Murray, \$3; Elizabeth Coyle, \$1.20; Mrs. C. Wood, \$2.

For the wretched lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osof, Japan:

Belle Prouhet, 50 cts.; W. H., Brooklyn, N.Y., \$50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xliii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Horace Charais, of Kentland, Ind., who departed this life on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Joseph Gauvreau, whose death took place at Providence, R. I., on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Mary Morris, of New York city, who passed away on the 24th ult.

Mr. B. T. Connor, who breathed his last at Council Bluffs, Iowa, last month.

Mrs. Catherine B. Donlan, whose happy death occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 19th ult.

Mr. George Byrne and Miss Bridget Byrne, of St. John, Newfoundland; Bernard and Mrs. Ingoldsby, Lockton, Ont.; also Bridget Maher, Waterbury, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



ALBERT LATIMER, it was plain to be seen, was failing in health; and his father sought the family physician, a blunt man, who had a very direct way of saying things.

"Too many books,—that is all the trouble!" he said. "The boy needs a change. Take him away—not to another town just like this, but where he will see new things. And if you pack as much as a guide-book in your grip-sack, I'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"And you are sure he needs no medicine?" anxiously inquired Mr. Latimer.

"Oh, yes, certainly! Let him be given seventy-five parts of new scenery mixed with twenty-five of common-sense."

"Where would you advise me to take him?" questioned Mr. Latimer, with some hesitation. His income was not large, and vague thoughts of the expense of trans-continental trips rose before his mental vision. "To California, perhaps?"

"I did not prescribe a journey of sage-brush and prairie-dogs"—the old physician had an antipathy to the West.—"Take him to Quebec, then give him a look at the mountains and a sniff of the ocean, and wind up with Boston."

Mr. Latimer gave a timid sigh, but the doctor's next words were reassuring.

"It will be a cheap trip, if you do as I tell you; and you can take the whole family. I've just been there and know all about it. No trunks, remember,—just a change of linen each."

And he went on to explain about the route to be taken in such a convincing way that the journey was a decided fact when he left the room.

Albert and Clare were two motherless children, over whom a maiden sister of their father's tried to exert a wise supervision. She was, in her way, a very good, well-meaning woman. Their clothes

were cared for with scrupulous exactness, wholesome meals came upon the table with unfailing regularity, and the education of their minds was pushed forward with energy. But Miss Latimer had some faults—who has not? She was fussy and she was bigoted, and as stubborn as she was both. Once having entertained a theory or an idea, she never relinquished it. The children's mother had been a Catholic, and it required great determination on their aunt's part to refrain from trying to turn them from "the error of their ways"; but here her brother was firm.

"Do with the children as you will, Julia," he said, for he knew her integrity; "but don't interfere with their religion."

So she had skilfully avoided all interference in that direction. The boy and girl were sent to a parochial school, and there received their religious instruction. Their home affairs were conducted by Miss Latimer upon a strictly Church of England basis.

The town in which they lived was given up to manufactures. No one had ever been able to find a picturesque spot in its vicinity; and it was not strange that the children, reared in that smoky atmosphere, and possessing refined natures, hailed with delight the tidings of the proposed journey. And, short of going to the real Old World itself, was there to be seen a spot on earth so full of memories as Quebec? Sister Eugénie had told them of it, living over in imagination the peaceful days when she was a slim young French girl at the Ursuline Convent, and she made a little list for them of places they must be sure to see.

The doctor, who had an errand in Chicago, procured the tickets, and gave Mr. Latimer a list of suitable hotels and other information. Miss Latimer thought that at least a month would be required for preparation, but the doctor said: "And when your gowns and furbelows are done where will Albert be?"

For once she yielded, frightened by his severity, and they made ready to start. It was to be as economical a trip as possible. Each of the four was provided with a stout leather bag, and Mr. Latimer also carried two umbrellas and an overcoat in a shawl-strap. They were all warmly clad, although it was early in August; for they were going where the sun is never fierce. Albert had charge of the lunch-basket. This was Miss Lat-

imer's *piece de resistance*. Among the traditions of her childhood was one concerning the rapacity of the people at Niagara Falls. They were a band of robbers. She would have none of their impudent bills staring her in the face, but would provide the party with means for the purpose of outwitting the banditti. She would not be an unsuspecting tourist, she protested; and they would take their meals without expense, if it were in the public square. At all odds, she would snap her fingers at the horde of voracious innkeepers.

Their train sped through the country during the long hours of the night, landing them in Buffalo in the morning, where they were fortified for an encounter with the Falls brigands by a requisition upon the basket's treasures. Soon a car, the seats of which were placed lengthwise, bore them toward the famous cataract. Clare had expected to hear its noise at Buffalo, possibly before, and was surprised that its roar did not greet her ears louder with each advancing mile.

They left the train at the station at the Falls, and Miss Latimer's eyes darted about in search of the harpies. But there seemed to be a strange dearth of them. She gazed defiantly around, through her best eye-glasses, prepared to do battle; but there was no enemy. People moved about as in any ordinary town—many, like themselves, with a luncheon to eat out of doors,—and everyone seemed amiable and gentle.

This was but the beginning of the sight-seeing, and they were enchanted. There had been a shower, and every leaf looked newly washed. It was fairy-land. They checked their handbags and followed the crowd, stopping to inquire the way, and look at some ornaments made of spar, but they were not urged to buy them.

"The charging will begin very soon," whispered Miss Latimer; but it did not begin. The hackmen were no more vociferous than those in Chicago, and were easily silenced. They walked through a street and a park, and the cataract was before them!

"But the Falls—where are they?" asked Clare.

"Why, there,—right in front of you, goosie!" answered her brother.

The girl actually groaned. "They are not near as big as I thought! I supposed they would almost reach to the sky and be about a million feet high."

In the very deepest depths of his heart Albert shared her disappointment, but kept his opinions to himself. Miss Latimer adjusted her eye-glass, and pronounced the Falls "lovely"; and Mr. Latimer, having purchased a guide-book, proceeded to read aloud. But Albert did not seem to pay much attention. It mattered little to him that the Falls on the American side were so many feet in height, or that the Suspension Bridge was a stupendous piece of engineering; his active young mind was busy with startling scenes of history—with the Jesuits braving death and torture here two hundred years before; with the bloody scenes which the rushing waters witnessed again and again; with the fierce struggle for the posts on the Niagara during the war between the French and English; with the chapter we name the Conspiracy of Pontiac; with the roar of cannon at Lundy's Lane; with mad raids of bloodthirsty Iroquois. Upon these and other events the boy's thoughts dwelt, but he said little. Clare was too young to understand, and his aunt's sympathies would not be with him. She boasted of her pure English blood, and longed to reach Canada,—a colony of the mother-land, as she called it.

There was a marvellous elevator which carried people down beneath the spray, where crowds in rubber coats were boarding the little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*. Aunt Julia, who had seated herself for a quiet moment, was amazed to see the children in the flying car. Evidently her brother was forgetting all prudence, and she hastened to him.

"John," she said, "you forget that our expenses are to be kept as low as possible. May I ask what expense is incurred by a ride in that dangerous contrivance?"

"Five cents, dear sister."

Miss Latimer was nonplussed. Evidently they had not yet arrived at the expensive localities. Already the children were climbing up, flushed and happy, but so damp with spray that it was at once decided to forego all similar adventures on account of Albert's cough.

Then they all walked across the marvellous bridge, feeling like flies upon a cobweb; and strolled into the park upon the Canadian side, passing the great Clifton House, the roomy porch of which has sheltered so many illustrious men. At the park entrance Miss Latimer's hand sought

her pocket-book and clutched it tightly, but there was nothing to pay. The park was as free as the Falls and the sunshine and the song of the wild birds. There they rested while they ate their luncheon. The Falls had now begun to grow upon them.

"They are getting very tall," whispered little Clare; "and their roar is like music."

This is not a guide-book. Let it suffice to say that our intrepid friends before nightfall had visited nearly all of the wonderful spots with which the place abounds, and all but Aunt Julia owned to being tired. She thought it un-English to have such a weakness. English women were famous pedestrians.

They wandered through the town once more, passing groups of sad-looking Indian women, who offered their masterpieces of savage art, and were repulsed by the same stern look from Miss Latimer that had proved successful with the hack drivers; and they strolled into shops, each looking like the other, and alike filled with hideous feather-work fans, work-bags which no one wished to carry, and moccasins which no one cared to wear. But, to Miss Latimer's relief as well as chagrin, they encountered none of the frightful bills with which traditions of Niagara Falls are rife. She had a solution of the mystery.

"They do not know we are travellers," she said.

Her brother smiled. "There is another reason. Some years ago the State bought this reservation and made it free forever."

"And you knew it all the while?"

"I—I surmised it," was the judicious answer.

The Falls kept growing larger, and the roar more musical and enticing. Our friends were loath to leave. Even practical Miss Latimer was softened, and shared the enthusiasm of the children in regard to a certain convent perched upon a high Canadian hill. They were to eat supper by the rapids. The good aunt begged them to go on: she must stop somewhere for a cup of tea, or have a dreadful headache. She found an inviting restaurant and entered it, promising to join them very soon. But she failed to come as she said. It was growing dusk, and by the waning light Mr. Latimer consulted his watch, to find that the train would start in fifteen minutes! Where was Aunt Julia?

(To be continued.)

Henry.—A Prison Story.

III.—REPARATION.

Two years of the culprit's term had expired—two wearisome years of the most monotonous toil, under the strictest surveillance,—when one day Father Hermann was summoned at a most unusual hour to the director's office. He found that functionary in the greatest excitement.

"Father," he exclaimed, "the most surprising thing has happened to-day! You, with your good heart and clear judgment, have been in the right; while we, with our superior wisdom, our great business management, have been blind. Henry Theron is innocent! Read this letter."

He pointed to a letter that lay on the table, and then walked up and down the room in an excited manner, gesticulating and uttering angry exclamations.

The priest took up the letter, and read with a glad and thankful heart:

"BRAUNAU, August 24, 1864.

"DEAR SIR:—Baron Hagenan has just left my office, having made an exceedingly strange and much to be deplored statement. His only son, a boy of fifteen, was thrown from his horse a few days ago, and fatally injured. His life can be reckoned only by hours; and this morning, with tears of repentance, he declared that Henry Theron, who two years ago was accused and found guilty of theft, was innocent. The young Baron, in spite of his father's express command that he should not carry the watch given to him on his birthday, could not resist the temptation to do so. He lost it playing in the woods, concealed the truth, and permitted suspicion to rest upon the wood-chopper's son.

"Baron Hagenan was deeply affected when he repeated his son's confession, and begged me, with tearful eyes, to send without delay for the unjustly accused boy, that his unhappy child might die in grace and peace. I was fully convinced of the truth of his disclosure, and went at once to the chief of police at Rosen to learn what to do in this painful case. He decided that all formalities should be temporarily dispensed with, and that the boy should at once be returned to his parents. I beg you, therefore, to do what

is further necessary, and send the boy Henry here immediately, under proper escort. Young Hagenan's death, I understand, is only a question of a few hours.

"Yours respectfully," etc.

Tears stood in the eyes of the kind-hearted priest as he folded the letter.

"Well!" said the director, pausing in his walk.

"I have often told you," observed the priest, "that I was fully convinced of the boy's innocence. Thank God that the meshes of falsehood so cruelly wound about him have at length been broken and the truth brought to light! Will you permit me to accompany him to his home?"

"Dear Father," replied the director, "it would be doing me the greatest favor. I was puzzled as to how I should send the poor boy back. The gentlemen who were so ready to convict him on purely circumstantial evidence have not been so quick to send a suitable escort for his return, now that his innocence has been fully established. His conduct has been most exemplary during the last two years. He has really been the best boy in the institution; and no wonder, under the circumstances. But come, Father, the lad must not wear the grey uniform a moment longer. I think my youngest boy's new suit will fit him,—yes, yes, I am sure of it." And taking the priest's arm he drew him toward the door.

Henry, who was at work with the other boys in the prison garden, did not know what could have happened when the priest and the director approached him with outstretched hands; and, though he hesitated to give them his, soiled as they were from picking potatoes, they seized and pressed them heartily, saying with emotion,—

"Henry, you are free! Your innocence is proven."

He looked incredulously from one to the other, and as the priest, with beaming eyes, reiterated this truth, the fine face grew a shade paler, his chin quivered, and tears gushed from his eyes.

The priest put his arm around the boy's neck and spoke kindly to him; but it was some time before he could comprehend his unexpected good fortune.

Two hours later the travellers were ready for their departure. The director and his family, with the teachers, took an affectionate leave of Henry, and seemed to vie with one another in

their expressions of admiration of his conduct while in the reformatory, as well as joy that his innocence had been fully established. Henry was much moved, and clung to the hand of the priest, who was to take him back to his home.

As the train moved out of the last station before reaching the town in which Henry's parents lived, Father Hermann took the boy's hand once more, and, looking steadfastly into his eyes, spoke to him as follows:

"Henry, you will soon meet your family again. Remember that every circumstance pointed to your guilt; and that your parents were constrained to believe you guilty, notwithstanding their great love for you. If you have suffered under the weight of an unjust suspicion, under an unmerited punishment, they have not suffered less in the terrible thought that their boy had taken what did not belong to him, and was a thief and a liar. This belief has made your father prematurely old; this sorrow has brought your mother to the brink of the grave. But, more than all this, my boy, you will, perhaps this evening, be summoned to the bedside of the Baron's dying son. You know the words of Our Saviour in the midst of His sufferings: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' Can you recall these and still cherish thoughts of bitterness, of anger? At that time Baron Adelbert could not fully comprehend the possible results of his act, and since then he has surely suffered more keenly than you in the torments of a guilty conscience. It was a wound that could not be healed, a fire that could not be quenched, even with all his riches. Will you not pardon him? Will you not give him your hand without resentment, before he appears in the presence of that God who must judge you both?"

A terrible struggle was visible in Henry's face. He clasped his hands convulsively together, his bosom heaved, a deep sigh told of the warfare going on within. At length he answered, in a low but firm voice:

"Father, *I will!*"

A golden beam from the setting sun played above the boy's head and dazzled the vision of the good priest, then their hands met in silent pressure.

The wood-chopper Theron was, informed by the judge of the innocence of his son and his

approaching return. The impulsive man, who in the last year or two had betaken himself more and more to drink, could not at first believe his ears. An angry curse sprang to his lips, and was kept back only through fear of his distinguished visitor. However, the magistrate had hardly left the house when Theron struck the table with his fist, and declared that the neighbors should all know that very day that his son was no thief.

"I will spend a week's earning," he exclaimed, "in feasting my friends, as becomes this great occasion!"

"Husband, husband!" cried his wife, with uplifted hands. "Shall Henry see you drunk this first evening of his return? If so, then better let him remain at the reformatory, where they have taught him so well."

This had its effect. Though Theron went from house to house with the good news, drinking now with one friend and now with another, he nevertheless took care to keep in his right senses.

With joy and trepidation the wood-chopper and his family awaited the hour that should bring the absent one back to them. The mother wrestled the whole day with grief and remorse that she could have believed for a moment in the guilt of her boy; this was a drop of most bitter wormwood in her cup of joy; Hannah, the oldest daughter, who was working in a family in the neighborhood, laughed and cried by turns; the father walked restlessly about, and the younger children ran out into the court every few moments to see if Henry was not coming.

At last he came. He entered the room, pale with emotion, clinging fast to the hand of the priest. His mother stood by the fire, wringing her hands in an agony of mingled joy, self-reproach, and grief. She did not advance, but looked at him imploringly, as though uncertain what to do. At sight of this timidity and sorrow, revealing at once the emotions of her heart, all was forgotten: he rushed forward with a cry of joy, and was folded to her bosom, where they mingled their tears together. It was a sacred moment; even the rough wood-chopper wiped away the tears from his eyes.

The priest had retired to a corner of the room, that he might not disturb the solemn but joyous reunion of this now happy family. But scarcely had Henry finished his salutations than he drew

his good friend into their midst. The mother's face spoke volumes of gratitude to the kind priest; her heart was too full for any words. Old Theron reached out his hand and said:

"God punish me, your reverence, if I ever forget what you have done for Henry! The boy—" Here his voice failed him; but, after some difficulty, he continued: "If your reverence will not consider it beneath you to sit at our table and share our humble meal, it will be an honor and a pleasure to us."

Father Hermann accepted gratefully, and seated himself at the table, with the coarse but spotless table-cloth, the tin spoons shining like silver,—in the centre a gorgeous bouquet of dahlias, a present from Hannah's mistress. Henry, seated between father and mother, had hardly taken the first mouthful of his favorite dish, bean-soup and sausage, when there was a knock at the door, and a servant in livery entered.

"What good fortune is yours, with all our misfortune!" he exclaimed. "Come with me at once, my boy; the poor young Baron can not survive the night."

Henry arose. At his look of entreaty the priest also arose and prepared to accompany them. The two friends passed through the brilliantly lighted streets in a serious frame of mind. Occasionally the priest whispered an encouraging word to his young companion, and he knew by the silent pressure of the boy's hand that Henry had forgiven the wrong which had been done him, and cherished no rancor in his heart.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Bunch of Lilacs.

Florence Rossiter, aged fifteen, was a very fastidious young creature. She had many excellent qualities, and was, on the whole, a fine girl; but she had a besetting sin—a love of finding fault and criticising her neighbors. She did not approve of this person because her bonnet was old-fashioned, or of that one because she had an ungraceful gait.

"When it is so easy to look and appear well," she was fond of saying, "there is no excuse for people who do not. And, whatever people may

say, we can always, if we are wise, judge by outward appearances."

"But the dress does not make the man or woman," her mother would answer. "Even good or bad manners do not. Many a noble gentleman is unfortunate enough to have a rough exterior, and a scoundrel often possesses an attractive countenance, perfect manners, and the proper sort of coat."

At this Florence would shake her head, as much as to say: "It is not good form to dispute one's mother, but I can not alter my opinion."

It chanced one day that Mrs. Rossiter and her daughter were travelling. At a certain station two men got on the train, and walked up the aisle, looking for a seat. The one in advance was attired "like a gentleman," and in his face and manner there was every evidence of refinement and culture. To add to Florence's admiration, he carried a big bunch of lilacs, holding them with both hands, which were white and shapely. The other man was of a different type, with rough features and ill-fitting clothes.

"Really," whispered our young critic, "that coarse man makes me shudder! And what a brutal countenance he has! It will be dreadful for that gentleman to have him so near; and they are going to sit together!"

The "gentleman" still held the lilacs, and as Florence, consumed with curiosity, and really thinking she should perish without a glass of water, went to the end of the car and saw the stranger closely, she observed something shining on his wrists. All at once she grew a little faint. The shining bracelets were handcuffs, and he was carrying the bunch of flowers to conceal them!

"It must be some awful conspiracy," she said to her mother. "A man with such a face can not be a criminal."

Two respectable-looking men were talking in the seat in front of her.

"That's Gentleman Jim," said one. "He's going over the road for the seventh time. He's the most accomplished burglar in the whole country; and this time he's a 'lifer,' for he killed a poor woman he was robbing."

"The sheriff looks the more like a convict," observed his companion; "but I happen to know him, and there isn't a better man in Clark County.

Well, you see, one can't judge by appearances."

Florence still believes that the poetic-looking traveller with the mild face was the victim of unfortunate circumstances; yet, whenever she is too critical, her mother has only to say something about a bunch of lilacs, and she is silent.

A Humble Bishop.

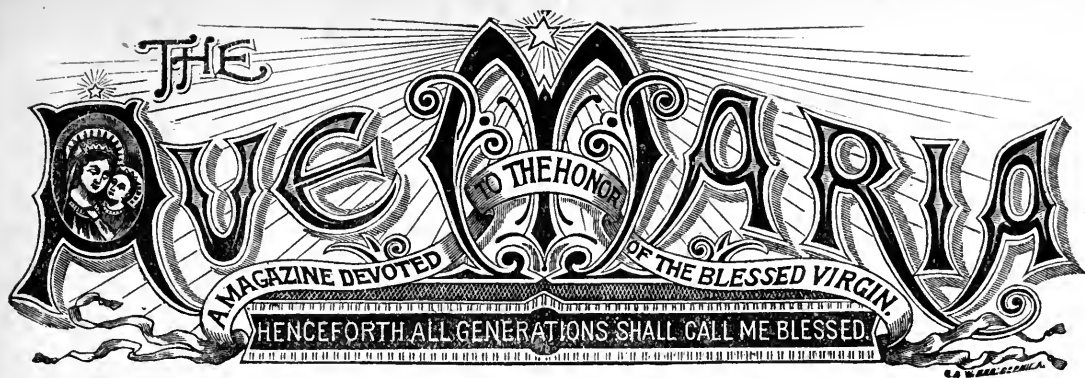
La Motte, the well-known Bishop of Amiens, was no less a humble man than a great prelate. When he desired to give up all his honors and end his days in a monastery of La Trappe, he wrote to the Pope: "If I have done my duty, I ask this as a recompense; if I have been remiss in my duty, I beg it as a penance."

Some one said to him that he could cure a certain malady if he wished. He laughed and replied: "Then you take me for a drug, do you?" When a friend compared him to St. Francis de Sales, he answered: "Would to God that I were worthy to occupy a place at his feet!" When he was advanced in years the Dauphin, son of Louis XV., invited him to present himself at the court; but the Bishop declined the honor. "I can only serve to remind you that you are to die," he wrote in return; "a death's-head placed upon your *prie-dieu* will answer the same purpose."

The Brave Highlander.

The Battle of Waterloo was in progress, and the French troops were making deadly charges. A regiment of Scotch Highlanders was in the direct line of their fire. Suddenly a flag was lowered; the color-sergeant who held it had fallen into a ditch, his heart pierced by a French bullet.

Just then one of his comrades shouted, "I will get the flag!" and rushed forward at the peril of his life. The hands of the color-bearer had already stiffened around the flag-staff, and it could not be disengaged. Upon seeing this the comrade did not hesitate, but lifted the dead soldier, flag and all, upon his shoulders, and bore him off amid the shouts of the army, the French gallantly forbearing to make another charge until he was safe within his own lines. "Bravo!" they cried. "Bravo, L'Ecosais!"



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Madonna.

(For a picture by "Francesca.")

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

PENSIVE and sad, through sense of joy to be,
Thine eyes full-flooded with the bliss of pain;
And dawning on thy springtime lips the stain
Of those dear Wounds that solved Life's mystery.
Oh, pure and blessed Maid! surely for thee
The song of birds, the stream's sweet, wordless
strain,
The golden splendor of the ripening grain,
Brought thoughts of thy Divine Maternity.
So breaks the morn of days that never set,
On lands untouched by Time's brief rhapsody,
With flushes of a far-time sorrow in the sky,
And dreamy drifts of clouds anear the sea,
That ever pale, yet, aye, seem loth to die,
Like virgin hopes that know not sorrow yet.

Cottage Life in Ireland.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

WHAT a cozy nook this poor laborer's cottage stands in, here at the corner of the wood! It is Mike Reidy that lives here. Mike is as honest and good a creature as ever drew breath. One evening last winter I was passing this way, and there was Mike, leaning with both elbows on the half-door, and a look of woe upon his face.

"Halloo, Mike! What's the matter?" said I.

Mike gave a sorrowful shake to his head, opened the half-door and came out on the road.

"The mather of it is," said he, "the ould man is very bad; the docthor was herø, and he says it's faver, God bless us! And what to do with the woman and the little childhre I don't know."

"The ould man" was his father, and "the woman" was the poor fellow's wife.

"The docthor wants me," he continued, "to put him into the workhouse, because of the wife and the childhre. But I was thinking to myself I'd sind the woman and the two little ones over to her mother's for a while, and sure I could nurse him myself. That poor man," he went on, "never sint me into the workhouse when I was young, and the times wor bad; and I'll never sind him there now in his ould days." A quick gesture of his hand showed how moved he was.

"Do not, Mike, and good luck to you!" said I. And I moved away, for my eyes began to fill for the good nature of his simple heart. Nor did he. He sent wife and children to his mother-in-law's, and day and night he nursed the old man himself—

By the way, there is the good old man sitting near the door of the cottage yonder, smoking his pipe, and the two little toddlers playing around him. God bless them! aren't the children pretty, that stray glimpse of sunlight through the trees gilding up their curly heads? And how they do laugh, chasing each other! The woman isn't idle either. Do you catch that whiff? A newly-baked cake, or my name's Buckshot! That's she! Listen to her singing a *shoho* [lullaby] for the baby! And look up, bless you!—look up against the rising ground! There is poor Mike himself

between you and the sun. Talk of sinews and thews—did you ever see the like of them? Let us hail him.

"God bless you, Mike!"

"And you too, sir!" And Mike's hand flings a light-hearted gesture on the air.

"Busy?"

"Preparing for the spuds, sir!" (the "spuds" are the potatoes).

"Nothing like a man's own corner, Mike!"

"Aha! No Lady Day now, thank God!"

"Good-evening, Mike!"

"Good-bye, gintlemen!" And his hand waves us another of his light-hearted gestures.

You know well that Mike didn't mean that we were going to give up all devotion to the Blessed Virgin when he said: "No Lady Day now, thank God!" And yet you feel there is some mystery in it. The explanation is that Mike holds at present from the Board of Guardians, as does many another poor laborer; whereas, until the passing of the Laborers Act within the last few years, they held from the farmers a little house and garden. The term of the holding was from year to year. On the 25th of March it came to an end, and the poor laborer, if the farmer wished to get rid of him, had to take up his household goods—his few articles of furniture—and remove elsewhere. From constant moving of this kind the laborer's little effects became broken and valueless; he had no interest in "industhering" (to use the poor people's own phrase), nor in improving the bit of land. To be sure there was an advantage: if the place did not suit the poor man he was not bound to it; but this by no means counterbalanced the disadvantages. You noticed how industrious Mike is, and how carefully he tills, because the little corner is his own.

Here is a number of little boys on the road! Is it a scrimmage?

"Arrah, put down a button, Molowney, and don't be going on with your capers!"

They are playing tops. I suppose top-playing is almost a world-wide game among boys of their age. It is therefore scarcely necessary to describe the make of "the head"—an oval piece of timber rounded by the "turner" and made spiral at one end. This end is shod with a piece of steel, which the boys call a spear. A flaxen

cord from four to six feet long completes the equipment; and, with some practice to make him dexterous, the boy is ready for the game.

"Arrah, put down a button, Molowney, and lave off your capers!"

The button is laid on the road; the boys "peg" at it, and the boy whose mark is farthest away has to "put down." The "putting down" means to lay the top dead in some place very difficult to get it out of.

"Go on, Burns! Let Burns first!" You see Burns is the leader of the boys. Burns misses; and Burns has to "lay down" in his turn, while the first boy takes up his top. When it is on the road there is a cheer from the young "vagabonds."

"Come now, Murphy, you aren't pegging at all!" (this to an unfortunate urchin that is no good, and whom he expects will miss). Murphy pegs; and his top, instead of spinning, flies off in a right line, amidst a chorus of "Slack coard! Slack coard!" Murphy has to put down.

"No savin', Ryan! Coard savin', Ryan!"—"I saved!"—"You didn't save!"—"Didn't you see the top stirring?" (the top lying on the road).—"That was the coard, Ryan." Chorus again: "Put down now, Ryan; that was the coard!" And the public opinion of his fellows decides the matter.

Boys have their own code of honor and their own court of public opinion. They peg, take the spinning top on their hands, and while it is still alive strike it against the dead top. This is called "saving." The dead top is thus pushed along the road. Presently there is a wild shout of "Hannels! hannels!" They bury the dead top in the clay, and each young barbarian gets the agreed number of "hannels" at it, and does it as much injury with the point of his spear as he can. "Jemmeen! there's a bit for the cat!" cries one, as he chips off a tiny wedge. The "hannels" over, the owner takes up his top, and sorrowfully looks to see what damage has been done. He winds and spins. There is a buzzing like the noise of a bumble-bee in the dusk of the evening. It is the little fractures meeting with the air. He takes it to the fence, hammers in the side and crown with a stone, and is away with the rest of the boys.

How little the boys know of the philosophy of the various forces—centrifugal, centripetal, axial or spiral—which cause the top to spin! They are the very forces that keep the world annually

revolving round the sun, at the same time that it daily revolves on its own axis. Some scholarly and very interesting lectures were once delivered by an eminent Irish ecclesiastic—the Very Rev. Dr. Molloy, of Dublin—on “The Flame of a Candle.” What an interesting and learned lecture might be delivered on the spinning of a top!

As we are so near, we will step across the water-course to see a poor little invalid, Bridgie Hanlon. Bridgie’s mother is a widow, and after the death of her husband things went greatly against her. She met with accidents in cattle and loss of crops, and, one way or other, the family came to be very poor. Indeed, were it not for the good parish priest they would be—elsewhere. He went to the rent officer, and obtained for them time and abatements, and little by little they have risen again; for “God is good,” as poor Mrs. Hanlon would say, and they are now in a fair way to do well. Bridgie has been bed-ridden for the last eight or ten years,—but oh, so gentle! When a child she slept, on a warm, sunny day, out in the hay-field, and was taken home a cripple.

“Good-evening, Mrs. Hanlon!”

“Oh, wisha, ye’re welcome, Father! But see what kind of a place we have before ye! We were out all day in the garden. Get out of that, Shep!” (to the woolly sheep-dog).

“We just stepped across to see poor Bridgie, Mrs. Hanlon.”

“God love ye! Oh, wisha, the poor crathure!”

“How are you this evening, Bridgie?”

The poor invalid—a fair, gentle-faced girl of sixteen or eighteen—extends a pale, thin hand; and, while in answer to our query she says, “Nicely,” her features wear the sweetest of smiles.

“Have you pain now, Bridgie?”

“Oh, no,—not much!”

“Do you feel the day long?”

“When mother is within it is not long, but when mother is out it is sometimes very long.”

“I have brought you a very interesting Irish tale, Bridgie—perhaps one of the best, if not the very best, of our day: ‘Marcella Grace,’ by Miss Mulholland. Is Johnnie Daily coming, Mrs. Hanlon? I told him to bring something to Bridgie.”

“Here he is, with a bird-cage in his hand.”

“This pretty linnet is for you, Bridgie. The bird will be company to you when mother is

out and the day seems long. And if his singing annoys you hold up your forefinger and say, ‘Now, Dickie!’ and you will see he will bow his proud little head and become silent. In a day or two I will call to see how you and Dickie get on. Good-bye now, Bridgie!” And poor Bridgie follows us with another gentle smile, and the mother with a sincere and heartfelt blessing.

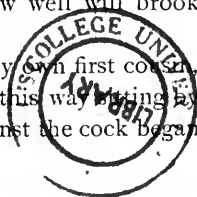
The night has fallen, and the lights are in the window-panes as we return. Here we are, back at poor Mike Reidy’s again. Listen! It is children’s laughter. How merry it is! Oh, I know! The children of the place have come in to Mike’s. What instinct children have! How well they know where they’re welcome! We’ll “stale in unknownst.”

There is a merry fire on the hearth, the sanded floor has been newly swept, and the lamp is swinging on a pulley from the roof-tree. Six or eight children are playing *pookeen*. Oh, what fun! It is a children’s blind-man’s-buff, but a hundred thousand times gladder and happier. A handkerchief is put over the eyes of one little thing, and she runs after the others. “Roast meat!” they cry, and she is warned that she is near the dresser or table or *cooh*. She makes a dart in another direction, and they fly before and laugh. Is there on earth anything like the gladness of children’s laughter? And their little bare feet are so nimble, and the tidy little carriage, and the loose locks, and the merry, healthful faces! Talk of the children of the rich! They are nothing to the sweet children of the poor.

Sitting by the fire with Mrs. Reidy is “her next-door neighbor,” Mrs. Doolan, having a *shanachus* (chat). There is a chattering and *gosthering* of the hens on the roost, as if talking to one another; and so well there might, if they had hearts at all for children’s merry joys. But it is ominous, that *gosthering*—and oh, horror of horrors, the cock flaps his wings and crows!

Mrs. Doolan devoutly blesses herself. ‘She never likes to hear a cock crow in the evenin’. She never yet knew it to mane good.’ The poor children are bidden to be quiet and sit down, in tones that the little pets know well will brook no disobedience.

“I heard Mrs. Molowney, my own first cousin, Mrs. Reidy, say that she was thus waylaid by the fire one night, and all at onst the cock began



to crow, and the dog went out and sat on the ditch and cried as humane as ever you heard. And, mind you, that night didn't her brother, ould Daniel Downey above on the hill—God rest the poor man's sowl—die! An', be the same token, Mrs. Downey came to myself a week or so afterward, and 'Kittie,' says she, 'wisha, do you think would Daniel's ould clothes do to give for his sowl? Because, you see, there is a dale of them boys there [the sons], and it isn't aisy to get things for 'em all.' 'Don't chate the dead, whatever you do, Mary,' says I [and Mrs. Doolan gave her head a solemn shake]. And wait till I tell you, Mrs. Reidy. Instead of taking my advice, what does she do but give ould rags of things that you wouldn't put frightenin' the crows! Yerrah, my dear, that very night didn't he come to her, and bate her black and blue, so that you wouldn't see an eye in her head in the mornin'—"

"Come on, Annie Donovan, and put in your finger"—this from the infant group; for Annie was paying more heed to Mrs. Doolan and her story than to a new game they were playing now. They all put one finger on the knee of the biggest girl, and she sings:

"Missie massy has a hen,
She lays guggies now and then:
Sometimes two and sometimes ten,—
And out with you, my little spotted hen!"

Each word of the rhyme was said on a finger, and the finger the last word fell on was ordered "out," and the owner of this finger went to the far end of the kitchen. Each of the group takes a fancy name, and the little one above gets a name also; then the leader calls out, "Six men here to cut the head and heels of you!" "Name 'em!" is answered from above. The names are called over. The little one above calls one of these—it may be her own; if so she has to come down; but if she chances to light on some one of the group, the child has to go and give her a jaunt to the fire.

Mrs. Doolan's story has an effect on Mrs. Reidy, and she wishes Mike was in the house. The cock crows again, and in spite of herself she feels as if something sad were going to happen.

Mrs. Doolan has gone home; the neighbor's children have left; the old man, the father-in-law, is in bed—Mrs. Reidy can hear him breathing heavily. She takes her two eldest ones—they

always sleep with their grandfather—and lays them quietly to rest beside the old man without disturbing him. "Wisha, how unlucky he should have gone out after his supper!" she says to herself. The youngest baby is in the cradle, and Mrs. Reidy takes up a garment to mend.

Now, stranger, we have time to look around us. Everything is silent, except the tick of the round-dialed, twenty-four-hour clock of a quarter of a century ago, hanging on the wall. There was such a clock where I went to school. Our poor old master, a simple-minded, conscientious man, with a wonderful taste for mathematics, had to resort to the segments of a new potato in our day to teach us conic sections, and knelt on a new piece of boarding in the floor to draw parabolas and ellipses. God be good to him! At any rate, he was tired from getting the old clock mended. Dan Mangan tried his hand at it, and Pat McCoy—the Lord have mercy on him!—and all the handy men of the neighborhood. It might go on for a while, but it was sure to stop again. One day an old travelling man came in with a bunch of keys in his hand, and a lot of things in an old bag.

"Clock to mend, sir?"

Old George took a few of us aside, and asked us did we think the man was honest. Our united opinion was in the affirmative. He settled with the man to do the clock. It was taken asunder, cleaned, set up, and put through all its facings. The man was paid and went his way. The clock moved round, and soon the hands pointed to eleven. There was a lull in the school to hear the clock strike. Like a train coming into a station, it moved up evenly and grandly to eleven, but didn't stop there. Twelve! thirteen! Poor old George took off his low felt-hat—he always wore his hat because of a bad head,—and laid it on the desk. Every eye in the school was turned on the clock. On and on, it held the even tenor of its way. Twenty! thirty! forty! To make a long story short, it never drew bridle till it struck ninety-one. We were sent out to try if that old man might still be seen, but the clockmaker had disappeared.

The little cottage consists of the kitchen and two sleeping apartments on the ground-floor, and another room, or "loft," overhead. There are two small houses at the rear, for a pig or a

cow or a donkey; and there is then half an acre of land attached, the entire being held from the local Board of Guardians. The houses cost about £80 (\$400) for erection; the purchase of the land from landlord and tenant, together with engineers' and lawyers' fees, amounts to about half as much more; and the return at so much a week comes to about £2.10 (\$12). It thus appears that the rent of the little cottage and holding would never repay the principal; and at first sight it would look as if this were a misuse of the local rates, or that it has been done through charity. It is true, indeed, that this is a great boon to the laborer, because under the old system he was as a rule ill-housed, wretchedly paid, and liable to ejection every Lady Day. In that way he never stood independent with his labor in the market.

The local rates are not, however, badly expended in being laid out in this manner. First, it secures hands for the harvest and other busy seasons of the year; and in a broken harvest the farmers would very soon lose by the scarcity of help ten times the amount they now do by this trifling increase on the rates. In the second place, being in their own cottages, as they now are, they will be more self-supporting, and less likely to be a burden by sickness on the rates. In the third place, and looking at it from a national point of view, it helps to fix our population (what we sorely need) in the soil of our country.

The cottages, moreover, give a neat, pretty look to the country; whereas the old cabins were an intolerable eyesore. Our people, too, will have the opportunity of learning and practising cleanliness; when, do their best, they could hardly be clean situated as they were before. It may not be in a day that we will be able to make a great stride forward, but the improvement, sooner or later, is sure to come.

There is Mike's footstep! See with what gladness his poor wife hastens to the door!

"O Mike ashore, what kept you out all night?"

"I was down there, Nellie, giving a hand to poor Tom Connors. You know he has to remove. That blamed Lord Camperfield went up, mind you, to Dublin, and got the privy council—bad luck to 'em from top to bottom!—to throw out the little cottage he was waiting for so long. And then down he comes to the Board of

Guardians, and gets an order to have the sanitary officer put Tom out, because his cabin wasn't fit to live in; and if he refused, to summon him before himself at the court, and then maybe! And all because Tom was in the ditch when they thought to stop the hunting below at the fox coves. And there I was, making a couple of *meerogues* [hay-ropes] for Mrs. Moynihan to fetter the goats that were going in threspass. God help us, she's to be pitied!"

"Has she any word from the asylum about her husband, Mike?"

"Sorra a word, only that the docthor says he'll never be better. And I went up to the mather, Nell, and I bumboozled him. 'Wisha, sir!' says I, 'there's that poor Mrs. Moynihan below,—who has she to look to but yourself? 'Only for that good man,' says she, 'what would I do? My whole dependance is on him. Night, noon and morning, lying and rising, he has my blessing.'" 'And what can we do for her now, Mike?' says he. 'Wisha, if we opened them handful of drills for her, sir,' says I, 'herself and the childhre could drop in the *skillanes* [seed potatoes], and I could close 'em in the evening.' 'Let it be the first thing you'll do in the morning, Mike,' says he."

"And I pity poor Tom Connors and his little family too, Mike, from my heart."

"If you saw the childhre crying, Nell, and kissing the others, it would draw tears from a stone."

"Well, Mike, thank God, no one can put us out of this!"

"While God laves us our health, Nell."

The woman tidied up the house, they recited the Rosary, and then retired to rest. Soon silence and sleep, and perhaps sanctity too, reigned in and around the poor Irish laborer's cottage.

LET us not grow weary of the salutary restraints of Christian life. Let us not cast wistful glances toward Egypt, from whose bonds we have been rescued, nor long for its fleshpots. Let us glory in our Christian heritage; and, above all, let us not be guilty of the mockery of leading pagan lives while making profession of Christianity, recalling to mind what the Apostle said to our Gentile forefathers: "Ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord. Walk as the children of light." —*Cardinal Gibbons.*

The Story of Rienzi.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONTINUED.)

WISER men than Petrarch had observed that Rienzi was merely a child of capricious Fortune and not her master; that "his enterprise was fantastic, and could not last";* and that his own affectations were fast alienating from him his only sure trust, the love of the Roman people.

This plebeian, who had discoursed eloquently on the simplicity of the ancient Quirites, on the sublime devotion of the Conscript Fathers, manifested more selfishness than any baron of them all, and displayed a luxury more fastidious than that of any contemporary monarch; even his wife never showed herself unattended by ladies of honor, whose chief duty was to fan the flies from her face. To the title of "severe and clement tribune" he soon joined, even in his correspondence with the Pontiff, those of "august," "knight of the Holy Ghost," and "*zelator Italiae*."† He even usurped the prerogative of a supreme ruler by coining money with the stamp of his own effigy. His ambition was overweening, but his common-sense soon became infinitesimal. There was no absurdity, perhaps, in his notifying the independent cities of Italy that he had conferred Roman citizenship on all their inhabitants, and that on the Feast of the Assumption they would be called on to exercise their right of suffrage in the election of an emperor. Such a studied ignoring of the pontifical authority—the only reason for the existence of the Holy Roman Empire or Emperor—might not have been, to some minds, insanely extravagant; but when he doffed the mask, and showed that the end of all his patriotism was the imperial crown for himself, he should have demeaned himself with becoming dignity.

Tricks of the theatre are not necessarily displeasing in a leader of men, but they must not

be their own end. The great Napoleon relied much on this species of adventitious impressiveness—witness his smashing the vase at the feet of the dismayed Austrian agent; and his exhibition before Pius VII., moving the gentle Pontiff to comment, "How well he acts!" But Napoleon had an ever-present ulterior object, which his histrionic efforts were calculated and intended to unfold; the exhibitions of Rienzi were simply destructive of his most intimate hopes, and in their manifestations he received the same kind of applause that cheers the mountebank or the clown. Commodus performing in the ring violates the canons of propriety no more than Rienzi does in his reception of knighthood or in his citation of Louis of Bavaria. On the eve of the former ceremony, celebrated with unprecedented pomp in the Lateran Basilica, he bathed in the famous porphyry vase in which Constantine was said to have bathed after his cure from leprosy by Pope St. Sylvester I.

Of a piece with this extravagance for its mock solemnity was his citation of the rivals, Louis of Bavaria and Charles of Luxemburg. While Mass was being celebrated in the chapel of Pope Boniface, he advanced toward the people and cried in a loud voice: "Know ye that we hereby summon before ourselves Louis of Bavaria and Charles, King of Bohemia, who style themselves emperors; as well as all the electors of the Empire; in order that the former may allege the foundations of their claim, and that the latter may prove that right of nomination to the Empire which has always belonged to the Roman people alone." A notary immediately drew up the citations in form, and they were sent to the princes concerned. Then Rienzi drew his sword, and, striking the air thrice toward various parts of the earth, exclaimed: "This is mine, this is mine, this is mine!"

In the MS. Life published by Bzovius it is asserted—and most historians repeat the assertion—that the tribune summoned also the Pope and the Sacred College; but the original act contains no such citation; and, what is more convincing, among the charges at the trial of Rienzi such folly is not mentioned. When the dazed Raymond had recovered his senses he endeavored to undo the work of his "colleague" by a notarial protest; but the infatuated tribune ordered

* John Villani, "Storia dei suoi tempi."

† Under date of August 5, 1347, he signs himself, "Candidatus, Spiritus Sancti miles, Nicolaus severus et clemens, liberator Urbis, zelator Italiae, amator Orbis, et tribunus augustus, se ad pedum oscula beatorum."

the trumpets to blare, and soon afterward told the weak prelate that his occupation was gone.* It is perhaps needless to state that neither the imperial rivals nor any of the electors noticed this ebullition.

The tribunitial *regime* had been in force only a few weeks when the diminished enthusiasm of the people prompted Rienzi to inaugurate a reign of terror. Such a course could be more safely pursued with the barons as victims, and their wealth was necessary to so luxurious a system as he followed. Accordingly, on September 14, he invited Stephen Colonna to dine with him at the Capitol; and having, on various pretexts, induced many of the principal nobles to meet the old Baron, he seized their persons and thrust them into separate dungeons, charging them with conspiracy against the "good estate." A friar was sent to each with the intimation that death would be his portion the next morning; and all prepared for the solemn change, excepting old Stephen, who said that he was not ready to die.

But influential *bourgeois* represented to Rienzi the foolishness of his conduct, and he fancied that he might retract and yet profit by the situation. When, therefore, an immense multitude had assembled to witness the execution, they were treated instead to another of the tribune's theatrical pettinesses. He ascended the red-covered platform, preached a sermon on the text, "Forgive us our trespasses," and declared that he not only forgave the culprits, but intended to bind them by ties of gratitude to the "good estate," making this one Duke of the Campagna, that one Duke of Tuscany, another consul, and so on. The proceedings terminated with a splendid banquet. But the barons were not deceived by this affectation of clemency. The Colonnas hastened to Marino, then a powerful fortress, and were soon joined by their ancient foes, the Orsini. Rinaldo Orsini took Nepi by assault, and his brother

Giordano ravaged the Campagna even to the walls of Rome. Rienzi was no soldier, but the murmurs of the people led him to make a pretence of taking the field. He confined his operations to a parade around the walls of Marino, a devastation of its outlying territory, and a return to the capital to receive the honors of a "triumph."

On November 20 Stephen Colonna suffered a defeat at Porta San Lorenzo; but, instead of following up his advantage, the tribune took another "triumph," exhibiting himself at the Capitol with crown on head and sceptre in hand; and having drawn his bloodless sword, he wiped it on his skirt and exclaimed: "I have cut the ears from heads which neither Pope nor emperor has dared to touch!" And the next morning he visited the scene of the late engagement, and observing a pool of water yet tinted by the blood of Stephen Colonna, who had there perished, together with his son Gianni, he beckoned his own son Lorenzo to his side, and made him the centre of another theatrical tableau. Telling his officers to strike the young man on the shoulder with the flats of their swords, he dipped his own hand in the bloody pool, and, sprinkling Lorenzo, thus knighted him: "Be thou hereafter the knight of victory!" To the credit of the knights in his retinue, be it remembered that nearly all of them immediately left his service.

While Rienzi was thus trifling with his fate, the Holy See had been content with giving him full liberty, subject to the surveillance of Cardinal Bertrand de Deux, the legate at Naples. But the good impression he had made on the pontifical court was short-lived, despite his reformatory pretences and his protestations of fealty to the Pope-King. Even Petrarch, who had so extravagantly deployed his pompous phrases in eulogizing his *protege*, was compelled to admit, in a letter written to his friend Lœlius on November 22: "I have read a copy of the tribune's letter, and I am dismayed at his conduct."* Patience having ceased to be a virtue in the premises, Pope Clement VI. wrote to the legate, instructing him to order Rienzi to withdraw his absurd citation of the imperial rivals, to dissolve his league with the King of Hungary against Queen Jane of Naples, to cease his dis-

* According to Fortifiocca, it is clear that Rienzi had rid himself of Raymond before this citation; but in the protest against it, which the Bishop sent to Pope Clement, he speaks of himself as still a co-tribune. Papencordt ("Cola de Rienzo und seine Zeit," Gotha, 1841) and Christophe (*loc. cit.*) hold that this fact proves that the biographer was mistaken. But both things may be true; for Raymond would have been *de jure* Rienzi's colleague even though *de facto* deprived of his office.

* "Rer. Fam.," epist. vii.

respect to the papal vicar, and to protect barons as well as the people in their rights. If he obeyed, he was to continue in the tribunate, but conjointly with the Vicar Raymond, or some other to be chosen according to circumstances; if he resisted, he was to be deposed from office and excommunicated; and if the people persisted in his support, the city was to be interdicted.

Bertrand proceeded to Rome and interviewed Rienzi, but received only insolent replies; whereupon he retired to Montefiascone and launched the decree of excommunication, publishing at the same time an address from the Pontiff to the Romans, exhorting them to throw off the yoke of an extravagant adventurer and a rebel. Then Rienzi yielded, abandoning his pretensions concerning the Empire, renouncing all sovereignty over the Romans, and resigning all his grandiloquent titles.* The legate reinstated Rienzi and the Bishop of Orvieto in the tribunate; but the enthusiasm of the people was a thing of the past, and the barons had planned a counter-revolution. On the night of December 16 there resounded throughout the city cries of "Live the Colonnas! Death to the tribune!"

Rienzi caused the great bell of the Capitol to be rung; but, although it rang all night, the people remained unmoved. A few of his devoted retainers attacked Minorbino, palatine of Altamura in Naples, who had placed himself at the head of the baronial forces; but they were defeated. Then Rienzi lost all heart, save for impressive appearances—which spirit, indeed, was to actuate him to his dying hour,—and he went through the farce of resigning his office. Addressing the few who were with him as well as his tears would permit, he said: "I have governed justly, and it is only envy that blames me. Resume the sovereign power which you gave me seven months ago." Then he mounted his horse, and, followed by his body-guard, with flying banners and playing musicians, he rode to Castel San Angelo. After trying in vain to revive the faith of the Romans in his destiny,† he fled to Naples, where his ally,

the King of Hungary, had just defeated Queen Jane, and who was the more willing to protect him, since the Pontiff had honorably welcomed the vanquished princess.

But the plague forced the Hungarian to retreat to his own country, and the ex-tribune returned to Rome toward the end of 1348. He was not disturbed, but he soon sought an asylum among a community of Franciscans "of the strict observance," at Monte Majella in the Apennines. This community was a remnant of that rebellious portion of the Franciscan family which had separated from the Order to follow their whims concerning religious poverty, and which had been anathematized by Pope John XXII., both for this reason and for their profession of the errors of Oliva. Here he was visited by a certain Friar Angelo, a personage whom the "Spirituals" held in great esteem for sanctity, and who, although Rienzi had communicated his name to none of the community, at once pronounced it, and told him that God had resolved to regenerate the world through the work of the Emperor Charles IV. and his own; that therefore he should at once consult the Emperor. Rienzi resolved, he told Charles in a letter written in July, 1350, to obey the divine commands. But before manifesting this intention the ex-tribune tried his independent fortune by two attempts in Rome during the first part of that year.

The immense multitudes thronging to the Eternal City for the Jubilee* seemed to promise many favorable occasions for a resurrection of the tribunate; but Rienzi's two *coups de main*—an attack on the palace of the legate, Cardinal Céciano, and another against that prelate's person—ended only in his re-excommunication and flight. Then he set out in disguise for Prague, where the Emperor Charles was residing. Having obtained an audience, he unfolded the prophecies of Friar Angelo, to the effect that a great persecution against the clergy was imminent; that the next Pope, chosen from among the poor, would erect at Rome a temple to the Holy Ghost, more beau-

* John Villani, b. xii, c. 104.—Raynald, *ibid.*, nos. 18, et seqq.—Papencordt, *loc. cit.*

† He exhibited on the wall of the Church of the Magdalen a picture representing an angel with the arms of Rome, treading on a lion, a dragon, and a basilisk. But the populace covered it with mud.

* Matthew Villani (b. i, c. 56) says that during the Paschal season there were at one time over 1,200,000 pilgrims, and at Pentecost 800,000; on no day during the year were there less than 200,000 foreigners. These pilgrims nearly all camped in the streets, and with perfect order.

tiful than that of Solomon; that after fifteen years the entire world would profess one faith under one pastor; that the Pope, the Emperor, and Rienzi were an image of the Trinity on earth, and therefore the Emperor should rule in the West and Rienzi in the East. Then Rienzi offered to return to Rome, to open the way for Charles. The monarch penetrated his visitor's incognito, and Rienzi, having admitted his identity, was ordered to reduce his views to writing. When this was done the prelates and many theologians, who examined the document, declared that it at least smacked of heresy, whereupon Charles consigned Rienzi to the custody of the Archbishop of Prague until the pontifical pleasure should be signified. According to the will of Clement VI., the ex-tribune was sent to Avignon in July, 1351.

"This once redoubted tribune," writes Petrarch to the prior of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Florence, "now the most unfortunate of men, has been brought here as a captive. He who from a distance once caused the wicked to tremble, who filled the good with hope, has entered the Roman court humiliated and despised; he to whom the greatest lords of Italy paid honor walked between two jailers."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

Pati non mori.

WHEN the doors on their golden hinges
Shall open, and the fringes
Of the curtain shall be lifted,
And the shadows shall be rifted
That hide the realms immortal;
When I stand within the portal,
And see Thee in Thy might—
Throned on the cherubim,
And girt with seraphim
In the blazing of the light;
Will it be not with heart sinking
And desolate with thinking,
'What can I be to Thee,—
I so poor and lowly,
Thou the God all-holy,
Lord of immensity?'

Poor and of little worth

My life has been on earth,

But Thou, my Lord, didst share it.
Though I walked with bleeding feet
Through the toil-day's care and heat,

Together did we bear it,
And Thy love made all things sweet.
But in the joy and splendor

Of the fair eternal years,
Will I long not for the tender
Pathos of earth's sadness—
For the olden life whose gladness
Was the rapture born of tears?

Will not soft memories dwell
In the thoughts of days bygone,
When I sat with Thee o'erworn
Beside Samaria's well;—

When I knelt, my Lord, with Thee,
And shared Thy lonely anguish,
Where midnight breezes languish
In dark Gethsemani?

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

BUT if the decorations of the day, in honor of the Immaculate Conception, had impressed the two strangers, how was it at night, when the whole city flashed with light from end to end in token of rejoicing? The splendid façade of the Cathedral was outlined in fire, displaying its beautiful architecture in an unequalled manner, and throwing into broad relief the sculptured "Assumption" above the great central portal; while all the lines of the Sagrario* flashed with flame, and its dome was encircled by a glittering diadem of light. This superb mass of buildings, with its noble proportions traced in glittering splendor against the purple sky, would alone have made a memorable picture; but it was only the central point from which the illumination spread in radiating vistas. In one direction the stately old tower of San Francisco—one of the most picturesque landmarks of Guadalajara—wore a double

* The chief parish church, which in Mexican cities is always placed immediately beside the cathedral.

crown of fire, while in another the beautiful open belfries of the Santuario were traced in living flame against the sky. And as the churches lifted their towers and spires of light toward heaven, all down the long streets the people vied with one another in decorating their houses with colored lanterns; while here and there windows were thrown open to display some improvised lace-draped altar, where Mary's statue stood, surrounded by candles and flowers.

Never, in all their wanderings, had the Lestranges seen such a magnificent act of faith on the part of a whole city. Despite prejudice and despite ignorance, the significance of it impressed them even more deeply than the beauty. Every point of flame seemed a tongue of praise, and all the long lines of fire declared the unequalled honor of Her whom all generations shall call blessed.

It was while they were walking around the Cathedral, admiring from every point of view its gorgeous illumination, that they met the Echeveria party, consisting of Carmela and her parents.

"Ah," said Señora Echeveria, cheerfully, "it is you whom we are in search of! We were coming to take you out to see our illumination, since Carmela says that you did not see it last night."

"We are making amends to-night for that stupidity," replied Lestrangle. "We have been walking and admiring for the last hour. I am afraid I have completely tired Miriam."

"I have not thought of it before," said Miriam; "but I believe I *am* a little tired, so we will rest for a short time before seeing more. The hotel is near by—you will come to our rooms?" she asked, addressing the Echeverias.

"Why should we not sit down in the plaza?" responded the Señora. "It is customary at this hour, and there will be music in a little while."

"By all means," said Lestrangle; "for we can look at the Cathedral while we are resting."

Miriam acquiescing, they crossed to the plaza and sat down on one of the benches that faced the side of the Sagrario. The air was full of fragrance from the garden behind them; a burst of music came from the band-pavilion; on the broad, smooth pavement people were walking; along the verge of the street venders of all kinds of eatables were offering their fruits and *dulces*. The whole scene was full of picturesque anima-

tion and movement; while the magnificent mass of buildings before them, with its lines of quivering radiance, made an effect which the eye did not weary of admiring.

"I have never seen anything like it," said Lestrangle, speaking to himself, but uttering the words unconsciously aloud. After he had done so he looked at Carmela and met a smile in her soft, dark eyes. "Ah, you understand English!" he said. "I had forgotten that. Now I will talk to you in that language."

"Oh, no!" she answered; "for, although I understand, I can not speak it. I have read all the English books I could find, but I have had no one with whom to talk, and I know nothing of the pronunciation."

"But you must acquire the pronunciation," he said. "Some day you will want to go to the States to see your relatives there, and it would be inconvenient, to say the least, not to be able to speak English. Miriam and myself, I think, are the only members of the family who speak Spanish."

"It is not at all likely that I shall ever go," she answered, with a gentle dignity; "for I know nothing of these relatives, nor do they know anything of me."

"That is very true," he went on; "but it is not their fault any more than yours. I do not think that your father ever informed his family of his marriage. Consequently you must admit that it is not strange that none of us knew that we had a charming Mexican cousin."

She could not but smile. "You certainly were not to blame for not knowing what you were not told," she said. "But indeed I have given little thought to the matter, as I never expected to see any of my American relatives."

"And probably cared very little to do so," he remarked, with a shrewd instinct. "If that is so, I am doubly grateful for the kindness with which you have received us."

In the broad light of the illuminated building opposite he could see that she colored. "If I cared little," she said, "it was because I had never known or heard anything pleasant of Americans. Many of those who come here are rude and scornful, and have seemed to regard Mexicans as an inferior race; while we"—she lifted her head a little proudly—"have certainly found them inferior to *our* standard of what is well-bred."

Mr. Lestrangle felt a slight thrill of shame as he remembered certain supercilious acts and words of his own when he first entered the country. Indeed had he not, only a few days before, spoken and felt in a manner which he was now unable to understand about the probability of finding a relative among these people?

"We are certainly a very unpleasant race,—we Anglo-Saxons," he said, candidly. "Dominant, arrogant, narrow-minded, possessed with the idea that we have a right divine to rule the world, and to despise all the people whose methods and ideas differ from our own,—I really do not wonder that we are as a general rule cordially disliked. As far as I can judge, too, I think that we have been particularly ill represented in Mexico; and I blame no Mexican for disliking Americans. But believe me, my dear cousin, we are not all as bad as those whom you have known or heard of."

He thought that he had never seen anything more charming than her face, as she turned it quickly toward him, full of an expression almost contrite, and replied:

"I believed that always, and I am more than ever sure of it now. I am very happy to meet some one who can show me what my father was."

Again the fastidious young man winced a little; for it need hardly be said that he felt very sure that he belonged to a much higher order of beings than the cousin who had wandered down into Mexico and died. But, aware that Carmela could not be expected to understand this, he accepted the sweet cordiality of her words, and said to himself that she was lovely enough to deserve, if she had not possessed, a father equal to her ideal.

Presently, when Miriam declared herself rested, the party rose and wandered through the illuminated streets, spanned here and there with arches formed of the pretty, many-colored paper lanterns, and stretching away in lines of light as far as the eye could reach. As they wandered it was natural that Lestrangle should keep his place, so far as possible, by Carmela's side. The attraction of her beauty was deepened for him by an attraction of character which he had discerned in her from the first,—that indefinable quality which we call "interesting." Gentle and retiring as she was, there was no inanity about her. On the contrary, there was a thought behind every word

that she uttered; and a turn of unexpectedness about these thoughts that was sometimes striking and always charming, as, becoming more at ease with him, she spoke freely; showing now and then a vein of poetic feeling which surprised him and was evidently unconscious with herself.

As they talked, and he yielded himself entirely to the pleasure of drawing out this delicate, reserved nature, with its subtle charm of originality, he did not give a single consideration to the question of how she might be affected by this unusual intercourse, this spell of responsive sympathy, which is so strong even with those who know most of life and the world. What it was likely to prove to a girl who as yet knew nothing of either, and whose nature rendered her peculiarly susceptible to such fascination, it was perhaps too much to expect that Mr. Lestrangle should ask. The delicate enjoyment of the moment was enough for him,—an enjoyment in which he felt well assured that Carmela shared.

And indeed it would have been strange had she not done so,—had not the charm of sympathy (that wonderful charm under which the thoughts expand, the mind opens freely, the words seem to come to the lips as if by inspiration) been felt by her as strongly as it is felt by all intellectual people; and the more strongly because it was something her life had never known before. She was surprised at the facility with which thoughts and feelings, which had been dumb before, now found expression, and at the sense of exhilaration that possessed her as they walked along the brilliantly decorated streets. Crowds of people were abroad; all Guadalajara was *en fete*; and under the dark blue sky the city shone like a great golden flower opened in Mary's honor.

"It was worth coming to Mexio for this night alone," said Lestrangle presently. "I wish I could give you some idea of how charming it all is to me. Of course you feel it as deeply as, probably more deeply than, I do. But it is in a different manner. What is familiar can never move us exactly as what is novel does."

"Perhaps it moves us more," she answered. "Surely I must feel this scene more deeply than one who is a stranger to it, and who does not believe in that which it celebrates. Though I have seen it so often, it thrills me like wonderful music."

—like something so beautiful that it is beyond speech. For what touches one is the thought of all the love and homage by which it is inspired. You do not feel that.”

“Oh, but I do!” he replied quickly. “You must not think me so insensible. I feel it as a beautiful ideal,—as one of the most touching tributes that I have ever witnessed to the excellence of purity. If all these lights were in honor of—well, say some national feast, they would form as pretty a picture to the eye as now; but all the spiritual significance would be gone, and that is the soul that gives the charm.”

“I think so,” she said. But although she assented to his last words, she felt instinctively that there was something wanting in his appreciation. She did not understand the modern infidelity of the refined, which transforms Christian dogmas into vague, abstract virtues; but her own faith was too perfect and too warm for her not to feel when faith was lacking. Nevertheless, it was pleasant to perceive that here was no scornful, no ignorantly derisive spirit, such as she had heard of among his countrymen in Mexico, but the enthusiastic admiration of a man of culture. She looked at him with something akin to gratitude in her beautiful eyes. “I am glad,” she said, “that you like our *fiesta* so well. But perhaps you will not like such a crowd as this.”

For, crossing a flowery plaza which had once been a secluded convent garden—where the hands of nuns planted the beautiful trees that now flung their shade over the despoilers, and also over many who had no share in such despoiling,—they came within sight of a wild and weird scene. Such, at least, it appeared to the two foreigners. In the noble old Church of San Felipe—formerly, with its large accompanying buildings, the property of the Oratorians—the feast was being observed with great devotion and much ceremonial. The great doors stood wide open, although a crimson silk curtain hung low enough before the central entrance to shut off from the outside a view of the Blessed Sacrament, throned upon the altar amid hundreds of lights. The wide nave was thronged with a shifting but undiminished mass of humanity; while all around the church, forming a crowd so dense that to pass through it was difficult, the lower order of the people were assembled in multitude. Along the

margin of the sidewalk flared the torches of the venders of tortillas, of sugar-cane, of the numerous fruits and vegetables which the Indians love,—making a scene impossible to find elsewhere in the world, and wildly picturesque in its striking contrasts.

“What a glorious old church!” said Lestrangle, looking at the splendid front of brown stone, richly carved in quaint device. “No, I don’t mind the people at all; they are so wonderfully picturesque. But what a scene! And are we going to enter?”

“So it seems,” answered Carmela, smiling, as they followed in the wake of Señora Echeveria’s portly form.

Miriam looked back at her brother with a smile. “I want to see the interior of the church,” she said; “so we are going in.”

It was a slow and difficult matter to make their way through the surging throng that surrounded the edifice and blocked its entrance. But Lestrangle would not have cared how long the passage lasted. Carmela, by his request, had taken his arm, and it was a pleasure to feel her depending upon him for guidance; while at the same time he delighted his eye with a leisurely observation of the scene around him, with all its wonderful contrasts and effects.

There was still another spectacle for them, when they finally found themselves in the church, where the vast nave was closely filled with a crowd, listening to a priest who was preaching from the pulpit. At least a part of the throng were listening; others came in, dropped on their knees, said their prayers, then rose and went out again, with the perfect freedom and ease which distinguish a Catholic people in a Catholic land, where no baleful Protestant spirit has come to levy fees of entrance into the house of God, to introduce hideous pews, and set the rich apart from the poor. In all the world there is no church more stripped of wealth than that of Mexico now; but no one has dreamed of introducing the money-changer into the temple. Free as air are the beautiful churches, and all their stately services, to the poorest in the land; and the greatest in place and state can command no exclusive spot within them.

Now, as often before, Miriam Lestrangle was struck by this, as she stood beside her brother,

while their companions knelt and crossed themselves in the rapid Spanish fashion. And while her eye passed over the throng, thinking how beautiful and Christian was this mingling of all ranks and classes, the preacher's gaze fell on the two figures so strikingly unlike those around them; and, after resting on them for an instant, noted their companions. It was only a momentary glance; but when the party presently turned to go out, and Carmela and Lestrangle naturally fell together again, his gaze once more turned and rested on them.

(To be continued.)

A Bohemian Pilgrimage.

NOW that such numbers are making preparation to witness the periodical representation by the pious villagers of Ober-Ammergau of the sufferings and death of our Saviour it may be of interest to Catholics to hear something of a favored pilgrimage church of Our Lady of Sorrows, situated within a couple of hours by rail of Dresden. It may easily be visited in going to Prague or Munich.

On the southern side of the Bohemian mountains, within about an hour of the baths of Teplitz, lies the pilgrimage church of "Mariaschein." Thousands and thousands of sufferers have gratefully proclaimed to their fellow-men the wonderful favors which God has granted them in this place. Although it can not be denied that God does not refuse His grace to any one, or in any place or at any time, yet it is certain that He grants it to us when and where He wills.

The miraculous image of the Mother of Sorrows preserved at Mariaschein came originally from the convent of Schwartz, near Bilin. According to Balbin, the Hussites stormed this convent in the year 1421, and set fire to whatever they had not plundered. Some of the nuns were killed, while others escaped to the mountains surrounding the lovely valley where the church now stands, taking this picture with them as a priceless treasure. This would lead us to conclude that even at that remote period the image was held in especial veneration.

The whole country was then a wilderness, which at least offered the poor fugitives concealment

from the surrounding army. One may easily imagine the suffering they endured in their banishment, and this may have been the origin of the early name of the place—"Mary of suffering." It was on the completion of the present church that the name "Mariaschein"* was given.

As the Hussites, under Prokop, took possession of all the country about Dux, Teplitz and Graupen, slaughtering without mercy everyone professing the Catholic faith, the poor nuns had to remain concealed in the woods during the day, only at night venturing out in quest of food. The Hussites held possession for twelve years, until 1434, when on the 30th of May they were defeated. During this time no nun could show herself without danger. One after another succumbed to death, but before the last of the community died she concealed the precious image in a hollow linden tree, trusting to Providence to protect it.

It is not known how long it remained in this place of concealment, but about the middle of the fifteenth century a young girl from the town of Graupen, on September 8, Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, came to the foot of the linden tree in order to gather some grass. While she was thus employed a venomous serpent sprang up and wound itself around her arm. The poor girl let her sickle fall and cried out in terror. The serpent raised its head toward the opening in the linden tree, where the image was concealed, hissing and spitting at it in a frightful way; then it fell from the arm without having injured it, and crept back into the grass.

The girl hastened to the house of her employer and related the occurrence. He conversed with one of his neighbors, and they decided to examine the hollow in the tree, perhaps in hope of finding a concealed treasure. A treasure, indeed, they found—not an earthly one, but a rich spiritual gift: the image of the Mother of Dolors. Deeply impressed, they did not dare disturb it, but hastened to the parish priest, and related to him all that had taken place.

The image was carried in procession to the church of the neighboring town of Graupen. What was the astonishment of priest and people next morning not to find it where they had left it! Having looked in vain for it in the church, they repaired to the tree, and there finding it,

* Mary's apparition.

carried it back to Graupen. A second and a third time it was removed by unseen hands and replaced in the linden tree.

The people, assigning the marvel to the wish of the Blessed Virgin to have the spot particularly marked, left the picture in its resting-place, and built there a rustic chapel, which indeed was all they could afford; for the Hussite persecutions had left the majority of the people in destitution.

Such was the origin of the Bohemian pilgrimage, which the writer had the happiness to visit a few years ago on the Feast of the Assumption. We were deeply impressed by the earnest piety of the hundreds of pilgrims who had come from far and near to venerate Christ's Mother, whom they besought, under the touching title of Sorrowful Mother, to aid them in their struggles by her powerful intercession with Him whom the prophets called the "Man of Sorrows."

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

CLUTCHES AT CULTURE.

TALLEYRAND says somewhere that no one in France knew the happiness of life after 1789. France must have been delightful for the nobles at a time when the manner of living at ease had been made a perfect art. It is a question whether people who were not noble enjoyed it or not. I fancy that some of us, who remember what life was before the reign of "culture" in America, must look back with something of Talleyrand's feeling. If we were ignorant of Tolstoi and Ibsen, —if Meredith and Browning did not form constant subjects of discussion,—we were satisfied with Dickens and Thackeray. But all that has been changed. Culture is an awful reality; it permeates the atmosphere; it floats just above the heads of thousands, and their frantic attempts to clutch it are not pleasant to the view of the lover of simplicity.

Emerson told us long ago that true culture meant simplicity. But even Boston has outgrown Emerson; our violet-crowned one now looks across the seas for her demigods; and, losing her individuality, she is no longer sublime in her

admiration of herself. The bean remains, as it were; but there is no Margaret Fuller to give it a halo of romance. The bean, like Wordsworth's primrose, is now only a bean!

This clutching after culture by people who do not know what culture means adds a new hardship to life. And Mr. Gladstone, who has his good points, has stimulated these gymnastic clutches by his reviews of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff." How the words of this ill-regulated young woman are quoted from Portland, Me., to Kankakee, Ill.; from Denver, Col., to San Francisco, Cal.! "Marie Bashkirtseff" is everywhere in a paper cover. "Robert Ellsmere" and the unhappy "Marie" have taken the place of the chromo. One may buy several pounds of soap and take either of these volumes *gratis*. Let the English set a literary fashion, and we all clutch for it. One reason is that we can steal foreign books; and when culture can be had for nothing, it is all the sweeter.

This clutching business shows how superficial the people are who perform it. A good book should be dear to us because it answers some need in our natures,—because it interprets a longing for something beyond us. A man of a few books is more likely to be truly cultivated, and therefore more simple and sincere, than the man of many.

You visit a friend. His daughters talk Ibsen without knowing anything about Ibsen, whose stuff most people read in the French translations ten years ago without finding much in it but hopelessness and modern paganism. And they clutch at the wretched Bashkirtseff, and they show unintelligible photographs, and they play the "dominant seventh," and tell you how content they would be always to live where the tonic chord forever sounded! Do you love Botticelli? Are you wrapt by the meanings of Sordello? Have you studied the tone-colors in Browning? Have you felt the ecstasy that filled the piper that played before Moses? And so on.

You long for one breath of honesty, one touch of simplicity; you are tired of opinions which are borrowed or reflected. And to be told that culture means pessimism, hopelessness, morbidness, and everything except that which elevates us nearer to God, is an affront to intelligence and a relapse into barbarism.

Favors of Our Queen.

A SINGULAR PRESERVATION.

THE *Indo-European Correspondence* publishes the following communication from the Mother Superior of a hospital conducted by Sisters in the Island of Ceylon. It relates the recent extraordinary cure of a Cingalese boy by the use of the Water of Lourdes. The power of the Blessed Virgin, like her goodness, is inconceivably great. Her maternal ear is ever open to the sighs of poor mortals, and her Immaculate Heart is an unfailing refuge. From the most distant parts of the earth are heard the praises of her who is truly the Health of the Weak and the Consoler of the Afflicted:

"There was a boy here twelve years of age. He was admitted into the hospital with his arm in a frightful state. A carriage wheel ran over it and crushed it to an alarming degree. The inflammation caused thereby was so great, the bruised flesh so very black, the general aspect of the wound so hideous, the smell so offensive, that, naturally speaking, gangrene would have inevitably followed. The doctor remarked that amputation alone could save the poor boy. He overheard the doctor, and was quite disheartened. However, his lively faith made him cry out: 'Oh, no; do not cut off my arm! I shall not consent to anything of the kind. Take me to *Lourdes Matha Covil*' (the Church of Lourdes Mother).

"Now, there is at some distance from Colombo a sanctuary dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, and it was there that the little fellow sought for the cure of the condemned limb. The Sister in charge of the sick was struck by the faith of the new patient. She came to me for some Water of Lourdes for a particular intention, as she said. I had a bottle left after giving away several others, and which I reserved for those extraordinary occasions in which one can not refuse a little to the lively faith which presses the suffering one to invoke her who said, 'I am the Immaculate Conception.' The boy drank with avidity the water from the miraculous fountain. Its first effect was to send him to sleep. But he slept with the will fully determined never to let his arm be amputated.

"Next morning the doctor came, and great was his amazement on looking at the arm to find that the swelling had gone down and the inflammation had disappeared; the flesh was clean—actually renewed,—and the offensive smell entirely gone.

"The good doctor knew nothing of Our Lady of Lourdes, for he is a non-Catholic. We did not therefore say a word to him of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. However, he was quite dumfounded, looked again and again at that arm, which baffled his skill, and which was not in the least fractured. Then, alluding to the obstinacy of the boy in refusing the day before to let his arm be cut off, he said: 'The little fellow has saved his arm!' He did indeed save it through that faith to which the Divine Master can refuse nothing."

Notes and Remarks.

It is refreshing, since most non-Catholics will have it that an indulgence is a permission to commit sin, to quote the dictum of Prof. Fisher, D. D., LL. D., of the Yale Theological Seminary, one of the most eminent of Protestant divines. In a course of lectures on the influence of the so-called Reformation he touched on the subject of indulgences, and set about earnestly to disabuse the minds of his audience of a gross error regarding Catholic doctrine. One who was present at these lectures thus writes to the *Christian Union*: "At length he declared, in words which I took down stenographically from his lips—his splendid indignation and scornful emphasis those who heard him then can never forget: 'The statement that the Roman Catholic Church has ever taught that the forgiveness of sins can be bought with money is an atrocious slander!'"

The old *cure*, M. Niels, who was for twenty years the confessor of Louise Lateau, died recently at Bois d'Haine.

The *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, reports the conversion, in a body, of fifty families to the Catholic faith at Goleen, Co. Cork. The spokesman of the secessionists, who is said to be a gentleman of position and education, declared that the step had long been contemplated, but that it was hast-

ened by the recent cruel eviction of a Protestant family from glebe land adjoining the residence of their minister, and the imprisonment of a charitable sympathizer. "It is remarkable," observes our contemporary, "that, though the professed object of Protestantism was the founding of national churches, it has at all times been largely anti-national in Ireland."

The French papers appeal to the medical faculties to make preparations for the cholera, which has begun to show itself "at the gate of France," in Spain. *Les Annales Catholiques* says that the lesson taught by the carelessness with which the news of the breaking out of *la grippe* was received should be taken to heart. The French authorities on the Spanish frontier have made efforts to prevent the spread of the plague.

The Church of St. Mary in Hanover, which the illustrious Herr Windthorst erected to celebrate the golden jubilee of his marriage, refusing all personal gifts, was dedicated last month. It is described as one of the finest churches in Germany. The magnificent high altar was presented by the Holy Father, and the church is supplied with most precious furniture of all kinds.

We have received from San Francisco a pamphlet explanatory of the objects of the "Young Men's Institute. An American Catholic Fraternity." It speaks of "the Star of Bethlehem emblazoned upon its banner," and expresses the desire that "the wise men of the East may discern its light." Without stopping to comment upon an unintentional profanation of the Sacred Scriptures, we may say that the aim of the Institute is worthy of the highest commendation, as thus set forth:

"Accustom our young American Catholics to stand in solid phalanx in the vindication and the practice of their faith. Let each derive strength and courage from association with his fellow. Give to our Catholic young men the encouragement, the backing, the intellectual and moral sustenance, which the Young Men's Christian Association affords so amply to the young people who are not Catholics. Build up in each community a centre of Catholic sentiment; provide for the young people libraries, halls, and reading-rooms, where they may meet in

social intercourse and create an interest in one another's welfare. Extend to them such social and intellectual intercourse as can be found in a congenial Catholic atmosphere. Give them meeting places where their faith will not be the subject of rude effrontery or vulgar jest. Afford them opportunities for social intercourse where education and refinement comport with Catholic culture. Create an attractive sphere of acquaintance and association for those who, from lack of home and friends, find themselves removed from the influence of the family fireside. Say to the young man entering upon his life's career that he shall have provided for him, in the fellowship of his faith, that backing of encouragement and support which will enable him to win success. Give to him an organization so strong, so widespread, so congenial, that he may not drift away, as so many thousands have heretofore, into other organizations condemned by his Church. This work of encouraging, of organizing, of solidifying our young American Catholics has been undertaken by the Young Men's Institute."

However, we must repeat what we had occasion to say some time ago in reviewing the Constitutions of this organization—that in order to be a "*Catholic Fraternity*" it must provide, in its rules and regulations, for the fulfilment of religious duties on the part of the members. The Institute has a noble motto—"Pro Deo, pro Patria." That should suggest the proper means of attaining the great end it has in view. God first and before all. And we are united to God through His Church.

A plate by Lucca della Robbia, representing the Madonna and Child, was lately sold at auction in Paris for £564. It belonged to the famous art collection of the late Baron Seillière.

The grand Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Philadelphia, which was consecrated with impressive ceremonies on the 30th ult., was begun by Bishop Neumann, of saintly memory. Its corner-stone was laid by the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick nearly fifty years ago, and the edifice now stands as a monument to the untiring energy and zeal of Archbishop Wood, who completed it. The present Archbishop has crowned the work of his predecessors by elaborate interior ornamentation. The Cathedral contains many precious objects of sacred art, among them a crucifix of exquisite workmanship. The altars,

paintings, pulpit, etc., would be worthy of the grandest church in Europe. As it stands to-day, the Cathedral of Philadelphia is one of the fairest temples in the New World. The ceremony of consecration brought together many eminent church dignitaries from different parts of the country, including his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who preached an earnest and appropriate sermon to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Philadelphia.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., who is, after Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, the oldest member of the American hierarchy, celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood on the 13th inst. Like most American prelates, Bishop de Goesbriand has witnessed a remarkable metamorphosis in the State of Vermont. When the See of Burlington, of which he is the first incumbent, was established in 1853, there were in the entire State only eight churches, five priests, and no school or college. There are now under the good Bishop's charge seventy-six churches, fifty-two priests, eighteen parochial schools, one college, five academies, and an orphan asylum. The Catholic population of the diocese is estimated at 46,000.

It is remarkable that in Uruguay, where Freemasonry is rampant, a great meteorological observatory is conducted by the Salesian Fathers, who were also its founders. The publications of this observatory have frequently won praise from the *savants* of Europe.

The following tribute to a devoted missionary priest in Madras, published in the *Lucknow Express*, is all the more noteworthy, coming as it does from a Protestant source. The writer is a surgeon-major in the British Army:

"While on tour in one of the poorest *taluqs* of the North Arcot District, the collector and I encamped for a few days in the village of Chetput, noted as an important post during the wars of the Carnatic. In this town lives Father Darras, a devoted Roman Catholic missionary. For thirty long years has he worked in these parts, and has now around him a church and over 15,000 converts. A noble figure, with a flowing beard, well-marked features, and deep blue eyes; but his face is wrinkled and seamed like an old oak, and his complexion is tanned almost

to the color of the people among whom he has worked and labored for so many years past. He is now building a large church. He is the adviser, guide, priest, and doctor of the large numbers of the poorest classes around him, and he gave the collector some startling accounts of the poverty of the villagers in his circle. We paid a visit to his little house, with its humble furniture and surroundings; and we parted from him with feelings of deep admiration, not unmixed with sympathy and regret at his lonely life. As we turned the corner on our way to camp, the fine figure of the good priest stood out in the evening light, and we saw him ringing the bell for Vespers."

Father Darras is one of many—a type of the Catholic missionary the world over. The spirit of St. Francis Xavier is yet abroad. Protestant travellers in missionary lands are sure to be deeply impressed by the apostolic life led by the Catholic clergy.

The centenary of the consecration of Bishop Carroll occurs on the 15th of August, Feast of the Assumption. Dr. Carroll was the first Bishop of the United States, and his cousin, John Carroll of Carrollton, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

New Publications.

CHRIST ON THE ALTAR. Instructions for the Sundays and Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year. Explaining how the Life, Miracles and Teachings of Our Lord in the Holy Land are continued on the Altar of the Parish Church. By the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This work of the venerable Bishop of Burlington, who has just happily completed a half century of active life in the sacred ministry, should have a place in every Catholic household throughout the land. In it the reader will find the lessons of the life and teachings of our Divine Redeemer presented in that impressive form which could be acquired only by the experience of many long years in preaching the word of God, together with more than ordinary zeal and learning. The grand thought that the Church upon earth is the continuation of the Incarnation—for Christ, in fulfilment of His own divine promise, is ever present with His Church—suggested to the august prelate a plan which commends itself by its originality; that is, to explain "what is done in the parish church with its altar by what oc-

curred in the Holy Land nearly nineteen hundred years ago." That nothing might be wanting in the realization of this design, the learned author undertook, a few years ago, a journey to the Holy Land, and visited those ever memorable places sanctified by the presence, the teachings, the miracles, the Passion and Death, Resurrection and Ascension of the Son of Mary. The knowledge thus acquired has been embodied in the present work, and the result is a series of instructions on the chief points of Christian faith and practice, which are calculated to fix the attention and impress the mind and heart of the devout reader.

The style in which the enterprising publishers have issued the work merits high praise. It makes a large quarto volume of 850 pages, printed from good, clear type, well bound, and profusely illustrated with two chromo-lithographs, 63 full-page illustrations, 240 illustrations of the Holy Land and of Bible History, etc.

VERSES AND A SKETCH. By John Acton. Philadelphia: Billstein & Son. 1890.

The admirers of Mr. John Acton's poems, which have for some years peered from the pages of the magazines, like violets from their leaves, will be pleased to know that they have been collected in a dainty volume, under a very modest title. To those who do not know Mr. Acton's work we offer the assurance that they will find in this little book a most violet-like fragrance. His sonnet to June has been widely quoted. It is a good example of his manner, and is more elaborate than his usual work:

Marguerite April and Ophelia May—

April had jewels made of flawless rain,
May laughed 'mid pansy-wreaths to hide death-pain—
Are dead, and Earth mourns not in black or gray.

June-Juliet watches her sun-knight all day
From her green-pillared arbor in the grass,
And birds and winds fly downward as they pass,
To teach sad hearts a song, strayed ships their way.
The corded dust of the sweet four-o'clocks
In curdled leaves makes richest perfume-gifts

* For dew and night, for which the gardens yearn;
The satin-fingered grass winds round the phlox,
The jasmine sheaves thin honey in pale drifts,
And rosebuds all to loveliest love-gifts turn.

THE VAIL-BURGESS DEBATE. A Religio-Educational Discussion between O. F. Burgess, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Roger Vail, Vice-President of the Catholic Truth Society. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, D. D., Bishop of Duluth. The Catholic Truth Society: American Series of Publications, No. 2.

The talented layman who has undertaken the defence of the Church against *ἡ μεθοδία τοῦ διαβόλου* stands bravely to his colors throughout a protracted debate with an obstinate and skilful antagonist, the chief theme of discussion being the Church's atti-

tude on the educational question. It is a manly and animated controversy, and we recommend it to the notice of all who like to witness the strife of brain with brain.

POEMS OF THE PAST. By Moi-Même. Dublin: Gill & Son.

The modesty which gives these poems to the world without a name is enhanced by the sweet charm that breathes through them. They will do more than "impart a passing pleasure to some heart"; for they are full of a very true poetical spirit, and flushed with a religious feeling which is warm and deep. The volume is made up of lyrics, written, so it seems, in response to the various moods of the author, and generally with an undercurrent of sadness. The following stanzas from "A Summer Breeze" show an accurate feeling for nature:

How welcome, in the sultry, noontide hours,
The gentle breeze which softly steals around;
Cooling with its breath the fragrant flowers,
With music in its sound!

Quickening the rippling streamlet as it goes
Meandering, in a drowsy, sluggish mood;
Wakening from its midday dull repose
The woodland solitude.

Messrs. Gill & Son have produced an admirable volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. McDevitt, a worthy young priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, who departed this life on the 30th ult.

The Rev. B. J. Tannrath, whose death occurred at Linn, Mo., on the 14th ult.

Sister Arsenia, of St. Mary's Convent, Montgomery, Ala., who was called to her reward on the 6th ult.

Mr. William A. Bleyer, who died a happy death on the 28th ult., at Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Anna C. Brady, of the same place, who passed away on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Thomas Corcoran, who piously breathed her last on the 2d ult., at Washington, D. C.

Timothy Holland, of Erie, Pa.; John Logue and Anna Manion, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary E. Lange, Wilmington, Del.; Michael and Margaret Cannon, Nancy Walsh, Patrick Carney, Patrick Moran, Michael and Anthony Serdinal, and Mary McTighe,—all of Carbondale, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Henry.—A Prison Story.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.—COMPENSATION.



VERY soon the portals of the Hagenan palace opened to Father Hermann and his young companion, and they ascended the richly carpeted stairs. Everywhere were light footsteps, sad faces, muffled tones. The Angel of Death hovered there, and all kept silent at the sound of his wings.

Baron Hagenan was waiting for Henry at the head of the massive staircase.

"Thank God, you are here at last!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about the boy. "My poor child has been dying since early this morning, but can not go till he has seen you."

With these words he seized Henry's hand and led him through a beautiful apartment to a smaller room, where the dying boy lay. Filled with emotion, Henry gazed at the pale face pressed against the pillow. The breast of the poor sufferer rose and fell with his labored breathing, and his hands groped about continually on the silken coverlet. Could that be the young Baron whom Henry had seen from a distance on that ill-fated day,—whom he had admired with childish wonder as Adelbert stepped into the court in riding-boots, holding a whip in his hand? He had gone up to his little pony, stroked it, and fed it with sugar.

"Adelbert," said the lady, bowed with sorrow, who was kneeling beside the bed, anxiously watching every motion of her dying son,—“Adelbert, Henry Theron, whom you so longed to see, is here and wishes to speak to you."

A convulsive spasm for an instant contracted the pale face of the boy; he opened his eyes, the feeble hand was lifted, and a barely audible sound came from the bloodless lips. Henry was already bending over the bed. His tears fell fast

upon the trembling hand, now clasped in his, as he murmured softly: "I forgive you! Oh, I forgive you!" Then a long-drawn sigh of relief from the repentant, overburdened heart, a last scarcely uttered "Thank you!" and the soul of young Baron Adelbert was released.

Henry Theron, the son of the wood-chopper, who but this morning had been clothed in the garb of a criminal, now knelt, with the parents and the priest, by the bedside of death, to which, after God, he and he alone had been able to bring this last consolation.

A few days after the remains of the Baron's son had been deposited in the ancestral vault of Hagenan, Henry was sent for to the castle. After thanking him again and again, and rehearsing once more all the circumstances of that unhappy day, the Baron spoke of the future of him whom from this time forth he declared he would consider as a *protege*.

"I can never forgive myself for what you and your family have suffered through us," he said. "I want to do all in my power to atone for this wrong. I owe that to my poor boy and to myself. Through this calamity your father has neglected his work, and is even poorer than he was before; I feel it my duty to help him in every possible way to improve his condition. I have been told that you formerly lived in the country, but that, for lack of means, your father was obliged to come to the city. In the country it would perhaps be easier for him to begin a new life. I have a small dairy-farm connected with my estates in Westphalia, which would furnish an easy living for your parents and the rest of your family. I have already taken the necessary steps to secure this for them. As for you, my child, I wish to take especial care of your future. All avenues to fortune and happiness shall be open to you; you have only to name the profession that you would like to follow."

A blush suffused Henry's cheeks; his eyes lighted up, but he did not speak.

"Father Hermann tells me that you are a gifted and diligent youth," continued the Baron, kindly, "and would make your mark as a student. Would you not like to enter the high school, and obtain for yourself a scholarly position? Speak freely, my child; to fulfil any desire of yours would be the greatest satisfaction to me.

It is all I can do to redeem the thoughtless conduct of my poor boy."

Henry raised his eyes timidly to the face of his generous benefactor, and replied, in hardly audible tones:

"Oh, sir, if I might study—if I could only be a priest, like Father Hermann! But it would be too much."

"God alone can call you to the priesthood," replied the Baron. "Your fitness for it will prove itself later. For the present, however, your preparatory studies shall be my conscientious care. I will send you to Feldkirch. Under the guidance of those pious Fathers, whatever is wanting to your education will be supplied."

Soon after this conversation Henry Theron entered the school at Feldkirch. So great was his diligence that in a short time he had surpassed all his fellow-pupils. As before in the reformatory, so now he was the best scholar in the school; winning, moreover, the affection of all. Having passed the examinations with honor, he returned home for a brief space, and then entered the seminary.

During all these years Father Hermann had remained his best friend. He knelt at Henry's side when for the first time the young priest offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. Parents, brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law (for the Theron family had increased in the last ten years), saw with tears their own son and brother a consecrated priest; once the disgrace of the family, he was now their pride.

In one of the pews knelt a gentleman and a lady in mourning, from whose hearts ascended a fervent act of thanksgiving for this propitiation for the sin committed by their beloved child.

"Henry," said Baron Hagenan, a few days afterward, "when will you set out for Helfenstein? You know I have been holding the position on my estates many years for you, and would like to have you enter upon your new duties as soon as possible. If, however, you should choose to fit yourself for a professorship in the university, no obstacle will be placed in your way. For your sake I will gladly renounce my favorite project."

The young priest cast down his eyes, his pale cheek flushed as it had been wont to do in earlier days, and there was a shade of embarrassment in

his voice as he answered, after a moment's pause:

"Oh, my dear sir, you and your wife have done so much for me that I fear I shall appear ungrateful if I express a different choice!"

"My son," replied the Baron with emotion, "do not speak of ingratitude. How often must I repeat that I have only done my duty, my sacred duty, by you?"

"Then," said the young priest, "I would like you to use your influence for me with the city authorities. The position of assistant chaplain at the house of correction is vacant, and—"

"At the house of correction!" exclaimed the Baron, in great astonishment. "You, with your well-stored mind, with your refined feelings, wish to spend your life among criminals—among the outcasts of society!"

"An inward voice calls me, sir. Within the walls of such an institution I first learned what it is to conquer nature with grace. And if it be true, as you say, that my mind is well stored and my feelings refined, so much the better for the work I shall have to do. In my humble opinion, education and refinement allied to virtue and grace are the great essentials for a successful mission among those poor criminals. Too long have ignorance and brutality dominated; from the days of my own bitter experience I date the conviction that kindness and gentleness are all-powerful where harshness, cruelty, and indifference tend only to still further harden the soul. Once more, dear sir, let me repeat that I know I can nowhere fulfil my vocation better than in that place which to you seems so repulsive."

Wonderingly Baron Hagenan gazed upon the young priest who stood before him, so humble yet so earnest, so firm in his declaration of what he considered to be his vocation, and yet so full of gentleness and spirituality; an Aloysius in purity of soul, a Francis in zeal. The Baron bowed his head in humility before the low-born apostle, who desired to seek his life-long work in a reformatory like that to which he had once been condemned by the untruthfulness of the aristocrat's own son.

Henry's desire had no obstacles to encounter; in a few weeks he was settled in the homely apartments of a prison chaplain. The motherly kindness of the Baroness had filled the little rooms with everything that love could suggest.

Henry looked about him with a grateful smile; there were his favorite books, arranged in two massive oak bookcases. Beautiful engravings adorned the walls, flowers blossomed upon the window-sills, and a little linnet sang blithely in his half-darkened cage.

A heavy tread, a clanking on the stairs, one day caused the young chaplain to look expectantly toward the door. In answer to his friendly "Come in!" a martial figure appeared, clad in full uniform, who made a salute, and then, with his hand on his helmet, remained motionless.

"Beg pardon, your reverence! Do you know me?" he asked at length.

"No," answered the priest, in surprise; "but your face is not altogether unfamiliar."

"I am Policeman Alman. Do you remember me now, Father? I have had a heavy heart for a long time."

The priest passed his hand across his forehead for a moment, then nodded affirmatively.

"Listen, your reverence," continued the policeman. "When it came out that you had not stolen the watch, and had been unjustly accused and imprisoned, I can not tell you how it vexed and worried me. I, the terror of thieves, who boasted of never having been deceived, had made a great mistake. I vowed that we should have him yet, that Henry Theron. When such an institution once has a fellow it has him for good; and if he has been shut up innocent the first time, he will be all the more guilty the next. And," he added, with a smile, "my prophecy is really fulfilled, though in quite a different way from what I meant. I have come to-day to beg your pardon, your reverence, and hope you will not lay it up against an old policeman that he has been taken in for once. God pity me, I have had so much to do with villains, that I have almost forgotten such a thing as innocence exists!"

The shadow on the face of the young priest had given way to a pleasant smile long before the warden had finished. It was the hand of a friend that he extended to the old man as he said:

"Do not be troubled; you only did your duty. Appearances were against me, and indeed so sorely against me as to deceive even so experienced an eye as yours. But everything happened as was foreordained. Without this strange circumstance, which seemed at the time the greatest

misfortune of my life, I should not be where I now am; I should not have dared to take this position, which I hope, with God's help, to fill in such a way as shall honor Him and benefit my fellow-creatures. But now that we are members of the same household, Mr. Warden, it behooves us to be good neighbors. I must surely have occasion to ask your advice very often, and shall be equally ready and willing to do you a good turn whenever opportunity offers."

"It is a bargain," said the warden, bowing himself out with many assurances of gratitude and friendship. Later he asserted to his fellow-officers that he had never made the acquaintance of a worthier or more gentlemanly priest than the new chaplain.

Those days marked for our young apostle the beginning of a sad, monotonous, yet remarkably useful and fruitful life. The zealous priest consecrated himself to the work he had chosen with a gentleness, an affection and a devotion that knew no bounds. Who so well able as he to pity misfortune? Who could so well understand the mute despair of the prisoner? Who could share his sorrow with such genuine compassion, who so ready to enter into his every wish as this good priest, whose soul had already tasted all the bitterness of the situation, save that most bitter drop—guilt?

Governed by that higher instinct which never misled him, but always showed him the right method, Chaplain Theron knew where to find in every soul, in spite of its guilt and viciousness, its susceptibility to the power of kindness. And who among those unhappy, misguided, deluded ones could or would have resisted the exhortations of the young priest? As steel draws sparks from the hardest flint, so his words sank into the hearts of the most obdurate sinners and caused repentant tears to flow. Even the wretch who had grown old in crime felt the icy barriers of his soul give way as he heard messages full of hope and promise from the lips of the sweet-faced priest.

Thus did this child of lowly parentage, through an unjust accusation—might we not name it a special providence of God?—become the instrument through which the all-wise and merciful Father chose to carry peace and benediction to the most unfortunate of the children of men.

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

This was a sorry beginning of their journey. If anything had happened to that good aunt they would never forgive themselves for allowing her to go alone for that unfortunate cup of tea. But, as they debated what to do, they saw her coming toward them, very much flushed and carrying a large paper bag.

"I have had an encounter!" she exclaimed, almost breathlessly, while dim visions of bears and Indians and lunatics flitted through her listeners' minds. "Yes, the waiter charged me for these cakes which I did not eat; so, as I had to pay for them, I carried them off, and they will come handy on the boat to-morrow."

They were hurrying to the station now, Albert far in advance. He feared that something might prevent them from spending Sunday in Quebec, and he had set his heart on that. And now if Aunt Julia's economy had cost him that pleasure!—well, he would not think of it, and hurried on to see to the luggage.

They stepped on the train with no time to spare; the bell rang and they were off. The night air was stifling, so they sat until late, talking about Niagara, and growing to love it more and more with each moment that bore them farther away from it. They even revelled in the cold-hearted guide-book, which said that the Canadian Fall was one hundred and sixty-four feet in height, and the American one hundred and fifty-eight, and that fifteen hundred millions of cubic feet of water passed over the Canadian Fall every hour. Father Hennepin, Mr. Latimer said, was the first European to see this great wonder of nature.

"And I suppose," ventured Albert, "that if no one else had seen it afterward it would have been called another of his romances."

Their berths were upper ones, and Miss Latimer declared that she never, positively *never*, could climb into one; but she was aided by a step-ladder. And all, being very tired, were soon in a deep sleep, jolting over the uneven road which skirted the southern shores of Lake Ontario.

When morning dawned there was an unfamiliar landscape. The country was a rocky plain, with here and there a grassy patch where sheep were browsing. The houses were infrequent. But while they looked and wondered a bend in the road opened another vista, and the St. Lawrence River was before them. Here let us pause for a moment in honor of the scenes this wonderful river has witnessed, of the brave man who discovered it, and the intrepid ones who have given up their lives within hearing of its rushing waters.

In 1534 Jacques Cartier, a sturdy Breton navigator, was selected as the leader of an expedition, the object of which was to explore and colonize this unknown world. It had long been believed that the new land existed; for fishermen from France were hunting for cod and mackerel off the coast of Newfoundland seven years after Columbus made his glorious voyage. But no one had penetrated into the interior; no one had even followed the line of the coast; no one had entered those thick forests to see what lay beyond them. Francis I. was King of France,—the great Francis, who had some faults, for he was human; but he possessed noble traits as well. He was a lover and patron of the arts and a friend to explorers; which was due, perhaps, as much to a natural fondness for learning as to ambition. And France could not afford to throw away any chance of enlarging her boundaries; for the wars with Charles of Spain had drained her resources. Beside all this, and the hope of Christianizing a heathen land, was the conviction that the short passage to Cathay was to be found by pursuing a western route after the shores of the new land were reached.

So Jacques Cartier, the fearless sailor, with two ships well equipped and two crews of able seamen, set sail from St. Malo. Twenty days of pleasant weather brought him to the "haven where he fain would be," and he cast anchor, made his thanksgiving, and set up upon the shore at Gaspé Bay a lofty cross, and on that cross was a shield bearing the lilies of France.

It is well to remember this: that Catholic Cartier took formal possession of the land now known as Canada only forty-two years after Columbus set foot upon the island of San Salvador.

Continuing his course, the sturdy Breton came to the great gulf into which the noblest river in

the world pours its waters. This he ascended until land could be seen on either side, when he turned back, not being prepared for a rigorous winter, to carry the news to the court of France and ask for further orders.

Francis was only too glad to assist the new expedition; another commission was made out and more volunteers procured. There were three ships this time instead of two, and the whole company repaired to the cathedral before their departure, to receive the bishop's blessing upon their undertaking.

They reached the gulf in safety; and, it being the Feast of St. Lawrence, Cartier gave it the name of that Saint. Up the river, with the tide, they went, on and on, until the Indian town of Hochelaga was reached, nestling at the foot of a high green mountain. Guided by the Indians, Cartier went to the very top of this elevation and looked about upon as fair a prospect as ever delighted the eye of man. He was silent for a while, awed and wonder-stricken; then "Mount-Royal!" burst from his lips,—the words that we have corrupted into Montreal.

To-day in Jacques Cartier Square in the populous city of Montreal a statue stands. A statue of whom, do you suppose? It is not of Cartier, but of the English Lord Nelson, erected in the city which Cartier named, on a spot made historic by the feet of Champlain!

We shall hear of Montreal and Jacques Cartier again. Now we must return to our friends the Latimers, who have been walking about in the fresh morning air, waiting for the Montreal boat. Presently her smoke is seen and her whistle heard; the passengers are taken on board, and the voyage among the Thousand Islands began.

The Indians had a tradition of an ancient war of giants, and declared that these islands were some of the missiles which they threw at one another. Still another Indian legend names this locality, where eighteen hundred wooded islands are crowded into a space of sixteen miles, the "Garden of the Great Spirit."

The day was fair and the tourists all on deck. The boat glided between the islands seeking the current, and one vision of beauty after another unfolded in a panorama before them. Clare leaned over the guards, entranced; and our thoughtful Albert told her of the scenes of early

days,—of Frontenac's flotilla of canoes darting around those laughing islets; of brave Jesuits—"black-robcs," the Indians called them,—filled with a holy thirst for the souls that were to be won for God; of *voyageur* and mailed soldier; and of the painted savages who stealthily rowed in those smooth waters, friendly sometimes, but more often bent upon errands of blood.

Meanwhile Aunt Julia was furtively glancing at the other tourists, to see how their clothes compared with those worn on Wabash Avenue. The conclusion was unfavorable to the Toronto people, who were on board in great numbers; yet she almost regretted her own smart attire, and wondered how she could give it the undefinable transatlantic air. But as she pondered there came a gleam of red from an island camp, and the flag of England fluttered in the breeze. She felt moved, and wished that she might do reverence in some way to that emblem of the land she loved.

"Albert," she whispered, "do take off your hat!" and she pointed to the flag. He raised his hat and bowed to her instead; but from this act of disobedience her attention was diverted by a cheery voice, which said:

"Where is the glass, Victoria?"

"The glass is in the basket, father," came back in return.

An old gentleman had, with his daughter Victoria, appeared on deck. His coat indicated that he was a clergyman of the English Establishment, and he and Miss Latimer were soon engaged in an animated conversation, according to the informal code of steamer travel. He proved to be an entertaining converser; and as he pointed out objects of interest along the shore, she listened with the respect due to his age and calling. She could not understand how an Englishman could have such respect for the former owners of the soil—the Frenchmen who won the land from the savages; but his words sank into her heart. He pointed out the remains of an old French fort on the upper end of Carleton's Island, which some believe to be the real site of Fort Frontenac; and he directed her attention to the groups of Lombardy poplars which surround many of the houses.

"They were," he said, "a sign of hospitality in the old country and in this as well; for in early times travellers often had no landmark to guide

them save those tall trees, which told that a white man's dwelling was near. But," he concluded, "you may be familiar with all this. People from the States often are."

Miss Latimer was disconcerted. Although born in Vermont, like her grandfathers before her, for many years she had been striving to acquire a pure English accent.

"May I ask how you know that we are from the 'States,' as you call them?"

"By your accent, madam."

This was too much. She was duly punished for entering into conversation with a stranger. Never would she do it again, she resolved; even though that stranger were the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. She answered the parson with one withering remark:

"Good English, sir, is sometimes spoken out of the provinces."

He did not seem to mind this, but adjusted his field-glass with, "I beg pardon!" and began discoursing to his daughter.

Miss Latimer sought her brother. She would, she said, go and lie down; and she did not care for the rapids which they were entering,—which, by the way, did not prove as formidable as the children had expected. An Indian pilot, by name Baptiste, came on board, with a very warlike band of feathers on his head, and directed the staunch bark; extra men were put at the wheel and tiller; women uttered screams and grasped their children—then that particular rapid would be passed.

From within the cabin came the sound of voices: a party of Harvard students were singing, the gentle tones of the Toronto maidens coming in at intervals.

Lakes St. Francis and St. Louis were passed now; the little French villages clustered around a spire became frequent; and then at last, the dangerous Lachine Rapids passed, they went under an enormous bridge and saw a magic city. Behind it rose a great green mountain, making a fit background for the spires and domes bathed in the rays of the setting sun.

The tears came into Albert's eyes and coursed slowly down his cheeks. From the shore came the sound of a bell. "Clare," he whispered to his sister, "that is the Angelus, and this is Montreal!"

(To be continued.)

An Actor's Generosity.

David Garrick, the eminent English tragedian, was a man of great generosity and of kind heart. He had deposited five hundred pounds in the hands of a lawyer for safe-keeping; and the latter, seeing what he supposed to be a chance to make some money, speculated, losing Garrick's money along with his own. He was in despair, having no means left with which to satisfy his creditor. But he had numerous kind-hearted friends, and after a little while they met to devise some plan whereby he might be extricated from his difficulty and permitted to continue his business.

Their alarm was great when a letter arrived from Garrick, but it was turned to joy when they found that he had sent back the note the lawyer had given him, thus relieving him of his indebtedness. Accompanying the note were these words: "I understand that your relations and friends meet to-day. I should much like to join them, but am prevented from doing so; and as you ought to have a good fire with which to make their reunion cheerful, I send you a paper to light it with."

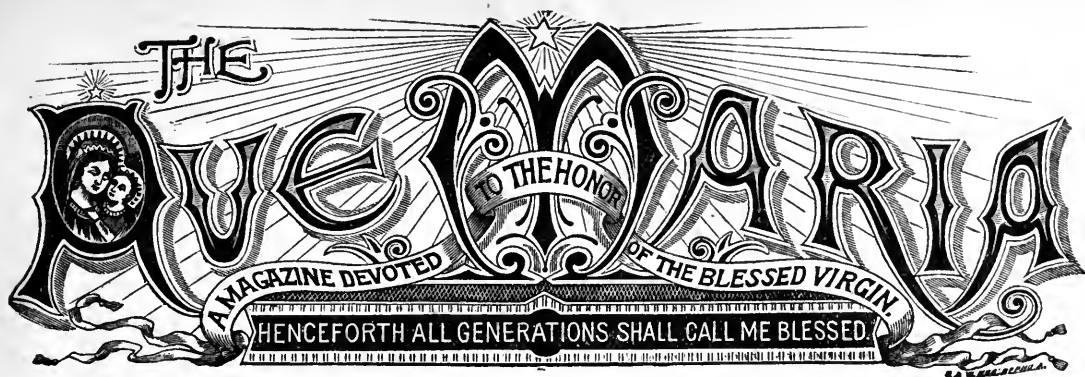
So we see that Garrick was a good man as well as a great actor; for it is only the good who know how to forgive. When he left the stage he presented his shoe-buckles to another player, which drew forth this couplet:

"Thy buckles, O Garrick, another may use,
But none will be found who can tread in thy shoes!"

We can agree with this: it would be hard to find a man who could worthily fill the shoes of one who forgave a large debt and an injury so readily and so cheerfully.

The Tree of Blessing.

In Bavaria the shelter of the hazel tree is supposed to secure immunity from lightning strokes, and there is a tradition that the Holy Family took refuge under such a tree during their flight into Egypt. In certain parts of Germany a hazel twig is often to be seen in the windows, and a cross is made with similar branches over every heap of grain to ensure its preservation.



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Devotion to St. Anne.

I.

THE devotion to St. Anne is traced back to the earliest ages of Christianity, and may be said to have originated in the reverence paid to her by the members of the Holy Family. Following the example of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, their imitators, the saints held her in great veneration, and many of their number, through her powerful intercession, obtained remarkable favors and graces.

The tomb in which the body of St. Anne first reposed is still a favorite shrine in Jerusalem, as is also, and in a greater degree, the church which was once her dwelling-place. This church, one of the most celebrated temples of the East, was given to France in 1854, the year in which Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

In Rome, whose Pontiffs have always favored this *cultus* of St. Anne, there is a beautiful church dedicated to her honor; she is the patroness of Madrid; her temples are found in England; while Sicily, Germany, Austria, and Belgium not only pay her signal homage, but glory in the possession of some of her relics. In France, as is well known, the memory of the mother of Mary has been honored for many centuries. Charlemagne, after the miracle of Apt, became her devoted servant; and the hundreds of shrines dedicated to her throughout that "pleasant land of France," and particularly the innumerable pilgrims who yearly throng to those shrines, testify

that the devotion to St. Anne has survived the wreck of much that was once the beauty of the "eldest daughter of the Church."

While France undoubtedly excels other European countries in the liveliness of her piety toward St. Anne, it is a question whether she herself is not surpassed, as she is certainly rivalled, in this respect by one of her lost colonies. In the Dominion of Canada, and more especially in the Province of Quebec, this devotion is probably more general and more fervent than in any other portion of Christendom. It has existed there since early colonial days. This is not surprising when we recall the fact that Canada was first colonized by emigrants from Brittany and Normandy, and that they came at a time when a new impulse had just been given to the *cultus* by the miraculous finding of the statue of St. Anne at Auray. It was also the period when M. Olier, founder of the Sulpicians, placed the Congregation which he had established under the patronage of the Holy Family, and in consequence of his special love for St. Anne, chose her as his advocate in all temporal affairs. The Queen, Anne of Austria, likewise encouraged and set her court the example of honor shown to her blessed patroness.

The devotion thus carried from the mother country to Canada by the first colonists soon became very popular, not only among the French settlers and their descendants, but also with the converted Indians. The numerous miracles worked by the Saint, and the countless graces obtained through her mediation, very naturally increased the number of her clients. The Indians were very susceptible to this form of piety, and

it became general among them; principally because the missionaries, in winning their hearts to Jesus, had inspired them with great love of Mary, and deep respect for her venerable mother.

It was a sight well calculated to console the zealous pioneers of the faith, and to thrill with spiritual joy the heart of any fervent Christian, that annual assembly of the simple children of the wild wood at one of the sanctuaries of *la bonne St. Anne*. From the far solitudes of Gaspé, the hunting-grounds of Hudson Bay, and the wooded shores of those inland seas, the Great Lakes, the picturesque procession of dusky thousands wended its way by forest and stream to some favorite shrine; and, kneeling there, intoned in various dialects the praises of their cherished mother. With childlike faith and love they chanted their odes of thanksgiving for past protection and favors, and prayed for blessings on future enterprises.

In 1627 devotion to St. Anne received special episcopal sanction. By a *mandement* of December 3, Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of New France, proclaimed the festival of St. Anne a holiday of obligation for the whole country; giving as a reason therefor that "Christianity, in these regions, has peculiar need of powerful patrons in heaven; and we have remarked a unanimity of purpose among our people in having recourse in all their needs to blessed St. Anne, whom they venerate with remarkable piety and devotion. It has even pleased God, for some years past, to manifest by many miraculous favors that this devotion is agreeable to Him, and that He is pleased with petitions offered to Him through St. Anne."

Some years later, in a catechism edited by Mgr. Saint-Valier, second Bishop of Quebec, we find that the motive which leads Canadians to honor St. Anne particularly is "that the colony owes to her an infinite number of graces and favors procured by her intercession."

As the *cultus* grew in popularity, the sanctuaries placed under the patronage of the mother of the Virgin multiplied. They are to be found in almost every parish: at Beaufré, Bout-de-l'Île, Varennes, Detroit, Cap-Santé, Restigouche, Portneuf, Saguenay, Pociatière, Yomachiche, Pointe-au-Père, Péradez Plaines, Montreal, etc. Moreover, in a very large number of churches there are altars especially dedicated to her. Pilgrimages

to all these sanctuaries are becoming more and more frequent; each year witnesses thousands on thousands of Catholics, of all ages and conditions, journeying to one or the other shrine.

The devotion to St. Anne received a final and solemn approbation from Pius IX. in 1876, when, in compliance with a formal request of the hierarchy of Quebec, His Holiness was pleased to name St. Anne the special patroness of the province, and to raise her festival (July 26) to the rank of first class with an octave.

II.

Having thus briefly sketched the origin of the Canadian devotion *par excellence*, we shall be pardoned for referring more particularly to its oldest and most famous shrine—Beaufré.

A tradition very generally spread throughout Quebec, and adopted by many writers, says that from the very foundation of the colony there existed at Petit-Cap, or Beaufré, a little wooden chapel dedicated to St. Anne. It was built by sailors of Bretagne, who, caught in a tempest, and mindful of St. Anne of Auray, vowed to erect a chapel in her honor wherever she should aid them in effecting a landing.

This tradition, however, is opposed by the well-known historian, M. Faillon. He maintains that the first chapel built at Beaufré to honor St. Anne was that constructed in 1658 by Vicar-General Queylus. Whether or not the chapel of 1658 was the first, certain it is that the very beginning of the work of building it was signalized by marvellous cures. A farmer of Beaufré who had long been suffering from kidney disease, having hauled three stones for the foundation, was suddenly restored to perfect health and strength. On hearing of this occurrence, a poor woman, bent almost double and obliged to drag herself along with the help of a staff, began to invoke St. Anne, and forthwith found herself standing erect, with the free use of her limbs. These cures, followed by many others, made the little chapel a shrine of pilgrimage for the whole country.

In 1665 Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, writing from Quebec, said: "Seven leagues from here there is a village called Petit-Cap, or Beaufré, where there is a church of St. Anne, in which Our Lord works great prodigies in favor of this holy mother of the most holy Virgin."

In 1668 the Rev. Thomas Morel, pastor of St.

Anne of Beaupré, published his "Miracles of St. Ann." Mgr. Laval examined and approved the work, adding to his written approbation this noteworthy sentence: "We confess that nothing has more efficaciously aided us in sustaining the weight of the pastoral charge of this struggling church than the special devotion manifested to St. Anne by the people of this country; a devotion which—we affirm it with certitude—distinguishes them from all other peoples."

Father Queylus' chapel soon became too small for the ever-increasing number of pilgrims. It was built, too, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, in a situation that exposed it to serious damage from occasional freshets. A new edifice was erected, higher up on the hillside, by the Rev. M. Fillion in 1676. This second chapel, enlarged in 1694, remained until 1784. At that date it was almost entirely rebuilt on the same site. Finally, in 1876, a third one was erected—the present magnificent edifice, whose interior decorations were completed only within the past few years.

This grand testimonial of devotion to the mother of Mary cost over two hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the sums paid for decorative purposes. It is one hundred and fifty-two feet long and fifty-four wide. When the church was begun, the building fund amounted to only sixteen thousand dollars, subscribed by the parishioners of Beaupré. Soon, however, its construction became a more general work. The faithful of all the Canadian dioceses, and some of those in the United States as well, sent in their offerings, and the pastor of Beaupré was relieved of the phantom of debt he had seen looming up before him.

The new church was consecrated on the 17th of October, 1876, by the Archbishop of Quebec, who after the ceremony proceeded to the old building, and, accompanied by the whole parish, transferred from thence the precious relic of St. Anne to the new sanctuary. This relic—a portion of one of the fingers—was sent to Beaupré in 1688 by the chapter of Carcassonne, in compliance with the request of Mgr. Laval.

"Every day of the year," says the Abbé Goselin in his excellent "Manual of the Pilgrim to the Good St. Anne," "at the conclusion of each Mass, the relic is offered to the veneration of the people, who kiss it with a faith worthy of the first Christians. Not satisfied with applying it

to their lips and to various objects of piety which they have with them, they often seize the priest's hand and press the holy relic to their hearts."

The number of well-attested miracles wrought at Beaupré is annually growing larger, and the circle of St. Anne's influence is proportionately widening. A marked feature of late years has been the large pilgrimages from various points in the Eastern States. It is a healthy sign, in an age so material, to note that men do still "see with the eyes of the spirit," and that faith in the supernatural is so firm.

My Joy.

BY JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

I.

THY hands have made me; in soul-saving flood
Thy Heart poured forth for me its Precious
Blood;

And Thy sweet breath gave me its life divine:
Therefore, my God and Saviour, I am Thine!

II.

Thine by the mighty Maker's matchless art,
Thine by the Passion of His broken Heart,
Marked on my brow with the sin-scaring sign,—
My God, my Saviour, soul and body Thine!

III.

Slave of my passions, by Thy love set free,
Bound in eternal servitude to Thee,
Thy right in me yielded with glad accord,
The slave of Christ—the freeman of the Lord.

IV.

O glorious Love! that takes that outcast name,
Once the sad sign of suffering and of shame,
And makes it, when for Christ man doth it bear,
Than royal titles freer and more fair.

V.

Therefore, to render up to Thee above
All the deep, tender passion of my love,
All the poor service that Thou wouldst employ,
Is not alone my duty, but my joy.

VI.

And whatso'er I do, Lord, let it be
Done from the heart, with single eye to Thee:
My purest motive and my best reward
To be Christ's slave—the freeman of the Lord!

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

THE next morning Carmela was seated again in her favorite corner of the *patio*; but, instead of needlework, she had now an English book in her hands, which she was so absorbed in studying that she did not hear a step enter from the street, and the sudden stroke of the door-bell was necessary to rouse her. Then, glancing up quickly, she saw a tall man, draped in the graceful Spanish cloak which is the distinguishing dress of the priesthood since the Government forbade their appearance in public in the *soutane*, smiling on her through the bars of the iron gates. She sprang up, and, going forward eagerly, admitted him. It was the priest who had been preaching in San Felipe the night before. He had a face of mingled power and sweetness, characteristic of his race in its clear, olive-tinted skin, its finely chiselled features, and deep, dark eyes; but with a charm so personal and peculiar in its smile and expression that the pleasure with which Carmela greeted him was not surprising.

"You have not been to see us for some time, Señor Padre," she said when he entered. "It is good of you to come at last."

"I have been much engaged," he answered; "but it does not do to lose sight of one's friends too long. One never knows what may occur. Your parents are well?"

"Very well. Ah, mamma"—as Señora Echeveria advanced from a room near by,—"here is Padre Agostino come to see us!"

"You are a thousand times welcome!" said Señor Echeveria to the Father, who, as the mode of addressing him implied, belonged to one of the proscribed religious orders, a few members of which are still found in the Mexican cities, aiding the secular clergy in their arduous work. "We were at San Felipe last night and heard you preaching," she went on, after the usual salutations had been exchanged. "But we did not hear all of your sermon. I should have liked to do so, but we had some strangers, foreigners, with us."

"Who are not Catholics," said the priest. "I

saw them. It surprised me a little to observe who they accompanied; for I did not imagine you had, or were likely to form, such acquaintances."

"A few days ago I should have said that we were not at all likely to do so," answered the Señora, smiling. "But unexpected things happen. These are American relatives of Carmela's. They seem very distinguished people; and I am glad she should have the opportunity to know something of her father's family."

"Ah, they are relatives of Carmela's!" repeated the priest, turning his dark eyes, which were yet very penetrating eyes, on the young girl. "And does she like them also?"

"Very much," Carmela answered, frankly. "They are very kind and pleasant; and, although of course they are different in many things from ourselves, I like the difference—I mean that I like to know what other people are."

"Especially people that you are connected with by blood—that is natural," said the Father. "And will they remain here long, these strangers?"

"They have no plans," said Señora Echeveria; "but it is likely that they may remain some time. They are here for the health of the young lady. She does not seem ill, but it appears that she can not bear a cold climate. So they leave home in winter."

"And the gentleman is her husband?"

"Oh, no—her brother. It is not according to our custom that they should be travelling alone in this manner, but no doubt it is the custom of their country; and they seem to have been almost everywhere in the world. It is wonderful that people can like to take such journeys," added the Señora, meditatively. "For me I have never been farther than Puebla, and I hope that I shall not ever have to take that journey again. To San Pedro in the summer and back to Guadalajara in the winter—it is enough."

Padre Agostino looked at Carmela, and saw another spirit in her eyes. He sighed a little. His interest in the girl had always been great, and he had felt a thrill of alarm for her when he saw the tall, fair stranger by her side the night before. Now he felt sure that this alarm was well founded. He did not at once fear (although he knew it was to be reckoned as a possible danger) any entanglement of the heart; but he said to himself that the soul heretofore so peaceful

would be filled with desires antagonistic to peace,—with longings for the world, and possibly with many ideas dangerous to faith. He read Carmela sufficiently to know that hers was no ordinary nature, and that dangers which would be no dangers at all to a commonplace girl would be fraught with peril for her.

"Since your friends are not Catholic, of what religion are they?" he asked, after a moment.

There was a slight pause. Neither Señora Echeveria nor Carmela felt able to answer this question. Then the former said:

"The young man seems very liberal and unprejudiced, but he does not appear to have much religion of any kind. He admires the Catholic religion, however; and so does his sister. She was telling me last night that she thinks our ceremonies are beautiful. They are not like us,—these Americans, Father. Sometimes they have no religion and yet they are good people."

By this rather obscure statement Señora Echeveria meant to say that the negation of religion in America often took the form of complete indifference combined with some natural virtues; whereas in Mexico, as in the Catholic nations of Europe, it is always violently hostile to the Church. The Father, who readily understood her meaning, smiled.

"That is true," he said; "but such goodness is of a very limited character, and is generally associated with much worldliness. There is, however, great difference between those who have fallen into unbelief from Protestantism and those who have forsaken the Church. Yet I should not voluntarily seek association with either."

"But in this case—" said Señora Echeveria.

"In this case you have no alternative. As relatives of her father, these strangers have a claim upon Carmela; and"—with another sigh—"no one can be shielded from all possibilities of harm, nor would it be well that it should be so."

"And pray what harm do you fear for me, Father, in this association?" the girl asked quickly, yet with respect.

Padre Agostino hesitated for a moment before answering. How could he make clear to her the dangers he foresaw? And would anything be gained by doing so? He decided that nothing would be gained, and so replied:

"There are few associations, my child, in which

there are not some possibilities of harm; and in those who are strangers—of whom we know nothing except that they are alien in faith and country—it is natural to suppose that these might exist. It is well to bear this in mind; and if they do not exist, so much the better. To have been on our guard is only wise."

"It may be wise, but it seems to me also ungrateful to be on one's guard against kindness and consideration," she said. "And that is what my cousins show—not only to me, but to everything Mexican. If you knew them, Father, you would not fear that any harm could come to me through them."

He looked at the young face so full of ignorant confidence and trust; and then, glancing at Señora Echeveria's placid, smiling countenance, he knew that further words of warning would be useless. It was as he had said. No human soul or life can be shielded from all possibilities of harm. It was necessary that Carmela should run the gauntlet of perils, that might, for a time at least, darken the fair horizon of her life, and only prayers could at present avail to help her.

"It is probable that if I knew your friends, I might find them all that you describe," he said, courteously. "Meanwhile, since they like our ceremonies and customs, do not fail to take them to the Santuario on the *fiesta* of Guadalupe."

"We were in the Santuario yesterday, and they admire it exceedingly," replied Carmela. "Señor Lestrangle intends to make a picture of it."

"He is an artist, then?"

"Only for amusement," remarked Señora Echeveria quickly, anxious not to lower the importance of these new connections. "He has no need to paint pictures for money. But his sister says that he has a great talent."

"Ah!" said the priest, smiling. He probably thought that the opinion of a sister on such a point was not very conclusive; and that a young man who painted for amusement only was not very likely to accomplish much. At all events, he changed the subject of conversation, and did not allude again to the Lestranges.

But Carmela by no means forgot what he had said. To listen with respect to all his opinions and admonitions had been the habit of her life, and now for the first time she felt in herself a spirit of opposition. It was unjust, she thought

with something faintly approaching indignation, to judge unkindly, and suspect of possible harm, people whose only fault was that they had been born in another country, and inherited, through no fault of their own, another faith. She almost said to herself that Padre Agostino was narrow-minded, and she was certain that nothing could have been more unnecessary than his warnings. The charm of the strangers, with their knowledge of the world, and culture wider than any she had known before, had already wrought upon her deeply. New springs of thought and feeling had waked within her, and to suspect danger in anything so attractive as this association was too much to ask of her.

"Padre Agostino does not know them," she said to herself. "If he did he would think of them differently. He judges them from what he knows of other Americans, other Protestants; and that is not just."

And with this final reflection, this final rejection of the warning conveyed to her, she opened again the English book which Miriam had given her, and was soon absorbed in eager mastery of its idioms and ideas.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Rienzi.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

DURING the consideration of his case Cola di Rienzi was confined in a cell in the upper part of the tower of Trouillas. A chain was fastened to his ankle, but his food was the same as that of the Pope, and books were furnished him in abundance.* It would appear that Charles IV. communicated none of Rienzi's plans or *fraticelli* doctrines to the Pontiff; and, says Christophe, "we must not confound the real errors of these friars (which Rienzi's letter to Friar Angelo shows him to have certainly embraced) with the one charged to him toward the end of his tribunate, and which Clement VI., in his address to the Romans, reduced to this proposition: 'The city of Rome and the Universal Church are one and

the same thing.'* But a matter of so little importance would not have been seriously regarded as a heresy."

Petrarch informs us that the judges examined only two charges—that of having tried to withdraw the Roman States from the papal domination, and of having sustained that the Holy Roman Empire, the election thereto of its Emperor and its suzerainty, belonged to the Roman people. Only the clemency of the Pontiff saved Rienzi from a traitor's death. Petrarch says that the culprit's escape was due to the discovery that he was a great poet, and the judges could not bring themselves to condemn a poet. But, observes Christophe, "this singular discovery might deceive the populace; however, no sensible person, not even Petrarch himself, would credit it. Rienzi never composed a single verse. We can only suppose, therefore, that his acquittal was due to the Pope's kindness." He was restored to freedom, but was forbidden to leave Avignon.

Meanwhile the Eternal City had again become the scene of factions. The government instituted by the legate, Bertrand de Deux, very soon vanished, and once more brigandage was the order of the day. On December 26, 1350, the disgusted people, guided by a few wise men, assembled in the Basilica of St. Mary Major, and determined to vest authority in an absolute hand. Having selected one John Cerroni, a man of integrity, they rushed to the Capitol, expelled the senator, Luca Savelli, and forced all the nobles to recognize their choice; while he, in turn, swore fidelity to the Holy See before the papal vicar. But Cerroni held office only twenty months; he felt his own weakness, he could not bear the derision of the nobility, and hence resigned. The factions now resumed their sway. On September 14, 1351, the people again seized the Capitol, and, seduced by the eloquence of Francis Baroncelli—called *lo schiavo*, or "the slave," a senatorial scrivener,—restored the tribunate in the person of this demagogue. For a time there was order, but the new master soon played the tyrant; riots followed, and in one of them he perished. But while yet in power Baroncelli was the unconscious cause of Rienzi's restoration to the tribunate.

* Raynald, y. 1347, no. 19. "Universalem Ecclesiam blasphemare non metuens, præfatam Ecclesiam civitatemque Romanam idem esse asseruit."

* "Fragmenta," b. ii, c. 13.

Pope Clement VI. was called to his reward on the 5th of December, 1352; he was succeeded by Stephen Aubert, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, and grand penitentiary of the Roman Church, who took the name of Innocent VI. At that moment the temporal authority of the popes in the Roman States had become, thanks to the blunder of Clement V., almost a thing of the past.* To remedy this state of affairs, the new Pontiff dispatched the celebrated Cardinal Albornoz into Italy with extraordinary powers: he was to repress heresy, restore the honor of the priesthood, elevate the dignity of worship, banish political and social disorder, succor the poor, force a restitution of all territory stolen from the Holy See, and restore its sovereign and suzerain authority. How well he succeeded, after a struggle of fifteen years, is detailed by secular historians; we wish only to allude to his connection with Rienzi.†

While Albornoz was resting at Montefiascone, and superintending the fortification of that place—which he intended to make a base of operations for an aggressive campaign against the usurpers of the Papal States,—a deputation of Romans waited upon him, begging his immediate aid in preventing some other Baroncelli from again seizing on the Capitol. At this juncture the legate was in-

formed that Rienzi was entering the camp, bearing letters from the Pontiff. Having learned of the usurpation of Baroncelli, Innocent VI. had resolved to oppose the old tribune to the new one; he thought, said he to the Vice-Legate Harpajon, that Rienzi, taught by adversity, would abandon the romantic for the practical, and would sincerely direct his talents for the good of the Roman Church and the Roman people. Albornoz had now no need of Rienzi, Baroncelli having fallen; and, besides, he had little confidence either in the ex-tribune's talent or his sincerity. Hence he did not send him to Rome but to Perugia; taking care also, while assigning him a comfortable revenue, that it should be one which would furnish small resources to ambition.

However, accident aided Rienzi. For several years one of the most famous *condottieri* in Europe, Fra Moreale, a Knight Hospitaller of St. John—leading, however, a life in no way conforming to his religious profession,—had been amassing an enormous fortune by pillaging throughout Italy.* Just about this time he had deposited his capital in the banks of Perugia, and his two brothers, Arimbald and Brettone, were engaged in its investment. Rienzi formed their acquaintance, and, taking advantage of a

* The only cities where it was fully recognized were Montefiascone, in the Patrimony, and Montefalcone, in the Duchy of Spoleto. See Baluze, "Vite Paparum," vol. i, p. 323.

† We would draw the reader's attention to some reflections of Cantù on the changes effected by Albornoz in the government of the Papal States: "In accordance with the ideas of the Middle Age, so opposed to that absolutism of the State which has been introduced by the moderns, the Popes used to carry on their government in union with the people—that is, with the Roman Republic. When the Pontiffs were far away, this Republic so prevailed that Cola cited the Emperor and electors of Germany to account for their titles to the Roman people. It was the Cardinal Albornoz who tried to establish a true sovereignty, after the fashion that was then becoming general. He destroyed the petty lords, recovered the cities—glad to obey the Pontiff rather than these tyrants,—and, with his 'Egidian Constitutions,' he guaranteed many privileges; taking care, nevertheless, to secure a free exercise of sovereignty by means of a union of the provinces. These 'Constitutions' remained the real public law of the Romagna, and were printed in 1472, and afterward, with various additions. The Holy See, conforming to the ideas of kingcraft then becoming prevalent, endeavored to enlarge its royal preroga-

* His first reputation was gained in the service of King Louis of Hungary in Naples. Forced to surrender Aversa, where he was royal vicar, in 1352, he served a while under the papal standard against John of Vico, and then became a freebooter.

tives, while the provinces jealously clung to their own statutes; the pontifical government remained, after the ancient manner, nominal rather than despotic. Affairs continued in this state until the revolution of 1797 dispossessed the Pope; afterward the restoration of 1814 reinstated him.

"The adversaries of the temporal dominion insist that this government of the Popes was exercised only in dependence from the imperial supremacy. Well, let us ignore all history, and accept this assumption of the imperialists. At any rate, in 1804 the Holy Roman Empire had ceased to be, and all the powers said to be derived from it were declared to be possessed of full authority; in the congress of 1815 (Vienna) it was agreed that all mediate jurisdiction should cease, and that each government should enjoy full and independent sovereignty. Therefore, so far as other rulers were concerned, the Popes also became absolute masters of their State. In regard to their people, the Pontiffs ought to have respected the privileges which they had conceded and hitherto maintained; but these privileges

romantic disposition on the part of Arimbald, he seduced his imagination with the prospect of immortal glory, to be attained by a revival of the majesty of ancient Rome. Rienzi would at once make him a Roman citizen, and appoint him grand captain of the Roman forces. Arimbald, therefore, loaned the adventurer 3,000 florins, and prevailed on Moreale to advance 4,000. Then Rienzi put on an ermine robe, knightly spurs, etc., and, accompanied by the two brothers, waited on Albornoze again at Montefiascone, and demanded the senatorship of Rome. In the legate's camp there were a great many Romans, who now seemed to remember only the favorable side of Rienzi's former administration; again, the Cardinal had experienced the inability of Guido d'Isola, the senator whom he had appointed.* Rienzi was therefore made senator; and, followed by about five hundred soldiers, whom Malatesta of Rimini had just dismissed, he set out for Rome.

Had Rienzi been another Scipio Africanus he

* Epistle of Albornoze to Innocent VI., in the archives of the Albornoze College at Bologna, cited by Christophe.

had been abolished by the unlimited sway of the (French) usurpers, accustomed at that time to unconditional despotism; and, finally, the men of the restoration (Congress of Vienna)—enemies to history, as all would-be tyrants are—wished that, especially in Italy, there should survive no constitutions or written records of the rights of the people. So they compelled the Pontiff to become an absolute monarch like themselves. Cardinal Consalvi, who was not hostile to the new ideas, prompted the Pope to issue the *motu proprio*, which systematized the public administration under a general law, instead of the multifarious and particular ones of old. From the centre had to emanate all appointments of magistrates, all edicts and financial enactments; one alone of all the modern ravings—the law of conscription—was not enforced, and yet that one was indispensable if the others were to be kept in force. Absolutism, therefore, was an entirely new thing in the Papal States; and when Pius IX. initiated and blessed the Italian movement, he protested, in the Constitution of March 14, 1848, that he did nothing but 'restore some ancient institutions which were for a long time the mirror of the wisdom of our august predecessors'; and that 'in the olden time our communes had the privilege of governing themselves, under laws chosen by themselves, with the sovereign sanction.' Behold one of the many proofs that liberty is old and despotism new; but to-day, all moral and political sense being lost, the name of one is bestowed on the other." (Eretici d'Italia," disc. viii.)

could not have been received by the Romans with more idolatrous enthusiasm. Nearly all the inhabitants went out as far as Monte Mario to meet him. Olive-branches, sign of victory and peace, were in every hand. The entire route to the Capitol was decorated with triumphal arches; and, as time had not permitted that degree of ornamentation which their hearts would have furnished, the women covered these arches with their daintiest robes. The soil trodden by the procession could not be seen, so thickly was it strewn with flowers; and hundreds of choirs sang the glories of the "liberator."

Arrived at the Capitol, Rienzi pronounced one of his grandiloquent harangues, named Arimbald and Brettone captains and standard-bearers of the Roman armies, and dispatched news of his accession to all the cities and feudatories of the papal dominions. Never had ruler a more promising prospect than that now open, before Rienzi; but a few days showed that experience had taught him nothing. Armed guards constantly accompanied him; his profuse expenditures exhausted the treasury, and he levied new and exorbitant taxes; he became a glutton and a drunkard, and ere long his inflamed visage and ungainly frame excited disgust. Not only did he neglect to pay Moreale the money advanced, but he extorted further sums, and reduced Arimbald and Brettone to penury. When Moreale himself came to Rome to insist on his dues, he was arrested, tried, and decapitated, under pretext of his many depredations. The undoubted guilt of the ex-Hospitaller might have neutralized the indignation felt by the Romans because of Rienzi's ingratitude; but while the scaffold yet reeked with the blood of the brigand, it received another victim in the person of Pandolfuccio di Guido, a citizen universally esteemed for probity and wisdom, whose only crime was his popularity.

The once loved Rienzi now inspired only hate and fear. But his vanity led him to regard the sombre silence around him as indicative of unlimited submission, and not as the token of popular anger. Every day saw some new victim dragged off to the Capitol, there to lose life or fortune; and scarcely two months from the day of his restoration, horror lost its stupefying influence on the people, and they arose in their might to administer punishment. On the morning

of October 8, 1354, says Matthew Villani,* the tribune, yet in his bed, was washing his face with Greek wine, when he heard shouts of "Live the people!" Soon great numbers of armed men invested the Capitol, and the cry went up, "Death to the traitor Rienzi!" At first the tribune scorned to notice the rioters; he would not order the great bell to be rung, to summon such of his partisans as remained faithful.† When he realized his danger, he found that of all his council and even of his body servants three alone remained with him. It may have been true courage, or his ever dominant love of the theatrical, or even a mixture of both, which now inspired Rienzi; but he put on his armor, and, taking the standard of the people in his hand, he went out onto the main balcony of the palace. Raising his hand to command silence, he once more essayed the magic of his eloquence; but a shower of missiles fell around him, his right arm was wounded, and the redoubled yells of the furious multitude rendered his voice powerless.

Returning to his room, Rienzi excogitated and abandoned many plans to retain his position, or at least secure his safety; and the palace was already in flames and the outer doors forced when he threw off his armor and all the insignia of his dignity, cut off his beard, stained his countenance, put on the dress of a peasant, and, throwing a mattress on his shoulders as though he were one of the pillagers now at work in the palace, he mixed in the crowd, and was already out on the square, when his golden bracelets, forgotten in the excitement, attracted attention; and, being questioned as to his identity, he admitted that he was the tribune. Rough hands dragged him to the Steps of the Lion, where he had pronounced so many sentences of death; but during an entire hour, while he was exposed to the scoffs of the mob, no violence was offered him. At length one Francis del Vecchio plunged his sword to the hilt into the abdomen of the unfortunate man; a notary named Trejo cut off his head; the

crowd fell on, cut the body to pieces, and finally cast them into the flames.

Thus perished Cola di Rienzi,—a warning to all who would fain resuscitate ideas which are repugnant to those of their age, or unadapted to the spirit of the society in which they move. It were unjust to Rienzi to compare him to the Red Shirt of modern Italian demagogism; although, like that filibuster, he could excite a revolution, while unable to direct it. Rienzi could seize power, but could not maintain his hold. He was a learned man, but was wanting in policy. Character he had, and yet he was a braggart. However, his figure will always be prominent in history; for, as Christophe well remarks, in his enterprise there was a grandeur which must ever distinguish it from the common run of revolutions, in which corrupt men often involve the masses in order to tyrannize over them.

A Household Lamp.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A STARLIKE flame, a point of light
By day, by night,
Within my home; before a group
Where heaven to earth doth gently stoop.

The olive berry's precious oil
Brings peace through hours of ceaseless toil;
Brings counsel meet
From Wisdom's Seat;
Hope for a happy death
When flits this mortal breath;
All through one slender, starlike flame,
By day, by night the same.

I can not say
If it consoles me most
By day or night;
But this I still may boast:
A wondrous cheer,
As if the sweetest friend were near,
When heart doth speak to heart
Confidingly, from all the world apart,
Comes with this little flame,
By day, by night the same,
Which burns in Jesus, Mary, Joseph's name.

* Fortifiocca ascribes the awakening of the people to even an earlier date—September 8,—but the best critics follow Villani in this matter.

† The insurgents were principally from the quarters of Castel Sant' Angelo, Ripa, and Colonna, where the Savelli and Colonna families had great influence. In the other *riioni*, Rienzi's friends were more numerous.

A Catholic Educational Exhibit in the World's Columbian Exposition.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

THE note of busy preparation for the coming Columbian Exposition in Chicago, May, 1893, is to be seen all over the country; and even in distant lands we read of plans being laid and exhibits in course of preparation for the great Exposition. Already—before even the site has been determined on, before a plan has been drawn for the buildings—applications for space in great number are streaming in to the directors. These applications are made in behalf of States claiming allotment of ground for independent buildings, and from institutions and individuals seeking space in the main buildings of the Exposition for special or general exhibits. No matter how ample and capacious the buildings provided by the commission in charge, it is evident that the demand for “space” will have gone beyond the possible resources of the Exhibition long before the date fixed for the opening.

One of the most important departments in the World's Columbian Exposition will be the educational exhibit. It will deservedly occupy the foremost place in public interest and will be entitled to, and no doubt allotted, ample and fitting quarters, commensurate with its magnitude and importance. The educational system of the United States will be illustrated in all its details, from the *kindergarten* and primary common school to the high school and college; and from these up to the higher courses and classes of the “John Hopkins,” Harvard and Yale Colleges.

We may be sure that no effort or expense will be spared to make these exhibits and this department full and complete in every respect. This is to be desired and expected. The special importance justly attaching to this department of the Fair, and the wide interest that will be felt in it, certainly justify the most liberal concessions in space and the most generous efforts as well as outlay in the work of preparation.

The interest in this department will not be limited to the United States or to America. Our

foreign visitors will feel a particular eagerness to examine the methods and results of our much-vaunted public school and educational system,—so far at least as these can be demonstrated in a public exposition. They can hardly fail to convey a valuable and an instructive lesson to the thoughtful investigator.

And this brings me to the purpose and point of the present article. What plans and preparations are being made by our Catholic schools, academies and colleges to take part in the coming Exposition? Assuredly the Catholic educational system of the United States will have part, and a very important part, in this educational exhibit. The whole system of school and college work must be seen, and, if possible, in all its details. I am sure I do not exaggerate the importance of the Catholic school system in this country in claiming for it a prominent place and position in any educational exhibit that shall be made. But the warrant for this claim will depend in large measure on the unity of the exhibit. When we take into account the great number of the parochial schools, the numerous colleges and academies supported by the Catholic Church in the United States, it is easy to conceive how splendid and comprehensive an exhibit could be prepared, that would fairly illustrate the work of Catholic education in this country.

This can not be done without preparation, nor can it be done effectively without concert of action. Is it not time to take the initiative? And who shall begin the work? As to the parochial schools, I should say the Christian Brothers; the Jesuits naturally would take the lead as to the colleges. And the academies? I will not venture to suggest the community that ought to initiate the undertaking.

When recently visiting a well-known academy in the West I ventured to broach to the superior of the institution the subject of an exhibit of the educational work of the school, the reply was: “But we have nothing to show, and no means or time to prepare anything worth exhibiting.” While the remark was being made we were shown through the apartments, where the young ladies were at work preparing for the annual exhibition, then near at hand. There were to be seen on every hand exquisite embroideries, delicately hand painted, in every

variety known to woman's touch and taste; excellent studies in crayon and in color; admirable and beautiful displays in calligraphy, and a hundred other attractive objects that gave evidence of the painstaking training and high cultivation for which the academy is noted. It was natural to suggest that of what was before our eyes alone an interesting and valuable exhibit could be made. And this seemed a revelation to the lady superior, who, I suppose, saw nothing remarkable in the display that to the eyes of a worldling was in fact a surprising and suggestive exhibit.

What is required for such an exhibition as that of the World's Fair, I assume, is the everyday work of the school, the academy, and the college. Of course the highest and best results of that work can not be placed "on exhibition"—the religious and moral results produced in the character of the pupil. Nevertheless, the panoramic display of methods, of study, discipline, together with the work of the scholars, can not fail to impress the visitors. The Christian Brothers, I am told, won honorable mention and notice in the Philadelphia International Exposition; as did also the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for educational exhibits in the New Orleans Fair. Why not, then, have a united display on the part of the entire Catholic educational system in the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago?

Apart from the ordinary incentive of contributing to the interest and attractions of the Exposition itself, and of taking our full part in its exhibits as we may, there is the higher and stronger motive of showing the American people and the world what the Catholic Church has done and is steadily and loyally doing in the cause of education—in the training of the youth of the country, and in the formation of the mental and moral character of so vast a number of those who are to enter into its life, and who are to aid in moulding and shaping its destinies. The importance of the opportunity can not be overestimated, and certainly should not be overlooked, nor action too long delayed.

Who will take the necessary initiative? What teaching order or community will promptly set the example for the others? I lately suggested that honored Notre Dame was "always in the front." Why not now take the lead in this important undertaking?

Our Lady of Copakabana.

ONE of the most renowned monuments to the glory of the Blessed Virgin in this western world is the church at Copakabana, near the mountains and lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, where, centuries ago, the Incas reigned supreme. In this sanctuary a statue is venerated,—the work of a native artist, Tuto-Yupanki, a descendant of the Incas, who, without any human instruction, but animated by devotion toward our Blessed Lady, carved this image, through the instrumentality of which so many of his countrymen have found consolation and help in the evils which afflict mankind upon earth. Notwithstanding revolutions and wars and the efforts of impious governments, this church has ever been a hallowed shrine, visited by pilgrims from all parts of South America, especially Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Peru. As many as thirty thousand pilgrims have frequently been seen on the road to this sanctuary.

In the year 1582 the country was afflicted by a famine. Prayers were offered up and pious associations formed; but, as there was no union of hearts, no relief was obtained. It was then that Francis Tuto-Yupanki, through devotion and in fulfilment of a vow, began his work upon a statue of the Blessed Virgin, accompanying each stroke of the chisel with a prayer. When he had finished he told a number of persons that his idea was that this statue would serve to restore devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the country. But they all ridiculed him. To them it appeared absurd to place in any church, no matter how poor and humble, the rude work of a man who had received no instruction. However, the simple artist placed his statue, for the time being, in the house of Father Narasette, a Franciscan.

Soon a miraculous light was observed, that seemed to emanate from the statue. Then one of the chief men of Copakabana proposed to Yupanki to place the statue in the parochial church; and on the 2d of February, 1583, it was solemnly enshrined by the Franciscan Fathers, who at that time had charge of the mission. The most happy results soon manifested themselves, especially in a remarkable increase of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin. Large throngs of suppliants filled

the church, and the many wonderful favors obtained spread throughout the country the name and power of Our Lady of Copakabana. And this devotion was no passing fit of enthusiasm: it developed from year to year, and the old church could not accommodate the crowds that hastened thither to venerate the statue and implore help from God through the intercession of the Mother of the Word made Flesh.

Then the present majestic edifice was built. No description can do it justice. It is erected within a large square surrounded by trees, and the whole enclosed by massive walls. The entrance to the church is a kind of Moorish archway with iron gates, made in Spain. Behind the main altar is Yupanki's statue of the Blessed Virgin. It is reached by a double stairway, the steps of which are well worn by the feet of pious pilgrims, who for upward of two hundred years have gone there to pray; and the large number of *ex-votos* suspended before the statue bear testimony to their faith and gratitude.

The fame of the statue of Our Lady of Copakabana has spread far and wide, and a number of exact copies have been made. St. Alphonsus Turibio placed one in the Cathedral of Lima; the Augustinian Fathers placed another in the Church of St. Ildephonsus at Rome; and a third was erected with great solemnity at Madrid. Several books have been published which have contributed materially to the spread of devotion to Our Lady of Copakabana.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE PLUTOCRAT.

THE rich man, the man enormously rich, is becoming more and more a prominent figure in America. And perhaps nowhere in the world are there so many ignorant and unhappy rich men,—so many conceited and absurd rich men.

Riches, when they are not merely accidental, suppose energy and solidity of character in the man that gains them. But after they are gained the ignorant man begins to fancy that they are all powerful. He is told that they can buy anything. And for a time he believes it. He can

wear the biggest diamonds, drive the fastest horses, have himself "interviewed" in the press of his predilection. He can even buy himself a place in the senate of his country, if he knows how to go about it. What can money not buy? He looks down, from above the diamond shining in his shirt front, and surveys the world like a modern Jove. He boasts; he browbeats; he thinks and talks about the power of money. And the ignorant, who are deceived by appearances, take him at his word. He is, in his present stage, the most vulgar and offensive creature in existence.

In his heart, he thinks that God must be pleased to look down and see him—a millionaire, remember!—in the best pew of His church. He does not say this, but it is plain that he believes it. He reflects, when his eye glances around the sacred edifice, that he could buy it over and over again, and never feel the loss. If he be a Protestant, he is the man that forces the unhappy minister to crouch before him or go. A Catholic, he gets up, swelling and pompous, when the priest seems to touch any of his favorite opinions adversely in his sermon. But he has soul enough to know that he can not buy the last Sacraments. This knowledge and fear are the only power that keeps the ignorant plutocrat of the Catholic belief decent.

Is this the type of man we are to point out to our young children and say, "Imitate him!" when we see his carriage, with a coat of arms bought by his wife in London, on the panels,—this man who believes that even friends can be bought; who regards religion and art and poetry, and beauty of life, as lower than the mere possession of money? It will be an evil day when he becomes the type for imitation.

Riches make a true man more humble, more fearful; for he feels their enormous responsibility. The vulgar see no other use for money except to spend it on themselves. Our plutocrat is in a new sphere, for which he has not been educated. He soon gets accustomed to outward luxury. His wife and children long for new fields. America is too contracted for them—there is Europe! But what is Athens to a man whose mind is in the vault at his bank? or Rome to one who has not the warmth of the faith in his heart, or does not know the meaning of poetry? He finds that he is fit only for the pleasant pursuit of lording

over his underlings at home. He can not buy friendship, but his power can enforce servility and his champagne companionship—such as it is.

But there is vengeance in his children. His daughters, by comparison, find papa—oh—“too American!” He will make them aristocrats. It is easy, and they marry titles, with the proviso that papa shall stay in America; where he stays, and enjoys the pleasure of roaring out, when the champagne begins to tell, “Ain’t I the grandfather of a prince?” His boys, too, must be anglicized or foreignized. They have been brought up to believe that money is the only good, the enjoyment of the senses the only pleasure, and they live in these heresies. Look around you, and you will see them.

The vulgar plutocrat never endows a college; he condescends to the Church, except when he can get a prelate to dine with him; he makes himself hateful to angels and men by posing as representative Catholic—because he is rich—when such a pose can add to his prestige. He has never learned to give. He dies, and his aristocratic children are relieved; they can have the amusement of fighting over his will. He dies, and let us hope—but certainly heaven is not made for such arrogant, vain, irresponsible creatures, who seem in life to have instincts rather than souls.

Women in Business.

ONE hears surprising opinions nowadays regarding the sphere and the rights of women. Some of these opinions are more than surprising, considering the position of those who express them. It is asserted that woman is the equal of man in mental qualities, that she is physically capable of performing nearly all the business and professional duties of men; she is urged not to consider marriage her destiny, or the home her special sphere, but to enter the doors of commercial and professional life—to engage in the strife for gain and renown. Her rights, she is told, are the same as those of men, and she is exhorted to demand them. Times have changed, it is said, and an era of emancipation for woman has dawned,—emancipation from what is termed domestic servitude.

Times have indeed changed, and we have changed with them if opinions like these are not generally controverted. We like to think that they are shared by very few, and that the rising generation of women believe, with their fathers and brothers, that the true destiny of woman—we speak in general terms—is the making of homes and the training up of children in the knowledge, love and fear of God.

Our attention has been called to an article on this subject published in a recent number of the *Specimen*, a journal for printers and publishers, issued in Chicago. As far as commercial life is concerned—and to this point we confine ourselves—it leaves nothing to be said; and we have rarely seen an abler or more temperate defence of the conservative side of a question which seems to be oftenest discussed by those who have given it least consideration. Says the writer:

“The perpetuity of our present civilization depends upon the separate and distinct maintenance of two relations in life,—viz., the commercial and the domestic—the public and the private—the world and the home—the strife and rivalry of life on one side, and the sweet peace of domestic concord on the other. Man never approached civilization until he began to recognize the necessity, the value, the glory of a home life. The most progressive nations to-day are those which are founded upon, and lend the force of the government to preserve inviolate, the homes of their people....

“If, then, the home is such a necessary and noble institution, is it not entitled to as much care and study, and the application of as much genius, as that other factor of our civilization—the store or workshop? Admitting that woman is the equal of man in mental qualities, what could be more proper than that she should have the sphere of home for her especial care and responsibility? How could greater honor be conferred upon her than to make her the presiding genius of one of the two foundation stones of our civilization? It is a recognition of her superior virtues, her innate refinement and gentleness, that to her care is committed the shaping of the domestic life of both sexes, and the unfolding of character at its tenderest period.

“Which stands in the more honorable—nay, the more glorious—attitude toward the commu-

nity: the man who has had a successful business career and has gained a fortune, whose check is always honored and whose name is a synonym for integrity and uprightness, or the woman who has trained up a family of children in the way of honor and virtue? Which of them has conferred the greater and more lasting benefit upon the community? . . . While the man engages in the struggle with his fellows, the woman is laboring in the service of heaven itself when she is bringing up a generation of men and women who will be better than their predecessors. The noblest ambition of any generation is to bring up their children to a higher conception of life and its purposes than they themselves possessed. Have we the right, then, to neglect the younger members of the human family, that the older ones may be made more comfortable?"

No prudent guide will advise the young women of our day to enter the arena of commercial life unless necessity requires it. The very atmosphere is levelling, antagonistic to the higher sentiments of womanhood. It is an atmosphere of intense selfishness, as any one who breathes it can bear witness. A sufficient number of women will be forced into stores and workshops by poverty, avaricious or drunken fathers and improvident mothers, or by the necessity of supporting helpless members of the family. But to encourage young girls to enter the race with men, and to expect to meet men on equal terms in the struggle of life, is simply to delude them. God and nature have given their denial in advance to these fallacies. The nineteenth century can not re-create woman; and if it could make her fit for such a struggle, it would destroy the principal factor in civilization—the home.

"If I were a preacher," said one, "I would spend all my time dwelling on the pure but intense humanity of Jesus, His closeness to our hearts, His gentleness with souls, His all-absorbing love for His chosen earthly friends and companions. What joy in their joy, what sympathy with their needs, what consolation in their sorrows,—His tears mingling with theirs! *Jesus loved*. The words express wonders, if we but realized it. He loved with the tenderness of man, with the unselfishness and purity of God."

Notes and Remarks.

The number of cures effected at Lourdes, as Dr. Maclou remarks, is a miracle in itself, irrespective of the miraculous character of any particular cure. The argument is simple and forcible. Some nervous diseases, especially when of recent date, may be instantaneously cured. But this occurrence is rare, very rare, and could not in the natural order of things become frequent. For instance, a man dies in his bed at the age of one hundred and twenty. Ten men could not in less than a year die at the same age in that same bed. Such an occurrence would be a prodigy, for the same reason that renders miraculous the cure of the innumerable and inveterate diseases which, during thirty years, have been seen to vanish instantaneously at Lourdes.

"None so blind as those who will not see," and the swarm of *pseudo*-scientists who deny the supernatural character of the extraordinary events occurring almost daily at the Rock of Massabielle will probably continue for years to come suggesting to sane intellects Ruskin's characterization of Darwin—"a dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars."

The Chapel of the Grotto at Cairo, which was the dwelling-place of the Holy Family after their flight into Egypt, and which has been closed to Catholic pilgrims for upward of twenty years, is again open for the celebration of Mass.

In the course of a kindly notice of our Silver Jubilee the *Catholic Home*, of Chicago, observes:

"There is, however, a more pregnant signification in this almost universal rejoicing over the prosperity of a deserving Catholic periodical: it is an indication of that spirit of union animating the Catholic population, and manifesting itself day by day more clearly and decidedly. It is a spirit which makes us feel that we are one throughout the land; that personal and sectional interests are to be disregarded in our grand brotherhood; that the success of one is the success of all, since all are working with the same motives and interests, and for the same noble end. This spirit has never been so pronounced amongst us as it has since the happy celebration of last November; and during the few months since

that auspicious occasion it is not hard to see that the same spirit is daily increasing.

"That there is daily more and more need of such unanimity among Catholics can scarcely be doubted, when we consider what large proportions our numbers are assuming in the general population. During the twenty-five years of THE "AVE MARIA'S" prosperous career, the increase of the Catholic population has been about 200 per cent., while that of the whole population will scarcely exceed 75 per cent. The larger our numbers become, the greater is the need of a strict union among Catholics in all parts of the land; and any manifestation of such a spirit of union is the best promise of the Church's future in the Republic."

The Society of the Propagation of the Faith, which is such a valuable auxiliary to the Church in the fulfilment of her divine mission upon earth, continues to be signally blessed by Heaven in the prosecution of its noble work. Notwithstanding the many trials to which the faithful were exposed during the past year—crop failures, labor troubles, depression of trade, demands made for the support of schools and other Catholic works, not to speak of faith and charity growing cold in so many hearts,—still there was no diminution in the contributions to the apostolic work of the Propagation of the Faith. In 1888 the collections amounted to 6,362,142 francs; in 1889 the total amount was 6,541,918 francs, showing an increase for the past year of 179,776 francs.

A bit of news which comes from Rome will fill with sadness all hearts that really love the poor and who know the circumstances of the poor. The *Guinta Comunale* has decreed the expulsion of the religious—friars and nuns—from all hospitals, refuges, infirmaries, and asylums within the communal jurisdiction. The laicization is to begin with the home for old men and women, San Cosimato, and the famous Maternita.

To most brain-workers a vacation means leisure,—*dolce far niente*, as the Italians put it. But to the Sisters of the teaching communities it means more work. Very few people have any idea of the amount of reviewing and revision done by the Sisters during the two hottest months of the year. In one convent school, with

whose methods we happen to be familiar, the time from the first day of vacation to the middle of August is carefully marked out. The work begins at eight o'clock, with a lecture by a specialist on some important study of the regular course in the school; and it continues, with short intervals for recreation, until six o'clock in the evening. Among the features of the course are lectures on the great musical composers, with recitals from their works. The Sisters do not depend on their own instructors, competent as they are, but engage months ahead every specialist that can be secured. In this way the convent schools keep up that high standard, which some people seem to imagine comes, like Dogberry's idea of reading and writing, "by nature." There are no teachers in the country who work so hard as the Sisters.

It is especially when a great work is to be wrought among the masses that the leaders of men appreciate the influence of the Church for good. In an address delivered before the Evangelical Social Congress held recently at Berlin, Herr Wagner, whose opinion on subjects connected with political economy is regarded in Germany as the last word, proposed to unite issues with Catholics on the social question. He declared that on this question "the great Church, the sister Church," should be the model. "Let us seek," said he, "that which will unite us to the Catholic Church, not that which will separate us."

The year 1889 showed a large increase in the number of pilgrims and of offerings at the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde, at Marseilles. A short time ago the number of Communions during the year did not exceed forty-five thousand; in 1889 they came up to seventy thousand, and the number of Masses celebrated was seven thousand.

From New Zealand comes a touching picture of the apostolic poverty and self-immolation practised by Father Becker, missionary to the Maoris. The hut in which he lives is thus described: "In the bare house stand one ancient and tumbling table and one aged chair; a few books are there, and from the roof hangs a lamp filled with oil from native vegetables; while in a

corner the sun reflects itself from the tinned surface of a biscuit box. This is nearly all; but, to be minute, a bundle of bamboos lie about for lining purposes in wet weather, and a sheet of paper covers the floor as a protection from damp in this land of perpetual streams. The Father is very contented, and he lives on the repulsive food of the Maoris, and according to their way of preparing it; for he is amongst them and of them. His flock, scattered through the mountains, and individually dotted far apart, numbers some three hundred, and to them he ministers in suns and snows."

How useless is controversy in the light of such an example as this! _____

The discalced Carmelite nuns celebrated the centenary of their establishment in Baltimore on the 11th inst. They were thus the first religious women to settle on the soil of the United States, though not the first within the present limits of the Union, the Ursulines having established themselves at New Orleans in 1727. Louisiana was then a French province. Besides the mother-house in Baltimore, the Carmelites have founded convents in St. Louis and New Orleans. An interesting history of these establishments has lately been published by the Rev. Father Currier, C. SS.R.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has just given another proof of his veneration for St. Thomas of Aquin. He himself has chosen the site for the new monument to the Angelic Doctor, which was the jubilee gift from the seminaries of the Catholic world—a statue of St. Thomas chiselled by Aureli, in a solid block of Carrara marble. It will be placed in the new *aula* of the Vatican Library. The statue is held to be a masterpiece.

During a violent speech made by Menotti Garibaldi at a municipal council in Rome, he alluded disparagingly to the Vatican. He was interrupted by cries of "What is the good of bringing the Vatican into the question? We have had enough of talk about the Vatican. At least the Vatican gave us to eat."

The simple wooden cross that has hitherto marked the grave of Father Junipero Serra, the

sainted apostle of California, is to be replaced by a beautiful marble monument, the gift of the wife of Senator Stanford of that State. The preaching of Father Serra did not cease with his death; for many a soul, gazing at the neglected grave of the great Franciscan, must have realized how little earthly greatness counts after death, and that what is not done for God is lost indeed.

The *Germania* asserts that Luther himself, in 1527, ten years after his falling away from the Church, wrote of the Immaculate Virgin (*Kirchenpostill*, opera, ed. Walch., Hallae, 1745, XI., 2616): "For it could not have been said of her, 'Blessed art thou,' if she had ever been under the curse. It was also right and just that that person should be preserved without sin from whom Christ was to take the flesh that should overcome all sin. For that is properly called 'blessed' which is endowed with God's grace—which is without sin."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. George Erhard, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death at Somonauk, Ill., last month. The deceased was one of the pioneer Catholic residents of the State, and was widely known and greatly esteemed.

Mr. Edward L. Rock, of Jefferson, Pa., who died suddenly on the 26th of June.

Mr. Anthony Thiele, who departed this life on the 3d inst., at Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. H. B. Dorman, whose happy death occurred on the 9th ult., at Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Mr. James McAleer, of Palmyra, Neb., who passed away on the 28th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. John Russell, of Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. Henry W. Jarboe, Centreville, Ind.; Miss Martha Enright, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Julia Donahoe, Marengo, Iowa; Edward F. Carthy, Portland, Me.; Nellie Kelly, East Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Barbara Lowe, Woodland, Cal.; James Cash and Mrs. Ellen Linnen, Bevington, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Little Gabe's Journey.

I.

FROM my window I could see the end of the court, where, in a couple of poor rooms, lived the family of little Gabriel, known familiarly in the neighborhood as "little Gabe." The father was employed in a candy manufactory, and the mother, a white-haired invalid at forty-five, used what strength she had remaining in attending to the affairs of the household.

The family consisted of five children; three of these were employed outside, but two remained with the parents—a girl of eighteen, a seamstress by trade, and little Gabe, who by reason of his being a cripple was unable to do anything. Poor little fellow! Born and nurtured in poverty, his naturally delicate constitution, which under favorable circumstances might have improved, only became weaker as insufficient food and scanty clothing strengthened the germs of disease. Although his head seemed sunken between his high shoulders, it was well shaped, with wavy locks of soft brown hair; and his countenance was exquisitely refined and expressive. He was eight years of age, but his delicate, shrunken limbs were those of a child of five; the little fellow could walk only with difficulty, and seldom stirred from the bench, where he sat nearly all day with the *concierger*.

His father, mother and sister adored the frail boy, perhaps because of his weakness, yet more on account of his beautiful disposition and intelligent mind. The doctor, thinking that a change from his monotonous life might be beneficial, advised them to send him to a school kept by the Sisters in an adjacent parish. After that time it seemed to me that the expression of the pale face grew even more intelligent than formerly. As I passed on the way to my lodgings I often noticed that he had his lap full of pictures of

saints, which he appeared to enjoy very much; and he was never without a small white rosary wound about his thin wrist, on which I now and again observed him, with childlike earnestness, counting *Ave Marias*.

One day, at the close of school, I found him thus occupied—the pictures ranged nicely on the bench against the wall of the house, and little Gabe, half sitting, half kneeling, on a large block of wood, which he had placed in front of the *concierger's* bench.

"What are you playing, my boy?" I asked, as he gave me his hand, and looked up smilingly into my face.

"I am not playing," he replied gravely, after a moment's pause. "Sister Natalie gave me these, that I might be cheerful and contented when the pain comes. They were martyrs—they suffered for Christ; and she says that I, too, can suffer for Him if I will."

"And so you sometimes have pain, my little fellow?" I continued.

"Ah, dreadful pain!" he answered. "Always, always I think of Our Lord then; for mamma and Jeanne bade me do so, and remember how He suffered and died on the cross. But I did not know about the martyrs till I went to school. That is St. Sebastian; he was pierced from head to foot with arrows. There is St. Lawrence; he was burned on a gridiron. This one at the end is St. Agnes; she was twelve years old; the lions would not eat her, but the wicked men killed her with a sword. And this one in the middle, with the beautiful curly hair and the wings, is St. Gabriel the Archangel, my own patron. But he appears to be strong and beautiful, not lame and sick like I am."

"You love him very much, no doubt?" I said, full of pity for the little fellow.

"Oh, yes, sir, very much indeed! For some day I expect him to take me to heaven, where perhaps I shall be, of course not so beautiful, but big and strong, with wings maybe, yet able to walk and run, if they do that in heaven."

He looked at me inquiringly, with a wistful expression in his large blue eyes, as though longing that I should say something to confirm his own desires.

"Oh, yes! I think they walk about in heaven, my boy," I replied. "But I have some hope that

you may yet be able to run about here below, with the other children."

His features underwent no change as he remarked: "Oh, no, sir, that will never be, unless by a miracle! Doctor Severin says that I shall never live to be a man, and therefore I must be a very good little boy for the short time I shall be in this world."

Awed by his strange, weird manner, and anxious to change the subject, I said:

"I have a tiny silver statue of Our Lady, which I will give you the next time I pass by. It will be pretty to stand in front of your pictures, and it will make you think of our Blessed Mother while you are reciting your beads, which I see you carry about your wrist."

"Oh, I shall be so glad!" he answered. Then, with the same grave manner as before, he added: "But I do think of her always when I say the 'Hail Mary.' For you see she loved the Angel Gabriel too; he told her she was to be the Mother of God; and my sister says she surely loves little Gabe."

While we were thus speaking his sister appeared, on her way home from the shop where she worked.

"Ah, my poor little Gabe!" she cried. "Have I kept you waiting?" Then, turning to me with a slight bow, she went on: "Mamma is out to-day, and the door is locked."

But the boy only smiled, as he gathered up his pictures and prepared to go.

"No, dear Jeanne," he answered: "I have some new pictures, which I will show you after a while. And I had ten 'Hail Marys' yet to say when this gentleman came. He will give me a statue of Our Lady, and hereafter the last decade shall always be for him."

"Oh, you dear, strange boy!" said Jeanne, lifting him in her strong arms. "And you, Monsieur, are very good."

The child, perched on his sister's shoulder, made me a grave bow. And the *concierge*, who had been a silent witness of all that had taken place, whispered as I walked away: "Not long for this world, sir; not long for this world!" I agreed with him.

II.

After that I did not see the child for two or three days; and, fearing he was ill, I ventured to

stop his sister as she hastened along in the early morning to her work.

"Pardon me!" I said. "But your little brother—is he not so well?"

"Oh, he is about as usual!" she replied; "but mamma is ill with a cold, and he asked permission of the Sisters to remain at home to keep her company." Then, with a slight flush, as though fearing to make too free, she added: "The doctor says that sea-air would be a great benefit to the child, and I am working very hard, by day and by night, that we may be able to take him to B—for a fortnight."

"That will be a great treat for the little fellow," I replied; "and for you also. I am afraid you work too steadily."

"What can we do?" she said. "For the poor there is only work. My father's wages are small; my mother is never well; my brothers and sister scarcely earn enough to clothe themselves. Therefore, much falls on me, who have a trade. But I do not mean to complain; it is well to have steady employment."

Bravely the pale girl toiled on, till gradually she saw her way to the promised outing. Little Gabe talked of nothing else at school, and to the neighbors, who were all interested in the forthcoming journey. In his mind everything that was done or said had some relation to it. One day the woman who lived on the fourth floor brought him a quantity of old, battered playthings that some one had given her. Gabriel thanked her politely, but after she had gone up-stairs he remarked: "Why did she bring me these playthings? Does she not know that I am going to the sea-shore?" Another day an old man, who lodged in the attic, said to him as they met on the stairs: "Hot weather, little Gabe! I don't know how we shall ever get through it." The child looked at him compassionately as he answered: "It will be very hard for you, Monsieur Calot; but I shall not feel it. Don't you know I am going to the sea-shore?"

The little pile in the corner of the bureau drawer grew larger; Gabriel's new clothes were ready in the wardrobe; a cheap but neat new travelling satchel stood in the corner waiting to be packed. Jeanne was busily engaged on a frock for herself, when the young woman who occupied the adjoining apartment came in hurriedly one evening to

ask the tired seamstress to alter a beautiful silk dress which she wished to wear at an approaching entertainment.

"But I am so very busy, Madame le Page!" pleaded the girl. "You know we start to-morrow evening; and I have my dress to finish, besides several other little things to do."

"Yes, I know," was the reply; "but you trim so nicely, Jeanne; and I only want the lace and pannier arranged a little more in the fashion. It was my wedding-dress, and I have not worn it since the day of my marriage. Come, it will not be more than a couple of hours' work; and you shall have five francs for the job."

Five francs meant a great deal to Jeanne. Telling the woman to leave the dress, she went back to her machine. A few moments later little Gabe entered, carrying an inkstand he had brought from school. The weak limbs stumbled; he fell against the bed where the dress was lying, and spilled the ink upon the silken fabric.

"Ah, *mon petit*, what have you done?" exclaimed Jeanne, vainly endeavoring to wipe off the black stain that trickled from waist to hem.

Gabriel stood aghast. "Will you have to pay, Jeanne?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, of course, my dear!" she replied. "But that is not the thing, after all. What if I shall not be able to match the silk?"

"Poor sister!" said the boy, great tears rolling down his cheeks. "Do not be angry with me."

"I am not angry, precious child!" she answered; "only afraid that—well, never mind; we shall see."

She hastened to the Bon Marché, where she succeeded in matching the goods; but the purchase of five yards of silk, which was necessary to repair the damage, took more than half the money laid aside for the trip to the sea-shore. It had been only a dream. They could not think of going now.

Strange to say, after the first disappointment little Gabe said no more about the proposed journey. Again, in the pleasant summer evenings, he played with his pictures, ranging them on the broad window-sill, of which I could catch a glimpse from my own window, lower down. The white rosary between his tiny fingers, the figure of the boy, half reclining, half kneeling, on a cushion his sister's tender hands had fashioned—how well I remember it! And how I longed

in those days to be able to help him to the paradise which he was now obliged to forego!

III.

Summer lengthened into autumn, and autumn to a winter exceptionally cold and damp. I never saw the child out of doors now, and seldom caught even a passing glimpse of Jeanne. One day I met her in the court and stopped her.

"How is little Gabe?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, very weak and frail!" she answered. "But the doctor thinks that with the warm weather he will improve. One day last week he said that, come what might, the child must be taken to the sea-shore in the spring. And it shall be done if I have to pawn my machine to do it."

"And the boy,—is he as anxious to go as before?" I inquired.

"He talks of nothing else. He is always telling his saints of a huge, flat rock on which he will place them when we shall be spending the days on the beach; and he is asking questions all the time which none of us can answer."

Time passed, and I saw little Gabe at the window no longer. The *concierge* told me he was growing weaker, though his parents and sister did not seem to see it; he thought the child could not last more than a month at farthest. I should have liked to visit him, but feared to intrude. One day I bought a gayly colored picture-book containing seaside views and little stories; and taking it, with a large shell that had stood on my mantelpiece for a long time, I gave it to the *concierge* for the boy.

"Tell him to put his ear to the shell," I said, "and he will hear the roar of the sea."

The next morning the man told me the child was wild with delight. While I was speaking with him Jeanne passed through the court.

"I am so glad to meet you!" she said. "Little Gabe is not so well to-day, but he has been very happy since he received your nice gifts. All day yesterday he had them beside him; and last night I heard him saying, 'How fortunate! It is almost the same, this lovely book and that speaking shell.'"

"I would so like to see the child!" I said.

"Would you, sir?" she replied. "Little Gabe has been longing to see you, too."

"Ah! then I shall be only too glad to pay him a visit. When may I come?"

"At any time," answered the girl. "Perhaps the sooner the better; for the boy is anxious, and we are loth to deny him anything."

"Then may I go now—with you?"

"Certainly, if you can spare the time."

I followed her down the narrow court, up three long flights of stairs, to the small and poorly furnished but scrupulously clean room, where the child lay on his narrow white bed, close to the open window. His cheeks had grown very thin and paler than ever, and his eyes shone like stars beneath the dark brows. As I approached the wan face lit up with a smile of welcome. He gave me his poor little thin hand. Beside him on the coverlet lay the picture-book and shell.

"I can shut my eyes and see them all—the pictures," he said. "I know them so well. The stories I do not remember like the pictures, but I shall soon learn them too. And I am always putting the shell to my ear that I may hear the sea. It is heavy though, and sometimes I can not lift it; then if Jeanne or mamma has time, she holds it for me."

I said something expressing pleasure that I had been able to afford him a little. He smiled again, nodding his head contentedly, as though words were not necessary to assure him of that.

He pointed to the window-sill.

"There are my pictures. Sister Natalie has given me many more. Some time I will tell you all about them; to-day I am tired. Jeanne fastened the little statue to my rosary; I like to have it near me when I am saying the beads."

I looked at the transparent hand. The rosary was still twined about his wrist, the little silver image close to the crucifix.

"Do you pray as much as ever?" I asked, puzzled for something to say.

"More," he replied, with the old grave air, leaning wearily back on the pillows as he spoke. "My back hurts dreadfully sometimes, and I think of the martyrs. When I fear to grow cross or impatient I have only to say my beads. Sometimes—nearly all the time—I get sleepy in the midst of them, and they fall from my fingers. But Sister Natalie says that God will not count that against a poor sick boy."

"Does she come often to see you?"

"Every day now. And our good pastor is preparing me for my First Communion. He says it

will be well to have made it before setting out on my journey."

I started. Did the child know? He looked at me with that wonderful intelligence which is often given to the souls of children who have never sinned. He had read my thoughts.

"Jeanne," he said softly to his sister, who stood smiling at the foot of the bed, "go into the other room for a few moments, please. I have something to say to Monsieur."

When the door closed he turned to me, saying,

"Yes, our pastor has told me. I am going to God. There I shall know all about the sea and the saints and the martyrs. I shall be God's own little boy. At first I was sorry to leave those I love; but not now any more. When I am gone it will not be so hard for them. Jeanne can be a nun; she wants to be one. Mamma will soon follow me; and papa can live with Catharine, who is going to marry Jean Poulet. To-morrow the priest will tell them. The day after I shall make my First Communion, and then—and then—who knows?"

"Ah, my dear little Gabe," I said in a broken voice, "if I might dare envy God's own little boy! You will not forget me in heaven?"

"Never, never!" he said, raising my hand to his lips. "You are my friend."

I arose to go. "Come again to-morrow," he murmured, once more touching his innocent lips to the unworthy hand that pens these lines. I stole softly from the room, that the others might not see and perhaps wonder at my tearful eyes.

That night I was hastily summoned to the sick bed of my father. Returning ten days later, my first impulse was to look toward the window of my little neighbor, who had been often in my thoughts while absent. A Sister of Charity was lowering the blind. A moment after two men entered the courtyard. One I recognized as Jean Poulet, who was to marry Catharine; the other carried a small white coffin. Little Gabe had gone on his journey.

WILLIAM PENN says that he who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

Some unbelieving reader may deem it strange that our young traveller should be affected at the bare sight of a city so largely given up to prosaic traffic. But he did not see the great buildings dedicated to commerce; he did not see the bustling city of to-day, enriched by British capital and owning British rule. He saw instead the ancient town of Ville Marie; he saw its founder leaping on shore that bright afternoon in May; he saw the French lilies floating from the fort, and the narrow streets filled with hardy *coureurs des bois*, armed soldiers and pious priests. Older eyes than those of Albert Latimer have been dim at the first view of the city of the royal mountain.

Their boat went alongside the Quebec steamer to transfer passengers who did not care to stop at Montreal, then entered its own slip. Our friends were glad to set foot upon shore, and hailed the prospect of a walk to their hotel. The cab drivers were noisy, but easily silenced, and politely gave information to those who insisted upon being pedestrians instead of patrons. Indeed this was the beginning of the unceasing politeness which was met with everywhere upon the soil of the Province of Quebec.

The good doctor's advice was now of service, and their hotel found to be entirely comfortable, and, to Miss Latimer's delight, "quite English." They were shown to spacious, clean rooms; and Albert, opening his window, which swung inward in true casement fashion, looked out upon a bewitching scene. The moon, almost full, had risen, and was lending its golden glory to the night; far below lay the city, and back of it rose that stately mountain, which one, once seeing, remembers while life lasts. Soft chimes were ringing from many towers far and near; spires and domes reached heavenward, bathed in the silver glow.

"I did not think there was anything in the world so beautiful!" exclaimed the happy boy. Then he said his prayers, and fell asleep in the clean white bed, to dream of old Ville Marie.

Leaving him to rest, we will recall some incidents in the history of what is now the metropolis of Canada. Cartier, as we have seen, climbed to the top of the wooded height, and named it in honor of his royal master. Champlain, the next explorer—that gallant, devoted flower of France,—arrived here in 1603; but the Indian town had vanished, and only a few stray Algonquins peopled the site. He made his camp where the Gray Nunnery now stands,—one of the places which Sister Eugénie had marked for the children to visit. It remained, however, for another to become the true founder of Montreal.

A number of enthusiastic Frenchmen were seized with the desire to settle this place, and win the souls of the savage tribes in the vicinity; and they took, as military governor, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, which we will shorten into simple Maisonneuve. Before starting for the strange, new land they assembled at the altar of the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, and solemnly consecrated the far-away island of Montreal to the Holy Family. The name of the prospective town was decided upon as well. It was to be Ville Marie—City of Mary. Then the expedition set sail. There were, beside the leaders, some forty men and several holy women. They were obliged on account of the severity of the weather to winter at Quebec; but one beautiful day in May—fit month for such arrival—they reached the island which was to be their home. The description of their landing reads like a page from some medieval romance. As the boats approached their landing-place hymns of praise fairly rent the air. Maisonneuve was the first to spring on shore, and there he knelt, joined by his followers, all still singing and praising God. The boats were unloaded, an altar was set up and Holy Mass celebrated. All day the Blessed Sacrament remained exposed, and when night came on they caught fire-flies, and, fastening them together, hung them before the altar. Then they went to rest. "Such," says the historian, "was the birth-night of Montreal."

The next morning after their arrival our friends held a council to determine upon their tour of inspection. Mr. Latimer was learning the value of the information his young son had stored away in his busy brain, and readily yielded to his suggestions.

"We have only a day here," said Albert; "and if I were to pick out what I wish to see, I should say the Cathedral, the French Market, the Gray Nunnery, and the mountain."

"And you, Julia?" asked Mr. Latimer, turning to his sister.

"Why, I would like to do some shopping. They say satchels are not interfered with by the custom-house officers, and I can get some gloves and ribbons through very nicely."

Mr. Latimer smiled. "Your aunt has turned smuggler, children. But I think we can carry out Albert's programme and have time for the law-breaking as well."

Albert, who had been studying a map, was selected as guide, and they started for Bon Secours Market.

"I am so glad I speak French!" said Miss Latimer, as they crossed the street which cuts Montreal into French and English sections. But for some reason her French made the polite hucksters smile. She had been thoroughly grounded in the French of the boarding-school, and was glib at sentences like "Have you the silver pencil-case of the blacksmith's sister?" But the *habitants* were not conversant with Fasquelle. Aunt Julia grew red in the face with her efforts, and then ceased to try. Suddenly a most happy idea seemed to strike her. "I have always heard," she explained, "that the Canadians spoke a *patois*. It is the French of Paris that I speak, and of course they can not understand it at all."

It was delightful to see the peasants' loaded carts with their big wheels, to hear that sweet and unfamiliar tongue, to stroll through the great market-house and fancy oneself in Normandy, to watch the merry barter and the bargains. They missed the piles of fruit to which they were accustomed. There were, to be sure, little choke-cherries and great blueberries from up the Saguenay; but even here one began to realize that the tropics were far away, and the sun sparing of his warmth.

The next stopping place was the Cathedral, whose twin towers lift themselves as if in scorn of the busy city. To Miss Latimer's surprise, the boy and girl did not seem overcome by the magnificence of the interior, but entered a pew and fell upon their knees as quietly and simply as if in their own little church at home.

"I never could understand a Catholic, any way," she whispered to her brother. "Look at those children, gazing straight ahead as calmly as you please! You would think they saw such sights every day."

Albert and Clare were not, however, oblivious of the beauties of the place. They had only first saluted and done reverence to the Sacred Presence there, as we move to greet our host before gazing at his dwelling. And God, they thought, was in the poor little church at home just as He was here, where the piety of centuries had heaped up treasures in His honor.

They took a car through the piously named streets in order to arrive at the Gray Nunnery just at noon, when all of the Sisters enter the chapel for their devotions. Since 1692 infirm old people and orphan children have been sheltered here, on the very spot where Champlain rallied his men and made his camp. Tourists were flocking here, some of them eying the place as if it were a curious spectacle.

As the Angelus bell rang the Sisters came softly in, two by two,—fit successors of other Sisters who for two hundred years have stopped for a while in the Gray Nunnery on their peaceful way to heaven. What secrets of faith and self-forgetfulness were hidden under those trim bonnets, behind those holy, downcast eyes!

The noonday devotion over, the visitors were escorted up and up and up, where mild-faced little orphans sang for them; then below, to rooms filled with poor helpless creatures, the charges of the good Gray Nuns.

"This is all very interesting, I am sure," remarked Aunt Julia, when they were outside; "but it seems to me I have not seen anything except Nelson's statue to remind me that I am in her Majesty's dominions."

"I did," said Clare. "I saw a sign that said 'Hatter to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.'"

"But it is absurd to come to the metropolis of the dominion and hear streets called *rues*, and have people look at you and shake their heads when you ask a question in English. I confess that I am surprised and disappointed; and I hope, brother, that in our drive this afternoon we shall see something which appeals to our love of our mother country."

"Certainly, certainly," answered kind Mr. Latimer, with a twinkle in his eye, as he took a card of instructions from his pocket and examined it. "There is the Hôtel-Dieu and Notre Dame de Lourdes and—"

"Oh, the Hôtel-Dieu, father!" exclaimed Albert. "That was where Dollard and his men took a vow of consecration before they set out to fight the Iroquois."

"Who was this Mr. Dollard, Albert?" asked Aunt Julia.

"He was a great hero of Canada," said Albert, trying not to smile. "When I get a nice quiet chance I will tell you all I remember about him."

After luncheon Mr. Latimer went out to engage a carriage for the famous drive around the mountain, which is now one great park, improved by, and belonging to, the city. The driver asked an exorbitant price at first, but fell by degrees to a moderate one, and was the most delightful guide imaginable,—piecing out the route, already long, by divergings in all directions.

Miss Latimer was gratified by a sight of the homes of the merchant princes in the English quarter, with their exclusive air,—the houses set far back in grounds enclosed by formidable walls. The driver was voluble.

"Montreal vare grand place," he said; "enormous shops, houses big—vast; people rich; much of money in Montreal. Have you vare grand place in the States, madame?"

"Why, my good fellow," answered Miss Latimer, forgetting her dignity and her devotion to England in her desire to administer a reproof to such conceit, "we do not think this such a very fine place! We live near Chicago. Did you never hear of Chicago?"

"Oh, yes! Chicago vare grand city—vare grand! Much hogs in Chicago!"

It was evidently useless to try and enlighten such ignorant bigotry. There was silence for a while, broken once or twice by Clare's laughter as she whispered, "Much hogs in Chicago!" But Miss Latimer would not be diverted.

They drove slowly past the great Hôtel-Dieu, then left it behind, with its memories. It was some sort of a festal occasion with the Scotch, and a game of lacrosse was going on at the Fair Grounds, while a regiment of Highlanders slowly went through their evolutions to the music of a band

in which bagpipes predominated. Their movements were as graceful as the flight of a bird, as they waved their supple arms, or knelt or ran at the weird music's command.

The way of our friends then wound in some mysterious manner toward the mountain's top, past cities of the dead, past vast vistas of flowers, and through umbrageous shades, until finally they could go no higher; and before them lay the finest view, I think, which God's goodness has in all this world spread out before the eyes of man.

"Oh, what a charming, picturesque view!" Miss Latimer said, as she walked quite to the edge of the pavilion. "And here are some lovely moccasins and souvenirs for sale. A dollar, did you say? Very reasonable, I am sure." And she turned from the wondrous scene to look at the bead work.

It was several minutes before Albert's emotion would let him speak without faltering.

"Maisonneuve," he told his father and Clare—the voice of his aunt, as she murmured of baskets and dollars, coming in at intervals like a Greek chorus,—*"Maisonneuve carried a heavy cross up the mountain side, in fulfilment of a vow when Our Lady saved the city from a freshet; and Madame de la Peltrie received Holy Communion here in sight of the crowds who knelt below."*

"Tell us all about it," said Clare. "Did he climb up right here, and how heavy was the cross?"

"As heavy as he could drag. Yes, I think he came right up near here. There was a procession. They named Maisonneuve a Soldier of the Cross and escorted him, he going last of all. Some men went ahead to cut down brush so the others could follow, and a priest blessed the cross. They planted it on the highest point of this mountain, perhaps on this very spot, and left it here. The people used to make pilgrimages to it afterward, to ask God to convert the savages and save Ville Marie from the Iroquois. But I am afraid this tires you, father?"

"No," answered Mr. Latimer. "I think nothing about your mother's religion could be wearisome to me."

Albert's heart beat fast. What did his father's words mean? Was the influence of this fair land already softening that heart, so tender when all except religion was concerned? But the boy kept silence.

Miss Latimer's purchases were made and they started down the mountain, in a zigzag way this time, until they came to the city and its environs. The driver pointed out a long row of houses, saying, "The owner from the States, from New York; vare rich."

"Ah!" said Miss Latimer admiringly, adjusting her eye-glasses. "What is his occupation—business?"

"Defaltaire, madame. Much of defaltaires from the States in Montreal."

Miss Latimer inquired no more concerning her compatriots.

It was late when they reached their own hostelry, and Albert went with the carriage and satchels direct to the Quebec boat, leaving the others to follow and make purchases at their leisure. They came in sight very soon, the good aunt disconcerted.

"I couldn't make the shopkeepers understand what I wanted; and their gloves were nothing to brag of, any way."

Thus the would-be smuggler consoled herself, and they sat on deck to see the last of the beautiful city, which is, one says, clean to the very feet. The sunset glow bathed its domes and spires, and lingered on the mountain as the steamer moved off. Albert began to sing:

"Darker shadows round us hover,—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

The rest joined in with subdued voices, and the sweet old song floated out over the waters as the twilight folded the shore in a soft embrace.

(To be continued.)

The Gertrud Bird.

The red-headed woodpecker is known in Norway as the Gertrud bird, and the people of that country relate a strange legend of it, as follows:

Our Blessed Lord, once when wandering upon earth, was accompanied by St. Peter; and they, being tired, entered a hut where a woman named Gertrud was employed in baking. On her head was a bright red hood. Our Lord, being hungry as well as weary, begged her for some food. She took a little dough and put it in the oven, where-

upon it became large, and swelled so that it filled the entire pan. "This is too much for a beggar," said Gertrud; and took a smaller piece, with the same result. At that she cut off a piece no bigger than a bean; but it, too, insisted upon becoming a large loaf. Then the cruel woman grew very angry and exclaimed: "You can go without bread; for each loaf that I bake is too large to give away to a beggar!"

Then answered Our Lord, sadly: "I asked you for food and you would give Me none. Let this be your punishment: you shall henceforth be a bird; you shall seek your scanty food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when rain refreshes the earth."

As He spoke the selfish woman was changed into the Gertrud bird, and flew up the chimney. She is seen frequently to this day, her red hood still bright and her gown blackened by the chimney's soot. She taps with her bill upon the bark of trees for food, and is always wishing that it may rain; for then only can she hope to drink. And she is always thirsty and always hungry.

There is a deep moral in the story of the Gertrud bird, if we can only find it.

An Example of Criticism.

Goldsmith, in one of his essays, tells us how a painter of eminence desired to paint a picture which should please all men; so he exposed one of his masterpieces in the market-place, placing a placard near, on which was a request that each one of his friends should designate by a mark any defect which he saw in the picture. In a short time it became covered by the little marks of the critics. Almost every stroke of the brush had been pointed out as deserving blame. When the canvas had thus become utterly unlike the original, the painter erased the marks, and put up another notice, asking the passers-by to point out the features worthy of praise. The marks immediately began to appear as before, and shortly the masterpiece was again unrecognizable.

Then the painter ceased to try to please every one, and put his picture away,—with the comforting thought, however, that for every one who blames there is, happily, always found one who is ready to praise.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Midsummer.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MADONNA, in this glad midsummer time,
When over fair green fields arch fairer skies,
And every wind that in the woodland sighs
Seems laden with sweet spice from some soft clime;
When earth is clothed in beauty so sublime
Its dwellers dream themselves in Paradise,
Small effort need the singer make who tries
To weave for thee a chaplet of his rhyme:
For all the loveliness his eyes behold,
And all the splendor which his vision sees—
The skies that scintillate at night with gold,
The flowers which star by day the wind-wooded
leas,—
Image to him thy graces manifold,
Which fairer are by far than all of these.

The Pardon of Assisi.

I.

AT the foot of the hill of Assisi is an ancient chapel erected in the year 352 by four pilgrims from the Holy Land, who sought in this way to find a fitting receptacle for a fragment of the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, which had been given to them by Cyril, the Patriarch of Jerusalem. In honor of the valley wherein for a time the virginal body of the Mother of God had rested, this little

chapel was called St. Mary of Josaphat. At a later period it received the name of *Portiuncula*, in reference to the portion of ground which enclosed it, and which was given to the Benedictines of Mount Subiaco; and still later it was called also St. Mary of the Angels, in commemoration of the frequent apparitions of the heavenly spirits with which this sacred spot was privileged.

From a very tender age St. Francis was accustomed to make frequent visits, with his mother, to the Portiuncula, where, it is said, heavenly melodies were heard at his birth. After his conversion, when he heard the Lord say to him, "Go and restore My house," he took the divine command literally, and hastened to St. Damien to rebuild the church which was falling into ruin. Subsequently he secured the Portiuncula from Theobald, abbot of the Benedictines; and, having a presentiment of the great things that would be accomplished therein, he rebuilt the edifice on a larger scale.

One October night, in the year 1221, Francis was engaged in praying for the salvation of men, whilst his companions slept, when suddenly an angel appeared and invited him to follow him. He obeyed unhesitatingly, for he had been long accustomed to a life of intercourse with supernatural things. But great was his astonishment on finding the Portiuncula resplendent with light, with Jesus and Mary enthroned upon the altar and surrounded by legions of the heavenly spirits. Amazed at the sight, he threw himself upon the ground in humble adoration. "Francis," said the Lord, "I am moved by thy zeal for the salvation of men. Ask of Me any grace in favor of sinners, and I will grant it to thee."

The servant of God, emboldened by this promise, begged of Our Lord to grant to all who should visit the church, with the necessary dispositions of contrition and confession, the remission of their sins and the punishment due to sin. This request, pleasing though it was to Our Lord, was not granted immediately. But the Queen of Angels, moved by the supplications of the Saint, added her own prayers to his, and our Divine Lord uttered these ever-memorable words: "Francis, the favor which thou askest is great indeed. Nevertheless, I grant it, on condition that thou present thyself before My Vicar, to whom I have given the power of binding and loosing."

In the meantime the companions of the Saint, awakened by the unusual light, had gone to the Portiuncula, which appeared to them to be surrounded by angels. They feared to enter into the sanctuary; but, remaining respectfully at a distance, they beheld the heavenly scene and heard the consoling words of Our Lord.

When morning was come, Francis assembled them together, forbade them to speak of what had taken place, and with a companion set out for Perugia, where Honorius III. then was. Admitted into the presence of the Holy Father, the Saint made the same request he had already made to our Blessed Lord. The Pope was astonished, and said: "You ask me something extraordinary. Such an indulgence has never been granted." Francis, without being disconcerted, replied: "Holy Father, I ask you nothing of myself, but in the name of Jesus Christ, who has sent me." Then he related all the wonderful incidents of that memorable night.

The cardinals surrounding the Pope protested against such an indulgence, which had not been granted even to the pilgrims to the Holy Land and the Tomb of the Apostles. But the Holy Father remembered the vision of his predecessor, Innocent III., who had seen the Church of St. John Lateran (a figure of the Church of Christ) supported by this same Francis who was now at his feet. And suddenly he exclaimed: "Yes, we grant this indulgence in perpetuity, but for only one day in the year."

The Saint, filled with joy, bowed reverently and was about to depart, when the Pope recalled him and said: "You simple man, why do you leave without some written testimony of this favor?"

"Holy Father," replied Francis, "your word is sufficient. If this indulgence be the work of God, He will sanction it Himself. May our Divine Lord, His Blessed Mother and the angels be notary, paper, and witnesses!"

Still the day for the indulgence was not determined. Francis awaited the manifestation of God's holy will in this regard.

II.

About the beginning of the year 1223 the Saint was as usual engaged in prayer during the night, when he was violently attacked by the demon, who said to him: "It is foolishness at your age to practise these mortifications. Do you want to die before your time? Your life belongs to society, of which you are the soul. Your former companions are waiting for you to lead them in the old-time feasts and games. By and by you may do penance." Troubled by these suggestions, Francis rushed from his cell and threw himself into bramble-bushes, tearing and lacerating his body, to extinguish any worldly desires he might have entertained. Whilst thus engaged a bright light shone round about him, hosts of angels appeared, and a voice was heard saying, "Take those roses and go to the church, where you will find Jesus and Mary."

Francis opened his eyes and saw, instead of briars and branches, red and white roses around him. He betook himself to the Portiuncula, where, after a profound act of adoration, he commended himself to the protection of Mary, and begged of Jesus to fix the day for the great indulgence. Our Divine Lord named the festival of St. Peter *ad vincula*, and enjoined him to return to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to take with him, as a testimony of the truth of his mission, the roses which he had gathered. The heavenly spirits then intoned the *Te Deum*, and in the midst of this song of thanksgiving the vision disappeared.

Francis took three roses of each color, in honor of the Blessed Trinity, and, accompanied by three of his religious, set out for Rome, where he related to Honorius this new vision, the truth of which was proved by the beautiful roses blooming in midwinter, and the testimony of his companions. The Pope, moved by such extraordinary evidence, and knowing, besides, that the words of the Saint were above all suspicion, consulted with his car-

dinals, confirmed the plenary indulgence—free, absolute and perpetual,—and ordered the bishops of Umbria to go to the Portiuncula and there publish the same.

On the day appointed a great throng of the faithful gathered around the little church, and St. Francis ascended the pulpit (which had been placed outside), explained to the people the motive of the assembly, and concluded by announcing the indulgence granted by God Himself and made known by His Vicar upon earth. The bishops, at first opposed to the proceeding, but moved by divine inspiration, spoke in turn of the extraordinary favor granted; and, as a fitting conclusion to the solemnity, united in consecrating the little church, which, at a later period, by order of St. Pius V., and after the plans of Vignola, became the beautiful temple which is now admired by all, and guarded with such love and zeal by the sons of the Seraphic Father.

III.

The indulgence was no sooner promulgated than that immense procession to the Portiuncula was formed which has continued uninterruptedly to the present time. It would require a volume to speak of all the illustrious pilgrims who—from St. Bonaventure, General of the Friars Minors, to St. Benedict Labre, the obscure Tertiary; from Nicholas IV., the first Franciscan who wore the tiara, to our present Holy Father Leo XIII.; from St. Louis, King of France, to Louis of Bavaria; from Dante to Ozanam and Overbeck,—have brought to that privileged spot the homage of their genius.

It is true that the number of pilgrims has greatly diminished since the Sovereign Pontiffs, with a view to extend the benefits of the indulgence more generally among the faithful, have conferred this great privilege upon all the Franciscan churches and others duly authorized throughout the world. Nevertheless, the annual pilgrimage to Assisi is one of the most imposing solemnities of the ecclesiastical year. It will ever remain the great source of consolation to the Christian, whose faith and piety may be tried by the ravages which scepticism and indifference are making among all classes. And to the soul imbued with a love for true art, it will always be a festival wherein—it may be for a moment, but still with a more refined sense of the beautiful

in religion—Italy is recalled, with its mediæval customs and the deeply impressive poetry of its antique expressions of faith.

IV.

“The Pardon” is always the great event of the year in the peaceful village of St. Mary of the Angels. Ten days before, the vast *prato*, with its beautiful borders and shades of elms and mulberries lying before the convent and the majestic basilica, is covered with rustic cottages and huts, where one, for a few sous, may procure the simple nourishment which the inner man requires, such as macaroni, haricots, or baked beans. Alongside of each of these picturesque restaurants may be found shops, where rosaries, scapulars, medals, cords of St. Francis, and other objects of devotion, which, from their association with all the holy places of Umbria, are of special veneration, may be procured.

On the Feast of St. Anne the arrivals begin: each group of pilgrims representing different provinces and countries, with their picturesque costumes which for centuries have formed the delight of painters. As the various processions approach the village, and descry the resplendent steeple of Our Lady of the Angels, they break forth into enthusiastic cries of “*Evviva Maria!*”

The Portiuncula, with its brilliant dome, naturally first attracts their attention. It is one of the most renowned relics in the world, its form remaining unchanged since the time of St. Francis. Over the entrance are engraved these words, dictated by the Saint himself:

HEC EST PORTA VITÆ ETÆRNÆ.

Near the door is the famous fresco of Overbeck, representing the concession of the great indulgence. St. Francis is depicted in a state of ecstasy extending his arms toward our Blessed Lord, beseeching Him, through the intercession of Mary, to grant mercy and pardon to sinners; whilst angels form a *cortege* around their King and Queen, and sing their songs of joy accompanied by various instruments.

Before the main altar burn numerous lamps, mute witnesses of the piety of the faithful. On the arched ceiling is a grand fresco of the Annunciation, made in the fourteenth century; and near by is the great masterpiece of Perugino, representing the Crucifixion. Above the altar is a statue of the Saint, the work of Luca della

Robbia, made from a death mask, and one of the great centres of attraction to the pilgrims. Besides, there are many little chapels, each with its special dedication and ornamented in the highest style of religious art. They all commemorate the great work of St. Francis in drawing disciples to him to realize the ideals of poverty and humility. They mark the spot whereon this grand religious uprising began,—where the penitent of Assisi laid the foundations of his Order, and sent forth his missionaries to give to civil society that peace and liberty which political institutions could not impart.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

THE next day Miss Lestrangle came to return the call of Señora Echeveria, and to beg that Carmela might accompany her that afternoon on an excursion to San Pedro. She was as much charmed as her brother had been with the pretty, picturesque house, which made an altogether fitting environment for the graceful foreign cousin; and the entire episode of acquaintance seemed to her an interest agreeably provided by fate to prevent hopeless dulness in this strange city.

Señora Echeveria, who had been a little disturbed in mind by the words of Padre Agostino, was much reassured by this visit. Miriam was so cordial, so gracious and so enthusiastic when she spoke of the *fiesta* of the day before, that it was impossible to think of any danger for Carmela in association with so charming a person. Permission was therefore readily granted for the afternoon excursion, and the visit ended by Miss Lestrangle carrying off Carmela to lunch with them at the hotel.

A few hours later the three, who now felt as if they had known one another for a long time, were seated in a tram-car, rolling rapidly toward the pretty suburban town of San Pedro—a place of summer residence for the inhabitants of Guadalajara. The road thither across the valley, with its gradual ascent, is one of the most delightful imaginable. Immense trees, with great gnarled

trunks, spreading roots, and crowns of thickest, greenest shade, line the broad white highway, along which all the picturesque, Oriental-like life of the country passes—troops of laden *burros*, women draped in their blue mantles, sandalled men with scarlet blankets flung over their shoulders, cavaliers on small fiery horses, with silver-laced trousers and tall *sombreros*.

The tramway is higher than the road, and the passengers in the open cars look over the stone walls that bound it, across wide-spreading fields of green, to the blue masses of the distant heavenly mountains. The town, when reached, is altogether charming; lying high, and commanding a beautiful view toward Guadalajara's ivory towers and gleaming domes, its verdant plain and azure heights. The clean, well-paved streets are lined chiefly by homes of the better class, closed and silent in winter, but full of life and animation in summer. As they passed along Carmela pointed out the one in which the Echeverias spent what is known in Mexico as "the season of the rains."

"It seems very little of a climatic change from Guadalajara," observed Lestrangle; "and certainly not much of a change of any other kind. Fancy what our young ladies at home would think of it, Miriam!"

"There are multitudes of nice girls—ladies in birth and breeding—who never know as much change," replied Miriam. "It is a great mistake to make the fashionable rich a standard of comparison. They are only a minority of even the best people. For my part, I think this a most attractive place; and I have no doubt that when Guadalajara society transports itself here, it is very gay and pleasant."

"Oh, yes, it is very pleasant!" said Carmela. "People see more of one another than in the city, and life seems to go more easily. This is where we come in the evening for music. It is pretty, is it not?"

They agreed that it was very pretty—a large, hollow square, enclosed by wide, freshly frescoed arcades, for promenading. Miriam fancied it filled with its summer throng, with music rising and falling on the soft night air, and liked the picture exceedingly. Brilliant afternoon sunshine was falling over it now, however, and a sky of turquoise looked down; but, passing under the

shade of the arcades, they came out at an arched portal, and, crossing the street, entered a shop which every tourist in Mexico knows well—that of Panduro, who models so admirably in clay. This was the objective point of their journey, and while Miriam loaded herself with perfect yet fragile figures that represent every phase of the picturesque life of Mexico, her brother descanted to Carmela on the wonderful plastic art displayed in these bits of delicately molded clay, pointed out the perfect expression of the tiny faces and forms, that seemed almost instinct with life.

"It is absolute genius that is displayed in this work," he said. "Yet the man who does it is a pure and, I suppose, uneducated Indian."

"He is poor, and makes no more than a bare living by these things," said Carmela. "Would you like to go to his house? You can see there some of his best work; and he will model your bust in clay, if you wish—making a perfect likeness."

"I should like to go to the house, but have no desire to be modelled. Miriam, if you have finished making your selections, we will go."

Guided by Carmela, they set out; and, following a dusty street into a poorer quarter of the town, presently passed through a gateway and found themselves in the humble home of this Indian sculptor. But, though humble, it was scrupulously clean, and the unpaved court was filled with tropical trees, and great climbing roses that filled the golden air with fragrance. There was something sweet and attractive about the place, despite its poverty. A smiling woman brought out some chairs on the rough corridor before the house. Opposite, across the freshly swept court, was the workshop, its shelves filled with figures representing an art that anywhere in the highways of the world would have brought its possessor fame and fortune. Panduro himself met them as they approached,—a pure Indian, as Lestrangle had said, with nothing in outward appearance to distinguish him from any *aguador* or *cargador* of his race. Yet in those slender brown fingers was the art of Michael Angelo and Canova,—different only in degree, not in kind; for no person can examine his work without perceiving the remarkable genius which it indicates.

Lestrangle praised it as warmly as it deserved, and with an artistic appreciation which made the dark eyes of his listener shine with gratifica-

tion. It was a pleasant hour that they spent in this humble *atelier*, handling the delicate figures; while outside the door flowers were blooming under the deep blue sky, and the air came in full of soft, caressing warmth. Presently the woman who received them first entered the room with a handful of blossoms, which she divided between the two ladies.

"She has given none to you," said Carmela to Lestrangle, as they passed out. "We must share ours with you."

"She knew that they would have much more value if they came from your hands," he replied. "Just that half-opened rose, no more. *Mille gracias!* I have no intention to be sentimental, but I should not be surprised if I put it away as a memento of this afternoon in San Pedro."

"And of the Indian sculptor," she said, smiling.

He thought it much more likely to be of herself, but did not say so, only placed the flower in his coat and walked on, enjoying the perfect day, the foreign sights and sounds, and the companionship which gave a zest to all, as he had often failed to enjoy occasions that seemed to offer much more.

For an hour or two they loitered about the pleasant, quaint little town; and Lestrangle stumbled upon one of those beautiful old carved church-fronts which are scattered all over Mexico. They wandered into the soft gloom of the interior, where a number of children were reciting catechism, and where their presence was evidently so much of a distraction to these catechumens that they soon retired. As they came out it was to meet a glorious effect—golden sunset clouds tossed on a rosy sky behind the noble towers and dome of La Parroquia.* They paused to admire it; and, while Miriam moved away a short distance for a better point of view, Lestrangle said to Carmela:

"One would have to travel far to find a more beautiful picture than that, and yet it is but one of a myriad scattered over this wonderful land of yours. To think that, while we have been crossing the ocean for fifty years or more to worship at the shrines of the picturesque in the Old World, there was such a country as this, almost unknown, at our very doors!"

* The parish church.

"You like our country, then?" said the girl, smiling. "I am glad of that. You do not, perhaps, think it strange that my father stayed here?"

"Strange!" he repeated—who up to this time considered it very strange indeed. "Not at all. Why should one ever wish to leave it? That is my feeling at present. I have never known a country which fascinated me so much. It is singular," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that in coming here I never once thought of the kinsman of whom I had heard in my boyhood, much less anticipated finding such a cousin as yourself. It is difficult for me to realize now that you *are* my cousin."

"Why?" she asked, with some surprise.

"Because you are so different from all my other cousins, I suppose. And I have a goodly number. But they are all commonplace, just like other people; whereas *you*—"

It was an expressive pause, but perhaps Carmela did not appreciate all that it expressed. She looked at him with her soft dark eyes, innocent as a fawn's, and continued:

"No doubt I am very different from them. But it may be that I seem to you strange because you do not know many Mexican girls. If you did, you would probably find me commonplace too."

"I could never find you anything but charming," he said, with decision. "That sounds like a point-blank compliment, which is always abominable; but it really is not. It is a simple statement of a fact. You are as charming as your country, my dear cousin; and I can say no more."

She blushed as rosy-red as the sunset, and seemed about to reply, when suddenly from the great tower above the Angelus rang out. She made the Sign of the Cross, and, turning her head away, remained motionless for a few moments in a silence which Lestrangle did not break. When the solemn strokes had ended, and the bells were ringing, in such a clashing peal as only Mexican bells can ring, the joy of the Incarnation, she turned and looked again at him. The color had now faded out of her cheeks, and she spoke as quietly and simply as before:

"You are very kind to think so well of me; but since you do not know very much of me yet, it would be better not to judge. When you know other Mexican girls, you will find, as I have said, that I am very commonplace."

"In that case may I not be allowed to find all Mexican girls charming?" he asked, with a smile that would have disarmed one of sterner mold than Carmela.

She smiled too. "I have no right to find fault with you for that," she said. "And indeed I did not mean to find fault at all; for that would surely be very ungrateful."

"Oh, it is not a matter calling for gratitude," he responded. "How can one help thinking well or ill of a person according as he or she impresses him? That church tower yonder might as well be grateful because I perceived its beauty."

"It certainly makes a striking picture," said Miriam, rejoining them. "I wonder you do not sketch it, Arthur."

"I have sketched many church towers since I have been in Mexico," he answered; "so I prefer to keep this one simply in my memory. Besides, nothing could give the color-effect."

Carmela looked at him a little wistfully. "I wish that you would sketch it," she remarked. "I should like to see your work."

"It should be done immediately," he replied, "if I had any materials with me. To be truthful, I forgot my sketch-book this afternoon. But if you wish to see my work, I shall have great pleasure in showing you all that I have. And, by the bye, I consider it positively a promise about your picture."

"About my picture?"

"Yes; you can not have forgotten that I am to paint your picture and that of the Santuario. You know you promised to allow me to do so."

"Did I?" she said, a little doubtfully. A thought of Padre Agostino at this moment came to her—why she did not know. "If so, I was wrong," she added; "for of course I must first know if mamma objects."

"Why should she?" the young man asked. "I am sure that when I place the matter before her in the right light, she can not possibly object. I have no fear of refusal from Señora Echeveria, if *you* consent."

"I should like it very much," she answered, frankly—the momentary thought banished. "It would be a great interest to me."

"Then we may consider the matter settled," he said. "To-morrow I shall get a canvas and begin. And what an interest it will be to *me*!"

"I am very sure of that," observed Miss Lestrangle, a little dryly. "But whether Carmela will be equally interested is what I doubt. He is very exacting," she added, addressing Carmela; "and has no mercy on his sitters."

"Are you afraid?" asked Lestrangle, with a direct gaze into Carmela's eyes.

And she, in foolish confidence, replied: "No."

(To be continued.)

"She Hath Done what She Could."

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

UNTIL the Saviour as He sat at meat

A weeping girl once came,
And reverently she kissed His sacred feet,
And called upon His name.

Over her shoulders in a golden shower
Glimmered her lustrous hair;
Youth, grace and beauty were her girlhood's
dower,—

Could she know aught of care?

Yes! for the serpent Sin had left his trail
Within that fair abode;

And she, so young, so beautiful, so frail,
Had felt Remorse's load.

But she had seen the Saviour when He said,
"Ye weary come to Me";
Had heard that voice, at which the enslaver fled,
Leaving his victim free.

How can she best her grateful love express,
This child of grief and sin?
How thank Him for this new-born happiness,
That leaves such peace within?

Some precious ointment lavished on His feet,
Tears in their plenitude,—
The gift how small, the recompense how sweet:
"She hath done what she could"!

She was a sinner, He the Saint of saints,—
Yet turned He not in scorn
When the poor penitent her steps retraced,
With shame and anguish torn.
While stands this record on the Sacred Page,
Of many sins forgiven,
Tho' the world mock and Satan's legions rage,
None need despair of heaven.

Memories of Scarfort Castle.

I.

A WINTRY afternoon in a northern department of France. Snow had fallen during the greater part of the preceding night; and the wind, still souging sullenly, drove dark, mountain-like clouds slowly across the heavens. The aspect of the country was sombre and monotonous: trees, hill-sides, valleys, and ravines,—all lay buried beneath a common mantle of snow.

A path, too narrow to admit of two travellers walking abreast upon it, had been beaten in the middle of the highway by peasants going to the town of Arras; save for this the road was unbroken. Proceeding rapidly along this path, at the time our story opens, was a vigorous-looking traveller, about forty years of age. An iron-tipped staff with which he facilitated his progress, the coarseness of his dress, and the rough sandals which formed the sole protection of his feet, would have stamped him as one of the poorer class of peasantry, were it not for the air of nobility that marked his countenance and carriage. He was rather below the medium height, with large head, broad shoulders, and well-proportioned, muscular limbs. An untrimmed beard of ruddy hue partially concealed his face, and unkempt locks of the same color fell low upon his neck. He walked with downcast eyes, glancing up only occasionally, as if to measure his distance from Arras.

Suddenly the regular thud of a horse's gallop was heard on the frozen ground behind him. Looking back, he saw an armed knight riding rapidly toward him. A minute or two later the horseman had overtaken him, and the steed thrust its head over the traveller's shoulder. Without manifesting the slightest alarm, the latter, who evidently had no intention of wading into the deep snow in order to allow the knight to pass, lightly swung his staff around his head, and striking the horse's mouth, caused him to recoil in affright.

"Halloo there, you clown!" cried the cavalier, angrily. "Don't you see that I wish to pass you?"

The pedestrian, as if startled at the tone, wheeled about at once and boldly surveyed the spokesman. The latter was a man of haughty,

imperious mien,—one who apparently would ill brook discourtesy from equals, and would be prompt to chastise it in inferiors. His physiognomy was more striking than prepossessing. From beneath the helmet of polished steel that covered his brow, his black eyes seemed to hurl defiance to the world at large; a long mustache hid what one instinctively guessed was a disdainful lip; and several ugly scars that traversed his sallow cheeks, while they spoke of fierce encounters with hardy foes, rendered quite repellent a countenance that would have been somewhat sinister without them. The collar of the Golden Fleece that floated from his gorget, the handsome shield suspended from his saddle, the richness of his steed's caparison, the *ensemble* of his accoutrements, proclaimed him a cavalier of high rank.

The foot-traveller uttered an exclamation of astonishment as he glanced at, and apparently recognized, the knight; but he at once repressed all signs of surprise, and remained silent, as if forgetting that he had been addressed.

"Well," impatiently repeated the horseman, "do you intend disputing the passage with me?"

"It appears to me, noble sir, that it is your horse that should go into the deep snow rather than I, who am barelegged. I am a Christian, whereas, after all, your—"

"Think you I am a low-born knave like yourself, that you bandy words with me?"

"Oh, I know you well enough! Count Palu is no obscure personage in the province."

"Since you know me, you do not need to be told that I have already listened to you too long. Get out of my way, unless you prefer to be strung up to the first tree I come to."

As the knight concluded he raised his lance menacingly. The other did not move, but seemed to be deliberating whether or not he should risk a struggle. Reflecting, however, on the utter disadvantage at which he was placed, he chose the more prudent course and stepped off the path, saying haughtily as he did so,

"Pass on, Count Palu; pass on! We shall meet hereafter."

The knight regarded him contemptuously for a moment; then, disdainingly to reply, put spurs to his horse and galloped away. After a half-hour's hard riding he turned off the high-road, and, proceeding across the open country

on the right hand, took the direction of an old castle visible for miles around.

About two leagues from the town of Arras may still be seen the ruins of this medieval structure. The massive walls that once resisted the oft-repeated shock of military engines, long ago succumbed to the more destructive, if less violent, force of time. The moat is filled with moss-grown rocks; the donjons are levelled to the dust; and as neither the exploits nor the crimes of the former lords of the soil were sufficiently remarkable to command the historian's notice, even the name of the ancient stronghold is scarcely to be found in the provincial chronicles. Toward the end of the fifteenth century, however, Scarfort Castle, as yet uninjured by the vicissitudes of fortune, was a noble edifice, and a fortress well calculated to sustain a lengthy siege. Lord Germain, its owner at the time of which we write, was an elderly knight, who in his youth had ranked among the most valiant and illustrious of French cavaliers. He still retained the same number of attendants and vassals that in other days had contributed to the splendor of his little court; but with declining years and enfeebled frame the splendor had waxed dim, and the life of Lord Germain was now spent in wearisome though obligatory inaction.

On the evening that witnessed the encounter of the pedestrian and the knight a bright fire blazed in the huge chimney of Scarfort Hall; and Germain, seated before it in an antique chair, silently watched the capricious undulations of the flames. Lady Charlotte, his venerable consort, sat at his side, awaiting the summons to the evening meal. Suddenly the door opened and the major-domo entered. His master slowly raised his head as this functionary addressed him:

"My lord, there is an old woman outside—a pilgrim, who craves hospitality for the night."

"She is welcome," said the amiable *châtelaine*; "especially if she can beguile the time with tale or ballad."

Germain nodded his acquiescence and the steward withdrew. A few moments later the venerable couple were summoned to supper, and proceeded to the dining-hall. The long marble table that extended nearly the whole length of this spacious apartment was capable of seating more than a hundred guests; but on the present

occasion only a portion of the upper extremity was prepared for occupancy,—the pilgrim mentioned by the steward being, in fact, the only guest expected. For her, host and hostess now waited. The steward soon entered, but alone.

"This evening's guest," said he, "is only an ignorant peasant woman, whom it would be incongruous to place at my lord's table. Moreover, she desires nothing more than to—"

"Is she on a pilgrimage?" inquired Lady Charlotte.

"She says so, at least."

"Then conduct her hither. When God brings pilgrims to our door we never know whom we are receiving. I remember that, fifty years ago, my father extended hospitality to a traveller who appeared to be indigent and miserable, and yet was in reality one of the most valiant gentlemen of France. Yes, bring her in. I wish her to remember Scarfort Castle as long as she lives, and trust that she may teach her children to bless our names."

The woman was shown in. She was greeted with that cordiality and affability which the really noble can so readily blend with the dignity becoming their rank. A page received orders to serve the various dishes, and in a few moments the bashful pilgrim (who had introduced herself as Jeanne Maillard) was comparatively at ease. When her hunger was somewhat appeased she was led to converse about her journey.

"Your devotion is very courageous," said her hostess, "since it leads you to undertake a journey in so inclement a season."

"It is a matter of necessity, my lady. I am fulfilling a vow."

"Are you going far?"

"To Our Lady of Hall."

"You have made a vow, then, to Our Lady of that famous shrine?"

"Not exactly, my lady; but I am accomplishing one. It was my mother who made the vow."

"Ah! And did she obtain what she prayed for, may I ask?"

"Yes, madam, since I am alive. She asked Our Lady of Hall to resuscitate me."

"Resuscitate you! Why, were you dead?"

"I was dead, and was restored to life."

"Tell me your story, I pray you."

Jeanne became recollected for a moment, as if

putting herself in the presence of God, and began:

"I have seen sixty-seven winters. Sixty have gone by since a prodigy was wrought in my favor; and during that time, once a twelvemonth, no matter what has been my condition, I have visited Our Lady's sanctuary to pay her the tribute of my undying gratitude. I was but seven years old when—"

The opening of the door and the entrance of a new guest here interrupted the recital.

II.

The personage who now entered Scarfort dining-hall was no simple villager or alms-craving pilgrim, but a Flemish noble, well known and not a little dreaded throughout the province—Count Palu.

The almost incessant conflicts of one kind or another waged throughout France while the feudal system was in vogue, engendered in warlike souls a restiveness that knew no abatement. The Middle Ages were, indeed, the heroic epoch in the history of that as of most other European countries; and the men of those days, surveyed at this distance, appear to us of a higher stature and nobler nature than ours. We involuntarily pay the tribute of our admiration to those brave and brilliant cavaliers whom Fancy pictures to us clad in steel, bounding swiftly by us on their splendidly caparisoned and mettlesome steeds, in ardent pursuit, not of gold, like their less chivalric successors of later times, but of glory; combating the tyrant and the oppressor during the full course of their impetuous lives, and dying faithful to their ladies and their God. Yet, just as the deeds of the truly noble among them, who wielded their lances for the maintenance of justice and the defence of faith, invest them with a halo of epic grandeur, so when recreant sons of chivalry lent their arms to the service of iniquity—when they became the avowed champions of license, rapine and lust,—the very energy of their character gave to their crimes an added element of savage horror.

John of Palu was sprung from that family of Lamarck whose ferocity was stigmatized by the popular terror, in the expressive nickname, Wild Boars of the Ardennes. His birth caused his mother's death. Reared in the camp, cradled in mercenary arms, and nourished with mare's milk mixed with wine, his eyes first opened, not

on the caressing smiles of maternal love, but on the frowning visages of dissolute soldiers. From earliest youth the boy manifested only cruel, sanguinary tastes. His dearest sport, while yet a mere child, was the massacre of insects and birds. He exercised his muscles in the congenial task of beating his pages and servants. As he grew older he became enamored of the chase, and followed it with impassioned ardor, thus still further aggravating his savage instincts. Nothing could check the course of his despotic caprices; he acted as though the whole universe had been created merely to subserve his boundless egotism. The honor, the fortunes—nay, the very lives of his vassals, were but the playthings of his self-seeking.

His father soon experienced the effects of his violent temper. Frequent quarrels took place between the two. More than once the son was seen, in an excess of furious rage, to lift against the old man, from whom he had received the boon of life, a parricidal hand; and when finally the father mysteriously disappeared, it was not an uncommon belief that the youthful villain had compassed another murder.

Master henceforth of the Chateau of Palu, John made of it the headquarters of a company of brigands. His days were spent in rapine, his nights in debauchery. He respected nothing. Accompanied by a band of ruffians as criminal as himself, he scoured the high-roads, despoiling merchants and travellers, sacking villages, and raiding monasteries and churches. Once he had surprised the daughter of the Lord of Marvault, at a moment when, separated from her escort, she was in pursuit, her falcon at her wrist, of a partridge she was intent upon taking. To escape the dishonor which she knew too well awaited her, Marie de Marvault had thrown herself beneath her horse's feet and was trampled to death.

This event marked the end of Count Palu's prosperity. Marie had a brother: he summoned the brigand before the court of their sovereign, Charles the Bold. Wroth at the commission of so many crimes, the Grand Duke threatened with an oath to march against the Count's castle and raze it to the ground, if John did not appear in person to answer the charges made. The Knight of Palu hastened to the Burgundian court with soldiers and gold; but he did not present himself as an accused person, nor did he seek to justify

himself. He offered Charles his services, and followed him in all his expeditions up to the battle of Nancy.

Providence, however, had not failed to give warnings to the infamous brigand. He was thrice pierced, at Morat, by the lance of a knight who, seemingly, was fighting against him alone. Unhorsed, he had heard in the midst of his agony the voice of his adversary accompanying a final thrust of the dagger: "Remember Marie of Marvault!" Palu owed his life to the compassion of a poor mountaineer, who had nursed him and sent him back to France. At the battle of Nancy the same knight had sought him out, and had left him for dead on the field. John, completely recovered, was now on his way to his manor, as full of arrogance and impiety as ever.

"My Lord of Scarfort," said the Count, entering the dining-room, "and you, my lady, I give you fair greeting. The weather is so unpleasant that courage failed me to go on to my castle, so I have presumed on your hospitality for the night."

"You have done well," answered Germain. "Seat yourself here at my right."

Palu's glance fell upon Jeanne Maillard, and he could not repress a gesture of disdain. Turning to the *châtelaine*, he remarked, with an arrogant smile:

"You exercise unbounded hospitality. Has your castle become a tavern?"

"This good woman," replied the hostess with dignity, "is travelling for love of our Blessed Lady; and my mother taught me that one's table is always honored by the presence thereof of pilgrim or priest."

"And do you also wash the feet of the poor?" asked the Baron, half-sneeringly.

"You have become very haughty since your sojourn at court," interposed Germain, masking the severity of his words under a tone of banter. "Formerly, if we are to believe common report, the guests who honored your manor were neither very noble nor especially holy."

Palu dared not manifest his displeasure too openly. He filled his glass, and emptied it at a single draught. The arrival of a new pilgrim relieved him of his embarrassment. He insisted on the hostess admitting this unexpected guest, whoever he might be, to the table.

"But how is this?" said the Count, taking a

puzzled look at the newcomer as he was ushered into the apartment. "It seems to me that I have seen this traveller before."

"Of course you have! It is not two hours since you forced me into the snow up to my knees, for fear your horse should catch cold."

"Just fancy, my lord: this rascal had the consummate insolence to dispute with me as to the right of way!"

"And I give you fair warning, Count, that I would not have yielded had I not considered myself forbidden by a vow to touch steel. So, if you meet or overtake me on the route to-morrow, be prepared to face an individual much less accommodating."

The knight shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and disdained to reply.

"I crave your pardon, noble lady," added the newcomer, addressing his hostess. "Do not, I pray you, allow me to interrupt your conversation."

"You will perhaps be as interested as ourselves in listening. It is the account of a miracle worked by Our Lady. You also, no doubt, are on a pilgrimage?"

"I *was* on my way to Our Lady of Bourbourg, to return thanks to the avenging Virgin. But I confess I am curious to learn to what shrine the Knight of Palu is journeying."

"To Our Lady of Chastisement, insolent cur!" exclaimed the Count, hotly.

"'Tis there, indeed, you *should* go," coolly rejoined the traveller; "and many eyes that saw you pass will never see you return. But where is this sanctuary situated?"

"At the point of my lance."

"Are you really going," inquired the Lord of Scarfort, "to some shrine in the province?"

"Who? I! These ridiculous superstitions are well enough for old women and stupid blockheads. If there were question of securing some precious reliquary, or appropriating some treasure, I could be counted upon to take the trip. Otherwise—no, thank you!"

"Do you not fear," said Lady Charlotte impressively, "that Heaven will some day lose patience, and be avenged for your sacrileges before you have time to do penance?"

"What, my lady! Does one of your intelligence credit all the fables that priests recount?"

"And are you," interjected the traveller, "so

blind that you can not discern the hand of Providence? Have not the frightful catastrophes which you have witnessed yet opened your eyes? The fall of the Burgundian Goliath, struck down by a stone from the sling of a Swiss herdsman, his death, and your own wounds,—have these not taught you that there is a God?"

"If there is a God, He sleeps very profoundly, and pays no attention to what is going on here below. I have committed against Him, I own, every crime I have been capable of conceiving; and, far from bearing rancor, He has twice very gratuitously preserved my life."

"Don't exult prematurely," rejoined the traveller, regarding him with an expressive glance. "When divine justice is slow it is only that it may be surer and more manifest. Man's arm may fail, and the steel sometimes turns in the hand of him who strikes; but the angel of God carries a sword, whose stroke never errs. And perhaps, noble Count, even now, when you are boasting of the impunity you enjoy, the death-stroke is aimed at your heart, and waits only the signal to pierce you through."

"Let me recount to you," said Lady Charlotte, "an event of which my grandfather was almost a witness, and which occurred at Our Lady of Bourbourg's, whither this good man is journeying."

(To be continued.)

A True Ghost Story.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

NO doubt, there are ghosts and ghosts. I am no more a believer than the wisest of my readers in such goblins as the nursery-maid frightened us withal; or, again, in phantoms of the kind we heard about in "creepy" tales at school. But the word "ghost" properly means *spirit* or *soul*; and I do believe that departed souls are allowed now and then, and for some good reason, to visit friends on earth, and under the same appearance as to form, sometimes even as to dress, which they wore in this mortal life. I believe this because there is far too much evidence for the *fact* of such apparitions to leave it an open question with any unprejudiced mind.

But those who defend the existence of ghosts are generally under the disadvantage of not having seen one themselves. They can only speak from what they have heard or read. This enables the sceptic to jeer; and it is easy to raise a laugh on such a subject without either the wit or the amiableness of Byron's lines:

"Grim reader, did you ever see a ghost?

No; but you've heard—I understand: be dumb.

And don't regret the time you may have lost;

For you have got that pleasure still to come."

I deem it, then, no small gain to my own belief in these apparitions that *I have* seen one myself, and without further prelude I proceed to the narration.

It was on the 11th of February, 1887. Our community here in Buenos Ayres, though smaller than usual at the time, was bravely carrying out our rule of rising at night to sing Office in choir. We follow here the custom of our North American province as to the hour for rising: viz., at two o'clock in summer and at half-past one in winter. February being a summer month in this part of the world, we had risen at two on the morning of the 11th, and had finished our Office at three; but, according to rule, we had to remain in choir, meditating, till half-past three—then back to bed.

Now, here I must make a confession, since my story positively requires it. Our chief superior, or provincial (as we call him—though the province, as such, is not yet formed), had been away several months—having gone first to Rome and then to the United States; and we were eagerly awaiting his return. There was much disquietude among us about certain matters, and on this particular morning my own mind was unusually perturbed—so that, indeed, I had great difficulty in attending to the Divine Office. In fact, if the truth must be told, I had experienced for the first time (since becoming a religious) a severe temptation against continuing in community life; and had partially entertained it.

Well, when Matins and Lauds, with the regular prayers which follow according to our custom, were over, I judged it a good move to go into the garden for a few minutes, to see if the fresh air would not calm me. As our house was then (it has been added to since), the choir was close to the garden—being at the end of a corridor which led out into the garden. So, forth I went.

The night was clear, though some light clouds were in the sky. No moon, but light enough to distinguish the trees and the plots for some little distance. (Be it remembered we have no twilight here, as in the North.) I was closing the door behind me, my hand still on the knob, when I perceived with some surprise the figure of a Passionist standing bareheaded about six yards from me, and on a patch of ground which had remained grassless, the stump of an old tree having been extracted there. This spot was round, and completely covered by the habit of its occupant. It struck me as singular that he had chosen that particular spot to stand on, since he must have wetted his feet in crossing the grass to get to it. Besides, was it not Brother E., who was too ill to rise for choir? He was the only religious not in attendance that night, and I knew that none had left the choir but myself. It was the time of the "greater silence," or I should have remonstrated with him for thus exposing himself to further illness.

But now, looking at the figure more closely, I saw that it was *not* Brother E. It was not tall enough for him, neither was the head his. The hair was of another color, and the outline of the face, as far as I could distinguish it, was very different. Besides, I reflected, Brother E. could not have gone into the garden without passing the choir door, which was wide open; so that we must have heard him.

Then . . . *who was it?* Here a feeling of awe came over me. Could it be my dear friend the provincial? Was he dead, and was this apparition meant to tell me so? (We had not even heard from him for an unusually long time, and were wondering what could be the reason.) The figure stood facing westward, away from me; and I caught but the profile of the face, and that too indistinctly to be sure of the features. But, for a minute, I thought it did look very like the provincial; and would have spoken but for feeling tongue-tied. The next minute, however, I reflected that it had not his height, and looked more like Brother A., who had died in Buenos Ayres two years before, and for whom I had prayed a good deal. Then, again, had it been a priest, I should have noticed the tonsure (the head being in a position to show it).

Well, I shall never forgive myself for not

speaking. The apparition seemed waiting for me to do so, but I was too long in summoning courage. However, I did not retreat into the house. *He* was the first to move. With a motion like that of a bird taking wing, the figure *shook itself out*, dissolving from the head downward; and the last thing I saw was the black rim of the habit vanishing off the ground—off the bare spot of earth, which gleamed out under the starlight.

I walked down the steps and along the path for a couple of minutes before entering the house, and when I got back to the choir my feelings had indeed calmed down. I felt how very foolish I had been to let myself become so upset, and spent the remainder of the time until half-past three in fervent prayer and renewal of confidence in our Blessed Lord and Lady; resolving to go to confession without delay, and never again to entertain for an instant the thought of giving up my religious vocation.

A few days after came a letter from the provincial, explaining his long silence, and gladdening us with the news that he was just about to sail from New York. So that it certainly was not *his* ghost I had seen—unless he had met with death on the voyage. But this possibility did not trouble me at all; for the more I thought on the question, the more sure I became that the spirit was that of Brother A.,—a persuasion which gathered confirmation in my mind from the happy arrival of the provincial in due time. Moreover, the tranquillizing effect of the vision made me attribute it to the goodness of our Blessed Mother, who had sent it, I felt sure, as a warning in a moment of doubt and danger.

Now, if any one consider what I saw the result of “heated imagination,” I answer that my imagination was not working at all at the time I first saw the apparition, and that it became *chilled* rather than heated. Equally at fault must be the theory of “optical illusion” in the case. Moreover, the way in which the phantom disappeared—withdrawing deliberately and reluctantly, rather than vanishing—made me certain beyond doubt that I had seen a spirit sustaining for the moment the appearance of a body. Probably I shall never know for sure who my visitant was until I die, but his presence has left upon my memory an indelible impression while this mortal life shall last.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

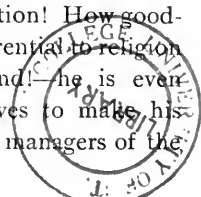
THE POLITICIAN.

THE politician is supposed to be a patriot. When we say that all men should be politicians, we mean, of course, that all men should be patriots. But, happily, all men are not politicians in the professional sense; this politician, small or great, is a parasite, not a patriot. Men in politics who are patriots are ashamed to class themselves among politicians.

The politician looks on morality and the public good and the public honor as the gambler looks on his cards. Economy in public life is a phrase he is fond of,—he means, naturally, that the opposite party should economize. He looks on “emoluments” to be obtained from the public treasury as smugglers do on the goods they save from the clutches of the custom-house officers. A member of a rival party may steal from the public, but the laws against such stealing become penal when they are applied to him: that is, he regards them as penal. If he can evade them, he is a successful man; if he is caught by the agents of the law, he is a martyr in his own eyes.

The politician has his own code of morality, and the first axiom of this code is that every man has his price. “A poor man,” he will tell you, “can not afford to go into politics.” He sneers at the opinion that the people rule. Every ten years they are wrought up, by some revelation of political corruption, into an assertion of their rights, he says; but for the next ten years they are quiescent. During the next ten years the politician manipulates the “primaries,” and throws dust into the eyes of the public as well as he can.

There is no greater cynic in America than the politician. He believes that most of his fellow-citizens were born to be fooled. See him at a church fair on the eve of an election! How good-humored, how genial; how reverential to religion he is! How generous, how kind!—he is even lavish with his money. He lives to make his race happy. And when the wily managers of the



fair put him up to be voted for as a candidate for a "magnificent gold-headed cane," how forgiving he shows himself to be—although he shudders at the prospect of permitting his pure and unsullied name to appear by the side of that of his political rival! How the people rush in to vote for him (he may, from his habitual generosity, drop a hundred dollar bill occasionally among the voters)! How they show their love for his virtue! And when his rival loses the cane by a dozen votes, and it is presented to our politician, how surprised he is! He turns to wipe away a tear—and to calculate how much it has cost him!

It is a sweet sight when he disports himself among the families of the voters. How he clusters, as it were, around the little children! His diamond pin radiates his happiness. How sweetly he promises; how noble his sentiments—and he knows just where a few dollars are better than noble sentiments. Ah, what a heart the man has!

But there comes a time when he forgets his promises and noble sentiments; when the mother who rushes forward to present her child to the great man feels that the wave of oblivion has rolled over her. This is just after the election. Things have changed. He is no longer the tender, pastoral creature he once was: he is the stern legislator now. How does he know that the amiable constituent who courts his smile may not be a corrupt lobbyist? He would like to see everybody happy; he would like to keep his promises; he would like to give railroad passes to all who could not get offices. But, alas! how can he? He must be just; and, though it break his heart, he will give away nothing that he can sell.

Let us hear our politician talk in his moments of ease. Let us see what he has to say to our young men, who should, above all, believe that there is disinterestedness in the world. Let us hear what examples he holds up to them. He will tell them that money makes our laws, and that the successful politician is he who grows rich in the exercise of his trade. Patriotism means a fine house and diamonds for the patriot,—he leaves "reform" and that sort of thing to fools. He holds that the man who is not tricky is a failure, and that there is no higher standard than that of self-interest. He lives, and he is held up by the thoughtless and the sordid as an example of success; he dies, and he is forgotten.

Notes and Remarks.

The Indian Appropriation Bill, providing for the support of schools for Indian children, has passed the United States Senate. During the debate on the Bill many strong words of praise were spoken in favor of the work accomplished by Catholic missionaries and religious. These speeches exercised a marked influence, and prevented to a great extent any unjust discrimination against Catholic instructors. Senator Vest, of Missouri, in particular, spoke very sensibly and effectively. He said that if the Catholics were doing better in educating the Indians than other denominations, he was in favor of sustaining them in their work. He spoke of an official visit which he made to an Indian agency seven or eight years ago, and of his observation of the work of the Catholic Church in educating the Indians. He was convinced that the Catholics were far more efficient among the Indians than any Protestant denomination could be. No other denomination could take their place; because the Indians, like all other people emerging from barbarism, had received religious impressions that were permanent. The Indians were Catholics and would remain Catholics.

The labors of the missionaries in Japan are meeting with consoling success. We learn that on the occasion of the synod held at Nagasaki on the 17th of March, upward of ten thousand native Christians assisted at the solemnities attending the Jubilee granted by the Pope, and nearly all of them received Holy Communion.

The recent American Catholic Congress in Baltimore delegated to a committee of well-known gentlemen the duty of arranging for the next Congress; and, after a spirited discussion as to the place where the Congress should be convened, it was finally voted as the sense of the delegates that it "be held in the city which should secure the World's Fair." The Eastern delegates were exulting in the confident expectation that the Fair, and per consequence the Catholic Congress also, would go to New York city. But when the vote was taken in Congress on the question of locating the Fair, Chicago received the honor;

so the Congress will be held in that city. The committee of arrangements consists of the following well-known Catholics: John Lee Carroll, of Baltimore; James H. Dormer, Buffalo; M. W. O'Brien, Detroit; M. J. Harson, Providence; John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston; Daniel Dougherty, Philadelphia; Morgan J. O'Brien and Patrick Farrelly, New York; John D. Kiely, Jr., Brooklyn; William L. Kelly, St. Paul; R. J. Semmes, New Orleans; M. D. Fausler, Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. F. Dunne, San Antonio, Fla.; W. J. Onahan, Chicago. A meeting of this committee was held in Boston, July 25, at which preliminary steps were taken in reference to the future Congress. The result of this meeting will be regarded with great interest by Catholics everywhere.

A religious remarkable for age and for virtue passed away last week at Notre Dame. Just before the Angelus on Wednesday evening the venerable Brother Vincent, who for nearly seventy years had been a devoted member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was called to his reward. He was born at Courbeville, France, in 1797, became a religious in 1821, and for nearly half a century had resided at Notre Dame. He was among the first members of the community, and one of its earliest representatives in the United States. A man of most amiable disposition and engaging manners, he was beloved by his fellow-religious, whom he constantly edified by a life of saintlike fervor. He was tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and during the last few years of his life, his sight having failed, his sole occupation was the recitation of the Holy Rosary. His other faculties he retained to the last. The French Revolution was raging when Brother Vincent was born, and he was baptized by stealth in a secluded barn,—a circumstance which he was fond of recalling, contrasting it with his after-life, so full of the peace in which may his soul find eternal rest!

Baddesley Clinton Hall, in England, is noted for its Catholic traditions,—the family of Ferrers having remained true to the Church, in spite of the most frightful persecution. Henry Ferrers left a diary, in which his daily life and the Catholic practices of his family are set down with the utmost simplicity. On November 4, 1620, he wrote:

"I caused Besse to take out the table-napkins that I had of Henry Shakspeare, and presently to lay them forth to whitening this frosty weather, which is best for whitening."

Having passed his seventieth year, he still kept the fast of Lent and the days of abstinence religiously. On Friday, November 20, 1620, he made this entry: "I went to dine, and Sir William with me. We had, besides my milke and butter, botter and two carpes boyled in water and sault, and layd in botter, without cheese or any thinge els." And later, on Friday, February 6, 1628-9, when in his eightieth year, he records: "I dined in my dyneing roome, . . . and had butter basted turnipes, and a roasted eg, and did eate browne bread and drink water." And a fortnight later, February 20: "I said the Seven Psalmes and the litanies with the prayers belonging unto them, in my bed before I rose. Dinner: bread, two herrings and two apples."

We can imagine the pathetic condition of an old man's mind in 1628, when the Sacramental Presence no longer existed in the churches,—for the Reformation had driven Our Lord out. The poor octogenarian could no longer go to Mass, and on February 1, 1628, he makes this entry: "It roong to service at the church. I put on a clene shirt and my wastecote and cape, at ten of the clock, and washed my hands and eyes. I went into my study, and said the Seven Psalmes kneeling at the table." England had changed very much since the "service" in the church had been the unbloody Sacrifice of the Cross.

The death is announced of Dom Maur Walter, Arch-abbot of the Benedictine Abbey of Beuron, in the Black Forest.

Canon Matovelle, of Ecuador, one of the most eminent of South American ecclesiastics, has addressed to the director of the *Bulletin de la Federation Internationale du Sacre-Cœur* a communication relative to the quarto-centenary of the discovery of America. The Canon wishes the International Federation of the Sacred Heart to take the initiative in organizing throughout Christendom a general and splendid commemoration of an event so glorious in the history of the Church. He states that, to his knowledge, the Masonic lodges of the world have, during

the past two years, been preparing to celebrate the event as if it were a matter that peculiarly concerned them; and says truly that it will be regrettable should no European Catholic association take measures to bring out prominently the Church's share in the discovery that proved to be the most important enterprise of modern times.

Columbus belongs to the Church. It was for her, for Christ, that he dared and did and suffered. Others who too quickly followed him came to the New World to seek gold; Columbus sought souls. South America is Catholic, and in North America the Church, free, honored, and respected, is spreading widely and deeply. It is to be hoped that the project broached by Canon Matovelle will be undertaken with energy, and carried out with the fullest measure of success.

The Church in Transvaal, South Africa, is evidently in a very flourishing condition. President Krüger was recently appealed to by a Lutheran minister, who declared that some action should be taken "against the invasion and encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church in the Republic." The President, who is a Calvinist, refused to consider the proposal, however; and declared that "if the Calvinist church wishes to maintain its supremacy in the Republic, it has only to imitate the Catholics in their works of charity. It has only to make the same sacrifices for education and so many other works."

By the death of Mr. Alexander Sweeney, which occurred on the 12th ult., Brooklyn loses one of its pioneer Catholic citizens. He died at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Sweeney was born in Balnamore, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, and came to this country in 1844, settling in Brooklyn, where he had ever since resided. A zealous, well-instructed Christian, he was greatly interested in Catholic literature, the success of which few have done more to promote. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which he was treasurer for upward of thirty years, and the Total Abstinence Union numbered him among their most prominent members. Always a fervent Catholic, he rarely missed attending early Mass, and it was his custom to receive Holy Communion every week. He had done so on the morning of his death.

Mr. Sweeney was well known to the Catholic citizens of Brooklyn, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. May he rest in peace!

The Congress of Colored Catholics held last month in Cincinnati brought together a large number of prominent men from all parts of the country. The Congress opened with Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, and was in session three days. Speeches were made by distinguished visitors and citizens, and the status of the negro in America was thoroughly discussed. The Rev. Father Harrison, of St. Paul, Minn., illustrated the catholic character of the Church when he said, in the course of a clever address: "In matters of race the Church is color-blind." No surer proof of this fact can be adduced than the hearty encouragement extended to the Congress by prelates and priests. The Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops Watterson, of Columbus, and Maes, of Covington, together with a large number of the reverend clergy, attended the Congress.

New Publications.

PREJUDICE. A Lecture Delivered before the Unity Club, at the Unitarian Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan. By the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien.

This excellent pamphlet contains sufficient to dispel all the popular prejudices against the Church. Would that all the prejudiced could read it! The Very Rev. lecturer thinks that prejudices have originated not alone in the malice of non-Catholics, but in the misconduct of Catholics themselves, particularly in that of several classes whom he distinguishes as "the ignorant Catholic, the bad Catholic, the hickory Catholic, the none-of-your-business Catholic, the foreign Catholic, and the policy Catholic." Whether *all* of these classes are guilty of what is often imputed to them is, however, questionable. The "none-of-your-business Catholic" is simply one who declines to unfold the Christian mysteries for the mere gratification of idle curiosity,—that is to say, who acts on the model of our Saviour's conduct when sent by Pilate to Herod. As to the "foreign Catholic," we can not expect him to give up what to him are not mere luxuries, but necessities, for fear of giving scandal to a few fanatics, who see sin where there is no sin. It is true, there are self-

denying Catholics who put themselves to serious inconveniences rather than run the risk of giving the slightest scandal. May God reward their purity of intention! But the more anxiety a man shows to avoid giving scandal, the more ingenuity the scandal-takers show in getting scandalized at his most innocent actions; and when he looks back on his career he finds that he has missed many a solid comfort in the pursuit of an elusive shadow. We commend Father O'Brien's admirable lecture to the earnest attention of our readers.

SERMONS FOR SUNDAYS. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, B. C. D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is the sixteenth volume of the Centenary Edition of the great Doctor's works, and consists of a discourse for each of the Sundays of the year. The liturgical order is followed throughout the book, which, like all of St. Alphonsus' works, abounds in passages from Holy Scripture and the Fathers. The discourses which make up this volume were written especially for parish priests, and for those who preach in country places or to poor and uneducated congregations. The sermons are prefaced by an instruction to preachers, which is worthy of careful study on the part of all who assume that sacred office.

The sermons are little more than suggestions, and may be amplified at pleasure. The editor, the Rev. Father Grimm, C. S. S. R., pertinently remarks that "a preacher will scarcely ever deliver with zeal and warmth sentiments which he has not made in some manner his own. Hence the matter of each sermon has been condensed into a small compass, that the preacher may extend it according to his pleasure, and thus make it his own." The style of the work is easy and simple, the ornate manner being purposely avoided.

THOMAS RILETON. A Narrative. By Mrs. Parsons. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

The list of wholesome Catholic stories can scarcely become too long. The child takes to fiction as he takes to jam; and since the majority of readers are, as regards literature, only children of a larger growth, it is well that the supply of pure, wholesome literary jam should, at least approximately, equal the demand. To say that a book is harmless is to accord it no extravagant praise; yet, from a Catholic standpoint, only a small proportion of the works of fiction that are launched upon the reading public are entitled to even this negative commendation. Mrs. Parsons, therefore, accomplishes a meritorious work in making an addition to the catalogue of Catholic novels. "Thomas Rileton" certainly merits more positive praise than that of being innocuous. The

story is interesting and well told. The hero is a strong character, portrayed with considerable ability; and the secondary personages are also cleverly drawn. The book teaches an excellent lesson.

MARRIAGE. Conferences Delivered at Notre Dame, Paris. By the Very Rev. Père Monsabré, O. P. Benziger Brothers.

Since the year 1872 the Lenten discourses at Notre Dame have been delivered by Father Monsabré, whose learned and eloquent utterances, no less than his earnest piety, have given him, unsought, a world-wide reputation. From time to time these conferences have been collected and given to the public in book form. This volume comprises the sermons upon the Sacrament of Matrimony, and affords an agreeable contrast to the lax ideas which prevail, not in France alone, but throughout the civilized world. No one but a courageous man could speak so plainly, none but a pure-hearted scholar so delicately.

The glowing and earnest words of this successor of Father Lacordaire have been worthily translated into English, with the especial permission of the author.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Eustelle, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, whose happy death occurred at Austin, Texas, on the 18th ult.

Mr. John Butler, who departed this life at Somerville, Mass., on the 11th ult.

Mr. John F. Cahill, of the same place, who died a holy death on the Feast of Mt. Carmel.

Miss Anna Farley, who met with a sudden death on the 2d ult., at Corry, Pa.

Mrs. Thomas Ryan, who peacefully breathed her last on the 20th ult., at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Mrs. R. Devlin, of Roxbury, Mass., who passed away on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Connelly, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 17th ult., at Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Kathleen Maguire, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget O'Connell, Farmdale, Ky.; Mrs. B. Cronin, Napa City, Cal.; Mrs. Florence McAuliffe, New York; and Miss Elizabeth Sheridan, Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Marigold.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

○ FLOWER in the garden bed,
You are not sweet as others are,
You can not balm and sweetness shed;
O gold, brown-spotted star!

And yet I love you for your name,—
A name they gave you when of old
Our Lady's love made worlds aflame;
They called you Mary's Gold.

Building a Boat.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



H, if we only had a boat, what jolly fun we might have!" exclaimed Jack Gordon regretfully, following with his eyes the bright waters as they rushed along,—now coursing smoothly, now leaping in the sunshine; again darkened for the moment, and eddying beneath

the shade of the overhanging branches of a willow tree; then in the distance coming almost to a standstill, and expanding into the clear, floating mirror of the mill pond.

"That's so," answered Rob Stuart, laconically.

The two boys were lounging on the bank of the creek, which, though dignified by the name of Hohokus River and situated in New Jersey, is not considered of sufficient importance to be designated on the map of that State, even by one of those wavering, nameless lines which seem to be hopelessly entangled with one another for the express purpose of confusing a fellow who has neglected his geography lesson until the last moment.

"Yes, if we had a boat we might explore this stream from source to mouth," continued Jack, who was always in search of adventures.

"A canoe?" suggested Rob.

"That would be just the thing," agreed Jack. "But a regular canoe, made of birch bark or paper, would cost too much. I'll tell you what it is, Rob. Jim and I have next to nothing in the treasury at present. We haven't had a chance to earn much lately."

"I'm about dead broke, too," replied Rob.

"I say," exclaimed Jack, after a moment of silence, "suppose we make one?"

"Make one!" echoed Rob, surprised.

"Why, yes. All we need is a flat-bottomed boat; and it ought not to be hard to put one together. Uncle Gerald promised to give me some boards for my chicken coops; perhaps he would add a few more if he knew what we wanted them for. Let's go over and see if he is at home now."

"All right," answered Rob, preparing to start.

Jack and Rob might almost always be found together. They were of about the same age,—Jack being fourteen on his last birthday, the 22d of January, and Rob on the 30th of the following March. They lived within a stone's-throw of each other, and had been friends from the time they were little chaps.

Mr. Gerald Sheridan was a merchant who did business in New York, but he was now taking a few days' vacation, to look a little after the work upon his farm, which was in charge of a hired man. His house, situated a short distance down the road, was large and spacious. The boys walked briskly toward it, planning as they went.

At Uncle Gerald's the latch string was always out—that is, if the door was not standing hospitably open, as was usually the case in pleasant spring or summer weather; one had only to turn the knob and walk in. Just as they were about to enter the square, home-like hall, lined with old-fashioned settles and adorned with fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, tennis rackets, and the like, Jack's cousin, eleven-year old Leo, came out of an adjoining room and said:

"Hello! You want to see father? Well, he's over yonder"—pointing to a sunny patch of ground toward the south,—“showing Michael how he wants the vegetable garden planted. Wait a minute and I'll go with you."

Leo's hat having been discovered in a corner where he had tossed it an hour or two earlier, they started on a race to the garden, and brought up suddenly in front of Uncle Gerald, who now, in a dark blue flannel shirt, trousers to match, and a broad-brimmed hat of grey felt, was evidently dressed for the *role* of a farmer. He was a pleasant man, tall and slight in figure, with blue eyes, a brown beard, and a cheery, kindly manner, which made him a favorite with everybody, and especially with boys, in whose projects he was always interested.

"Give you the wood to build a boat?" he repeated, when told what Jack and Rob wanted to accomplish. "Willingly. I am glad to have you attempt something of the kind. I have always maintained that boys should be taught to work with their hands. Every youth ought to learn the use of tools, just as a girl learns to sew, to cook, and help her mother in household duties. Then we should not have so many awkward, stupid, bungling fellows, who can not do anything for themselves. It is as disgraceful for a lad not to be able to drive a nail straight without pounding his fingers or thumb as it is for a girl not to know how to stitch on a button. But I am letting my hobby run away with me, and no doubt you are anxious to be off. You will find the lumber piled in the storeroom of the barn. Take what you need. Perhaps Leo will lend you his pony to draw the load home."

"Thank you, sir!" answered Jack, heartily.

Now that the means of carrying out his plan were insured to him, he did not feel in such a hurry; and, furthermore, though quite satisfied that he should have no trouble about it, he would not have objected to a few hints as to how to begin.

"Can you tell me, Uncle," asked the boy, half jocosely, "if any of the distinguished men you are thinking of ever attempted to make a boat?"

"To be sure," returned the gentleman. "There was Peter the Great, who, though a tyrannical ruler, might have earned fair wages as a ship-builder. But we shall have to talk about him another time, when I have leisure; for I see that at present Michael wants me to devote all my attention to tomato plants, peas, beans, and seed potatoes. If you wait till to-morrow I will show you how to set to work."

"Oh, I guess we can get on!" returned Jack, becoming impatient again, and feeling that it would be impossible to delay, with the whole bright day before them. Rob seemed to be of the same opinion.

Uncle Gerald smiled, reflecting that, since manual training does not begin with boat-building, they would soon discover the task so confidently undertaken to be a far greater one than they realized. He made no comment, however; and the boys started for the barn-loft, where they selected the wood best suited to their purpose, and carried it down to the yard, where Leo had dragged out the pony wagon.

"Here," said he, "you may stow the boards into this; and I'll lend you Winkie to draw them home, if you'll promise to let Jim and me see you build the boat."

Jack's brother Jim was a year older than Leo, but the two chummed together, and were accustomed to stand up for each other, and thus hold their own against the big boys, who were sometimes rather too much inclined to adopt a patronizing tone toward them.

Jack and Rob now exchanged significant glances, which said plainly that they would prefer the loan of the pony without any conditions. It would be annoying to have the little fellows 'tagging after them.' But there was no help for it. The pony belonged to Leo, and they could not take it without his permission.

"Oh—ahem—I suppose so! Hey, Rob?" said Jack, shutting one eye expressively.

"Well—yes," agreed Rob, appreciating the situation.

They went round to the front of Winkie's stall. Immediately a shaggy head protruded through the window-like opening, a pair of bright eyes passed over the other visitors and rested upon Leo, with a look which might well be interpreted as one of affection; and a rough nose rubbed up against the boy's arm, this being Winkie's way of expressing delight at seeing his master. He rather resented any attempt at petting from Jack or Rob, however; which led them to tease him, much as they would play with a dog,—for he was only a little Shetland pony, hardly larger than a good-sized Newfoundland.

"Kittelywink!" exclaimed Rob, giving him his full name, which had been shortened for the

sake of euphony. "What in the world did you call him that for?"

"Well, I can't exactly say," replied Leo; "but somehow it's a name that's all jumbled up and confused like, and that is just about how you feel when he gets playing his pranks. Presto, change! you know. Now you're here, and now you don't know where you are, but most likely it is in the middle of a dusty or muddy road. Oh, you don't mind the fall, 'cause he has an accommodating way of letting you down easy; but it hurts your feelings awful, especially if there's anybody round. You don't seem as big as you were a few moments before. He doesn't act that way with me now, because I try to be always kind and gentle with him. But you just attempt to really plague him, and see who'll get the best of it."

"Thank you, I guess I won't mind," responded Rob, in a dry tone, which made the others laugh. He already knew by experience something of the pony's capers, though it had been in Leo's possession only a few weeks; while Jack, having been away on a visit, had never driven Winkie.

"Perhaps if you changed his name he would behave better," suggested Rob.

"I did think of that," answered Leo, seriously. "I had half a mind to call him Cream Puff; you see he's just the color of those lovely ones they sell at the baker's."

Both the boys laughed heartily.

"Crickey! that is an odd name, sure enough, and would suit him splendidly!" said Rob.

"Yes, and he'd have to be sweet and nice all the time, in order to live up to it," added Jack.

"Oh, you must not think he is ugly or vicious," continued Leo. "He never tried to run away, and most of his antics are nothing but sport. He is not really bad, only a bit *contrary* occasionally, as Michael says. Mother declares that he reminds her sometimes of a boy who has forgotten to say his prayers in the morning, 'cause then he (the boy, you know) is apt to be fractious, and keeps getting into trouble all day."

"Ha, Leo, what a dead give away!" exclaimed Jack, in a badgering manner. "That's the way it is with you, is it?"

"That's the way with most fellows, I'll wager!" mumbled Leo, growing red, and wishing he had not been quite so communicative.

Neither of the others replied to this, but each secretly admitted that there was a good deal of truth in what he said.

They all assisted in harnessing Kittelywink, who appeared to think this great fun. However, when it became evident that he was expected to draw the little wagon laden with the lumber, he protested decidedly.

"He doesn't want to be used as a dray-horse," observed Leo, sympathetically.

Whether Winkie's pride was indeed hurt at being put to menial employment, or whether he simply felt it an imposition to require him to carry a pile of boards and three sturdy lads in addition, it is impossible to say. At all events, he refused to budge.

"Pshaw!" said Jack. "You fellows had better get off. I'll drive."

There was nothing to be done but for Rob and Leo to scramble down.

"Geet a-a-p!" cried Jack, giving the pony a sharp lash with the whip.

Winkie bounded forward, and darted up the road at what may be called literally a rattling speed; for the boards clattered away at every revolution of the wheels, and the driver found some difficulty in keeping his seat. Jack became excited. He sawed at the pony's mouth and drew him up so suddenly as to pull him back on his haunches. Winkie resolutely objected to these proceedings, and forthwith absolutely declined to go a step farther.

Rob and Leo came running up.

"Jingo, but he's a beauty!" exclaimed Rob, with admiring sincerity.

Winkie, in truth, looked very handsome and roguish as he stood there, with his head bent doggedly, his shaggy mane blown about by the wind, and his bright eyes mischievously asking as plainly as they could: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Huh! Handsome is that handsome does!" grumbled Jack. "But I'll teach him to behave himself."

He raised the whip once more, but Leo caught his arm, crying,

"No, you must not whip him. Father says a horse can be managed by kindness better than in any other way."

"Oh, I *must* not!" repeated Jack, ironically;

but, glancing at Leo's face, he saw that his cousin looked flushed and determined. It would not do to quarrel with such a little fellow as Leo, so he checked the sharp words that rose to his lips, and answered with an effort to be good-natured: "Try it yourself, then. I'll just sit here and hold the reins, and you can reason with him all you have a mind to."

Leo went up to the pony's head, patted and spoke gently to him. Winkie arched his neck, then put down his nose and coolly rubbed it all over his young master's face, as if deprecating his misconduct, while making his complaint, as it were, that he had not been fairly treated.

"If he isn't the cutest chap!" ejaculated Rob, delighted at his sagacity.

Jack could not help being amused also.

"Come now, Kittelywink, go 'long!" said he. "You shall have some sugar when I get home."

Most horses are very fond of sugar, and Winkie was no exception. He turned his ears back, with what Rob called "a pleased expression," at this propitiatory tone. But, although he enjoyed the petting now lavished upon him from all quarters, his sensibilities had apparently been too deeply wounded to admit of his being at once conciliated.

"I know!" suggested Jack, unwilling to relinquish the reins. "Suppose I ride on his back?"

Leo demurred till he saw that the pony did not oppose Jack's endeavor to mount. Winkie appeared to be under the impression that they were now to leave the wagon and the despised load behind. To the surprise of the boys he started ahead willingly, and Jack's spirits rose.

"Ha-ha! that's a good fellow!" he began.

Winkie went on a few rods. Presently he discovered that his expectations were not to be realized. The wagon was unusually heavy still; the clattering boards set up a racket every time he moved. He could not get away from them. It might be a good plan to try again, though. He capered and danced, then plunged onward. Jack did not look like a model horseman at this juncture. The boys screamed at him, giving contrary advice; though this made no difference, for his utmost exertions were directed to clinging to his refractory steed.

The pony was only annoyed, not frightened. He seemed to find Jack's efforts to keep from

falling off quite entertaining. Suddenly a new idea occurred to him. What a wonder that he did not think of it before! He veered toward the side of the way, stopped abruptly, and, bending his head, sent Jack flying over it into the ditch. A grand success! With a satisfied air Winkie followed up his victory, approached his prostrate antagonist, regarded him for a moment, and—for he wore no check-line—putting down that clever nose of his, by a playful push with it he rolled the boy fairly over, and then set off in a steady trot along the highway.

(To be continued.)

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

The decks of the steamer were crowded, and Miss Latimer soon entered into conversation with a fashionably-dressed woman from Oil City, who had a little dog in her lap, which would bark vociferously when "John Brown's Body" was sung, but maintained a decorous silence at other times. The dog's mistress was communicative, and Miss Latimer soon knew that her husband had a very pronounced case of dyspepsia, for which he was obliged to take brandy at frequent intervals; that money was no object with them; that their house was newly furnished in antique oak; and that they were going to see Quebec, having heard that it was a fine city. Presently the husband appeared, and he seemed to have been so faithful in taking the dyspepsia specific that Miss Latimer made an excuse and joined her friends, who were about going around to a sheltered place on the "backward deck," as Clare called it, to talk about Dollard.

"I may not tell the story very well," began Albert; "but I will do the best I can. His name was not really Dollard, but Adam Daulac; and he had an island granted to him above Montreal, and was a sort of titled gentleman. He was about twenty-five when what I am going to tell happened. An Indian prisoner had told how the Iroquois were coming down the Ottawa to kill the people at Montreal and Quebec, and every

one else they could find; and Dollard said he would be one to go and head them off. He took a vow to give no quarter; so did those who went with him. They were all young, too, and we might have seen their names on the town records of Montreal if we had looked. They had some Indian allies—Algonquins,—who followed them; for they hated the Iroquois. The white men were nearly a week getting up the rapids, but at last they reached the Long Sault—”

“The same Long Sault that we went through?” asked Aunt Julia.

“No: that was on the St. Lawrence, this on the Ottawa. They found an old fort, which they repaired and took possession of. Then they waited, and the Iroquois came. There were ever so many Indians to one white man. Then the Indians thought that if those few young men could do so much and be so brave it would be foolish to attack Montreal, and they went back. Oh, I think I would rather have been that brave Dollard, dead there at the Long Sault, than any live man in Canada!”

It was growing cold and they went into the cabin, where Miss Latimer pursued her acquaintance with the lady from Oil City. She, too, had spent a day in Montreal, had stopped at the pretentious hotel, and had thought the city a fine one—what she had seen of it. She had witnessed the game of lacrosse at the Fair Ground, and she thought the Bank of Montreal a splendid building, and the Queen’s statue “interesting.” As to the old French part of the town, she had not cared for it. She liked things fresh and new.

“That’s the talk!” said her husband. “The fresher and newer, the better.”

“Then I fear you will not like Quebec,” answered Mr. Latimer, politely. “It has been an old town for two hundred years or more.”

“Oh, they say the parliament buildings cut quite a figure!” insisted the Oil City dyspeptic.

“And I mean to buy some furs,” added his wife.

Our friends were glad to go to bed, although Albert begrudged the time that he would spend in sleep. He wished he might sit on deck all night watching for the first peep of day, to make acquaintance with the city, which admirers have named the Grey Lady of the North.

Albert was on deck very early next morning. The clear air was already doing its work, and

his cough was but a tiny and modest ghost of a cough now. He leaned over the rail, with his eyes toward the east. Was ever boy so fortunate, he reflected! To think that he should see the very spot where Wolfe fell, and the grave where Montcalm was laid; that he should tread the same narrow streets where Champlain had walked, and wander at will within the walls which enclosed the cradle of religion in the New World!

His Aunt Julia was on deck before him. His conscience was sore. Had he misjudged that good aunt? Had she, after all, the true feeling in regard to this land of song and story?

“I was sure you would be out!” he exclaimed.

“Yes,” she answered, in a tone which froze his enthusiasm. “That lady from Oil City said she would get up early and show me some handkerchiefs she had hemstitched. She would show me how to take the stitches if it were not Sunday.”

The little villages grew more frequent, each with its tin-roofed parish church; and people were stirring on the shore. Life appeared at the wharves; little chapels for the sailors shone in the sun, their bells ringing; and then there loomed up, grey and formidable, the citadel-crowned rock of Quebec! The lady from Oil City was still absent, but Aunt Julia was consoled by the sight of the Union Jack, which saluted the sun from the highest point of the fort.

Albert could have knelt and kissed the ground as he left the wide gang-plank and put his feet on the soil which holiness and bravery and the sufferings of martyrs have made the most historic region in America.

There are two distinct parts to Quebec: the Upper and Lower Towns. The latter is spread out by the water’s edge, and here is where most of the business is carried on. Here is the place, too, where Champlain established the first market, and here is the venerable little Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Just back of the Lower Town rises an almost perpendicular grey rock, and on this the walled town is built. This Upper Town was formerly devoted to churches and dwellings, but shops have of late years intruded upon it. There are several gates, through which one, after climbing that tremendous height, can enter the upper Quebec. Until within a very few years people who lived inside the walls were expected to be safe at home at the hour of nine

at night; after that the gates were opened only to those who had the password.

Albert was in a mood to admire everything and anything, and he even climbed into an omnibus, without lamenting that it looked as if it had just arrived from Chicago. But even omnibuses have a way of their own in Quebec.

"How will the horses get up this hill?" asked Aunt Julia, as they started up Mountain Street.

"In some strange way peculiar to themselves," answered her brother. "The doctor told me not to be surprised at anything in this quaint land."

As he spoke the vehicle gave a wild lurch and stopped, tilted in a most extraordinary position. Aunt Julia was calm. This was, she imagined, the ordinary locomotion of the region.

"A wheel is off!" cried Albert, looking out of the window.

At this the passengers cheerfully climbed out, in spite of the wild gestures of the driver, who assured them, in language which they could not understand, that the accident would soon be remedied. But they, unheeding, trudged on, up and up and up—would they never reach the top?—and then, before they knew it, they stood in front of their hotel.

"I never heard of a hotel on an alley before," said Clare.

"This seems to be a town of alleys," answered the man from Oil City, wiping his brow. "Miserable, tumble-down old place! Why, I haven't seen a building worthy the name! I'd just like to have a few enterprising Yankees get hold of Quebec. They'd just make it hum!—tear the whole dilapidated town down, and show these Canucks what was what."

"Heaven forbid!" said Albert to his father.

The hotel was a strange combination of the old and the new. There were medieval locks and a passenger elevator; antique bedsteads and electric bells.

Of course the first thing to do was to go to church, and where should one's steps lead but to the French Cathedral? It was not far away—right in the midst of the narrow streets.

"I am going with you," said Mr. Latimer to his children.

"But Aunt Julia?"

"Oh, she is going with the Oil City people to the English Church."

A Catholic is at home in the presence of an altar raised to the Most High God, and it mattered little to our children that the worshippers at the Cathedral were of another race, speaking another tongue, and possessing strange customs: the familiar words of priest and choir were like voices from heaven, and they fell on their knees in that historic spot, where soldiers and discoverers and holy men and women had prayed hundreds of years before them, and offered their petitions with devotion. It was strange to see the aisles full of kneeling peasants, and the wonderful beadle, with his gay uniform and staff of office, seating strangers, and having an eye to their comfort; but it was not in the least strange to listen to the same words which have comforted God's people ever since His Blessed Son walked the earth.

Meanwhile Miss Latimer and her friends took their seats with much dignity, as representing another branch of the Established Church. There was really a great deal to see. Above the "bishop's" seat were several sad-looking battle-flags, which had survived the Crimean war, and been placed in their present position by the hands of the Prince of Wales; memorial tablets without number adorned the walls and set forth the virtues of defunct personages; and in the gallery was a funny little coop, railed off with carved panels, where the provincial head of Government sat with his family.

The man from Oil City was evidently not in a pious mood, and, as soon as he had stared about the building, grew restive, and suggested that they should withdraw; but our conscientious Aunt Julia put on her severest look, and intimated by a frown that it would be bad form to retire prematurely from the service of the Established faith. So Mr. Hodson went to sleep and snored loudly, which fact Miss Latimer tried to conceal by the heartiness of her responses.

Mr. Latimer and the children were waiting for them outside.

"Did you enjoy the service?" he asked.

"I enjoyed it because it was my duty to enjoy it; but it didn't sound quite as comforting and familiar as it does at home. Maybe it was because Mr. Hodson was so fidgety and snored so. I wish to goodness I had gone with you!"

To be continued.)

Sir Thomas More and His Daughter.

The devotion of Margaret More to her father, Sir Thomas, forms one of the most touching stories in history. There were in the family three Margarets (called Meg after the quaint fashion of the time): Margaret More herself, Margaret daughter of her stepmother, and an orphan named Margaret, who had been adopted. Margaret More became the wife of William Roper, a young lawyer, whose love for her father rivalled her own.

It must have been a merry house, the one at Chelsea, in whose garden bluff King Henry walked with his arm about his Chancellor; with its pleasant lawn sloping down to the Thames, and with the children and grandchildren busy with their work and games. The greatest men in the kingdom loved to go there at regular intervals, and drink in the wisdom of the kindly man who so gently ruled that household. There Erasmus, the erudite and eccentric Dutchman, was fond of staying, discussing every subject under the sun with Sir Thomas.

The household were all talking together one day and telling whom they would wish to be. "I," said Erasmus, "if not myself, would be a country gentleman, neither too rich nor too poor, beloved by my sovereign, idolized by my family, and respected even by my enemies. I would have a store of learning and a merry heart."—"Why, then you would be father!" exclaimed Meg. And Erasmus laughed and said he surely would.

The merry heart was to have sad trials. There came a coolness between the King and his Lord Chancellor, who would not approve his sovereign's infamous divorce and remarriage. The story has been often told. One pretext after another was trumped up, and Sir Thomas—Lord Chancellor no longer, for he had long before that resigned his honors—was cast into prison. There was but one way out of that cruel place for those who defied Henry VIII., and Sir Thomas knew it. But he never lost heart. He was tried at the great Westminster Hall, found guilty, and sent to the Tower to wait his execution.

As he passed along Margaret broke through the crowd of soldiers and threw her arms about his neck. "O my father! O my father!" was all

she could say. He kissed her and blessed her, bidding her submit to God's will; and even the guards wept with sympathy. The night before his death he wrote her a little letter with a piece of charcoal, telling her how glad he was that she had braved the guards.

Her devotion did not end with his death. It was the custom at that time to place the heads of those who had suffered death by command of the King upon some high place, that the populace might jeer at them, besides taking warning. The head of the saintly Sir Thomas was affixed to a pole on London Bridge; and the serene face, which in life looked so calmly down upon his fellow-men, was in death mocked at by Henry's brutal followers.

Margaret endured this as long as she could; then, with a poor servant whom her father had befriended, she went in a boat one dark night, and received the precious head in her apron, as the faithful man lifted it from the horrible pole and let it fall.

This is not a pleasant incident, and people have grown so refined that they shudder as they listen to it; but the brave deed of Sir Thomas More's daughter will live in history, with many another of which the world was not worthy.

The sacred head was embalmed, and was never far away from the intrepid heroine; and when she died it was laid beside her in her coffin in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.

As for Sir Thomas, Holy Church has called him Blessed, and further honors will doubtless be his in time. So it was the relic of a saint as well as martyr that Margaret's love and bravery saved from further desecration.

Public Honor to Mary.

During that period of terror in England when all were forbidden to publicly honor our Blessed Lady in any manner, certain of her faithful children were to be found in every part of the country who risked their lives and property by saying together the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Many an unfortunate person, who from fear outwardly conformed to the State religion, thus kept his faith alive in those troublous times until a happier day dawned.



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Ask Not.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"Tu ne quæsieris scire nefas," etc.—HOR., Carm. xi.—I.

"ASK not," the Roman poet said, so worldly wise;

"Ask not," the soothsayers, of coming days,
Care not for what within the future lies,—

This day is ours, the vine shows blossomed
sprays,

The wine-skin swells, the golden sunbeam plays.

Ask not! Ask not!

"Ask not, beloved," the Christian poet sings;

"Ask not," he says, as one who knows God's word.

The roses and the sun are passing things,
Beyond them lies the Life where prayers are
heard.

Ask not, but wait the Sight not long deferred,—

Ask not! Ask not!

A Pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



T was not the Passion Play that lured my restless feet to Ober-Ammergau, among the mountains of Tyrol; the Passionsspiel is given but for a season—a summer season—once in a decade. I was nine years too late for its last representation, and a year too early for the more elaborate production of the play which is now attracting such

hosts of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe. The truth is, I had found a clue to a new experience, and I resolved to follow it up in spite of wind and weather.

It happened in this wise. Munich was cold and dull. Spring had scarcely yet begun to garland the handsome and courtly capital; the delights of winter were at an end. Somehow, we seemed to stick fast in the slush that bedraggles the skirts of the seasons, and time hung heavy on my hands.

If picture-galleries and the inspection of bric-a-brac had become a burden, the book-shops were still inviting; and to the book-shops I fled, in a condition of mind bordering on despair. One day I chanced upon a thin folio, leaning on a dark shelf in a small library that has hidden itself away in a dingy court near the Theatiner Strasse.

I opened it in the corner where it had rested in obscurity for many a month; it was richly illustrated. Ah, thought I, here is a treasure! And, carrying it into the light, I carefully examined it. It was enough to make cheerful the darkest day; its ample title-page bore this elaborate inscription: "The Homes of Ober-Ammergau. A series of twenty etchings in heliotype, from the original pen and ink drawings; together with notes from a diary kept during a three months' residence in Ober-Ammergau, in the summer of 1871. By Eliza Greutorex. Munich: Published by Jos. Albert, photographer to the courts of Munich and St. Petersburg. 1872." On the next page I read as follows: "Dedicated to the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger. Wishing to associate my work with the hearts as well as the homes of Ober-Ammergau, I ask permission to dedicate it

to you, dear pastor, who, by your great learning, constant self-sacrifice, and the deep piety of a loving and gentle heart, have guided the people whose homes I have here portrayed, during so many years of your long and successful ministry, toward that Christ-life whose story they so wonderfully personate." Need I add that I did not rest until a bargain was struck, and I found myself safe at home in my lodgings with the prize in my possession?

The etchings in this volume, though not of the first quality, are certainly picturesque and suggestive. The text flows like a babbling brook. It must have been a very kindly hand that penned these lines, loving eyes that saw so much to rejoice in, and a tender and sympathetic heart that was so touched. The picture she drew of home life among the Ammergauans was so captivating I could resist no longer; almost on the instant I made preparations for departure, and was shortly on my way to that sanctuary among the heights of the Bavarian Tyrol, which, alas! is fast losing its individuality, and will ere long become as commonplace as any of those haunts which the ordinary tourist most effects.

I was fortunate in securing as guide, philosopher, and friend, Herr Wilhelm Hummel. He had passed much time among the Ammergauans, and was the intimate friend of the chief interpreters of the Passion Play. He was a master of English, and familiar with the folk-lore of the people. He and I alone were to make this little pilgrimage on the eve of Easter, 1889.

Let me turn the leaves of a note-book—my pocket companion—and catch what I can of the life and landscape I tried to shadow there.

MUNICH, BAVARIA, Holy Saturday, '89.

Thanks be to God! I slept well, awoke well, breakfasted well. The good Herr Hummel entered my room at ten in the morning, a broad smile illuminating his expansive German countenance,—this also is well; indeed nothing could be better. The sun bursts forth from the canopy of cloud that has overspread Munich for a whole week, and there is every promise of a delicate, spring-like day. These lines I jot down in the railway station, where we are now awaiting the departure of our train for Murnau. . . .

So we are away, jogging merrily over the broad plains that surround Munich. The scat-

tered farm-houses look rather dreary; and yet there is, no doubt, much homely comfort housed under those high, steep-sloping roofs. On every hand we see the spires of small chapels, sometimes three or four of them at a glance; and one wonders where all the worshippers come from, or if there are more than a half-score to each of the chapels. By and by these spreading fields will be covered with potato blossoms and waving maize; and the industrious peasants—what toilers and spinners they are!—will be pacing to and fro among the furrows: fathers, mothers, whole families, nursing their growing crops.

At Planegg we tarry a while,—a famous place of pilgrimage. In the wood adjoining is the Virgin's Oak, with its miraculous image. O that we had time to visit it!—but now we are off again, dividing the landscape into halves; and such pretty halves that it is quite impossible to choose between them.

In the Mülhthal, a shallow valley that now shelters an old mill, tradition says that Charlemagne was born. The thought plunges us both into a reverie, out of which we have not quite wakened, when lo! we are at Starnberg. How well I remember the glorious day I spent at Starnberg, with dear friends now widely severed!—the sea divides us, but not forever, I trust. There we embarked in a small boat, and were rowed across the lovely lake by a stalwart lad, who was as proud of the exceptionally fine weather as of his beloved Starnbergersee.

On the opposite shore stands Schloss Berg. A glorious grove surrounds the Schloss, where the late King Ludwig II. was confined during his last unhappy days. It is an ideal castle: that is, it is a castle with turrets and towers, but possessing also chambers in which one might live comfortably—if one were not a monarch. Its windows command superb views of the lake and of the distant Alps. The vistas that invite the eye on every hand are enchanting. The Rose Garden of Ludwig, one of his several artificial paradises, blooms close at hand. Everywhere throughout the castle one sees evidences of exquisite refinement—of over-refinement, perhaps it might be called; for the unfortunate King was mad, art-mad and music-mad. His imagination played him a thousand pranks, and he lived a life of wild romance that had long bordered upon lunacy, when he sought

tragic death, and found it in the pellucid waters of the lake he had loved so well.

Comely villages dot the shores of Starnbergersee; the artists of Munich know them well, and many of their annual festivals are held among them. We took boat again and skirted the margin of the lake. We were shown the very spot where poor Ludwig's body was found; and then discovered that our boatman was one of those who found it, and his boat—the boat we went a pleasuring in—bore the body back to the castle. Even picturesque Leoni and legendary St. Heinrich could not restore our gaiety after this, and we were silent as we rocked upon the sparkling waters of the lake, with our bow turned homeward. Who visits Munich and fails to pass a day at Starnbergersee, if the season is favorable, surely knows not what he is missing—in that, at least, he is fortunate.

We tarry twenty minutes at Starnberg; why, no one can tell. I have time to write up my notes, and to dream over the memory of the day I have just referred to. It is a fact, however, that the local trains in Germany, like those of every other country under the sun, do not hurry themselves overmuch.

Before reaching Murnau we pass two other lakes. The latter is the charming Staffelsee; an islet in the midst of it is crowned by a chapel, which tradition says was consecrated by St. Boniface. Now the landscape becomes more diversified, and our interest increases as we approach the foot of the Alps. It is growing noticeably cooler. There is snow, large fields of it, up yonder among the heights; it glistens against the bright blue of the sky, and the dark slopes below it look darker by contrast. . . .

Here we are at Murnau. Leaving the station without regret—it is not in the least interesting,—we foot it over a low hill, and find ourselves at the edge of the village. What a clean little village it is! I suppose the storm-winds sweep it at intervals. What compact little houses, with small windows, and large stones laid upon the roofs to keep them from being blown away! The mountains seem to wall up the lower end of the one street. Primitive people walk leisurely about; and, at intervals, some of them enter the small chapel halfway down the street, whither I presently follow them. Ah, how cold it is in there, and how scru-

pulously clean! There is ice in the holy-water fonts, and yet it is warm in the sun, and I am trying to persuade myself that this is really and truly spring—yea, and past the prime of it, too!

We dine on venison in a *gasthaus* room, the walls of which are fancifully decorated with the horns and hoofs of Alpine fauna; all the furniture, save only the dining-table, is fashioned out of antlers and laced with thongs. The chandeliers are marvels of ingenuity; and, for a hunting lodge, no furnishing could be more picturesque or more appropriate—shall I add, or more uncomfortable?

While we are leisurely dining the diligence comes rattling along the street; two or three passengers enter it; with a flourish of whip-cord and a glance of surprise in our direction, the driver, somewhat reluctantly I fancy, sets forth for Ober-Ammergau. We might easily have taken passage with him, for the vehicle was not half filled; but we have set our hearts upon a full enjoyment of the four hours' drive over the mountains, and are now awaiting the arrival of our private conveyance.

Here it comes,—a queer, two-wheeled, one-seated, two-horse trap, that is a sight to behold. Having climbed into it, we find ourselves extremely comfortable, and at such an altitude that our range of vision is noticeably enlarged. The driver—a peasant of the peasants, with a plume in his hat—seats himself somewhere under our feet, but whether upon the tongue of the vehicle or the tail of one of the horses I am not able to determine. Even friend Hummel, a born Bavarian, must needs laugh at our comical turn-out.

There is a rather hot plain to cross,—hot because it is sheltered by the overhanging mountains; there is no breeze whatever, and the sun streaming down upon us is like the sun of summer. There are trees along the roadside, but they are leafless now, and the stream that flows by us is choked with ice. Thus we wind our way through the valley of Loisach. Anon we enter a cool ravine, and the change in temperature is remarkable: it is almost like plunging into a cold bath. The road winds for a time close under an overhanging cliff. At every turn in our journey the scene grows wilder; snow-drifts begin to appear at intervals, and the roadside houses, resembling Swiss *chalets*, are still barricaded against the winter storms. Spring comes late to

these mountain fastnesses, and the Alpine winter is no friend to humanity.

We thread several small villages, each with its rustic chapel, its large crucifix in the churchyard, and its little congregation of graves clustering close under the eaves of the sanctuary,—God's Acre they call the churchyard here, with its mounds and its multitudes of crosses.

Most of these villages seem deserted; for the inhabitants are scattered far and wide, toiling among the meadows and the forest. At Oberau we make our first halt. It is a mere handful of houses nestling at the foot of a steep ascent,—a veritable hill of difficulties. Here we find a huge fire in the waiting-room of the inn, and we are glad to gather round it. There is a profusion of horns and antlers on the walls, and a crucifix in the corner: a few pious prints, rudely framed, grace the place, and give it an air one is glad to find in so wild a spot. Some mountaineers are taking beer, in spite of the cold weather; we prefer a warm draught, and, thus fortified, begin the most serious stage in the pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau.

The hill of Ettal is steep and high: it must be climbed on foot. Ah me! what sights are witnessed here during the season of the Passion Play, when the way is literally thronged! Long before I reach the summit I am forced to rest, and my resting spells grow longer and more frequent as I slowly approach the top. Friend Hummel gives out ere he is a third of the way up, and is hoisted into our trap with some difficulty; for he seems quite exhausted. Our good-natured driver, who is on foot as well as I, is now compelled to push the vehicle from behind, so as to aid the poor animals in their struggle up the hill.

I have for a chance companion a young soldier from the barracks in Munich, who is on his way home for his Easter outing; a pleasant, modest fellow, who seems to have retained something of the pastoral simplicity of his people—he is a native of Ober-Ammergau,—and who grows friendly and talkative as we advance. He calls my attention to a memorial tablet recording the sudden death of a pilgrim at this very spot, from over-exertion. The prayers of the faithful are requested, so the little soldier and I kneel side by side on the wild mountain road, and ask rest for the soul of the departed. Not far away, on

this same terrible hill, two others were crushed to death by the overturning of a truck freighted with a colossal marble statue on its way to Ober-Ammergau. A granite monument is erected to their memory; they were the master stone-mason of Munich and his foreman. Come, little soldier, let us pray for these also. Not very cheering, these landmarks, are they? There is an adage current in the Ammer valley to this effect: "The way to the representation of the Passion Play should be a way of penance." Yes, but we are doing penance in common with those who have that marvellous play to look forward to, whereas what can we look forward to save a pastoral Easter in the Alps? Yet who would not climb the hill of Ettal thrice over for such an Easter in such a place?

On the hill-top I ascend into my high seat beside the cheerful Hummel, now quite restored, and we drive merrily onward. So here I say farewell to my soldier boy, for he walks all the way from the railway station to his village home.

What is it that nestles under the lofty Ettaler-Mandl? A domed structure with towers on either hand; tall columns support it; it stands upon a broad terrace, with statues; and broader wings enclose the lawn that spreads before it. Ancient buildings cluster about it, forming smaller courts, which are entered through vaulted passages under the buildings; and whither some of these passages lead I know not, for one might easily lose himself in this labyrinth of brick and mortar. This is the venerable Monastery of Ettal—all that is left of it, and more's the pity!

It has its romantic history. The German Emperor, Ludwig of Bavaria, having been crowned in Rome, found himself attacked near Milan, and the gates of the city closed against him. He sought refuge in the Monastery of St. Victor, imploring aid in his distress. While in the chapel at prayer, a monk approached him—some say an angel in disguise,—and, placing an image of the Blessed Virgin in his hands, promised him a safe return to Bavaria provided he would found a monastery in the valley of the Ammer, and there enshrine the image for public veneration. Ludwig returned in safety; he ascended the steep hill that now lies behind us, and on arriving at this very spot he could proceed no farther; for the horse fell thrice upon its knees, and Ludwig

knew it to be a sign from Heaven; so here he built his monastery, and invited the Benedictines to inhabit it. The corner-stone was laid in 1330; the fame of the statue spread abroad, and two centuries ago as many as seventy thousand pilgrims visited the miraculous Madonna in a single year. The peculiar virtues of the statue are said to be these: in the arms of the pure-minded it is light as a feather; in the arms of the impure and haughty it weighs a ton; while to the guilty it is quite invisible.

What can one now look for at Ettal? An admirable church, richly yet delicately frescoed, its dome filled with airy flights of angels; a superb organ, handsome altars, and a few relics. The chapel is rococo, of the most decorative description. Some odd bits of furniture, dating from the fourteenth century, remain stowed away in obscure corners. In 1744 the abbey, the church and the library were destroyed by a single stroke of lightning; later they were restored; but in 1803 Ettal, in common with all monastic corporations in Bavaria, was secularized, and the Benedictine monks and the aged knights, for whom the abbey had long been an asylum, were driven forth from their own to wander in the world.

At present the refectory, with its sacred symbols faintly pictured upon the grimy walls; its pious texts gradually disappearing under the clouds of tobacco smoke that fill the place almost to suffocation is the haunt of the neighboring peasantry; and its reputation for black-bread, cheese and beer attracts extensive custom,—alas! thus the once cleanly and decent eating-room of the gentle Benedictines becomes a howling wilderness, especially on Sundays and feast-days. The Ettal brew is as famous in these days as was formerly the Madonna of blessed memory, and it attracts as many pilgrims as she did five or six centuries ago, when the world was younger, and faith was stronger, and hearts were purer, and people weren't so thirsty.

Farewell to Ettal, beautiful even in its decadence! It is but an hour's walk to Ober-Ammergau, and we are to hurry over it on wheels. The road grows prettier at every pace; frowning heights tower over us, and in the crevices there are white cushions of snow looking like beds of eider-down. The way to the representation of the Passion Play may be a way of penance, but

the final approach to Ober-Ammergau is like a path in Paradise.

Just in the edge of the Ammer valley the road winds under a lofty, overshadowing crag; far above us is a cavern that seems an entrance to some awful tomb; and in the mouth of this cavern, alone upon a projecting rock, stands a colossal effigy of our risen Lord. The effect is startling in the extreme. One grows quite accustomed to roadside shrines in Europe, and to the crucifixes that are erected in the forests and the fields; but the sudden apparition of Our Lord, standing as it were upon the threshold of His sepulchre, and this on the eve of Easter Day, is enough to almost overcome us.

Now we catch our first glimpse of the Alpine hamlet, whose fame has extended to the uttermost parts. Nothing can be more inviting than the roofs that slope among the trees; the spire of the church like a larger minaret, quite Oriental in its outline; and the sweet vale of the Ammer bathed in the last flush of the declining day.

The peak of Kofel pierces the sky, and upon it stands the cross erected by the Ammergauans long ago. The prophecy of tradition is: when that cross falls, the curtain will descend forever on the time-honored Passion Play.

But let us not tarry here, for the chill night approaches. We will enter the quiet village in the wake of the silent twilight.

(To be continued.)

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

"IT is as I knew it would be," said Miss Le-
 strange, looking at a canvas before her. "The thing resolves itself into a picture of Carmela, with the Santuario indicated as a background."

"And why not?" asked her brother, who, flung into a large chair, was reading near by. "I am sure Carmela is a very much more interesting subject than the Santuario."

"You are certainly succeeding with her better than you have ever before succeeded with any subject. This promises to be a beautiful picture.

It shows what you can do when you have an incentive, Arthur."

"What incentive do you fancy that I have here?" he inquired, without lifting his eyes from his book.

"The incentive of representing worthily such a face as one does not often see," she answered. "The artistic impulse is very strong in you,—I give you full credit for that. You have caught a certain expression that is dormant in Carmela's face most of the time, but that comes out whenever she is moved by any strong emotion. It is a kind of rapt, exalted look. In your picture here she has the aspect of a young saint preparing for some heroic sacrifice."

Lestrangle threw down his book now, and, rising, stood in front of the picture himself. "You are seeing more in it than I intended," he said. "I have only tried to represent Carmela's ordinary expression when she is in church."

"You have caught it very cleverly; but it is intensified a little, no doubt from the artistic impulse to heighten effect; or perhaps because, by the same artistic impulse, you have seen more deeply than you were aware of."

"Nonsense, Miriam! Don't become transcendental. I have simply tried to paint the devotional look that Carmela's face assumes when she is praying. So far, I confess I am well satisfied with what I have done."

He had, as his sister said, good reason to be satisfied. It was, in every respect, an excellent piece of work that rested on his easel. The rich, dim interior of the old church was as yet merely indicated, though there was an admirable suggestion of its mellow gloom; but the girl kneeling on the pavement was painted with a delicacy and skill such as he had never shown before. On the beautiful face, uplifted toward the benignant figure of Our Lady of Guadalupe, there was an expression of ardent, exalted feeling, that made Miriam's comparison very exact. One would have said indeed that here was a young soul preparing to tread some high path of sacrifice, and asking the strength which would enable her to do so.

Two or three weeks had now passed since the first meeting of the Lestranges with their cousin. Eager to go to work at once on the picture for which he had obtained Carmela's consent to sit,

Arthur decided that they must leave their hotel for apartments where he could have a studio with abundance of light and space. Thanks to the assistance of Señora Echeveria, this was soon accomplished. Four large rooms on the upper floor of a pleasantly situated house were engaged, and the two young strangers were quickly domiciled therein. Thither Carmela came almost every day, sat to Arthur, talked Spanish and English with Miriam, and now and then went out with them on wandering expeditions about the beautiful city.

Such close association must necessarily end in strong feeling of one kind or another. Either people will learn to like one another very much, or the reverse. Here there could be no question of the liking. Every day the Lestranges were more charmed by the young Mexican girl, with her eager, flexible mind, her lovely nature, and her poetic feeling; while she found in them a culture for which she had always instinctively longed, as well as characters pleasant and sympathetic in themselves.

They were still standing before the picture, discussing it, when Carmela entered, with her accustomed black drapery over her head,—the drapery which Miriam had more than once said made her look like a nun.

"Why should it give me, more than others, this look?" she asked one day.

"I don't know," Miss Lestrangle answered; "except that you have the type of face one associates with the cloister. Others may wear the dress, but worldliness shows in all the lines of their faces; while you look as if you never thought of the world."

"It is a great mistake," said Carmela; "for I do. I think I should like the world very much. When you talk, I feel as if I longed to see all its beautiful things, to possess all its culture. I am afraid I should even like its vanities."

"No, you would not," replied the other, rashly. "You would only like its best things, and those are given us to enjoy. If everybody was ascetic, there would be no culture in the world, no art, no letters. You are made to like all these things, Carmela; but when you put that shawl over your head, you look as if you had renounced them."

She had the look of having renounced them when she came in to-day; but she smiled with a

brightness which changed the whole character of her face when she saw the two figures standing before the easel.

"What is it?" she asked, going up to them. "Are you criticising the picture?"

"On the contrary, we are admiring it," Miriam answered. "I was just telling Arthur that I do not think he has ever done any better work. You have proved a veritable inspiration, Carmela."

"I am glad of that," said Carmela, looking at Arthur, and still smiling. "But I do not think he needed any."

He met her glance, and it seemed for a moment as if he could not remove his own from her face. Its sweetness as well as its beauty seemed to sink into his soul. It was indeed a face to prove an inspiration in the best sense; for only lovely and noble things appeared in it. But as her eyes sank under his steady, direct gaze, he remembered himself, and, turning around quickly, took up his palette.

"No one needs it more," he said. "But my colors are all mixed. Are you ready to let me study you a little?"

She placed herself in position; and while he began to paint, she went on talking to Miriam. They had of late insisted that she should practise English in conversation, and both of them were always ready to assist and correct her. But to-day all the corrections were left to Miriam. Arthur seemed absorbed in his painting, and hardly spoke at all. His sister glanced at him once or twice; but, recognizing the signs of a moodiness that frequently fell upon him, she for some little time made no effort to draw him into the current of talk. Presently, however, feeling curious as to the cause of this sudden cloud, she decided to try the experiment of leaving him alone with Carmela,—for it may be said that Miss Lestrangle had very lax ideas on the subject of chaperonage. A pause in the conversation gave her the opportunity desired. She rose with a few words of apology, and, saying that she would return in a few minutes, left the room.

The same thing had occurred several times before, so Carmela thought nothing of it. But Arthur had a sense of vexation as he glanced around and saw the tall, slender figure disappear. He said to himself that to have the necessity of talking thrust upon him when he did not feel

disposed for the effort, was very disagreeable; but he hardly deceived himself in thinking this. He knew that the reason of his reluctance to be left alone with Carmela was very different. He had been playing on the verge of pleasant sentiment for some time, but now he began to fear that some impulse beyond his control might hurry him into taking a plunge which he would afterward regret. No man ever had a more salutary fear of anything than Lestrangle had of his own impulses; and he had been suddenly startled into the knowledge that it was necessary at present to be on his guard against one which would prove more than usually dangerous.

Serenely unconscious of his perturbation, Carmela began to speak, lapsing from English into Spanish.

"I wonder," she said, "that you do not paint all the time, when you can paint so well."

"That would be to convert a pleasure into a drudgery," he answered. "There is nothing of which one does not tire when one does it all the time."

"Even if one loves it?" she asked, with some surprise.

"What is there that one loves all the time?" he replied, with involuntary cynicism. "There are periods when I fairly hate the sight of colors and brushes. I should be miserable then if I were forced to paint. And so it is with a great many other things. There are times when I tire of everything that I like at other times. You can not understand that?"

"No," she said, wonderingly; "I do not understand it at all, and I think you scarcely mean it. You can not tire of *everything*."

"I have never found anything yet of which I did not tire. That is the simple truth. Perhaps my artistic temperament is to blame for it. I don't know—I only know the fact."

She was silent for a moment or two, meditating, as it seemed, on such a remarkable confession. Looking at her as she sat with lids downcast, one of the impulses which he so deeply distrusted seemed to tell Arthur Lestrangle that here was a charm of which it might be possible that he would not tire.

"You are disgusted with me, perhaps?" he said, beginning to regret his candor. "You never heard any one acknowledge such a nature before."

She lifted her beautiful, dark eyes to his face; a gleam of sunlight through the broad window, open to the deep blue sky, fell on the hair above her brow and seemed to gild it with a nimbus; while all the delicate charm of her face was revealed in the clear, searching light, as she answered, with gentle seriousness:

"No, I am not disgusted with you; but, if you speak in earnest, I am very sorry for you. It would be terrible to have nothing which one was certain of loving all the time."

"Ah, you think so because you have a constant nature!" he said, in a tone of envy. "Sometimes I wish that I too had such a nature; but again I think that it would be terrible to be tied always, even in affection, to one passion, one fancy, one pursuit."

Was it a perverse spirit that prompted him to such candor, or an impulse to warn both himself and her of the danger that might lie in their intercourse? Whichever it was, a spirit of repentance seemed to seize him the next moment; for he came and sat down by her.

"Don't think too badly of me," he said, "because I am so candid. Perhaps the circumstances of my life have had something to do with forming this nature. When I was quite a boy an aunt, who is a very wealthy woman—a widow without children,—took a fancy to me, and in a manner adopted me as her heir. I say in a manner, for she has never declared her intention of leaving her fortune to me, but she has allowed everyone to suppose that she will do so; and she has always supplied my wants so liberally that I have had no incentive to exertion. At least not what is generally supposed to be the chief incentive—the need to make money. Miriam will tell you that but for this fact I should not be the amateur and *dilettante* in art that I am. But I doubt if under other circumstances I should be an artist at all; for I certainly should not have chosen art as the drudgery by which to make money."

"No?" said Carmela, looking at him earnestly. "What, then?"

He hesitated a moment. "I have really never considered," he said. "There did not seem a necessity to do so."

"But might not a necessity arise?—might not your aunt disappoint you at last? One hears of such things."

"It is possible but hardly probable. She has never been a capricious woman, and she is much attached to me. Of course if I disappointed her exceedingly, she might show her displeasure in the customary manner of testators. But that is not very likely to happen. She generally approves of what I desire to do."

He did not add that he was not likely to do anything of which she disapproved. Indeed it is doubtful if he acknowledged as much to himself; for there are natures expert in concealing from themselves any facts disagreeable to their vanity or self-love. It was more agreeable to conceive of his aunt as approving all that he did, than of himself as refraining from doing anything of which she disapproved.

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the reappearance of Miriam, who, resuming her seat, asked Carmela if arrangements had been perfected for a proposed excursion to the Barranca de Portillo.

"Yes," the girl answered; "it is arranged that we go to-morrow, if you like. We will start early, take the tramway to Atemajac, and there obtain *burros* on which to make the descent of the barranca."

"I hope that I shall not feel as if I were mounted on a Newfoundland dog," remarked Miss Lestrangle, good-naturedly. "Some of these *burros* are wonderfully small."

"They are strong, although they are small," answered Carmela. "I do not think you need fear that your weight will prove too much for any one of them."

"And, then, they are so picturesque and Oriental," observed Lestrangle. "Surely, Miriam, those things will reconcile you to any inconvenience attending their use."

"If you prefer horses, we might obtain them," said Carmela; "but *burros* are usually employed for the barranca."

"I have no doubt Señor Echeveria knows what is best, and whatever he provides I will ride," said the young girl. "You may tell him we will be ready to start early and promptly to-morrow morning."

(To be continued.)

THE thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—
Victor Hugo.

The Spirit's Form.

WITH melting curves and gently swelling throat,
 With folded pinions, smooth and pearly white,
 A dove swung tree-rocked in the sunshine bright;
 And on the quiet air its plaintive note
 Was wafted, as the leaves on streamlets float;
 The glory of the day in opal light,
 Encircled as in love the form so slight,
 Caressing, as the wavelets lave the boat.

In form of that sweet messenger of peace,
 The Holy Spirit cometh from on high,
 With gift of light our wisdom to increase,
 And softly as the dove He draweth nigh;
 The brightness of His wings bids darkness cease,
 And in the sunshine of His love we lie.

CASCIA.

Memories of Scarfort Castle.

III.

"DURING the early years of the reign of Charles VII.," began Lady Charlotte, "the brewer Arteveld, inflamed with the desire of revenging his father's death and realizing his projects, excited the Flemish to rebellion against their rightful sovereign, Louis de Male. You know how the day of Rosbeck annihilated his criminal ambition, and cost him and twenty-five thousand of his followers their lives.

"Among the knights who followed the Duke of Bretagne's banner at that time was a country squire by the name of Warrick. He was brave, but, like the Count here, quite incredulous. To him heaven and hell were as fairy-tale fictions. While pillaging abbeys and priories he would jokingly remark: 'Since God is our Father, what belongs to Him is our inheritance.' Or again: 'Should God allow His children to want, while He has treasures that He does not use?'

"Robbery does not enrich. All Warrick's plunder did not suffice for his passions; what he took from the altar was dissipated in infamous orgies, or subjected to the fluctuations of the gaming-table. On one occasion, when he despoiled a venerated sanctuary, the enraged peasantry armed

themselves with scythes, forks, and reaping-hooks; fell upon him and his companions, and left him on the ground bathed in his blood.

"The Bretons are hardy: life clings to them tenaciously. Warrick did not die; and when his wounds healed, far from profiting by the severe lesson administered to him, he showed himself even more impious and blasphemous. He extended his depredations to all the neighboring villages—seized on priests and monks, and set them at liberty only on the payment of large ransoms.

"It is said that Our Lady, whom he had often outraged by his blasphemies and his sacrilegious brigandage, appeared to him one morning at daybreak, and menaced him with terrible chastisement if he did not reform his life and respect religion. The Breton derided this warning, and all others that he received from Providence. Then God abandoned him, and from that moment everything seemed to prosper with him. The fortune of the gaming-table had no caprices for him; in many single combats he vanquished his adversaries without receiving a wound; and, as a result, he sealed the door of his heart against the entrance of any good thought.

"One night, however, his luck deserted him. He was throwing dice with one of his old soldiers. He lost. He redoubled his attention and skill, but all in vain. It seemed that fortune had favored him for months only to desert him now forever. He became infuriated, and in his obstinate rage persisted in playing, though he lost continually. He staked his purse, his steed, one of his properties, then all his domain; finally his castle, his inheritance from his fathers, and the patrimony of his children. Fortune was pitiless, and all was lost. The wretch offered even to stake his life, his soul; but his adversary answered, with a mocking smile: 'What should I do with the soul of a beggar?'

"The Breton arose and rushed out. With haggard eyes, dishevelled hair, and features distorted by the delirium of despair, he wandered about till dawn. But motion did not soothe his rage: it rather aggravated it, and he sought a river in which to drown himself. As he walked along he recalled the apparition of the Virgin, her stern countenance and her threatening words. The thought did not make him recognize his faults,

nor did he bless the hand that chastised him in mercy. He reprobated divine justice, and uttered the most horrible blasphemies against Our Lady. In these dispositions he arrived at the church of Bourbourg. Large parties of the faithful were assembling to be present at the early Mass. Drawn by the sight of so many people, he followed mechanically and entered the church with them.

"The assistants wore their choir habits, and mingled their voices in chanting hymns and canticles. Their accents breathed a spirit of peace and joy, which exasperated Warrick; he seized his sword, but, not daring to attack the whole assembly, did not unsheathe it. A glance at the altar revealed the venerated statue of Our Lady. It was the very figure that had formerly appeared to him, only the expression of wrath had given place to a smile of surpassing sweetness.

"Misfortune often darkens the mind and fills the heart with bitterness; to the thoroughly miserable everything wears a sombre hue. The smile on the sculptured face appeared to Warrick to be one of irony and insult. He cast a furious look upon the statue, and the longer he surveyed it the more mocking and sarcastic grew its expression. He fancied almost that he could hear its sneering laughter. He could no longer restrain himself. Rising abruptly, he leaped toward the statue, and, without stopping to think that the image was as insensible as the steel of his sword, pierced its bosom with a savage thrust—"

"And he did well!" interposed the Count. "He at least gratified his passion."

"And was there not," said the traveller in his turn,—“was there not a *man* in the chapel to seize him by the throat and strangle him?”

"The men," continued Lady Charlotte calmly, "remained motionless from very horror; for the sword point had entered the statue's bosom, and when it was drawn out a jet of blood followed it, and there remained a gaping, bleeding wound. Whether from the effects of terror, or because of the invisible stroke of an angel, Warrick grew pale, tottered, and sank lifeless on the pavement. When the faithful, recovered from their first stupor, approached to raise him, they saw that he had committed his last sacrilege—he was dead!"

"Delightful!" exclaimed the Count, with a boi-

terous laugh. "I should never have foreseen that ending. Ha! ha!"

"The noble Count's sense of humor is exceptionally delicate," said the traveller, with ill-disguised sarcasm. "My intelligence is of grosser texture; for I can perceive nothing laughable in the narrative which we have just heard."

"Nor can I," added Germain.

"What! Does not the whole fable appear to you droll as a burlesque? The knight's death especially,—does that not impress you as a ridiculous fiction?"

"Fiction! Why should it be a fiction?"

"Then you believe it, Lord Scarfort?"

"Why should I not?"

"Oh, pshaw! That your wife and all women should be credulous, one can understand; but *you*, a soldier!"

"Have soldiers, then," said the traveller, "less intelligence and common-sense than others? Why should not the sacrilegious Breton have died? Was he immortal like the Wandering Jew? Have you seen him alive since the time spoken of?"

"I do not doubt his death, if he was living a hundred years ago. What I find incredible is that he should have died on the day and hour mentioned, and in the circumstances given."

"And what reasons have you for believing that he died on some other day and in other circumstances?"

"None, I confess; but, in the first place, what proofs are there that he ever lived?"

"Count," said Lady Charlotte, "the event which I have narrated occurred in the presence of a large assemblage of people, whose grandchildren are still living; and my grandfather heard it related by those who saw it."

"In any case," continued the traveller, "I can not see anything remarkable in a man's dying. The contrary would be far more extraordinary. Does the Baron flatter himself that he will not die? In a few years at most—to-morrow, perhaps, my Lord Palu, you will rejoin your other self in another and a *hotter* world. Ah, if you escape a third time, *that* will be a miracle!"

"I am surprised to hear you discourse so learnedly. You must be some disguised monk. Villagers, such as your dress bespeaks you, are not usually so fluent in the company of their betters."

"I was taught by the preceptor of a young

count. He often told us that an ignorant gentleman was merely a donkey of good breed."

"He was right," assented Germain, not paying attention to the application of the epigram, which Palu swallowed in silence.

"Even if I grant," said the Count, "that the Breton died after his sword-thrust, does it follow that I should discern therein the action of Him you call God? May he not have died from natural causes, such as the rupture of a bloodvessel or some chronic complaint?"

"His death came from natural causes, you say? Granted; but the illness which struck him down—the bursting of some vein or artery essential to life,—that is just what I term the avenging angel, the messenger of celestial anger. When you die, God will probably not appear to you in person to behead you; it will be the sword or dagger of some knight stronger and more skilled than yourself that will execute the divine sentence."

"Who are you, insolent cur, that dare to use such audacious language?"

"You may be sure that my story is true, Count; and I trust you will believe it and turn it to your profit," said Lady Charlotte quickly, anxious to prevent an altercation.

"But how is it that these miracles do not occur in our day? It is always, 'My father or my grandfather told me of it'; but never, 'I saw it.'"

"If my lord will give me his attention for a few moments," interposed the peasant Jeanne Maillard, "I can tell him of a miracle that happened to myself, and one of which my life is the proof."

"Speak on!" said the hostess. And Jeanne related her story:

"The Castle of Marvault is situated on the summit of a clayey hill, which looks from a distance like an immense fir-tree. No spring or rivulet is to be found on this hillside; and the water supply of the castle is taken from a cistern which holds the rainfall, and a well dug down below the strata of clay to a depth of about three hundred feet.

"My mother was cook of the castle. I was born there, and while still young aided her, rendering myself as useful as I could. One day, as I was playing and shouting, my mother, disturbed by my noise, called out to me to bring her some water. I ran with a dish to the stone basin that served as a reservoir, and found it empty: the

cistern was dry. 'Take this little pail,' said mother, 'and fill it at the well.' I obeyed, and mother added as a last recommendation: 'Take care to fasten the handle well on the iron hook.' I did so, and then, allowing the chain which was attached to the pulley to slip through my fingers, let down the pail.

"The well was covered by a small hut open only on one side, and on its brink was a large stone which extended outside the hut, and which time had completely loosened from the cement that originally kept it in position. Not daring, for fear of soiling my linen frock, to touch this stone, which was always wet and slimy, I was obliged to bend over the mouth of the well. It was easy enough while the pail was descending, but when I began to draw it up I grew fatigued. Thinking it would be easier if I were standing upright, I stepped on the stone; my foot slipped and I fell in. I descended with extraordinary swiftness; losing consciousness, I did not feel the shocks of the stones against which I must have struck; I did not even feel the first plunge into the icy water. After a few moments, however, I half recovered, as my clothes kept me floating for a little while. I heard a whistling in my ears, the water rushed down my throat, and I sank. Of what followed I remember nothing—"

"Bah!" interrupted the Baron, rudely. "I will finish the tale. You had prayed to the Virgin, and she, of course, took you in her arms and bore you up to the hut, safe and uninjured."

"I declare," replied Jeanne, "that I did not even think of God or the Blessed Virgin."

"It is I, rather," said the traveller, "who will tell how Jeanne Maillard was saved. My own mother has narrated the incidents to me a dozen times:

"Seeing that her daughter had been gone longer than was necessary to do what she had ordered her, the cook grew impatient and went out into the courtyard. She suddenly became anxious. Running to the well, she found the pail dangling to the chain; and, guessing at once what had occurred, recoiled with despairing cries. The astonished servants quitted their work, surrounded her, and flooded her with questions. 'My daughter,' answered the poor woman,—'my daughter has fallen into the well!' At first they thought her mistaken; they looked everywhere and called Jeanne, without result. They next

endeavored to deceive the afflicted mother, and tried to lead her away. But she persisted in remaining by the well, sobbing out, 'My daughter is lost! My daughter is lost!'

"The arrival on the scene of the Baron Marvaul soon caused difficulties to be overcome. Ropes were knotted together, and the promise of a large reward induced a mason to allow himself to be let down. He took a boat-hook with him, and after some time succeeded in securing the little girl, whom he brought up in his arms. She had been in the water more than half an hour, and her limbs were cold and stiffened in death. Under the direction of the Baroness, the usual restoratives were applied, more to comfort the mother than from any real hope of their proving efficient; but all in vain. After more than an hour's unceasing efforts, all were constrained to admit that the child was undoubtedly dead.

"The mother then realized that she had no longer a daughter, and that a miracle was necessary to withdraw her cherished one from the embrace of death. This miracle she ventured to ask of Our Lady of Hall, and made a vow to consecrate the child to her service. Immediately Jeanne opened her eyes, emitted several profound sighs, regained consciousness, and arose.

"Was it not thus," inquired the traveller of the old woman, "that the event happened? Is not my mother's account of it faithful?"

"Yes," she replied; "it is the same account in every respect that I received from my mother."

The traveller turned to the Count, with bantering assurance.

"Will the Knight of Palu still maintain that the age of prodigies is gone by, and that it was for our ancestors only that God deigned to manifest the power of His right hand?"

"Pshaw!" said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. "After all, what does this fable prove?"

"That God is not so high that He does not see what passes here below, and that He sometimes condescends visibly to direct matters in this world; that Our Lady delights in showing her benevolence, and in rewarding the faith of those who invoke her; in fine, that the miserable have always an ear open to their cries, and a hand ready to give them succor."

"A good specimen, that, of the way in which superstitions are implanted in the minds of the

ignorant and the stupid. Let chance once grant a favorable answer to prayer, and the honor is given to a God who does not exist, the matter is proclaimed abroad—published from the rooftops. No such publicity is given to the numberless unanswered petitions."

"In the first place," rejoined the traveller, "I trust Count Palu does class me among those whom he styles the ignorant. Next, let me inform him that all the favors received from Heaven are *not* proclaimed, but only such as wear a public character so evidently extraordinary that it is impossible to remain unimpressed by them, or in good faith to deny them. Now, that Heaven does not always grant what mortals ask for, I readily admit. Man's heart is filled with contradiction and errors; we often know not what we ask, and we besiege Heaven with petitions frequently indiscreet and sometimes even criminal. God's anger rather than His mercy would be shown in granting some of the requests which we formulate. This is an old doctrine; and I remember that my—that the preceptor of the count whose lessons I shared told us that a pagan scholar taught this prayer: 'Lord, God! work in me Thy will alone!'"

"Such a petition as that would scarcely be rejected."

"Assuredly not; yet it is not forbidden to implore some special graces and favors; and the example of Jeanne Maillard proves that God does not refuse sometimes to hear us."

"Supposing, of course, that the story is true."

"If Lady Scarfort will permit me to abuse her patience, I will tell a tale whose truth even the Knight of Palu himself will not contest."

"Pray do so," answered the hostess. "At our age the nights are long and sleep is short; hence we will take much pleasure in your recital."

Thus encouraged, the traveller began his story.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

YET this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go:
That doors are open, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law, unseen but still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
Not as I will.

—H. H.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE ÆSTHETIC GIRL.

THE æsthetic girl is one of the girls of the period. She is a reflection rather than an existence. She worships beauty, and she is very often the only worshipper of herself,—for she has acquired the art of seeing beauty where nobody else sees it.

She desires nothing so much as to impress you with her sincerity, and the very trouble she takes to do this makes you feel that she is painfully insincere in her admiration of many of the things she pretends to admire. The peacock's feathers and the sunflower of last year, about which she raved, are no longer mentioned. Last year too, she was Japanese; now she is Greek. If she has red hair, she lets it roll down her back when she recites a bit of Browning, and then hastily ties it up in the knot of the Clytie. If she has not red hair, she regrets it, because æsthetic people in London, she hears, look on red hair as the natural expression of high culture.

She is no longer a child of nature: she is a child of the Renaissance. She very seldom chews gum, and the stimulating caramel never enters her mouth without a protest,—Benvenuto Cellini never ate caramels, and they are not mentioned among those luxuries against which Savonarola protested. She adores Savonarola, without knowing much about him, except through the misinformation in George Eliot's novel "Romola." She goes to many lectures and takes many notes, which she always forgets.

"Vittoria Colonna?" she says. "Ah, yes,—she was *lovely*! She did something or other,—I've ten pages about her somewhere. She gives me a delicious impression."

She asks you if you know Omar Khayyâm; and if you don't, she abruptly changes the conversation to the price of lard. You can't know much beyond that, if you don't know Omar Khayyâm. If she write verse—and, O dolorous thing! she sometimes does,—it has refrains. It runs in this manner:

"Sooth, love is but a roundelay

(O why and why, and a why, why, why?)

And Roselys and the dames of aye,
With chrysoprased and the beryl dyes,
With cat's-eye tints that ever play

Where amethystine shadow couchant lies

(O why and why, and a why, why, why?)"

And so on. Everybody knows the manner now. If one were to judge the æsthetic girl by what she pretends to have read, one would fancy that her mind was in a bad way. But the æsthetic girl does not read,—she only pretends. She talks,—oh, yes!

Does she play "Home, Sweet Home!" for papa when he comes home; or "Mary of Argyle," or "The Harp that Once," or "Die Wacht am Rhein," or "Hail Columbia!" or Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"? No: she plays nothing except Chopin,—or she despises the piano. She tinkles the mandolin and assumes soulful attitudes. Her father regards her with amazement, her mother with awe and admiration. They both feel that she will one day descend from her platform.

She will probably marry; and where, except among the lower rabble, shall she find a mate? There are a few æsthetic young men in America, but she can never marry one of them. They neither sit behind a desk in a bank nor till the soil, nor do anything by which money is earned and by which the æsthetic girl would be enabled to exist beautifully. At last she gives her hand to some coarse creature, who thinks Omar Khayyâm is a variety of early rose potato, and goes to sleep when she reads a nocturne of her own to him. Then there is an end of the æsthetic girl.

A Beautiful Practice.

MR. JOHN HAY'S "Castilian Days" is even more exasperatingly bigoted than Story's otherwise charming "Roba di Roba"; but Mr. Hay's offensive and determined hatred of everything Catholic is not proof against certain beautiful and poetic practices. Of one of these practices, which might be well imitated in our country, he says:

"The very names of the Spanish women are a constant reminder of their worship. They are all named out of the calendar of saints and virgin martyrs. A large majority are christened Mary;

but, as this sacred name by much use has lost all distinctive meaning, some attribute, some especial invocation of the Virgin is always coupled with it. The names of Dolores, Mercedes, Milagros, recall Our Lady of the Sorrows, of the Gifts, of the Miracles. I knew a hoydenish little gypsy who bore the tearful name of Lagrimas. The most appropriate name I heard for these large-eyed, soft-voiced beauties was Peligros—Our Lady of Dangers. Who could resist the comforting assurance of ‘Consuelo’? ‘Blessed,’ says my Lord Lytton, ‘is woman who consoles!’ What an image of maiden purity goes with the name of Nieves—the Virgin of the Snows! From a single cotillon of Castilian girls you can construct the whole history of Our Lady—Conception, Annunciation, Sorrows, Solitude, Assumption. As young ladies are never called by their family names, but always by their baptismal appellations, you can not pass an evening in a Spanish *tertulia* without being reminded of every stage in the life of the Immaculate Mother, from Bethlehem to Calvary and beyond.”

If Mr. Hay had looked beyond the surface, or beyond the mere mask of words, in all cases as he has in these, we should not have to regret that he had sullied his reputation by writing such a book as “Castilian Days.” And his performance is all the more deplorable because a period of twenty years has elapsed between the first publication of the work and the present “revised” edition. Time enough certainly to soften prejudices and acquire that information necessary for one outside the pale of the Church to understand the motives of the faith and practice of Catholics in Catholic countries. And yet the author says in the preface to the new edition:

“I have nothing to add to this little book. Reading it again after the lapse of many years, I find much that might be advantageously modified or omitted. But as its merits, if it have any, are merely those of youth, so also are its faults; and they are immanent and structural: they can not be amended without tearing the book to pieces. For this reason I have confined myself to the correction of the most obvious and flagrant errors, and can only hope the kindly reader will pass over with an indulgent smile the rapid judgments, the hot prejudices, the pitiless con-

demnations, the lyric eulogies, born of an honest enthusiasm and unchecked by the reserve which comes of age and experience.”

By this statement Mr. Hay conveys the painful impression that his misrepresentations are wilful and deliberate. He makes an admission of “hot prejudices,” but leaves all misstatements made under its influence to the “kind indulgence” of the reader. He will not correct the errors because they are “structural,” and can not be amended without destroying the book. Of course an intelligent public will readily admit the force of this reason. Mr. Hay’s preface is self-condemnatory.

A Literary Secret.

IN 1857 the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the “Complete Works of Ozanam, with an Introduction by R. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampère,”—a trio of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was among the proofs which the publishers submitted to Madame Ozanam.

The sketch of Ozanam’s life which his Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly eulogistic; but on one point the illustrious friar was, unintentionally, a little severe on the friend whom he mourned, as well as a little cruel to that friend’s sorrowing widow. “There was one snare,” he wrote, “which Ozanam did not shun”; and the context proclaims that the snare was—marriage. “Poverty is the inevitable companion of the man of letters who has resolved to sell his pen neither to gold nor power;—a kind of poverty given only to the *solitary man* who lives in the immortality of his conscience, and who has but one misfortune to foresee or to endure.”

Madame Ozanam, recognizing that friendship and admiration have their rights, made no objection to this somewhat equivocal compliment; and went to Rome with an advance copy of the work, to submit it to the Pope before it should be given

to the public. Cordially received by Pius IX., she ventured to request his approbation of her husband's writings. Much to her surprise, the Pontiff replied that he could not accord his approval to the work in question. On her expressing her astonishment at this refusal, the Pope stated that the doctrine of her husband had been that of a great mind and a pious son of the Church; and that, in fact, it was not his writings that he declined to approve. "But you will understand, my dear daughter," he continued, "that the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, can not give his approbation to a book in the introduction to which it is stated that the Church has six Sacraments—and a snare!"

The young widow returned to Paris, where the eagerly-expected work soon appeared, but without Père Lacordaire's introduction.

Concerning Friendship.

THE irreligious man is seldom desirable even as an acquaintance, never as a friend. Whether avowedly irreligious or simply indifferent, the total absence of supernatural motives in his acts and intentions, the lack of those sublime instincts which animate the Christian soul, must inevitably react upon the refined spiritual mind, however favorably impressed at first. Whatever interest may have been excited by mental attributes or charm of manner is soon succeeded by pity, pity is followed by impatience, impatience by disgust. Such has been the experience of the wisest and most cultured minds. Dead Sea apples, though fair to view, must ever be obnoxious to the taste.

After forty one seldom makes new friends. At that time we have already begun to look backward, and our eyes have long been opened to the illusions of youth. Old ties have been severed by death or change or circumstances; we centre our affections more closely in those to whom we are more nearly bound by blood or association. The world is no longer seen as through a looking-glass: life is a real thing. Happy those whose youthful friendships have been well chosen! After forty, many memories are more real than present realities.

Notes and Remarks.

The monument to Columbus, which the Italian residents of New York intend to present to that city, will cost \$20,000. Gaetano Russo is the sculptor. His designs call for a monument seventy-five feet in height, the column being of granite, and the statue, arrayed in the garb of an admiral, of Carrara marble. From the column will project representations of the poops and prows of the three vessels which accompanied Columbus. The anterior portion of the pedestal will contain a group representing the "Genius of Columbus," his hand resting on a globe of the world, which he is studying. On the posterior portion will be a representation in bronze of an immense eagle, the coat-of-arms of America and of Genoa, the birthplace of the navigator; and the sides of the pedestal will be decorated with bass-reliefs representing incidents in the life of Columbus.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré seems to become more and more popular every year. During the last decade upward of 500,000 pilgrims visited the famous sanctuary; over 30,000 Masses were celebrated on its altars; and the number of Holy Communions received is estimated at 800,000. Within the past year alone the pilgrims numbered 100,000; 3,000 Masses were offered, and there were more than 97,000 Communions. The shrine is most frequented during the summer months; and as the Feast of St. Anne draws near, her devout clients flock to the old village of Beaupré, confident of favors at the intercession of the mother of the Blessed Virgin.

The beautiful granite monument which was erected last year over the grave of Katherine Tehgahkwita, the saintly Mohawk maiden, was solemnly blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeirny on the 30th ult., in the presence of Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, many other church dignitaries, and a large assembly of the laity. Father Drummond, S. J., preached in English; the Oblate missionary, Father Burton, spoke in the Iroquois tongue; and an Indian doctor, A. O. Patton, read addresses in Iroquois and Latin. Katherine was born within the present limits of

the Diocese of Albany, in 1656, and was baptized on Easter Sunday, 1676. She was remarkable for the purity and austerity of her life; and after her death—which occurred at a settlement of her tribe near Montreal, during Holy Week, 1680—her grave became a popular shrine, at which many miracles were wrought. The plain white cross that was raised over her grave forty-seven years ago is thus replaced, thanks principally to the generous exertions of the Rev. C. A. Walworth, of Albany, by a more lasting monument. It is of the sarcophagus style, and bears the inscription, in the Iroquois language: "She was the fairest flower of her race."

The question of Cardinal Manning's precedence has become a matter for discussion in England. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, who is referred to as an authority in such matters, has written to the *Morning Post* explaining that, on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, the place after the royal family given to Cardinal Manning was settled by the Prince of Wales himself. The honor was conferred on the Cardinal "as a personage of princely rank," and also as a tribute to his personal character. The discussion was very unpleasant to Cardinal Manning, who is the most simple and humble of men, and who would gladly surrender his place rather than give offence to any one.

The Holy Father finds time to encourage truly religious music. Recently sixty students of the Seminary of St. Peter's sang for him in *canto-fermo* in Gregorian, and in *canto "alla Palestrina."* Leo XIII. recognizes the value of that great master's work, and loses no opportunity of commending it. Palestrina, it will be remembered, purified the churches of Italy from the *gavottes*, *serenades*, and dance tunes, which little by little had become customary.

The *Weekly Register*, of London, is often most amusing when most serious. One has to smile at the way in which the editor concludes a description of a meeting in the Pro-Cathedral, of seven hundred children from the parochial schools of Kensington and Brook Green, and from several "orphanages" (we should say orphan asylums) in the neighborhood. The Rosary was recited, a

hymn sung, a practical sermon preached, and the *benedictio puerorum* was imparted. The service concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; "and then," as the *Register* says, "each school, headed by its banner, walked in turn round the aisles, singing a hymn, until they reached the church doors, where a large bun was given to every child." The editor of the *Register* should have been there to receive the largest of all, for mixing up things in this way.

The death is announced of the Rev. George L. Willard, secretary of the Catholic Indian Bureau at Washington. He had been Vicar-General of Dakota eight years, was long connected with the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, and for several years was a professor in St. Francis' Seminary, near that city. He also labored for a time as a parish priest, and was one of the founders of the Wisconsin Total Abstinence Union, and its first president. He was eminently zealous and self-sacrificing, and was well known throughout the Northwest for his indefatigable labors in the cause of religion. Father Willard was a convert to the Church, and his example and teaching led many into the True Fold. He died at Banning, Cal., whither he had gone to found a school for Indians. May he rest in peace!

The faithful of Italy are preparing to celebrate in a worthy manner the tercentenary of the death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and the Pope has addressed a letter of encouragement to the young men's societies intending to take part in the celebration. His Holiness particularly recommends a pilgrimage of Catholic students to the tomb of their patron in Rome. September, 1891, is announced as the probable date of the pilgrimage.

The *Weekly Register* announces the death of Canon Van Weddingen, a distinguished priest and author, and almoner of the Belgian court.

The Conference of the Catholic Truth Society recently held at Birmingham will doubtless have the effect of furthering the interests of Catholicity in England. Many notable papers were read by eminent members. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Salford dwelt on the "Conversion of

England." The distinguished prelate summarized the history of the Church in that country, and exhorted his hearers not to put all their trust in eloquent discourses and the diffusion of good books. He reminded them that earnest prayer and the example of a good Christian life are more effective. "The Church," he said, "is represented by Martha and Mary—activity and prayer. The former indeed is commendable and to be zealously employed, but the latter is 'the one thing necessary'; because the nearer to God, the more pleasing to Him, and therefore the more effectual."

The completion of the Cathedral at Ulm, in Germany, occasioned much rejoicing in that city. The edifice was commenced five centuries ago, and work on it continued until the so-called Reformation, when it fell into the hands of the Lutherans. The costly ornaments and art treasures were then sold, and it became a Protestant temple. In 1844 labor was resumed, but it was only a short time ago that the building was completed. The spire reaches a greater height than any in the world—530 feet, being five metres higher than the Cathedral of Cologne. It is sad to think that this beautiful edifice, inspired by Catholic faith and Catholic devotion, should still remain in the hands of the Lutherans.

"The earliest picture I know of," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "is one by Domenichino, in which St. Bartholomew '*ecclesiam B. M. V. ædificari jubet; et columna Decideus monachi ejus discipuli jussu sistitur.*' The Apostle stands in the centre of the picture examining a plan through a pair of pincenez."

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. W. H. Hughes, of the *Michigan Catholic*, who has recently met with a very severe affliction in the death of his estimable wife. Mrs. Hughes was active and self-sacrificing in every work of charity, and her exemplary Christian life was crowned by a happy death. May she rest in peace!

President Harrison has issued a message on the subject of lotteries, in which he recounts the evils resulting from this sort of traffic, and urges Congress to more severe legislation in regard to

it. The President contends that it is not a matter in which any State should have option. He says truly:

"If the baneful effects of the lotteries were confined to the States that gave the companies corporate powers and a license to conduct a business, the citizens of other States, being powerless to apply legal remedies, might clear themselves of responsibility by the use of such moral agencies as were in their reach. But the case is not so. The people of all the States are debauched and defrauded. The vast sums of money offered to the States for charters are drawn from the people of the United States; and the general Government, through its mail system, is made the effective and profitable medium of intercourse between the lottery company and its victims."

The *Illustrated Catholic Missions* says in reference to the vicinity of the Senegal, in French West Africa: "The whole of this region is one of the parts of Africa where Catholicity has made most notable progress. The Senegalese race is strong and energetic, very difficult to convert, but once converted firm and ardent in faith. It furnishes the best native priests."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. J. Tallon, who lately departed this life at St. Joseph's Hospital, Patterson, N. J., where for some time past he had been acting as chaplain.

The Rev. James J. McCarthy, an excellent priest of the Diocese of Rochester, who was recently called to his reward.

Mrs. Bridget Campbell, of Trenton, N. J., whose exemplary life closed in a happy death on the 23d ult.

Mr. Henry P. McAteer, who died on the 20th ult., at Latrobe, Pa., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Margaret Julian, of Raymilton, Pa., whose happy death occurred on the 28th of June.

Mr. John Craine, who was drowned at Perryville, Mo., on the 5th of the same month.

Mrs. C. McGrath, of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. Johanna Barry, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Hidden Gems.

EACH rose has a brilliant diamond
 Left by the dark Queen Night,
 Which shines in glittering beauty
 When touched by the morning light;
 Each heart has a gem of beauty
 Fairer than diamond bright,
 If we only try to see it,—
 If we only look aright.

E.

Building a Boat.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

WINKIE had just reached the gate of Jack's home, when our young friends caught up with him. Leo was now allowed to assume control, and, by dint of much coaxing and encouragement, at length succeeded in leading him to Mr. Gordon's barn. The wagon was here unloaded, after which Leo leaped into it, crying, "Come on, old fellow; that's all!" And Winkie, shaking his mane, as if felicitating himself that the disagreeable task was over, started off with much satisfaction.

"I'll be back again this afternoon," his little master shouted to the others as he drove away; "but—I think I'll walk!"

For the next fortnight the lads spent the greater part of the time in the Gordon barn. Such a hammering and sawing as went on there! At first the proceedings were enveloped in an air of mystery. Jack's father suspected that they were preparing for an amateur circus performance. His mother wondered at the interest manifested in the repair of the chicken-coops. Some experiment was in progress, she was sure; but what? At last

the secret came out. They were building a boat!

Jack and Rob did it all. "The little boys"—as they were accustomed to call Jim and Leo, much to the chagrin of the latter—were not permitted to have anything to say. They were to keep their eyes open and learn by observation. This they did, though not with exactly the result that had been intended. Before long they understood very well what *not* to do in building a boat. But we are all liable to make mistakes; and are we not continually teaching others, at least by our experience?

In season and out of season the work went on. Little Barbara Stuart was constantly coming over to ask: "Is Rob here? Mother wants him; he hasn't half finished what he had to do at home." Leo kept getting into trouble because he *would* stop at his cousin's, instead of going directly home from school as his father wished him to do. Jim, who had a decided, but, alas! entirely uncultivated, taste for drawing, spoiled his new writing-book with extraordinary sketches meant to represent every kind of boat, from a punt or dory to an ocean steamer; and in consequence was not on good terms with the schoolmaster, who did not appreciate such evidences of genius.

Jack—well, everything seemed to go wrong with him. "Where is Jack?"—"Oh, bother, over at the barn!" The answer soon became a byword. The barn was at some distance from the house, and what a time there was in summoning the boy! The method was sufficiently telling, one would think, since it informed the whole neighborhood when he was wanted. It consisted in blowing the horn for him. Now, this was no common horn, but the voice of a giant imprisoned in a cylinder. Jack could have explained it upon the principle of compressed air, for he was studying natural philosophy; but Mr. Sheridan's Michael once described it in this way: "Sure, it's the queerest thing that ever ye saw! Ye just jam one piece of tin pipe into another piece of tin pipe, as hard as ye can; an' it lets a wail out of it that ye'd think would strike terror to the heart of a stone and wake the dead!"

Whatever effect it might have upon granite or ghosts, however, Jack was usually so engrossed with the boat as to be deaf to its call. If Mrs. Gordon wanted him to harness a horse for her in a hurry, there was no use in sounding a bugle

blast: she might try again and again, but in the end she would have to send some one over to him with the message. If he was sent up to the village on an errand, or told to do anything which took him away from his work, he either objected, or complied with a very bad grace.

"I'll tell ye one thing," said Mary Ann the cook, one day when neither Jack nor Jim would go to the store for her, though it would only have taken a few minutes to make the trip on the bicycle,—“I'll tell ye one thing, young sirs. Ye can't expect to have a bit of luck with that boat ye're buildin'."

"No luck! Why not, I'd like to know?" inquired Jack.

"Because all four of ye boys are neglectin' what ye ought to do, and takin' for this the time which by right should be spent on other things; because ye've given yer fathers and mothers more cause to find fault with ye durin' the last two or three weeks than for long before, all on account of it; because ye're none of ye so good-natured as ye used to be. I've heard that havin' a bee in the bonnet spoils a body; but faith I think a boat on the brain is worse. There's one thing, though, that my mind's made up to. I'll make no more cookies for young gentlemen that are not polite and obligin'."

Here was a threat! But, though the boys were secretly somewhat disconcerted, they would not give Mary Ann the satisfaction of seeing that either her prophecy or warning had any effect upon them.

"Pshaw, Mary Ann, you're so cross to-day!" declared Jim.

"It isn't always the good people who seem to have the best luck," continued Jack, braving it out. "And how can you tell whether we'll succeed or not? You are not a fortune-teller."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Mary Ann, devoutly. "And, to be sure, there's plenty of people that gets on very successfully in the world, that don't seem to deserve to prosper half as much as others we know of. But God sees what we don't, and this much we may be certain of: wrong-doin' is always punished sooner or later; while we know that, in the end, those that tries to do right gets their full share of blessin's and a good bit over and above. I'm not sayin' indeed that ye won't build yer boat, only that if ye

neglect yer duty ye'll have reason to regret it."

"Well, don't cast an 'evil eye' on the boat, any way," said Jim; "for if we don't finish it, how can we ever give you a row on the creek?"

"Is it I ride in yer boat!" exclaimed Mary Ann, who was stout and short-breathed. The idea of trusting herself to the tender mercies of the lads, and venturing into any craft of their construction, was so ludicrous that she forgot her vexation and laughed heartily. "Faith it's fine ballast I'd be for ye!" she said. "And is it in the middle of the river ye'd be landin' me? Thank ye kindly, but I'll not go a pleasurin' with ye. And as for an 'evil eye,' troth ye're but makin' game of my want of book-larnin'. But well I know there's no such thing; and if there was it could never harm ye or yer work if ye were doin' right. So now be off with ye to the store, and bring me five pounds of sugar, quick as ye can. And if ye take the molasses jug along and get it filled—well, this once I'll beat up a batch of cookies, so ye can have some for yer lunch at school to-morrow."

III.

At last the wonderful boat was pronounced finished. It had obviously not been modelled with an eye to beauty—was flat as the barn floor, square at both ends, and entirely lacking in the curves which constitute the grace of the sea-bird-like craft which are the delight of yachtmen. Nevertheless, the boys were proud of it. It was their own: they had built it themselves.

"There she is, complete from bow to stern!" exclaimed Jack, with a satisfied air.

"Yes," responded Leo, admiringly. "But"—hesitating—"but—which is the bow and which the stern, you know—eh?"

"Why, this end, stupid! Don't you see I've marked it with a cross?" answered Jack.

"Perhaps I *am* stupid," thought Leo; "for I don't understand now how one end can be both. I wish Jack would be a little more particular about explaining a thing. It's queer how few fellows are! They jumble their words all up, and think that because *they* know what they mean, you ought to understand, of course."

"Well," observed Jim, quizzically, "she isn't quite as handsome as the barges on the lake in the park, that float up and down, looking like white swans. Yet, I guess she'll do."

"We didn't set out to build a gondola, to

paddle children and nursery-maids around in," retorted Rob, with a withering glance. "She's a good, serviceable boat, and safe—"

"Oh, safe as a tub!" agreed Jim, hastily, intending the remark as conciliatory.

"Huh! Perhaps you never tried to pilot a tub," interposed Leo. "I did the other day, just for practice, so I'd know how to row when the time came to use this here punt—if that's what you call it. Jimminy! I got tipped over into the creek, and a scolding besides when I went home! I'd be sorry to have her act like that."

"A tub is a tub and a boat is a boat," said Jack, sententiously. "This one couldn't tip over if it tried. Don't you see it's most square? In fact, we didn't mean to get it quite so wide; but, after all, it is better than those canoe-like things, which are always rocking from one side to the other."

"What are you going to name it?" asked Jim.

Jack looked nonplussed. This necessity had not occurred to him before. He appealed to Rob.

"Suppose," replied the latter, after mature deliberation,—“suppose we call it the Sylph? There's a story in the *Boys' Own* about a beautiful boat called the Sylph."

"Crickey! it looks about as much like a sylph as—well, as Mary Ann does!" said Jim. Since the stout, good-natured cook was heavy, and nearly square in figure, the comparison was amusingly apt.

"Do you remember the tents at Coney Island in summer, where a regular wooden circus procession goes round in a ring, keeping time to the music?" asked Leo.

"Yes, and by paying five cents you can take your choice, and ride on a zebra or a lion or a big gold ostrich, or anything that's there. And once we chose a *scrumptious* boat, all blue and silver, and drawn by two swans," responded Jim.

"Well, what was the name of that?" said Leo.

"I think the man told us she was known as the *Fairy*," answered Jim.

Again they looked at the boat and shook their heads. It would not do.

"I did not mean the name of the blue and silver barge, but of the whole thing—the ring and all?" added Leo.

"Oh, the *Merry-go-Round*," said Jack.

"Why would not that be a good name?" argued Rob, pleased with the sound, and, like

many a person whose fancy is caught by the jingle of a word, paying little attention to its sense.

"That is what I thought," began Leo, delighted to find his motion seconded, as he would have explained in the language of the juvenile debating society, which met periodically in that very barn.

"Why! do you expect this boat to keep going round and round when we get it out into the middle of the creek?" said practical Jack, pretending to be highly indignant at the imputation.

"No indeed," disclaimed Rob. "Only that she would go around everywhere—up and down the stream, you know; and on an exploring expedition, as we proposed."

"That is not so bad," Jack admitted. "Still, I think we could get a better name. Let us see! The *Merry Sailor*,—how's that?"

"N—no—hardly," murmured Rob.

"The *Jolly Sail*—I have it: the *Jolly Pioneer*!"

"Hurrah!" cried Jim. "The very thing!"

"Yes, I guess that fits pretty well," acknowledged Rob.

"It's capital!" volunteered Leo.

And so the matter was finally settled. The *Jolly Pioneer* was still destitute of paint, but the boys were in so great a hurry to launch her that they decided not to delay on this account. They carried her down to the creek, and by means of a board slid her into the water. Jack got into the boat first, while the others held the side close to the bank. After him came Rob. Jim and Leo were to follow, but the *Jolly Pioneer* seemed to have dwindled in size, and did not look half so big or imposing as when in the barn.

"Hold on!" cried Jack. "I'm afraid you will be too heavy. It won't do to crowd at first. We'll just row gently with the current a short distance, and then come back and let you have a turn."

Though disappointed, the little fellows did not demur, but handed him the oars, and waited to see the two boys glide away. But, alas! though the *Jolly Pioneer* moved a little, it was not with the freedom and confidence which was to be expected of her in her native element. She seemed to shrink and falter, "as if afraid of getting wet," as Jim laughingly declared.

"Hello! what's that?" exclaimed Rob, as he felt something cold at his feet. He looked down: his shoes were thoroughly wet; the water was

coming in through the crevices of the boat.

"Pshaw!" cried Jack. "That is because it is new yet; when the wood is soaked it will swell a bit. Hurry and bail out the water, though."

"But we haven't anything to do it with," returned Rob, helplessly.

"Oh, take your hat, man! A fine sailor you'd make!" Jack answered, setting the example by dipping in his own old felt. Rob's was a new straw yet. Unfortunately for its appearance during the remainder of the summer, he did not think of this, but immediately went to work. Their efforts were of no use: the *Jolly Pioneer* sank slowly but surely.

"Don't give up the ship!" cried Jack, melodramatically.

So as neither of the boys attempted to get out, and thus lessen the weight, down, down it went, till it reached the pebbly bed of the creek, and they found themselves—still in the boat to be sure, but standing up to their waists in water. The worst of the mortification was that the little fellows, high and dry on the bank, were choking with laughter, which finally could no longer be suppressed, and broke forth in a merry peal.

"What do you want to stand there guffawing for?" called Jack, ill-naturedly. "Why don't you try to get the oars?"

Thus made to realize that they might be of some assistance, Jim and Leo waded in heroically, unmindful of the effect upon shoes, stockings, and clothing generally, and rescued the oars, of which poor Jack had carelessly relaxed his hold in the effort to bail out the boat, and which were being carried swiftly away by the current.

In the meantime Jack and Rob succeeded in raising the *Jolly Pioneer* and hauling her up on the bank. While they stood there, contemplating her in discouragement, and regardless of their own bedraggled condition, who should come along but Uncle Gerald?

"Hie! what is the matter?" he called from the road, suspecting the situation at once.

"Something is wrong with the blamed boat, after all!" Jack shouted back, impatiently.

Uncle Gerald leaped over the low wall, which separated the highway from the meadow, and was presently among them, surveying the unfortunate *Pioneer*, which now did not look at all

jolly, but wore a dejected appearance, one might fancy, as if out of conceit with itself at having proved such a miserable failure.

"There! I suppose he'll say, 'If you had not been so positive that you knew all about boat-building—if you had come to me for the advice I promised you,—this would not have happened,'" thought Jack; feeling that (like the story of the last straw placed upon the overladen pack-horse, which proved too much for its strength) to be thus reminded would make the burden of his vexations greater than he could bear.

Uncle Gerald might indeed have moralized in some such fashion, but he considerably refrained, and only remarked, kindly:

"Do not be disheartened. This is not such bad work for a first attempt. The boat would look better if it were painted, and that would fill up a few of the cracks too. As some of the boards are not dovetailed together, you should have calked the seams with oakum."

"To be sure!" responded Jack. "How could we have had so little gumption as not to have thought of it?"

"Oakum is hemp obtained from untwisting old ropes," continued Uncle Gerald. "In genuine ship-building, calking consists in crowding threads of this material with great force into the seams between the planks. When filled, they are then rubbed over with pitch, or what is known as marine glue,—a composition of shellac and caoutchouc. It will not be necessary for you to do all this, however. Oakum is often used for packing goods also. I dare say if you hunt around in the barn you will find a little lying about somewhere. But, bless me, you young rogues! Here you are all this time in your wet clothes. Leo, your mother will be worried for fear you may take cold. Run home as fast as you can and get into a dry suit. And you other fellows come, we'll take the *Jolly Pioneer* back to the workshop without delay, and then you must hurry and do the same."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE ability to do great things is only to be acquired by constant practice in doing small ones. Apply poor Strafford's motto, "Thorough," to the smallest deeds of your daily life.

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

What would happen next? Albert could hardly believe his ears. Was it Aunt Julia that expressed such a wish? "Pinch me, Clare," he whispered to his sister. "I want to be sure I am not dreaming."

Miss Latimer, meanwhile, had grown rather ashamed of her new friends, who made loud remarks about the shabby buildings; and she took the first opportunity to part company with them,—they returning to the hotel, declaring that there was nothing in the whole old foggy city worth seeing.

Our friends thought differently. There was no need to choose a route: fresh wonders were everywhere at their elbows. There was Laval University, that famous landmark in more than one sense, towering high on the promontory's point; or the grey walls of the Ursuline Convent; or the Grand Battery, with its picturesque and useless cannon; or the Esplanade, where many of the inhabitants were strolling. And everywhere were the peculiar houses and narrow streets; everywhere the pleasant faces of a strange and friendly people; everywhere the rumbling carts of the *laitiers*, who dispensed milk from huge tin bottles. Evidently it were useless for anybody to try to run away from the picturesque in Quebec.

And yet these sights, delightful as they were, were eclipsed to the school-boy, who had pored over his histories to such good purpose. His mind was busy with the town's old story. The University did not so much suggest the pleasant prosperity of to-day as it did the benign face of the prelate of far-off times, the saintly ecclesiastic of noble blood, who gave up worldly honors that he might be an humble and devoted servant of God in the wilderness—François Xavier de Laval Montmorency.

When the Canadian troops marched so drearily up to the fine new citadel, Albert saw another sight—the regiment which France sent to her domains in America more than two hundred

years before. These veterans had fought bravely against the Turks, and were dispatched to New France to contend against a more treacherous foe. Our boy recalled Parkman's words: "As these bronzed veterans of the Turkish wars marched at the tap of the gun through the narrow street, or mounted the rugged way that led up to the fort, the astonished inhabitants gazed with a sense of profound relief. Tame Indians from the neighboring missions, wild Indians from the woods, stared in silent wonder at their new defenders."

The party went back to the hotel for luncheon, at which meal pale little apples were served as a delicacy. But there were always the blueberries, large as cherries and more luscious. Albert wondered afterward how he could ever have taken time to eat or sleep in Quebec, even though the sea-air gave him a fine appetite for the four meals served with such prodigality, and the most restful, wholesome slumber followed his long rambles. So near the ocean, the St. Lawrence is really but an arm of it, and the tide rises and falls as regularly and perceptibly as it does upon the coast. The inhabitants talk of going to the sea-shore when they fly to Murray Bay, some miles below, and great steamships ride at anchor as freely as in the large ports.

There was a swarm of drivers about the hotel entrance as our friends emerged from it; and, as was the case in Montreal, although their services were declined, they were always ready to give any information.

Poor, beautiful Quebec! Poor Grey Lady of the North! Her commerce is going to Montreal, her troops are withdrawn, her business growing less; the tourist season is her time of harvest, and the silver of summer travellers is stored away for the exigencies of a dreary winter eight months long.

The Oil City people left the next morning, lapdog and all; and this little history, happily, will know them no more.

The citadel was the objective point, and thither our friends' feet were directed. There could be, they thought, no mistaking the way; for it crowned the height, and all roads seemed to lead to it, as elsewhere they are said to lead to Rome. The Latimers had before this, even in those few hours, learned a peculiarity of the people. If an

inhabitant was questioned as to the way, he would at once place himself at the stranger's disposal, quite as if his own business were not of the least consequence; so one naturally hesitated about making inquiries. But, for some reason, they were getting no nearer the citadel, simple and direct as the way had seemed.

"That man looks kind," said little Clare to her father, who, acting upon her suggestion, asked:

"Will you have the kindness to tell me the most direct way to the fort?"

At this the man turned. "I'll be happy to show you the way, sir."

"Oh, indeed it is not necessary!" Mr. Latimer protested.

But he was not to be shaken off, and really proved very kind and serviceable. When they reached the entrance he would take no hints from his companions.

"Let me manage him," said Miss Latimer. So after they had wound around between those high walls, through convolutions no enemy could thread and live, she said with dignity: "We are greatly obliged to you. Good-afternoon!"

Still he seemed reluctant to go, and looked back as he slowly departed, apparently hoping for a recall.

"I never saw a place before where people were *too* polite," remarked Clare.

A soldier, pacing up and down in the gloom, made some strange movements with his musket and called, "Officer of the guard!" when another stalwart servant of the Queen presented himself to guide the party.

"Is he a general?" asked the little girl, awed by his size and uniform.

He heard her and smiled. "I wouldn't be here if I were, little lady. I am a corporal."

Clare evidently thought that but little less than the grade to which she had before apportioned him, and went on looking at him with round-eyed wonder.

They visited the various bastions—the King's, the Prince of Wales', and others,—from whence a fine view could be had of the Lower Town and the beautiful river; and they strolled by the officers' quarters, and saw children playing with old cannon-balls.

They did not fail to fee the soldier, who accepted the piece of silver quite humbly, much to

Clare's surprise. She did not know how much the poor fellow depended upon United States coins to eke out his slender pay.

"And now for the Plains of Abraham!" said Mr. Latimer. "It is a walk of a mile and a half. Are you equal to it, Julia?"

She said she would do her best. It was positively necessary to inquire the way again, and they addressed a youthful soldier without the fort. He wheeled with military precision.

"I will go with you," he answered politely, touching his cap.

"Another!" said Aunt Julia, who was growing quite dejected.

He walked ahead with Mr. Latimer, pointing out the Martello Towers, queer, round buildings; and the site of the old French fort, dismally outlined away off at their left. Their route lay along the beautiful St. Louis Road, where the wealthier residents have their exclusive-looking homes, shut in by high walls, like those in Montreal. Pretty, dark-eyed children played around the door of the Spanish consulate, and on their right rose the great parliament buildings, for which no one but Miss Latimer seemed to care.

"John," she called, forgetting her dignity, "these are magnificent buildings. Let us stop and see them."

"You can see fine buildings in Chicago," he answered; "but you can not see the Field of Abraham there. We have no time to stop."

"Abraham who?" asked Clare.

"Abraham Martin. He was a pilot, I believe," answered her father.

"Why, John, I am certain the Field of Abraham was named for the old Bible patriarch!"

The young soldier shook his head. His grandfather had known Abraham Martin, and the field was named for him.

At last they made a *detour* to the left, and stopped before a high, plain shaft, enclosed by a strong iron railing. It bore these words: "Here died Wolfe victorious."

"Why didn't they have one for Montcalm with, 'Here died Montcalm *not* victorious,' on it?" asked Clare.

Albert had the story at his tongue's end. "He didn't die here. He rode his horse into Quebec, and died there. He is buried under the floor of the Ursuline Convent, in a grave a cannon-ball

helped to dig. You remember the gate we came out of—St. Louis Gate? He rode in there, and his soldiers held him on his horse.”

It was hard to realize, that pleasant Sunday afternoon, among the daisies that were blooming on the old battle ground, that here a kingdom was lost and won by force of arms. They tried to imagine it, to people the plain with those fierce hosts; but it was not easy. A little bird perched upon the monument and began to sing, and Clare strolled away and gathered daisies growing amid the short grass. The earth that went to nourish those flowers had been soaked with the blood of heroes.

A carriage came swiftly toward the monument. A tourist was inside who was “doing” Quebec in one day. The driver, parrot-like, repeated the familiar story.

“General Wolfe fell, sir, on this very spot. The monument that used to be here was ruined by relic-hunters, and they buried what was left of it under the new one.”

The traveller adjusted his eye-glasses. “Ah, you don’t tell me so! Very fine monument. General Wolfe, you say? Which side was he on?”

Our friends looked at one another, and the young soldier laughed with them as the carriage drove away. Then he bade them good-afternoon, and said, as he left them, that it had been a pleasure to walk there with them.

“And now don’t, I beg of you, John, ask another person the way. He was very civil and kind I am sure, but these attentions are really overpowering.”

One of those cold showers common to the locality was coming, and they soon hurried back themselves, passing again through St. Louis Gate, and thinking of Montcalm. After dinner there was a stroll on Dufferin Terrace,—that long promenade above the river, where the youth and beauty of Quebec wander on summer evenings, chattering softly in the pleasant voices, which, whether French or English, are so melodious.

“They do talk so beautifully!” said Clare. “And they say, ‘It’s a fine day,’ as if they were saying something awfully clever.”

“Why,” replied Albert, good-naturedly, “if you are not picking up their expressions yourself! ‘Awfully clever,’ indeed! Why, that is a horrid expression!”

Clare admitted that she had heard the people on the boat use it, and had thought it very nice, and had used it herself as soon as she had what she considered a good chance.

“Let them say it,” answered Albert, with the superiority of his years; “but let us try and be ourselves.”

Just then Aunt Julia came up. “What an awfully clever idea it was to build this promenade!” she remarked.

Albert and Clare gave a glance at each other.

“She has picked it up, too!” whispered the little girl.

It was growing cold and they were weary. It was a pleasure to go back to those clean rooms and comfortable beds, and gently sink away to sleep, after a reverie in which Wolfe and Montcalm were strangely intermingled.

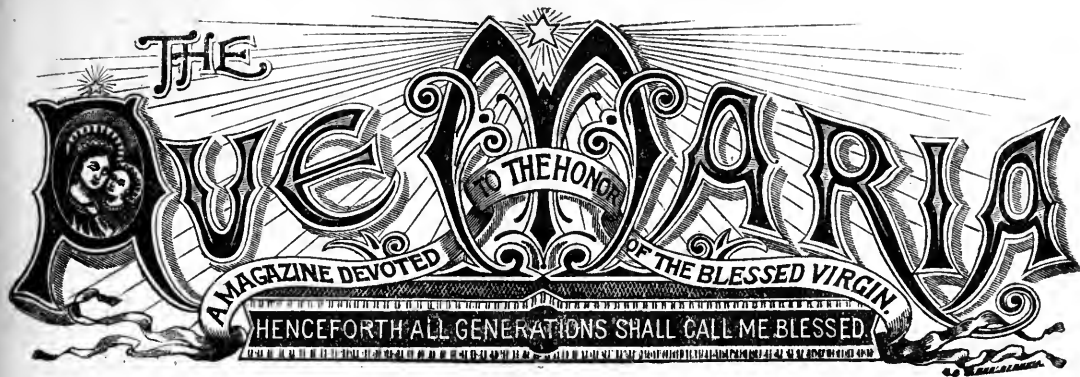
(To be continued.)

The Man in the Moon.

The Germans have a quaint legend to the effect that one Sunday morning an old man went to the forest to cut some wood. When he had cut all he could carry, he put it on his back and started home. On his way he met the parson, who was going to the church. “This is the day of rest,” said the parson; “and you don’t seem to know it.” “I bear my burden Sunday as well as Monday,” answered the old man. “Then,” said the parson, “bear it forever. It shall be Monday with you till the Resurrection.” So the old man and his bundle were placed in the moon, and have stayed there till this day.

The Norwegians say that there is a woman as well as a man in the moon; that the man threw branches at the people as they went by to church, and the woman profaned Sunday by making butter. So in the moon you will see them any clear night,—the woman carrying her tub of butter, and the man with his arm full of fagots.

It is too often the fashion to do little things in a slovenly way, because they are little. From my point of view, if anything, no matter how insignificant, is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.—*Notes for Boys (and their Fathers).*



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The Midnight Prayer.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

THE lark has not yet tuned her hymn of praise,
Nor yet has stepped the opal-tinted morn
Forth from day's eastern gate, when song,
heaven-born,
Breaks from dim chapel stalls, lit by the rays
Of that one lamp, whose flame, perpetual, pays
Unceasing adoration. Reed, nor horn,
Nor organ stop is heard; but strong men, worn
With vigils, hold nature in hushed amaze,
To find the chants of angels brought so near:
While angels not alone bend down to hear,
But stand among the choristers; their wings,
Gemmed o'er with iridescent eyes and rings,
Touch cowl and cinctured habit; ear to ear
Stand monk and angel, each still praying as he
sings.

Our Lady's Death and Assumption.

I.



ALTHOUGH the inspired narratives of the Evangelists are silent as to the time, place, and other circumstances of the Blessed Virgin's death and Assumption, it would be rash to assert that we possess no authentic information respecting the closing scenes in the drama of that perfect life. Considering Mary's prominence in the plan of our Redemption, the filial deference paid her

by the Apostles, and the veneration in which she was held by the first and each succeeding generation of Christians, nothing, it would seem, could be more natural than that there should be handed down to us, through intervening centuries, a trustworthy account of so notable an event as her passage from earth to heaven.

The fact that such an account is not found in the Gospels would not brand it as unreliable. It is needless to remark that traditions may be trustworthy, and that apocryphal writings are not necessarily false; but in the minds of many there is undoubtedly a tendency to question both these statements. Not a few, even among good Catholics, are so fearful of exposing themselves to the charge of credulity that they often rush to the opposite extreme; and are so chary of giving their credence to even well-authenticated traditions that it sometimes becomes necessary to remind them that truth-telling was possible in the early ages of Christianity, even though the tellers were not directly inspired. Baronius, after stating that the recital which he gives of circumstances preceding the death of Our Lady is drawn from apocryphal sources, adds: "But in speaking thus we would not be understood as questioning its truth." Apocryphal writings have not, and can not have, the authority of the Gospel narrative; nevertheless, to confound the apocryphal with the false is a flagrant error.

Concerning the *place* of the Blessed Virgin's death, there has always existed a discussion more or less animated. While the overwhelming weight of authority and tradition is in favor of Jerusalem as the city where occurred her *dormition*, as her decease is happily styled, some respectable

authors contend that Ephesus possessed that honor. Baillet, Tillemont and Serry hold the latter opinion. We shall give the arguments in favor of their contention, endeavor to refute them, and shall then transcribe in a brief, unbroken narrative the verisimilar account of the circumstances attending Our Lady's end.

St. John, the Beloved Disciple, say the advocates of the Ephesian theory, dwelt at Ephesus, directing the churches of Asia Minor. Now, as the Blessed Virgin had been confided to his filial love, she would naturally have lived with him. To the support of this belief they bring the opinion of the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, who, writing to the people of Constantinople, state that "Nestorius has been condemned in the city of Ephesus, *in qua Joannes theologus et Deipara Virgo Maria*,—where the theologian John and the Holy Virgin Mother of God..." The incomplete phrase receives, at the hands of the writers we have quoted, the complement *est* or *sunt*,—"is" or "are." They further say that the declaration that in A. D. 451, according to Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, the sepulchre of Mary existed in that city, counts for nought. St. Jerome, a much weightier authority, who lived as it were in the very places, states that he had never seen the Virgin's sepulchre. Such, in brief, is the case, not especially strong, made out for the Ephesians. Its demolition has been essayed, and in our opinion effected, by the advocates of Jerusalem, who present the following arguments:

In the first place, it was late in life that St. John directed the Asiatic churches dependent on his See of Ephesus. Had Mary died in that city after her adopted son permanently established his residence there, she would have been more than eighty years old, an age contradicted by history. "Mary," says St. Epiphanius, "was fourteen years old at the Annunciation, fifteen at the Nativity, she lived with Jesus Christ thirty-three years, and survived Him twenty-four. She was then at her death seventy-two years of age."

The argument founded on the phrase from the Council of Ephesus, on which so much stress is laid, is materially weakened by the omission in that phrase of a verb, indispensable to the construction and the clearness of the text. That *sunt* ("are") is the true completion of the sentence is a supposition. Viewed in the light

of other reasons for believing Our Lady to have died at Jerusalem, the real meaning of the omission is, *sunt in magna honore*,—"are held in high honor." Mary's temporary residence at Ephesus during the persecution of Herod, and St. John's long sojourn there in later years, would seem to explain satisfactorily this or a similar reading. Moreover, if the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin were at Ephesus, history would speak of it; or, in default of history, the very locality would give some evidence of the fact. In reality, there is not a word, not a stone—not a souvenir of any kind that upholds this opinion.

The holiness of Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, should have preserved him from the charge of a positive misstatement. How would he dare (supposing him to be capable of it) to tell a lie to the Emperor and Empress, in the presence of the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, who certainly would know of so important an event as the finding of Mary's sepulchre at Jerusalem,—an event that occurred between 420, when St. Jerome lived; and 451, the date of the Council of Chalcedon? St. Jerome did not see the sepulchre, for the very simple reason that in his time it was buried, some thirty feet deep, under the ruins made by Titus. Its discovery shortly previous to the time of Juvenal's statement was a recent occurrence likely to prove of interest to his auditors, which fact accounts for his mentioning the matter. When we add that all the Eastern liturgies and all local traditions place the death of the Blessed Virgin at Jerusalem, we may conclude that the contrary opinion is untenable.

II.

After the Ascension of her Divine Son, Mary remained on earth twenty-four years. Spouse of the Holy Ghost, she worked in unison with Him for the establishment of the Church. So powerful was her patronage, so fruitful her blessing of the apostolate of the Twelve, that the whole universe, now become the heritage of their zeal, already gave to her maternal heart ineffable consolations, abounding with the richest hopes. Her mission here below was finished. Henceforth it was as queen that she should bless, protect and succor those whom Jesus had given her as children.

How should the Blessed Virgin leave this land of exile? According to some writers, the

choice was left to herself. She refused to be transported, living, to heaven; for her humility shrank from the enjoyment of so extraordinary a privilege. Another motive replete with tenderness and mercy dictated her course of action. "She knew," says l'Abbé Meynard, with charming grace,—“she knew how difficult the condition of death appears to poor mortals. A kind mother, she desired herself to drink of death's chalice, the most bitter one that the justice of God presents to sinful lips; so that the imprint of her lips, all innocent, might lessen for us the bitterness. True, Jesus Himself had drunk it, and drunk even to the dregs, leaving for us only those drops rigorously indispensable to expiation. But if the death of Jesus was that of a man, it was much more that of a God, and consequently of a height surpassing our efforts to climb. Unique and privileged among all, Mary is nevertheless only a creature. Her death could better serve as an example and a consolation in the last moments of her children. Dying, we invoke with sovereign confidence Jesus dead for our sake; with more tenderness we say to innocent Mary, who for us was also pleased to die: 'Pray for us, poor sinners, at this hour of our death.'”*

As the supreme hour drew nigh, with the exception of Thomas, all the Apostles, who were scattered over the world, preaching the glad tidings of the New Law, were miraculously transported to the bedside of her whom in an especial manner they delighted to honor as mother. With them were to be found also, as Juvenal tells us, Timothy, first Bishop of Ephesus, and Dionysius the Areopagite. Finally, at three in the afternoon, on Friday, August 13, A. D. 57, the immaculate soul of the only creature that had never known a moment's estrangement from its Maker was wafted from this vale of tears to the heights of unending joy.

Pious virgins had performed the last solemn rites for the body that had been the living tabernacle of the Most High; it was placed upon the bier, and from St. John's house of Mount Sion the funeral procession wended its way to Gethsemani. As it left the house, a luminous cloud came down from heaven and formed about the head of the holy corpse a refulgent aureola. First

walked St. John. Peter and Paul bore the bier. The Apostles and disciples followed, strewing the way with clusters of flowers or clouds of perfume. Choirs of angels blended their voices with those of earth in pealing forth canticles of joy and triumph.

The place of sepulture, in the valley of Josaphat, was soon reached; a new sepulchre there awaited its transient inmate. The procession halted at the entrance of the grotto, a final tribute of veneration was paid, and then the "Ark of the New Alliance" was deposited in its place of repose.

During three days, conformably to the Jewish custom, the Apostles held their vigils by the holy sepulchre. Their grief at the separation from their consoler and guide was assuaged by angelical concerts, whose sweetness ineffably soothed their filial hearts. On the third day the melody was no longer heard on earth; it was continued with an outburst of ecstatic jubilation on the hill-tops of the eternal Sion.

We have seen that St. Thomas was not present at the death of Mary. He reached Jerusalem on the Sunday after his Mother expired. His profound sorrow so touched the Apostles that they consented to open the sepulchre, and allow him a last look at the body of her whom he so tenderly loved. But, lo! the sepulchre was empty; and, though no Easter angel addressed them in the triumphant salutation, *Resurrexit; non est hic*, it needed not a messenger's voice to announce, even to the inmost depths of their consciousness, She is risen; she is not here. Well might the Patriarch Juvenal exclaim: "That this divine tabernacle of the Mother of God should be resuscitated, had been predicted by the royal psalmist: 'Rise, O Lord, Thou and the Ark which Thou hast sanctified!'—*Exsurge Domine, tu et Arca sanctificationis tue!*"*

To put beyond all doubt, however, the fact of Our Lady's glorious Assumption, her Divine Son permitted the, of old, incredulous Apostle Thomas to witness it. Plunged in deepest gloom, anxious also as to the fate of the blessed remains that were not to be found on the cold stone of the sepulchre, Thomas lingered behind the other eleven, and could not resolve to leave the spot consecrated by his Mother's latest presence.

* Meynard: "Vie de la Sainte Vierge."

* Ps., cxxxi, 8.

Suddenly he perceived in the heavens that glorified Mother floating upward on a refulgent cloud. In her hand she held a girdle, which she dropped at the feet of her unbelieving son. With this precious relic, now known as the "Holy Girdle of Prato," as a token, St. Thomas recounted to his fellows the marvel he had seen; and thereupon, in the first century, as now in the nineteenth, the Church gave expression to the exultant anthem: *Assumpta est Maria in cælum.**

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

IN the coolness of the early Mexican morning—which always seems like a new birth of the world, so fresh, so radiant is it—the party for the Barranca de Portillo met in front of the Cathedral, where the tramway for Atemajac starts. The doors of the great church were open; the gleam of candles shone through the glass of the screens placed before them; the odor of incense and sound of chanting came out to the street. People were hastening toward the portals, but Señor Echeveria shook his head as he saw Carmela glance wistfully in that direction.

"We have not time," he said. "We would lose our car, and be late in reaching Atemajac. That will not do. We must make the ride to the Barranca in the cool of the day."

"Besides, Carmelita, you know that you have already heard Mass at Santa Monica," remarked one of her brothers.

"Oh," said Carmela, with a smile, "I have no wish to detain you! It is quite true that we must start early from Atemajac. And here is our car."

They clambered into it—a party consisting of the Lestranges, Señor Echeveria, Carmela, two Echeveria boys aged fifteen and twelve respectively, and a gentleman known familiarly as Don

Salvador, whose surname the Lestranges found it difficult to remember because they so seldom heard it. He was an intimate friend of the Echeveria family,—a stately, courteous man of about thirty-five, whom Miss Lestrangle suspected of being a possible suitor of Carmela's, although she had not mentioned this suspicion to her brother.

In the delicious freshness of the morning it was pleasant to be whirled, at the rapid rate of locomotion peculiar to Mexican tramways, along the clean, handsome city streets, and out into the sunny open country beyond the gates. Far and wide stretched the beautiful level plain on which Guadalajara stands; while in the distance, draped in soft blue mist, rose the mountains that encircle it, wearing such heavenly tints of color as are hardly to be seen elsewhere in the world.

The three miles dividing the city from the town of Atemajac were soon covered by the mules, that galloped in lively fashion down grade; while Don Salvador pointed out in the distance a picturesque mass of buildings surmounted by a dome, and told the strangers that it was the famous sanctuary of Zapópau, once a great Franciscan monastery, the seat of piety, of learning, of industry, and the diffusing centre of material and spiritual good for a wide extent of country. Today the monks are gone; half the monastery is converted, according to the highly economical custom of the Mexican Government, into a barracks; the rest, with its long corridors lined with cells, its cloisters and stalls, is left to silence and decay. The library is a ruin; and the once flourishing town, that depended on the monastery for its prosperity, is a melancholy picture of deserted houses falling to decay; while only the face, with its revered sanctuary, preserves the whole spot from absolute desertion.

Reaching Atemajac, the *burros* for the expedition—ordered the day before by Señor Echeveria—were found awaiting them. Then came some difficulty and much amusement; for those who had never before tried to ride on a pack-saddle found it by no means easy at first. Miss Lestrangle in particular declared that she could never possibly balance herself on a flat surface, without stirrup or bridle by which to keep her seat, and with no means of controlling the movements of the animal beneath her.

"The men who accompany us on foot will

* We have preferred giving a continuous narrative to the more critical method of fortifying our various assertions by references to the sources from which we have drawn—viz., St. Epiphanius, St. John Damascene, Juvenal, Metaphrastes, Nicephorus, Baronius, etc., etc.

look after the *burros*," said Señor Echeveria; "and one of them shall be detailed for your special service. For a bridle we will tie a rope around the neck of your animal, so that you will have something to hold."

"A semblance at least, if not a reality, of control," observed Arthur, laughing. "I think it better to frankly accept the situation, and allow oneself to be carried along like a bag of charcoal, at the sweet will of the *burro* and his drivers."

"It is the best plan," said Don Salvador, who understood and spoke English very well.

It was, indeed, the only plan. And so they set out,—a very disorderly throng, since the *burros* rubbed against one another without any order of precedence; while the drivers prodded and expostulated with them, and made the matter worse instead of better. When fairly out of the streets of the town, however, they settled into a little more regular progression; and, although Lestranger was conscious that riding a pack-saddle is by no means the most graceful position in which a man can be placed, he had at least the consolation that he looked no worse than his companions, but probably a little better than Señor Echeveria with his rotund proportions, and Don Salvador with his long legs.

There is the advantage in riding a *burro*, that his rider has ample opportunity for observing all surroundings; and it is a charming road from Atemajac to the mouth of the Barranca: winding through picturesque villages, past mills fortified like castles, over clear, bright streams, and across a wide stretch of plateau,—Guadalajara lying in the distance, with its tall white towers and shining domes; while the azure mountains form a frame for the perfect picture.

Lestranger, by some means known only to himself and his animal, managed to keep near Carmela, who sat her pack-saddle with perfect composure and even with grace, looking as demure as an Eastern maiden. He was in one of his most companionable moods, and it was a well-known fact to his family and friends that when he chose he could be "delightful"; so it was perhaps not strange that Carmela found him so on this occasion. The brilliant day, the exhilarating atmosphere, the wide, fair scene, and the dark eyes that met his own with so much sweetness and appreciation, proved very real

inspirations; and there were two at least of the party who did not find the road long to the mouth of the Barranca.

But this, when reached, was a great surprise to the two strangers. They had expected to see a ravine among the hills that bounded the horizon on all sides; but instead, while still in the midst of the level plain, they suddenly came to a vast rift in the earth—a mammoth excavation, hewn out, as it were, by past volcanic convulsions. Five or six miles long and at least two thousand feet deep, this wonderful cañon is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and is of the wildest, most picturesque beauty. It is descended on one side by a well-paved road, bounded on the outward edge by a stone wall about four feet high, to protect travellers from the danger of falling over the abrupt precipices into the depths below. Winding constantly to right and to left, in order to obtain the necessary grade to permit man or animal to climb the stupendous heights, there is hardly a hundred feet of level way upon this road; while above it rise great cliffs and masses of rock, towering higher and higher as the road itself descends deeper into the vast earth-opening. Far below, a stream—which forms a beautiful all at the head of the cañon—flows in continuous cascades, on its way to join the great river at the end of the Barranca. The opposite wall of the cañon consists of immense precipitous cliffs of porphyritic rock, absolutely bare of vegetation; but on the side of the road small streams constantly burst forth and flow downward, with the musical sound of gushing, falling water; while their moisture stimulates the growth of plants, ferns, mosses, and even trees, to such a degree that the great heights which tower above the road are beautiful with a wealth and variety of greenness rarely seen in sun-parched Mexico.

The sight of all this wonderful flora—of the damp, shady masses of rock covered with rare plants and vines,—together with the fact that sitting on a flat saddle, without pommel, stirrup, or bridle, is not the easiest thing possible when the animal that wears the saddle is descending an incline of forty-five degrees, induced Miss Lestranger to slip from the back of her donkey to the ground. Her example was speedily followed; and while the *burros*, so unexpectedly relieved, clattered with their drivers down the

steep way, four at least of the party followed on foot, hardly able to find words to express their admiration of the picturesque beauty around them.

Lestrangle's sketch-book appeared at once; and now and again, at some fresh turn of the road, he paused to transfer with rapid strokes the outlines of the scene to his page.

"You will make our Barranca famous, Señor," said Don Salvador, looking with sincere admiration at his facile work.

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "It is not in my power to make your Barranca famous, Señor," he answered. "These sketches are only for my own gratification. But it surely deserves fame. It seems to me I have never seen a more beautiful spot."

Increasing in beauty and impressive grandeur as they descended deeper, until the vast heights rising overhead seemed almost to exclude the sky, they presently reached the banks of the stream, where, on terraces—formed ages since by the sedimentary deposits washed from the mountain sides,—forests of luxuriant banana trees grow, with many other tropical fruits. Here the road became level, and, mounting their *burros*, the party rode through a picturesque Indian village; the houses of adobe, covered with a thatch of banana leaves and bark, resting immediately against the masses of rock that form the pass. A turn of the way, and lo! rushing with swift, turbulent current, at the foot of the mountains that rise above it, was the largest river in Mexico—the Rio Grande de Santiago,—at this point a noble, wide stream. A hundred yards or so of the road winds along its bank, lined with the dwellings of the laborers who cultivate the products of this wonderful place; then comes a gateway, through which Señor Echeveria led the way into the outer court of a large dwelling, with a long corridor in front, supported on handsome arches, and an inner court filled with orange and coffee trees.

"This is positively like enchantment," said Miriam. "I had no idea that we should find any human habitation at the end of so wild and difficult a way. The village was a sufficient surprise; but what is the meaning of a house of this kind?"

"This," observed Señor Echeveria, "is the house of the *haciendado*, or owner of all the lands

down here. He lives in Guadalajara, but comes here occasionally. Do you like the place?"

"It is the most picturesque I have ever seen," she answered enthusiastically, looking up at the immense mountain heights, which, clothed with varied foliage, rose almost immediately behind the house; and then at the bold, rushing river in front; while the dwelling itself formed such an adjunct to the picture as only a Spanish dwelling could, with its long arcade, its chapel at the end, its *huerta*, or garden, and splendid trees.

"I have never seen a spot that I liked so well," said Lestrangle, as he lifted Carmela from her donkey. "How delightfully one could live here amid such surroundings, and forget the world! And yet the owner lives in Guadalajara!"

"He probably does not wish to forget the world," remarked Carmela, with a smile. "And you—perhaps you might remember it after a while, if you were indeed placed here to live."

"I am afraid you think that I do not know my own mind very well," he replied, a little offended, more by the irony of her tone than by the words.

She looked up at him, still smiling. "Have you, then, forgotten," she said, "what you told me only yesterday—that you could not imagine caring for anything always? I judge, therefore, that you would not care very long to remain away from the world in such a place as this."

He looked a little disconcerted. "You certainly take all that one says *au pied de la lettre*," he answered. "I perceive that I was entirely too candid yesterday."

"No," she said, more gravely, as they followed the others into the shade of the corridor, where a long stone bench offered a seat; "you were not too candid. I am very glad that you told me so much of yourself."

"I am not glad, if it makes you think ill of me," he began, impetuously—but their approach to the rest of the party made it impossible to say more.

(To be continued.)

IF God held all truth shut in His right hand, and in His left nothing but the restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of for ever and ever erring, and should say to me, Choose! I would bow reverently to His left hand, and say, Father, give! Pure truth is for Thee alone.
—*Lessing*.

A Pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONTINUED.)

IT is but eight hours by train and diligence from Munich to Ober-Ammergau. Eight happy hours are enough to carry us out of the world into the edge of the humble village, above which the aspiring peak of Kofel loses itself in the deepening dusk.

Passing the tomb of the Risen Lord, up yonder in the cliff, we descend at once into the valley of the Ammer. How peaceful, how restful the vision as we wind down into the lap of the vale, under the far-sweeping shadows of the tremendous heights that surround us! The soft glow of the sunset—or is it the after-glow?—still suffuses the snowy crests of mountains, and seems to frame in gold the picture of the peaceful hamlet—a mere *vignette*. The cross upon the church spire catches the last stray sunbeam and holds it for a moment; the larger cross upon the summit of Kofel is a silhouette against the far blue sky; while a hundred other crosses—there is one upon the peak of every roof in the village—begin to shape themselves in the twilight as we draw near them. This is the village of the Cross, the home of that blessed emblem of Redemption.

Quite at the edge of Ober-Ammergau, on the right of the road as we descend from Ettal, is an elevation—a kind of rocky islet in the meadow; a carriage drive, winding to and fro, offers an easy ascent; and upon the top of the rock, accommodating itself to the uneven surface, stands a beautiful small castle. The site is wonderfully well chosen: nothing could be more effective, more attractive, than the diminutive turrets and towers that outline themselves against the magnificent wall of the valley.

Certainly this castle, with all the modern conveniences, can hardly be expected to harmonize with so humble a hamlet as the one it looks down upon; yet it is not a frowning castle—it could not possibly frown under any circumstances; and it stands apart from the village, quite removed from the first house on the edge of Ober-Ammergau. It looks like a well-bred and refined middle-

aged castle—not medieval, but a castle just past its prime,—that has grown tired of the outer world, and has come hither, and modestly, not to say discreetly, seated itself at a respectful distance from the most exclusive congregation of mountain villagers known to us. There it is content to watch the sun rise and set, and the seasons take their rounds; while the lives of the peaceful villagers begin and develop and decline and end, without noticeable variation, from age to age.

It was an artist's inspiration, that dainty and delightful castle; and with the soul of art and of philosophy it silently contemplates the mysterious and abiding peace that is nourished in the heart of the valley below it. "And who dwells there?" I asked. Our driver, who is not communicative, replied under his voice: "A princess." Who she is, and where she hails from, and why she came hither, we are unable to ascertain.

Meanwhile we enter the village. Broad-roofed houses begin to line the way. These houses are much of a kind: there is the strongest family likeness in them, and in everything pertaining to the place. The houses are two-storied, plastered without, and of a shining whiteness—almost too white, some of them. There is a balcony under the windows of the second story—not always, but in very many cases. The overreaching roof shelters this balcony, and stalactite carvings depend from the eaves. The effect is charmingly rustic. The scroll-saw must be kept busy in Ober-Ammergau, for the balcony railings are in some cases quite elaborate and lace-like; and few houses are so poor but they can display some slight attempt at ornamentation.

There is scarcely a house in the village but boasts a mural fresco, and some walls are resplendent with color. There are Madonnas wreathed with roses, or couched upon substantial clouds giving audience to saints and angels. There are saints in mid-air, bearing the emblems of martyrdom, or aspiring to heaven with upturned, seraphic countenances. There are groups of holy men and holy women, sometimes nearly covering the breadth of the wall; and sometimes a modest figure, roughly limned, looks shyly from a modest gable with quite an air of apology, and it is sure of awaking sympathy, if not admiration. Who would be too critical in this ingenuous commune?

It may honestly be said of the mural frescoes

of Ober-Ammergau that they were mostly done long and long ago; that they are moderately well done in most cases, and some of them of still better quality; and that they are in quite a wonderful state of preservation, considering the continuous assaults of time and weather. They are, without exception, religious subjects, reverently treated; and the sight of so many of them—a whole village full of them, a whole village permeated, as it were, by the spirit of Art—is, to say the least, edifying.

Grass grows in the streets of this exceptional village; and the streets, winding in and out among the fenceless gardens, seem like church aisles, the sedate villagers like members of a religious confraternity, and Ober-Ammergau like a nook in some undiscovered country, whose people have not yet lost their baptismal innocence,—a kind of holy city in miniature, basking in the smile of a special Providence.

We are just passing a large house. On one side is a considerable garden enclosed by a white scroll-work fence; it is the home of one of the more thrifty residents. Even here there is a distinction, but it is really a distinction without a difference. It seems to me that liberty, equality, and fraternity were never before so plainly written upon the foreheads of a race.

In the heart of the village stands the church; all the arteries of village life are fed from that sacred source. Within the stone wall that surrounds it the silent graves nestle close together, and in their midst is the monument erected to the memory of the beloved pastor who for so many years was the spiritual guide of these devoted people, and whose intelligence and reverent piety did so much toward preserving the moral integrity of the Passion Play. A bust of the venerated priest, designed and executed by a native of Ober-Ammergau, surmounts the memorial; and there are wreaths and *immortelles* heaped about the base of it by loving and faithful hands.

Pastor Daisenberger was an author of no mean repute. It is the custom of the villagers to enliven the interval between the seasons of the Passion Play by performing various dramas written or adapted for them; in this way they seek amusement and instruction, and thus their dramatic instincts are cultivated and preserved. Pastor Daisenberger wrote for the Ober-Ammergauans

his masterpiece, "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal." It has been performed on several occasions with distinguished success. Among his other plays, reproduced at intervals, may be mentioned: "Saint Genovefa," "Saint Agatha," "Absalon," and "Otto von Wittelsbach at the Veronese Hermitage." In all of these plays music and song are prominent features, and the representations are attended by throngs of peasants from the surrounding districts.

It is the desire of most pilgrims to Ober-Ammergau—and especially of the passionate pilgrim—to lodge with one of the villagers; there is hardly a house in the settlement but has thrown open its doors to the stranger at one time or another. The Passion players are, of course, the most popular hosts; they are known here by the names of the characters it has been their lot to impersonate. For example, one never speaks of Joseph Maier, but always of "Christus," and his house is known as the house of "Christus." Gregor Lechner is called "Judas"; during four seasons he accepted that most ungrateful role, and played it with scrupulous fidelity; indeed so well was the betrayer of our Blessed Lord portrayed that poor Gregor Lechner, who is one of the best and the gentlest of men, found himself avoided by his fellows. I was intending to stop at the house of "Judas," since he was the old friend of my companion Hummel; but, upon an exploration of his modest home, I concluded that I would be far more comfortable at the inn, and much freer to go and come as I pleased, regardless of any domestic routine.

The village we pass through in short order; it is a wee, little place, with its houses huddled together, as if to afford one another protection. The Gasthaus zur Alten Post is soon reached. It looks not unlike a small convent, nor does the cross upon its peak help to undeceive one. Its broad front has only a single door, but numerous small windows relieve its otherwise severe if not forbidding plainness. One of these windows, on the middle floor—the house is but two stories and a half in height,—stands out from the wall; it is a hanging window, and is, I suppose, a moderately ambitious attempt at architectural adornment. Poor little window! It looks like a stunted graft upon the ancient stock. Two or three of the narrow village streets meet in front of the inn

and form a kind of public place, which lends dignity to our somewhat primitive hostelry. We are glad of this, somehow; indeed, we are quite in the mood to be charmed with everybody and everything in Ober-Ammergau.

Friend Hummel is in ecstasies; he is renewing old acquaintanceship, and is continually greeted with earnest cordiality by the villagers, who make the common room of the Alten Post a rendezvous. Hummel is closeted with mine host, Korbinean Kummer, an amiable young man. In consequence of this interview, Herr Kummer shortly conducts me up the broad winding stairs, in the centre of the house, and through a very large and very bare hall, to what is evidently the state bed-chamber. The windows are heavily draped with home-embroidered curtains. The two narrow and short single beds are puffy with those pudding-like cushions of down, under which one roasts for a portion of the night, and then freezes—for the cushion-coverlets are sure to descend to the floor like an avalanche before morning. The furniture is ancient and formal; about the walls are ranged several old-fashioned glazed secretaries, in which is stored the family treasure of more than one generation. Remnants of the best china service, funeral cards, vases and porcelain statuettes, bead-work, embroideries—even memorial hair-embroideries of pathological pattern, lugubriously suggestive,—and all the odds and ends of children's playthings, are ranged carefully upon the several shelves. Oh, yes! and here are jewels—antique brooches, ear-drops of amazing length, large buckles, and small finger-rings. Ah me! what tales hang by these trophies of the past!

I am supposed to be extremely comfortable. I have the best chamber, with its wealth of bric-à-brac; it opens into the great hall, which is used as a dining-room when the town is overflowing with tourists, and which now I may call my ante-chamber. There is the smart bay-window commanding the village vistas, and in it I may enthroné myself at will. But I am a little lonely in these stately apartments—they comprise the whole floor and the whole front of the inn. I am likewise possessed of a sharp appetite, so I descend to the common room, and find it filled with peasants, who are each provided with a tall mug of beer.

There are several long deal tables in the room, with long deal benches at their sides; these are filled with mountaineers and their wives, sisters, or sweethearts; the men, most of them, have Alpine hats with plumes, short jackets and vests ablaze with silver buttons; small breeches, bare knees, long thick stockings covering the well-developed calves, and thick shoes with soles that look as if they could never wear out.

Near the chimney is a nook, made deeper by a bay-window—the mate of the one on the floor above; but this one is inconspicuous, being on the side of the house, and on the ground-floor. A stationary table nearly fills this nook; and when four people have seated themselves at the narrow board, two on each side, the inner two are prisoners; their benches are made fast to the wall, and there is hardly six inches of space to spare on any side of them. This table is reserved for us; here friend Hummel and I may sit unmolested and unmolesting, and look out upon the scene of rather grave animation peculiar to the common room of the Alten Post. We are supposed to be living upon the fat of the land. Well, it might be fatter without wholly sacrificing its leanness; but it is wholesome and toothsome, and there is enough and to spare.

Now, having entered into animated converse with our host, who is doing the honors with extreme affability, we learn that the pretty castle at the head of the valley is the home of Frau Wilhelmina von Hillern, the popular author of "The Vulture Maiden," "The Hour will Come," "Higher than the Church," "A Graveyard Flower," "By His Own Might," etc., etc. I met her later, and learned from her own lips how she came to end her days in peace at Ober-Ammergau—but I may not repeat it here. Her friend, a certain princess, spent a summer in that castle, and the tradition is preserved among the peasantry. This is why our monosyllabic driver, sitting under our heels on his indescribable trap, told us the castle was the home of a princess; of the clever authoress, whose works are published in a dozen different languages, he probably knew nothing.

We are eating heartily, and our landlord strongly recommends his brew. There is an immense amount of conversation going on; a score of long-stemmed, huge-bowled pipes are smoking

furiously; blue, vapory strata crown the heads of the smokers like the rings of Saturn. Were the good people only a trifle more decorous, I would be tempted to compare the smoke-wreaths to halos—but I refrain. On the walls, seen dimly through the dense atmosphere, are pious prints; there is the Madonna and there the crucifix; and never sat a merry company over cups and pipes preserving a more decent spirit withal. The talk is loud at intervals; it is confused, or at least confusing, at all times; not a tongue but is wagging briskly; and the conversation, though not general—it is a case of two and two, or of several small coteries involved in animated argument,—I think, under the circumstances, the conversation may be pronounced universal.

I can imagine how lonely my chamber will become after I have withdrawn from this enlivening scene; even the purer atmosphere of that eminently respectable apartment, with its pictures of saints and its crucifix—these are to be found in every room in Ober-Ammergau,—will, I fear, not quite console me for the solitude and silence that are soon to follow.

Ah, this is something like a *furor*! The various tables are talking at one another: some one has broached a subject that has created a sensation. In the midst of it, while the excitement and the beer mugs are at their highest, the plaintive notes of a bell startle us into absolute quiet. The beer mugs are set upon the tables; the pipes are laid aside; every hat is removed, and the whole company rises to its feet. Then one man—perhaps the oldest in the room, perhaps some village dignitary—recites the evening prayer. The responses are made in chorus by all present—the bell ringing the while; when it has ceased and the prayer is ended, each turns to his neighbor, and, with a kindly hand-shake, says, "*Gute Nacht!*"

"It is a custom of the people," remarks friend Hummel, whose eyes are moist; for he is a man of feeling. And so, with many a wish for a good night's rest, the company leisurely dispersed. Thus is the curfew heeded by the gentle villagers of Ober-Ammergau, and I seem to have been transported to an age that is past and gone.

(To be continued.)

If we will not accept humiliations let us not call ourselves the children of Christ.

The Assumption.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

WAS it dawn, sweet Mother, when they opened
Thy sealed tomb?
Or did the night of Syria o'ershadow
Its sacred gloom?

Did the angels, through the azure sweeping
Direct and swift,
Like splendid rays of light celestial breaking
From dark cloud rift,

Float down into a radiant circle
Around thy sleep?
Didst thou hear them—did their coming wake thee,
No more to weep?

Or did they bear thee, still all pale and pulseless,
Through boundless space,
Into heaven for that blissful wakening
Before His face?

When thy long waiting, after anguished watching,
Love crowned with death,
Saints marked, with sinless envy, slow departing
Thy gentle breath.

Then, all reverent in their fulfilling
Their Lord's bequest,
With tender hands they laid thee (oh, how softly!)
To perfect rest.

But, lonely in their sorrow, soon returning
To watch thy tomb,
Lo! they found it open, filled and fragrant
With lily bloom.

Not a vestige of thy presence left them,
Except thy flower.
Was ever tomb before thus quickly altered
To fairest bower?

Purest white in narrow cavern darkness,
Those petal pearls! [pillow,
Heaped high upon thy sculptured couch and
Their fragrant whorls.

Not of earth their shining, stainless beauty,
Their subtle breath;
Every curve and chalice spoke perfection
Defying death.

Thou wert gone. And they had passed the portal
 In angel hands.
 It was as though a seraph voice had answered
 'The saints' demands.
 Thou wert gone whence they had come. So, truly,
 They wrote it down,
 And made the Feast of thy Assumption glorious,
 Thy festal crown.

Memories of Scarfort Castle.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

LOUIS, the son of Baron Marvault," the traveller began, "was fifteen years old when his mother gave him a sister, who received in baptism the name of Marie. The birth of this child filled the whole household with joy, and was celebrated with festivals still fresh in the memory of the peasantry in the neighborhood of the castle.

"Louis loved his sister tenderly. As she grew up she became surpassingly beautiful and gracious, and in intelligence eclipsed all the *demoiselles* of the province. The only defect in her person was her extreme fragility. Her brother was proud to call himself her devoted knight. He appeared with her at many tournaments; and often, inspired by her fond glance and her eager interest, he bore away the prize of the joust, which Marie accepted with grateful delight.

"At length, after a long life of loyalty and honor, Baron Marvault dropped asleep in the arms of his wife and children. Before dying he called Marie, and, pointing to Louis, said, 'Daughter, behold your father.' Louis was too much overcome to speak, but drawing his sword, he laid it on his sister's head and registered a vow to be to her a father and protector.

"The fame of Marie's accomplishments and beauty was spread throughout the province, and the most brilliant gentlemen of the surrounding country visited Marvault, hoping to form an alliance with the family. Whether from disinclination for marriage, or because she had not yet met her ideal, Marie repeatedly declined their homage, and remained unmoved by all their gallantries.

"Among the young nobles who sought Marie's hand, the most distinguished for manly beauty, generous instincts, and chivalric loyalty, was Roger de Hurville. His sterling virtues had won for him the friendship of Louis, who nurtured a hope of seeing him wedded to his fair sister. Another circumstance strengthened their union. Roger also had a sister. He spoke of her frequently to his friend; and when Louis came to know her, he soon loved her as ardently as Roger loved Marie. Finally their projects seemed to approach realization. It was decided that the two marriages should take place on the same day and at the same hour, before the two altars in the chapel of Marvault.

"While the nuptial preparations were being made, Roger desired one morning to give his betrothed the diversion of a hunt with the falcon. By an inexplicable accident Marie strayed from her escort. When her absence was noted, Louis and Roger stopped the chase, gave the birds which they had taken to their pages, and set out in search of her. They were unsuccessful for many hours; but toward evening they learned from some peasants that she had been seen passing, in company with the Knight of Palu, who seemed to be forcing her in the direction of his castle.

"Seized with horror and indignation, the young men put spurs to their horses and hurried toward the Count's home. They did not go as far as the castle, for on the route they found Marie's bloody corpse, so disfigured that her dress alone rendered it recognizable. Louis bounded toward her; Roger stood by, immovable from grief and horror. The brother raised the body and bent his ear to discover whether the heart still beat: she was already cold in death. In vain did he embrace her, the warmth of life had gone from her forever—"

At this point the narrator could not repress his emotion, and interrupted his recital for a moment; then, conquering his feelings, he resolutely brushed away his tears and continued:

"Pardon me if my pity overcomes me at the remembrance of that sorrowful spectacle. I myself saw the unfortunate victim, and I can not recall the sight without deep emotion. Her face, so pure and lovely, was laid open from forehead to chin, and the flesh fell away on either side.

The young girl had thrown herself on a rock, and the iron shoes of her genet had crushed her breast and broken her ribs.

"With his right hand raised to heaven, Louis swore never to sleep in the castle of his fathers till he had washed out in blood the insult offered to his sister,—till he had slain her criminal abductor and destroyed his abode. Twice since then the Baron has thought that he fulfilled his oath, but fortune in both instances deceived him; and the Knight of Palu, saved by the protection of the devil, has always escaped his avenging sword.

"Yielding to the entreaties of his mother, Louis consented to invoke the justice of Charles the Bold, his sovereign. He was trifled with, and his sister's murderer was received as one of Charles' principal supporters. Indignant at such treatment, Louis wrote to Charles, renouncing his allegiance, and declaring himself the sworn enemy of the Burgundian. To be brief, he and Roger fought against the forces of Charles during the whole of the late campaign. Louis encountered and, as he thought, killed Palu on the field of Morat, only to meet him once more at Nancy. Again he sought him out, and again left him, to all appearances, a corpse.

"One pang marred the Baron's satisfaction at Nancy: his friend Roger was slain. After the funeral Louis assembled his retainers and marched to Palu Castle. All that remains of that stronghold of ruffians is the chapel, on which may be read the inscription: 'Louis, Baron of Marvault, razed the Castle of Palu in expiation of his sister's death, and allowed only this chapel to stand.'

"Yes, Count," continued he whom the reader has recognized as Marvault himself, "the second part of my vow was accomplished before the first. I fully believed you dead, and hence I returned to dwell in the castle of my ancestors. But *you* will not depart hence alive. Providence delivers you into my hands for the third time, and this time you shall not escape."

As he finished speaking, Louis drew his dagger, arose deliberately and advanced toward the astonished Count.

"Take your arms," he cried, "or I will kill you in cold blood!"

The squires and pages awaited with alarm the result of this unexpected contest, and Germain

of Scarfort himself doubted whether he should interfere to prevent what seemed so legitimate a vengeance. It was Lady Charlotte who stopped the immediate effusion of blood. She descended majestically from her seat and placed herself before the Baron.

"Your quarrels are not ours," said she; "and we will not consent to your settling them in our halls. Guests, no matter who they may be, are sent by Providence, and their lives are sacred as long as they remain beneath the roof of Scarfort. To-morrow, when you both shall have taken leave of us and crossed our drawbridge, you will act as you please; to-night you belong to us, and we would defend the head of either of you against the King of France himself."

Palu, pale and trembling, said not a word, and would have allowed himself to be struck down without resistance.

Louis hesitated, then broke out:

"Why speak of Providence and hospitality, my lady? He mocks at God and outrages rights the most holy."

"And if you imitate his conduct, by what title do you pretend to punish him? Leave it to God to avenge His injuries. He who has said, 'Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay,' is faithful in punishing impiety," calmly answered his hostess.

"Twice has He snatched him from my anger."

"Does God need your arm to execute His judgments? How do you know that He does not desire to strike His enemy in a manner so remarkable that it will be impossible to question His action?"

They took Marvault to his chamber, and bolted the door on the outside. The Count was lodged in another turret, and the household retired, filled with horror and dismay.

The thoughts which assailed Palu during the night were far from agreeable. Rage, fear, and hatred contended within him; and he tossed about for hours, unable to enjoy a moment's repose. At daybreak he rose, and, without waiting to take leave of his host, descended to the stables, put saddle and bridle on his horse, and rode away. The sky was still sombre and menacing, and his steed, not fully recovered from the fatigue of the foregoing days, left its quarters reluctantly and slowly.

The Count could not rid himself of the bitter

reflections that pursued him. He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and gave himself up to his meditations:

"Where am I going? Marvault has destroyed my castle; I shall find there nothing but ruins. Curse my varlets, who could not hold out behind those walls which I have so often shown to be impregnable! No doubt he slaughtered them all, and the cowards deserved to die. This chapel which he has left standing—it seems I must make it my dwelling-place until I can rebuild my towers. Will he allow me to rebuild them? And where shall I find the necessary gold? All that is left me, then, is to scour the highways as a paltry robber!—No: I will go to my cousin Lamarck; he will lend me gold and men. In my turn I will march against Marvault and attack it. I will surprise it and raze it, even as he has razed Palu; but I will raze everything, and the chapel first of all."

He became enraged against Heaven and blasphemed with all the fury of despair. He cursed the chance that brought across his path Marie de Marvault, the cause of all his misfortune. He deplored the circumstances that prevented him from fighting his enemy at Scarfort. He half resolved to retrace his steps and challenge the Baron, but the horse continued to advance.

The night had been very cold and foggy. The north-wind had risen with the day, and now blew fresh and sharp. The snow, swept from the plain, was being whirled about in the hollows; a storm was gathering, with lugubrious mutterings. Soon the snow began to fall in large flakes; then came hailstones, and the sky was completely obscured. Blinded and terrified, the charger stopped at every turn, and the Count forced it to advance only by continual application of his spurs. After wandering about the forest for an hour, he found himself before the rustic sanctuary of Our Lady of the Wood. Its door was high and imperfectly secured. The chapel was a poor one, its only treasure being a statue of the Virgin left to the protection of the piety and veneration which it so generally inspired.

The storm increased in fury, but the horse no longer wished to stop. The Count leaped from his saddle, saying, "Oh, then you don't scent the good stabling!" He pushed in the door, and, entering, drew his steed by the bridle.

The horse crossed the threshold; but suddenly

shook his head and broke the rein. Thus set free, in a rage he seized Palu's right arm, broke through the steel armor and buried his teeth in the flesh. The infamous man foamed with anger and pain, and roared out curses and threats; but the animal did not relax its hold. It drew its master back over the threshold of the chapel, and trampled him under foot.

The Count's helmet became detached and rolled to one side, and in another instant the iron-shod hoofs of the charger crushed his face and head beyond all recognition. Having thus accomplished the work of divine vengeance, the animal galloped off through the forest, tossing his head and neighing as if in triumph.

Louis of Marvault had spent a portion of the night in serious reflection. The few words of expostulation addressed to him by his venerable hostess, Lady Charlotte, had awakened a train of thought to which he had long been a stranger. "Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay,"—the words kept ringing in his ears incessantly, until he was forced to acknowledge that he had been arrogating to himself the authority possessed by God alone; that his sentiments with respect to Palu were unchristian; and that he had ample matter for which to seek absolution at the shrine of Our Lady of Bourbourg. He threw himself on his knees, resolved to forego the accomplishment of his unholy vow, made a fervent act of contrition, and then lay down with a more tranquil conscience than he had known since Marie's death had steeped his soul in bitterness and filled his heart with revenge.

On the following morning he thanked his hostess for her words of counsel as well as her hospitality, and with a light heart proceeded on his journey. His route to Bourbourg led him by the forest chapel. There he beheld the disfigured corpse of Count Palu, and recognized the finger of God. Kneeling with indescribable emotion before Our Lady's altar, he prayed long and fervently before continuing his pilgrimage.

During the day servants from the castle, alarmed by the sight of the Count's charger, found the body, and buried it in the forest. For many years a stone marked the grave, but now the Count of Palu is only to be numbered among the memories of Scarfort Castle.

The Founder of Our Hierarchy.— An Anniversary.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

"**A**USPICE MARIA" was the motto adopted by Bishop Carroll when the diocese of Baltimore was created; and under the powerful protection of Mary he placed himself, his episcopal city, and his whole bishopric. He adopted as his seal a shield of blue with a figure of Our Lady, and selected the Feast of her Assumption for the ceremony of his consecration. To her, under the same title, he proposed to dedicate the Cathedral of which he laid the corner-stone and began to rear the walls, though compelled to leave to others the crowning of the work.

Though calm in expression rather than effusive, this spirit of devotion to the Blessed Virgin runs through his official acts. Not the Spanish navigator who dedicated the Chesapeake to St. Mary Mother of God, not Lord Baltimore who gave his province the name of "Land of Mary," exceeded Archbishop Carroll in childlike, chivalrous devotion to Our Lady. Even after death his temporary resting-place was most fittingly chosen. It was St. Mary's Chapel, Baltimore, beside the Sulpitian Seminary, also dedicated to her. His pious thought and wish was completed when the hierarchy which had grown up from his see at Baltimore chose the "Blessed Virgin Mary conceived without sin" as the Patroness of the whole United States.

Bishop Carroll stood alone; but the sons of other devoted clients of the Blessed Virgin, who make her Presentation in the Temple their special feast; the austere religious women who follow the rule of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; the sons of St. Dominic, who endowed the Church with the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin; the nuns whose privilege it is to honor especially her Visitation, came almost at once to help him build up the house of the Lord in a land where, north and south and east and west, the soil, bedewed with the blood of martyrs, pleaded with Heaven for mercy and graces.

The earlier part of his life was chequered. An orphan but a few years after his birth—at Upper

Marlboro', Maryland, on the Octave of the Circumcision, 1735,—he was separated for the sake of education from the surviving parent whom he loved dearly; and, yielding to the call of God, he made the parting perpetual by entering the Society of Jesus, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin in the year 1753. To that Society of holy men he hoped to give the rest of his life; but twenty years after he beheld it scattered to the winds, many dying of ill treatment, himself held like a felon in a Catholic land. He had left the world to enter a religious order; the order was gone, and he was flung back on the world. With the hopes of his life blasted, he returned to America, to find it in the throes of a struggle with the most powerful nation of Europe. God seems to have given the client of Mary an intuition that the clouds which lowered over the religious and political horizon would lift ere long, and the Church in his native land enter on a career of victorious ministry and strength.

Seeking retirement, accepting poverty, he was drawn forth into public life. When America stood alone, the Catholic priests and people in the new republic looked to him as their guide. Pope Pius VI. made him Prefect Apostolic, and he reluctantly assumed duties of great difficulty, limited and cramped by his instructions. His prudence, zeal, piety, and self-control showed the Sovereign Pontiff that he was a man especially raised up for his work.

At last the moment came for the establishment of a hierarchy. The Pope, yielding to the feeling of Catholic and Protestant in the United States, allowed the clergy to select a candidate for the episcopal honor, and determine the city best fitted for the first American see. It was with undisguised pleasure that Pope Pius VI. received the intelligence that the clergy had almost unanimously agreed in proposing the name of the Very Rev. John Carroll for Bishop of Baltimore. The bulls issued in November, 1789, came slowly over, and Dr. Carroll proceeded to England, where, on the 15th of August, 1790—just a century ago,—he received episcopal consecration at the hands of the learned Benedictine, Bishop Walmsley, in the elegant chapel at Lullworth Castle.

A synod of his clergy, a seminary for the training of priests, a college at Georgetown, a

preparatory seminary which developed into a nursery of priests at Emmittsburg, missions revived in the West; churches erected from Maine to Georgia, and in Kentucky, with congregations and priests to guide them, showed his activity, zeal, forecast, and prudence.

Travel was difficult in those days: roads were poor, and even stages between great cities uncertain. Yet, travelling in his own conveyance, Bishop Carroll, without resources, visited the mission stations in Maryland, Virginia, Eastern Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. Before twenty years Catholicity had grown so that Pope Pius VII., yielding to his urgent entreaty, made New England a diocese, New York another, Pennsylvania another, Kentucky another with the care of the great Northwest. As life declined, Archbishop Carroll saw each of these dioceses the scene of active and fruitful labor, till, sinking under the weight of years, he expired piously December 3, 1815.

In his calm judgment, his knowledge of men, his careful exertion of power, no less than in his unaffected piety, and skill in arousing piety in others, the first Bishop of the United States was a truly remarkable man. Deliberate in his actions, free from undue haste or excitement, his least important letters seem ready for the press; his pastorals and circulars are full of unction and persuasiveness. Yet, when need came, he could enter the lists of controversy, carrying into the discussion the learning and dialectic skill of the trained theologian, with the gentleness and courtesy of a St. Francis de Sales. He took part in all literary and charitable projects, so that his name was associated with every good enterprise; and he thus enjoyed in life the esteem of his fellow-citizens of all classes, and his death was deplored as a public calamity.

His portrait is a familiar one to all Catholics: his statue at the Catholic Temperance Memorial Fountain in Philadelphia is the only one to recall his features and memory to the general recollection. But those whose piety leads them to make a pilgrimage, this Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, to Notre Dame, Indiana, will find many a memorial of the founder of the American hierarchy, fitly gathered in Bishops' Memorial Hall, to revive and renew their veneration and esteem.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON THE USE OF FLOWERS.

THE use of flowers is steadily increasing in every department of life,—and so is the abuse. Americans have become as devoted to “the stars of earth” as the Romans ever were. In our great cities, the broker rushing to his office and the lawyer to court do not disdain to decorate their button-holes with the violet or the rose. The orchid and the gardenia—those cherished darlings of society—have scarcely travelled from London yet; but the old-fashioned flowers are seen everywhere. And flowers are perhaps the only ornamental things that never go out of fashion.

That family must be far away indeed from flowers if no spray or blossom is found on its table, to delight the eye and give a touch of beauty and fragrance to life. It is only of late that the moderns are beginning to find out what the Greeks and the people of the Middle Ages knew well: that beauty of color and form is more valuable in life than the monotonous black and white of printed books.

And now that they have found it out, London and New York blossom with color. The Scilly Islands send each day thousands of flowers to the great English metropolis, and the florists can not supply the increasing demands for flowers in New York. The young girl who goes to work every day may take a flower home occasionally, even in winter, so cheap have they become; and the use of flowers for the dead has grown to be an abuse among people who can least afford to indulge in it. Their use, too, has become inordinate at the dinner tables of the rich. The orchid, worth more than ten times its weight in gold, blooms in great banks at rich men's feasts, as the tulip bloomed a hundred years ago,—not because it is beautiful, but because only the rich can possess it; and it is not unusual for the roses for a great dinner to cost a thousand dollars.

This abuse of flowers is not for pleasure, but for ostentation. Their use is to elevate, to cheer, to please, to recall their Creator; not to astonish, to amaze, or to excite envy. Their meaning is

lost when they are made to serve for mere show.

A flower is at its best as God made it—graceful, beautiful, both in color and form. Press a hundred roses into a “floral emblem” and put them at the head of a little child’s coffin, and you abuse them; you have a white mass which does not symbolize the innocence and beauty of the little child. But let the same roses lie, some on its bosom, some near it, with all their curves of petal and leaf undisturbed, and you will see the difference between their use and their abuse. God made them as they are found in the garden. Fashion presses them into a mass, which deprives them of half their beauty and all their grace, and takes away their highest meaning.

Flowers are at home about the Tabernacle or at the feet of the Blessed Virgin. There the jacqueminot rose glows most splendidly, and the tall lilies, typifying the Immaculate Mother, guard most fitly the hem of her robe. And yet, while the use of flowers has increased everywhere else, it has not grown on our altars. We who inherit the beauty of the ages, who claim to be the children of the chief Patroness of art through all Christian ages, have fallen very low. If Fra Angelico were to return to earth, would he not imagine that we had forsworn all the traditions of the Catholic art he created? There are, in fact, people among us who prefer the latest high-colored print of sacred subjects to the best reproduction of masters like him; and some who look with complacency on the wretched apologies for flowers that decorate our altars. Artificial lilies with arsenical leaves, vermilion roses as clumsy as if they were cut out of turnips,—these meet our eyes on many altars; wretched apologies, supposed to be good enough for God, but which the most tasteless woman would not put into her bonnet.

“The statues are lovely,” wrote a Protestant lady, who had visited a fine church which contained two statues by a great Italian artist; “but they rest on altars decorated by the most horrible paper and muslin monstrosities I ever saw!”

The chief use of flowers is to add to the beauty of God’s house. This is a Christian tradition. But if we keep them for our dinner tables and the decoration of our homes, and put painted rags on the altars of our churches, we show a lack of love and a real depravity of taste.

Notes and Remarks.

The stories set afloat by certain Roman correspondents as to the failure of the Holy Father’s health are authoritatively contradicted. The only foundation for the rumor is that after the unusual fatigue of the lengthened ceremonies of the two recent consistories, he suspended public audiences. The health of His Holiness has much improved; and he recently said, with a smile, to some of the higher clergy, who hinted that a vacation would be good for them, that if he could stay twelve years in the Vatican, twelve months in Rome would not endanger their lives. On the Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul he descended to the crypt of St. Peter’s and prayed long and earnestly at their tomb. The vigor of the Holy Father, considering his age, is phenomenal.

A notable feature of the ceremonies attending the consecration of the Cathedral at Ulm was the immense procession, which was a living history of the city for the five centuries during which the Cathedral was building. Fifteen hundred people, in the distinctive garb of soldiers, heralds and citizens, depicted the life of Ulm during these successive eras,—the first one carrying a model of the Cathedral itself.

In our last number we gave some interesting statistics regarding the Canadian shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. We have since learned that the pilgrims during the first three weeks of July were estimated at 30,000. This number has probably never been exceeded in the same space of time.

Mr. Stanley announces that the Mahometans are fast decreasing in Africa. He says that in five years there will not be one Mahometan south of the equator in Central Africa.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, in a noteworthy address before the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, treating of the condition and wants of the English poor, gave the motto, “First civilize, then Christianize.” The Rev. James F. Splaine, S. J., protests, in an able letter to the *London Tablet*, against the assertion that man can be

really civilized without Christianity. "Christianity," he says, "is the foundation of civilization. The Jesuits in Paraguay," he continues, "followed the examples of St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Boniface, St. Patrick, St. Peter Claver, and a host of other saintly pioneers of true civilization: putting men in their right place from the beginning by teaching them that they were responsible creatures,—responsible not to man but to God, who has a right to our duty, and power to enforce it, or to exact the penalty of violating the laws of that social life for which His wisdom designed us."

Canon Brownlow, in another answer to Dr. Barry, warns Catholic writers and speakers that "the danger to Catholics, who sympathize strongly with popular movements, chiefly arises from their adopting, without sufficient discrimination, premises laid down by non-Catholic writers and speakers which contain some germ of error; so that they unexpectedly find themselves landed in conclusions condemned by the Church."

The monks and nuns of Ireland have always been important factors in her prosperity. At present the different Irish convents are doing their best to revive those industries which tyranny and tribulation strangled. Not long ago the superior of the convent at Skibbereen resolved to interest the poor of the neighborhood in the manufacture of linen stuffs. The result is that in the last few months two miles' length of lawn of the finest quality was sent out of the convent, as well as four hundred dozen delicate pocket-handkerchiefs. The finest lawn, of all colors and patterns, is manufactured there. The looms are set in pleasant rooms, full of sunshine, the scent of flowers, and fresh air. The nuns at Skibbereen have an ideal factory. Ireland needs more industries of this kind.

The project of a great Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, recently put forward in our columns, was approved by the archbishops of the United States lately assembled in Boston. A committee was appointed to notify the teaching orders of this action, and to suggest the selection of a subcommittee, to be nominated by the heads of the different communities, which committee is to have full charge of arrangements regarding the pro-

posed exhibits. The Right Rev. Bishop Spalding was suggested as chairman of this committee, because of his well-known qualifications and special identification with educational work. The heads of the different communities are to notify Archbishop Ireland of the selections made for this committee, after which an early meeting will be called, in order to begin the work. The subject has already been widely discussed by the Catholic as well as the secular press, and in every instance the proposal has been received with much favor. It is an important work, and the plans will require to be drawn in a broad spirit worthy of the great occasion, and thoroughly representative of the entire Catholic educational system in the United States.

One of the most cheering signs in the contemporaneous history of France is the decadence of Voltairianism. The philosopher of Ferney is no longer the arch-prophet and idol of French youth. Atheism, polished blasphemy, and unbridled libertinism have ceased to be regarded as essential elements of a liberal education. Young men from eighteen to twenty-five may be fashionable nowadays even though they do not comment on the Bible with foul obscenity, caricature all noble sentiments, rail at heroic devotion, or wear on their lips the cynical smile of the universal scoffer. Any change from the ideas that prevailed a very few decades ago must be for the better, and both France and the world are to be congratulated on the fact that the day of Voltaire is done.

A new museum has been founded in Rome, in the cloisters of St. Maria degli Angeli, which were designed by Michael Angelo. It is intended that in this place shall be preserved all the antiquities found in Rome in the future. The Rev. Father Hirst, writing in the July number of *The Antiquary*, gives an interesting account of this museum.

A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, writing from Paris, combats the too general impression that the people of France are irreligious. The writer says: "If one considers things religious from their practice, it is easily seen that irreligion resides far less in the popular mind than in official tendency. God is driven out of schools, the Sisters from the hos-

pitals, and monks from their convents, but souls are not less faithful to religious faith. Not only are the churches full at the hours of Mass, but even Vespers and other services, which are not obligatory, are attended by great crowds belonging to all classes of society."

We lately had occasion to quote the testimony of Mr. W. H. Hurlbert to the same effect.

Many eminent members of the clergy and laity were assembled at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 8th inst., the occasion being the twentieth annual Convention of the Total Abstinence Union of America. A number of able discourses were delivered before the assembly, and new measures were taken to further the cause of total abstinence in the United States. The reports submitted to the Convention show a gratifying increase in the popularity of total abstinence principles. The Union numbers at present more than 50,000 members. The Convention derives additional interest from the fact that the present year is the centenary of the birth of Father Mathew.

A Baptist preacher in Springfield, Ohio, recently treated his congregation to a reading from "Our Christian Heritage," commending it in enthusiastic terms, and expressing his obligation to Cardinal Gibbons for having 'informed his mind and helped his heart.' The *confrères* of our Baptist brother would do well to follow his example. A reading from the New Testament, supplemented by selections from a standard Catholic work, would be a capital programme.

It is reported that Valley Forge, the scene of the sufferings of Washington's army, is about to become the site of a large brewing establishment. Who shall say that Americans are not reverent?

The Italian Government is to administer all funds left for pious uses after November 1. The Senate has permitted this by a small majority.

We are glad to note that the St. Cecilia Society continues to prosper, notwithstanding the prevailing taste for florid church-music. The object of this Society is to restore the liturgical chant and other solemn music conformable to ecclesiastical laws. The twelfth annual convention of the

American branch of the Society was held in New York on the 5th, 6th and 7th of August. It was largely attended by representative members of the Society. The Holy Father sent his blessing to the convention. The officers for the past year were re-elected. It is matter of congratulation that an able musician, Professor Singenberger, well known for his devotion to Cecilian music, continues to preside over this excellent organization.

The sons of St. Francis d'Assisi have returned to Canada, after an absence of nearly a hundred years. They are eagerly welcomed by people who have not forgotten what their ancestors owed to the devoted Récollets. The Provincial of the Order in France has been entrusted with the task of restoring it in Montreal.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James Maginn, the beloved rector of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Philadelphia, Pa., whose devoted life was crowned with a happy death on the 23d ult.

Sister Florence, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rochester, N. Y.; and Sister Mary Romana, O. S. F., Philadelphia, Pa., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. James T. Harrison, who departed this life in St. Louis, Mo., on the 1st inst.

Mr. John McGinty, of Pawtucket, R. I., who passed away on the 8th ult.

Miss Elizabeth O'Donohoe, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 29th ult., at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Caspar Kampen, whose happy death occurred at New Orleans, La., on the 3d ult.

Mr. Elias J. Brindley, of New York, who breathed his last on the 13th ult.

Mr. Patrick Loftus, who died in Chicago, Ill., on the 27th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Nicholas Preston, of Newark, N. J.; Thomas Roach, Lewiston, Me.; James McDermott, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mary Crowley, North Bennington, Vt.; Mrs. Ann Ruddy and Mr. Charles McLaughlin, Chicago, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Building a Boat.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.



ANY days had not passed before the boys succeeded in making the punt water-tight. Yet the carpentering still went on at the barn.

"What is all the hammering for now?" asked Mr. Gordon one afternoon. "I thought the

Jolly Pioneer was in splendid trim and doing good service."

"So she is," answered Jack. "But—well, she doesn't quite come up to our expectations; so Rob and I have given her to the little boys. We are building a larger boat for ourselves."

Upon the principle "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth," Jim and Leo were not disposed to find anything amiss with the present. In the first flush of their pride of possession they were quite jubilant.

It was shortly after this that Jim came in to dinner one day, tattooed in a manner which would remind one of a sachem in full Indian war-paint. There was a patch of blue low down on one cheek, a daub of red high up on the other, a tip of chrome-yellow on the end of his nose, and a fair share of all three upon his hands, and the sleeve of his jacket as well.

"Why, my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as this vision met her eyes.

"Can't help it, mother,—it won't come off. I've scrubbed and scrubbed!" the little fellow protested, apologetically.

"Plenty of hot water and soap will prove effectual. But you must persevere," she went on, good-naturedly. "But what is the reason of this extraordinary decoration? Do you want to be taken for the 'missing link'?"

Mrs. Gordon was always good friends with her boys. She had a bright, cheery way of talking to them, of entering into their plans. She thoroughly appreciated a joke, even a practical one, when it was not perpetrated at the expense of anybody's feelings. And the lads could always count upon her interest and sympathy. It was not easy to impose upon her, though. "I tell you, if a fellow tries, he is always sure to get the worst of it!" Jim used to say.

"Ah, that is better!" said she, when Jim returned to the dining-room, his face at last restored to its usual sunburnt hue, and shining from the effect of a liberal lather of soap-suds, and his hands also of a comparatively respectable color. "Now, do tell us what you have been attempting."

"Haven't been attempting anything," he mumbled. "Leo and I were painting our boat, that is all. We hurried so as to finish it before dinner. I suppose that is the reason the paint got splashed around a little."

Jim's temper had manifestly been somewhat ruffled by the necessity of repeating the soap and water process. He frowned like a thunder-cloud.

Mrs. Gordon, however, always had great consideration for a hungry boy. Without appearing to notice that Jim was out of sorts, she merely remarked, while helping him bountifully to beef-steak: "You have painted the *Jolly Pioneer*? How well she must look! I believe I'll walk over to the barn after dinner and see her."

"Will you really, mother?" he exclaimed, brightening at once.

"Yes, certainly. What color did you choose?"

"Blue, with red and yellow trimmings," answered the boy, exultingly.

His mother smiled. She had inferred so. But Jim's ill-humor had vanished like mists before the sun. The next moment he was explaining to her the merits of various kinds of paint, and discussing the question with Jack, in the best possible spirits.

V.

Jack and Rob took counsel with Mr. Sheridan in the construction of the new boat, and very creditable and satisfactory was the result. The ceremonies of the launch were now to be observed with as much formality as if she were the crack yacht of the season,—“Barrin’ the traditional bottle of champagne, which it is customary

to break over the bows of the new skiff as she plunges into the sea," laughed Uncle Gerald; "and that would not do at all for you, boys."

"No, sir," answered Jack, decidedly. "If it was as cheap and as plentiful as soda-water, we wouldn't have it."

"I am glad to hear you say that," continued Leo's father, warmly. "It is one of the best resolutions to start in life with."

"You know, we have joined the temperance cadet corps which Father Martin is getting up," explained Rob.

"An excellent plan. I had not heard of it," responded the gentleman. "Persevere, and you will find that by encouraging you in this, Father Martin has proved one of the truest friends you are ever likely to have. However, the old custom of christening a boat, as it is called, may be carried out quite as effectively with a bottle of ginger-pop, which Leo has stowed away somewhere in that basket. It is the part of common-sense to unite true poetry and prose, just as we now propose to combine a picturesque custom with temperance principles. So, boys, hurrah for ginger-pop, say I!"

The lads entered into the spirit of his mood with great gusto, and cheered hilariously. The basket was produced, and at this moment Mrs. Gordon was seen coming across the meadow.

"Just in time, mother!" cried Jack, starting off to meet her.

"You must christen the boat!" vociferated all.

"And is that the reason why Uncle Gerald sent for me, and brought me away from my morning's mending?" she exclaimed, in a tone which was intended to be slightly reproachful, though she looked prepared for anything that might be required of her; for Mrs. Gordon, somehow, managed never to be so busy as to be unable to enter into the pleasures of her boys.

"Yes," acknowledged Uncle Gerald; "and I have been doing my utmost to delay the proceedings, so that you would not miss them. You see, Leo and I have prepared a little surprise for the company."

After a comprehensive glance at the basket, which certainly appeared well packed, she asked:

"And what is to be the name of the boat?"

"We have not quite decided yet, Mrs. Gordon," began Rob.

"No," interposed Jack. "We think *this* ought to be the *Jolly Pioneer*. We let Jim and Leo have the other boat, but we didn't mean to give them the name too. *We* chose it, and we can't think of any we like so well."

"Oh, keep it, then!" answered Jim, with a wave of the hand like that of a stage hero resigning a fortune. (It was evident that the subject had been broached before.) "We are quite able to choose a name ourselves; we could think of half a dozen others if we wanted to, so you are welcome to call your boat whatever you please."

The permission might, indeed, have been more graciously expressed; but as Jim's words were accompanied by a good-natured smile, Jack wondered if he might not accept it.

Mrs. Gordon, stood, with the bottle in her hand, waiting for the decision, but wisely refraining from comment; the boys always settled their little disputes for themselves.

"Well, what shall it be? Speak!" she said.

"The *Jolly Pioneer*!" cried both.

The next moment there was a crash of broken glass and a dash of ginger-pop on what was called by courtesy the bow.

"Bravo! The *Jolly Pioneer* is a new recruit enlisted into the temperance cadet corps," said Uncle Gerald, laughing.

There was a shifting of planks by Rob and Jack, and in another moment the little craft was dancing gaily upon the bright waters.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried the boys in chorus.

By turns they rowed a short distance down the stream and back. There was no danger of sinking this time. Then they gathered under the tree, where Mrs. Gordon and Uncle Gerald had unpacked the basket and set forth a tempting lunch upon a table-cloth on the grass. As hunger is said to be the best sauce, so good-humor sweetens the simplest fare. Our friends enjoyed their sandwiches and doughnuts, and milk rich with cream, as much as if a banquet had been spread before them. There was plenty of fun, too; and though the wit was not very brilliant, it was innocent and kindly, and served its purpose; for the company were quite ready to be pleased at any one's effort to be entertaining or amusing.

After an hour or more, Mrs. Gordon announced her intention of returning to the house.

"And I must be off also; for I have to drive

two or three miles up country, about some business," added her brother.

"We shall all have to leave now," said Jack. "Father Martin is going to drill the cadets for a short time in the early part of the afternoon."

"What arrangements have you made for fastening your boat?" asked Uncle Gerald. "To guard against its being tampered with by meddling persons, as well as to prevent its drifting away, you ought to secure it to a stake near the bank by means of a padlock."

"We forgot to get one," returned Jack. "No one will touch it here. I'll tie it to a tree with this piece of rope, so that it won't go floating off on an exploring expedition on its own account."

The next day was Sunday, and the boys had no chance to use the boat again until Monday after school. When they hurried to the spot where it had been moored, alas! the *Jolly Pioneer* was nowhere to be seen.

"Do you think she broke away?" asked Leo.

"Pshaw! The *Jolly Pioneer* isn't a pony!" impatiently answered Jack.

"But the rope might have snapped," said Jim.

"No: the boat has been stolen," muttered Rob, gloomily.

"I don't believe that," continued Jim. "Perhaps some of the fellows around have hidden her, just to plague us."

"I bet it was those Jenkins boys!" declared Jack. "Don't you remember, Rob, how we made them stop badgering little Tommy Casey in the school-yard the other day, and how mad they were about it?"

"Yes, and they swore they'd be even with us," answered Rob.

The Jenkins boys were the children of a drunken father, a slatternly mother. Brought up in a comfortless, poverty-stricken home, without any religious teaching or influences, what wonder that they became addicted to most of the petty vices,—that they acquired an unenviable reputation for mischief, mendacity, and thieving in a small way?

Jack's inference could hardly be called a rash judgment. A glimpse of a derisive, grinning face among the neighboring bushes confirmed his suspicions. Without a word he made a dash toward the thicket. His companions understood, however, and were not slow to follow his example.

There was a crackling of the brambles, succeeded by a stampede. Jack, with all his alertness, had not been quite quick enough. With a jeering whoop, two shabby figures escaped into the road.

"The question is, where's the boat?" said Rob, as the party paused for breath, finding that pursuit was useless.

They searched about in the vicinity without avail, but after some time the *Jolly Pioneer* was finally discovered half a mile farther down the stream, entangled among a clump of willows, where the pirates, as Jim designated the Jenkins boys, had abandoned it. To return to the place from which they had taken the boat, in order to enjoy the discomfiture and dismay of those against whom they had a grudge, was characteristic of them.

"Good! I knew we'd find the boat all right!" began Leo, joyfully.

"By Jove! pretty well damaged, I should say!" cried Jack.

"Well, the paint is a good deal scratched, and the seats have been loosened; but, after all, there is no great harm done," said Rob, more hopefully.

Upon further examination, his view of the case proved to be correct. He and Jack experienced but little difficulty in rowing back to the original moorings, Jim and Leo following along the bank and applauding their skill.

After this occurrence the *Jolly Pioneer* and the *Merry-go-Round* were each fastened to a sapling, that grew near the water's edge, by chain and padlock, which rendered them secure from interference.

And what merry times our friends had with them upon the creek that summer! The *Jolly Pioneer* proved worthy of its name, was always the best of company, and led the way in many pleasant excursions up and down the stream. The *Merry-go-Round* was never far behind, and shared the honors of all its adventures.

"I tell you now," exclaimed Leo, admiringly, one day when the lads were preparing for a row, "I don't believe you'd find two such boats in all the country about here."

A critical observer might have facetiously agreed with him, but the boys were content with what they had, not being able to obtain anything better; and is not that one way to be happy?

"Well, they may not be beauties," continued

Jim; "and you can't exactly call them racers; but, somehow, they keep afloat, and one can manage them first-rate."

"And we've had enough fun with them to repay us for all the trouble we had in making them," added Rob.

Jack laughed at the recollection.

"Yes," remarked Uncle Gerald, who had just come up, on his way to the meadow pasture. "And I think, boys, you will all acknowledge that you learned a good many useful things while building a boat."

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

They started out early the next morning to explore the Lower Town. The sounds of traffic, hushed on Sunday, had begun again, and the Grey Lady of the North had on her everyday gown. Carts were rattling; the strange cries of hucksters filled the air; the old city was awake.

Albert, while he waited for the others, was talking with a feeble-voiced old driver, who looked as if he had been left over from the last century. He trembled as he spoke.

"The little building across the way, sir, was Montcalm's headquarters when in the town."

Albert looked at the house. It had one low story and the big chimney of the region. In front of it was a pretty, blooming garden, and on its walls he read "Capillary and Tonsorial Artist."

Our party threaded the tortuous, narrow thoroughfares, carefully descending the famous Breakneck Stairs, and found themselves in Little Champlain Street. If the streets above were alleys, these were cow-paths. Mr. Latimer, who dealt in lumber and had his rule with him, measured one of the narrowest, and found it but ten feet wide. Clothes-lines were stretched across, and many Monday washings flapped in the wind. A man in the street was gilding a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, and children hushed their voices and made little reverences as they passed it.

Our friends sought the little Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, of which we have spoken.

It is the oldest church in Quebec and has been "restored." This is, to a devout lover of the past, a painful feature in the search for antiquities, whether in Canada or elsewhere. The zeal seems misdirected which comes with paint and plaster and effaces the precious stains and ruins of time. The first market of Quebec, established by Champlain himself, was near at hand; indeed his footprints were everywhere. The narrow streets were once paths trodden by his followers; and, not content with one named in his honor, the inhabitants have named two for him. Fourteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot upon Plymouth Rock, Champlain founded the missionary town of Quebec, and to this day love has kept his memory green.

The members of our party strolled along the street which lay under the bluff and skirted the river. They were in quest of a sign which would tell them where young General Montgomery fell. Clare espied it first of all, high up on the beetling precipice. "Here fell General Montgomery," it read.

"What was he up there for?" she asked.

"Why, goosie, he wasn't up there!" answered her brother. "He was down here with his men, and the English fired at them from the fort."

"What a place Quebec was for killing people!" observed the little girl. "Wouldn't it be beautiful to have a world without any war in it?"

"Brother," ejaculated Aunt Julia at this juncture, "do see that horse-car! It hasn't any track, and just wabbles from one side to the other."

"We will see where it goes," said Mr. Latimer; and they stopped it and got in.

The car made such a fearful noise that they had to scream at one another; and the driver, a very kind young Frenchman, screamed too. About three miles west of the city the route ended, and then he came and shook hands with each one. Miss Latimer was horror-stricken when she thought of the impropriety she had been guilty of.

"Just fancy," she said, "shaking hands with the driver of a grip car on State Street!"

"This is not State Street, sister," meekly answered Mr. Latimer. "When we go among strangers it is proper to do as they do, and the driver was only expressing the kindness in his heart."

Albert took a map from his pocket. "As sure

as you live," he said, enthusiastically, "we are very near Wolfe's Cove, where he took his men up the Heights of Abraham! I'll go right back and ask the driver if this is it."

"O Albert!" cried his aunt, seizing him by the arm. "Don't do it! We'll have him going with us. Now, there is a nice little inn on ahead; you can find somebody there to ask."

Albert entered the "nice little inn," and when he came out a large, pleasant-faced old man was with him.

"I'll go with you a bit," he said.

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss Latimer to herself. "Another!" But he was so pleasant she could not be uncivil. "You are English?" she asked, in her kindest tone, noticing his speech.

"Yes, ma'am. It's thirty-five years since I came from old England. I'm a Cornish man. They're all dead back there, except, perhaps, my brother's children. It's hard being so far from home; and I've not had good luck in a business way. But I didn't mind that till my wife died. I wouldn't mind any ill luck if I had her to cheer me up a bit. When I lost her I lost everything." He stopped a moment, then continued, his strong old face struggling with emotion: "She went last November. But there's the Cove on ahead. God bless you, ma'am!"

He held out his hard hand, and the rest, turning at that moment, were astonished to see dignified Aunt Julia shaking hands, her eyes full of tears, with the strange keeper of a humble wayside inn. She was very silent for some minutes after she reached the spot where they were waiting for her, and it was a long while before she could trust her voice to tell them the pathetic story of the old Cornish man. Oh, who says the whole world is not akin?

Some frail steps led up the steep height, where Wolfe took his men when he went to win Quebec—and die. After he had met the French and was dying, some one cried: "They run! they run!"—"Who run?" asked Wolfe. "The French," was the reply. "Then I die in peace," he answered; and spoke no more. And Montcalm, his gallant enemy? "How long shall I live?" he inquired, as he lay within the city walls, his life ebbing slowly away. They told him he had but a few hours left. "So much the better," he rejoined, feebly. "I shall not live to see the

surrender of Quebec." Then he gave his mind to holy things, and received the last Sacraments.

Which was the nobler of these brave men? Let us not attempt to judge. Says one author: "Montcalm, laying down his life to lose Quebec, is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her."

It would be pleasant to follow our friends as for several days they explored the dear old city,—standing, perchance, by the grave of Montcalm in the quiet chapel of the Ursulines; taking a *calèche*—one of those rocking vehicles, which looked, with their humps, like nothing as much as camels, Clare insisted; driving to the little Indian village of Lorette; watching the pompous outriders in livery, waiting for their masters before the aristocratic shops; or gazing with rapture at the thick-walled chateaux of the ancient days. But let it suffice to say that they stood happy and hopeful one bright morning, when there was a touch of frost in the air, upon the clear deck of the Saguenay steamer.

Among the passengers were many "types," an expression which puzzled Clare. There was a real lord, with a valet and a guide; a lady of fashion, with a pet dog and a maid; a very old man, his hat tied on with a blue ribbon, whom our friends at once dubbed the "Ancient Mariner"; three priests; a stern-looking Scotchman, in a Tam O'Shanter cap; and a tall Frenchman, now of New Hampshire, who was paying a summer visit to his former home. When the shores grew far away the peculiarities of these fellow-travellers made a cheerful diversion. One of the priests they at once named the bishop, on account of his stately presence; and when a fair young girl from the shore at Murray Bay called the Scotchman Uncle Andrew, they called him Uncle Andrew too.

If our young readers will take the trouble to consult a map of Lower Canada they will see that a good many miles below the city of Quebec a river from the north pours its waters into the broad St. Lawrence. For certain reasons this river—the Saguenay—is one of the most wonderful in the world. It flows between great rocky cliffs, which rise straight out of its black depths. All St. Lawrence river tourists go to Montreal, some to Quebec, a few up the Saguenay. The trip is so arranged that what is passed in the night going one way is seen in the light on the return; and our own travellers, on their way to

the mouth of that strange stream, had a long day in which to view the sights of the ever-widening St. Lawrence. The Falls of Montmorency are near Quebec, and easily seen from the boat, throwing their white spray two hundred feet over the rocks; and a few miles below the city the long island of Orleans begins.

When doughty Jacques Cartier sailed up the fair St. Lawrence, and, the first white man to set eyes upon this island, saw the wild grapes making it a vineyard, he named it the Isle of Bacchus; but that heathen name was soon exchanged for the present one. Here, as on the mainland, way-side crosses were seen, just as they greet the eye in that ancient Brittany from whence the brave Jacques sailed.

The Frenchman appeared willing to talk, and handed Albert his powerful field-glass, bidding him look for a tiny chapel on the top of Cape Tourmente, which rises two thousand feet above the water. The boy found it at last, and bade the rest look.

"Do they have service in that extraordinary place?" asked Miss Latimer.

"Service? Oh, yes, madame! The Holy Mass very often, and some religious make their retreat there in the summer. Once there were more than twenty seminarians following the exercises of a retreat on the top of Cape Tourmente, and the water for them to drink had to be carried from the foot of the mountain. The bishop said he wished there was a spring near the top, it was so hard to carry the bottles of water up; and just then the water came oozing out of the mountain side. It was clear and cold, and the bishop said it was a holy fountain given by the good God; and he blessed it, and they all sang the *Magnificat*."

"Do you live in Quebec?" asked Albert, timidly.

"Not now," was the answer. "I live in New Hampshire. That priest in secular clothes is from New Hampshire too. There are many of our people in New England."

"He doesn't dress like the other two," observed little Clare.

"Why, you see in Canada a priest must wear his soutane always, but *he* does not belong here any longer."

"I wish they did so everywhere," said Albert. "It seems to set them apart from the world."

"Yes," added Miss Latimer; "and it is so nice and picturesque. It matches the landscape."

"I didn't mean it in that way at all," he answered; "but I guess you are right too."

"Albert dear, the word 'guess,' used in that sense, is an Americanism."

"Well, I *am* an American," he replied, smiling.

"And I am one too," was the Frenchman's quick rejoinder. "I guess a man from New Hampshire is an American, is he not?"

At this remark they all laughed, the stranger most heartily.

"Did you go to St. Anne's, at Beaupré?" he asked at length.

"No, sir," regretfully came from Albert's lips. "My aunt had a headache the day we had set to go; but we are coming to Quebec again."

"You should go to St. Anne's by all means." And he went on to speak of the devotion of the pilgrims to that famous shrine.

The day was as happy as it was long. On went the boat, past Grosse Island, a quarantine station, where thousands of Irish emigrants are buried far from home and friends; past many a pretty watering-place. It was dark when Tadousac, at the mouth of the awful Saguenay, was finally reached; and it was bitter cold.

(To be continued.)

A Legend of the Assumption.

The palm-tree is conspicuous in sacred lore, and among the legends in which it figures may be mentioned the following:

The Blessed Virgin, being about to die, was weeping—not from dread, but because the moments seemed so long before she could again see her Son,—when an angel appeared, bearing a branch of palm. "Hail, Mary!" he said. "In three days you shall be in the presence of Him your soul loves. Command that this be carried before your bier at your burial." Then the angel departed, but the palm-branch remained, shedding a gentle radiance from each leaf; and Mary, being comforted, dried her tears.

The miraculous branch was entrusted to the care of the beloved St. John, who in three days bore it before her bier, as the angel had directed.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Supplication.

LORD, give me this soul!

I have waked for it when I should have slept,
I have yearned over it and I have wept,
Till in my own the thought of it has sway
All through the night and day.

Lord, give me this soul!

If I might only lift its broken strands,
To lay them gently in Thy loving hands;
If I might know it had found peace in Thee,
What rest, what peace to me!

Thou wilt give me this soul!

Else why the joy, the grief, the doubt, the pain,
The thought perpetual, the one refrain,
The ceaseless longing that upon Thy breast
The tempest-tossed may rest?

Dear Lord, give me this soul!

"Give a Penny to Belisarius!"

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

FEW subjects have been claimed with such equal success for the purposes of philosopher, poet, artist, and playwright, as that formed by the alleged catastrophe in the life of Belisarius. And so well has it been used by philosopher and pedagogue that probably ninety-nine out of a hundred of all who think that they know something of the life of the great general of Justinian, have no

other conception of him than of a blind old man, victim of imperial ingratitude, begging from the passer-by the wherewith to ward off starvation.

At the time of Feller (d. 1802) there used to be shown at Constantinople—and for ought we know it is shown to-day,—on the road between the Seraglio and the Seven Towers, a prison, from a window of which, according to popular tradition, Belisarius was wont to lower a little bag, while he cried: "Give a penny to Belisarius, whom fortune raised so high, but whom envy has deprived of his eyes!" This prison, so far as Belisarius is concerned, is no more authentic than that of Tasso, shown, by the sycophantic *cicerone* to the open-mouthed, credulous tourist of our day, as the veritable spot where Alfonso d'Este confined the then unfortunate lunatic, though future laureate.

Among the objects of art stolen from the Villa Borghese at Rome by the men of the first French Revolution, and afterward exhibited in the Louvre, was a statue of an old man in a begging posture, which had been supposed, from the sixteenth century, to represent the fallen Belisarius. But long before the republican raid on the artistic treasures of the Holy See and the Roman patricians, critics had found intrinsic evidence in the statue itself that it belonged to a period long anterior to the artistically decrepit age of Justinian; and Winckelmann had gathered from Suetonius that the work represented Augustus imploring the favor of Nemesis.*

* Suetonius says, "In August.," ch. 91, that "Ex nocturno visu etiam stipem, quotannis die certo, emendicabat a populo, cavam manum asses porrigentibus præbens."

The romance of Belisarius first appeared in Europe in the wake of those Humanists whom the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, sent into the West for its great literary regeneration. The novelty of the story, its adaptability for oratorical purposes, and above all its philosophical moral on the instability of human grandeur, obtained for it at once a vogue which had for its existence not a shadow of real historical foundation. It is strange that such scholars as Volaterranus, Pontanus, and Crinitus did not reflect on the foolishness, to say nothing of the culpability, of taking as a guide in historical matters the idea conveyed by the Italian saying, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*"; or the principle that what is attractive merits by that very fact to be received as truth. Yet these brilliant geniuses accepted the pretty tale with the avidity of school-girls; and, with the exception of a few more cautious spirits, such as Pagi, Banduri, Ducange, Gibbon, and Griffet, the world soon received it as history.

During the seventeenth century Paris witnessed the celebration of five tragedies founded on the assumption of a blind and mendicant Belisarius; but it was in the eighteenth that Marmontel, endorsed by Voltaire and his horde of philosophers, sealed the story with the approbation of what was then the dominant school of French thought. In 1766 Marmontel received a present of an engraving of the famous painting of Belisarius by Van Dyck, itself inspired by the statue of the Borghese gallery; and he conceived the idea of treating the subject in prose, although Voltaire advised him to produce it under the invocation of the tragic muse.* Marmontel, while of rather moderate tendencies in his own philosophical views, had become one of the lights of philosophistic literature; and Voltaire anxiously awaited a work from which his school expected much *éclat*. When the book appeared, its preface informed the world that, although its main point might be a mere fiction, the popular idea had become so fixed as to merit reception as truth: "I can not disguise the fact that the conception from which arises the plan of the work may be a popular opinion rather than an historical truth; but this opinion has prevailed

so extensively, and the idea of a blind and begging Belisarius has become so familiar, that no one can think of the hero in any other guise than that in which I have pictured him."

In the main, the "Belisarius" of Marmontel was an attack on religion and on public order, and it was immediately censured by the Sorbonne and by the Archbishop of Paris. Of course this condemnation was a signal for Voltaire to launch out in most extravagant praises of the diatribe. "We devour it like gormands," he writes; "the fifteenth chapter is a catechism for kings." According to Marmontel, letters poured in on him from sovereigns and from "the most enlightened men of the day," eulogizing his book, and pronouncing it "a Breviary for rulers."

It is interesting to notice Catharine "the Great," the schismatic Empress of Russia, the tyrant of Poland, murderess of her own family, and easily foremost among Messalinas, posing as a moralist while lauding the work of her brother in "philosophy": "Your book merits to be translated into all languages. It confirms me in my conviction that the only true glory is that which results from the principles upheld by 'Belisarius' with such vigor." Marmontel, being shrewd, must have smiled when he reflected that one of these principles, loudly acclaimed by the Czarina as her own, was *toleration*; and he must have been convulsed when he read that she had reserved as her own task, in a forthcoming Russian version, the rendition of the ninth chapter, in which is proclaimed that "only the power of law should be absolute, and he becomes a slave who rules despotically."

Nevertheless, the wily author thanked the autocrat for her collaboration, and added: "Your Majesty has done more than this; and, in order to consecrate the maxims which are most opposed to tyranny and fanaticism, you have caused the new translation to be dedicated to one of the most virtuous men in your Empire.*... I am not acquainted with the Russian language, but just as true believers revere the Bible though they do not understand it, so I kiss with holy respect that ninth chapter, while thinking of the hand which has been employed on it."

* Marmontel, "Mémoires," edit. 1804, vol iii, p. 36. Letter of Voltaire to Marmontel, April 26, 1766.

* The schismatic Bishop of Twer. This dedication was meant as a slur on Mgr. de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris.

Marmontel lived to see the result of his "principles of toleration" in the Reign of Terror, and he must have finally rendered justice to the Sorbonne for its condemnation of those ideas which had no small share in producing the dread catastrophe. We must admit that there is much of value in the "Belisarius" of Marmontel; but all this has been plagiarized from the "Télémaque" of Fénelon, the "Séthos" of the Abbé Terrasson, and most servilely from the "Entretiens de Phocion," by the Abbé Mably.*

The great celebrity of the "Belisarius" of Marmontel must be our excuse for this digression from the main point of our subject; and we will now ask the reader's further indulgence for the following remarks of Fréron on the ninth chapter:

"Without this chapter the work might have fallen into merited oblivion at its very birth. In it the aged general of Justinian discusses matters beyond his capacity. He poses as a religious reformer. Belisarius was a Christian, but one would never suspect so from the remarks put into his mouth by Marmontel. Justinian also was a Christian, and in his presence one of his subjects is made to speak with the utmost license on sacred things.... What fruit do you expect to gather from such audacious sacrilege? Will you render men more virtuous and more happy? Do you not see that, on the contrary, you are breaking down one of the strongest dikes against corruption and vice; and that, instead of the merited confidence and the consoling hope given by Christianity, you are plunging into bitterness and despair every soul whom you mislead? Do you expect nations to become more submissive to the laws and to their rulers? Can you hide from yourself that the Altar is the best foundation for government? And do you think a people will bear with docility a human yoke when they have thrown off a divine one?... Do you hope to hasten the reign of *tolerance*, that grand word you are ever dinning into our ears? Begin, then, by tolerating the faith of your fathers!

"Do you wish to make a name for yourself, and to secure a more rapid sale of your books? You have no genius indeed, if in order to attract

readers you must recur to such miserable schemes. Be sure that the applause of young libertines who give themselves the airs of philosophers will not compensate for the just indignation of sensible men and of honest minds.... Your habit of making religion the object of your sophisms and epigrams announces that your spirit is not one of truth; that your heart is depraved, your imagination barren, and that you are destined to simple mediocrity. Look into the records of ancient and modern literature; recall those names which are the glory of their nations—Homer, Pindar, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Livy, Tasso, Milton, Corneille, Molière, Racine, etc. Did these immortal authors inveigh against religion? They always respected it, and many of them extolled its grandeur, inspired a love for it, and broadened its empire. Nevertheless, what men of genius they were!

"But perhaps you wish to be compared to the great philosophers of antiquity? Well, among these latter were some who, having studied man carefully, arranged systems of religion; and false though these systems were, they influenced nations, they repressed vice and led to virtue. And you, whose happiness is to have been trained in the only religion that is true, the only one emanating from Heaven, have conceived and tried to realize the execrable project of effacing its imprint from every heart! You would make it the part of Philosophy to destroy a worship which she ought to solidify, if it were in danger. The experience of the world shows that religion, morality, and law scarcely suffice to resist the passions of men, and yet you strive to destroy them. Instead of doing away with these necessary restraints, you should try to devise even others which we might adopt. Then I would regard you as a great philosopher, and as a benefactor of humanity."*

The romance of Marmontel furnished the celebrated David with the inspiration for one of his best paintings; and then came the tragic poet Jouy, aided by the genius of Talma, to sustain the vitality of the impressive legend. In 1823 Jouy, despairing of the government's authorization to produce his play on the stage of the

* This was proved by Fréron in his "Année Littéraire" of 1768, vol. i, p. 13.

* *Loc. cit.*, p. 17.

Français,* published his manuscript. For the edification of that unfortunately large class whose chief knowledge of history is derived from the novel and the theatre, we subjoin the following extract from Jouy's preface: "I shall not justify myself for basing the action of my drama on a point of history which is now controverted by many; it was not my affair to reconcile Procopius, Suidas, Alciat, Pontanus, and the many olden and modern writers who dispute as to the fact on which my play is founded. Was Justinian so ungrateful as to deprive our hero of sight? The historian may doubt of this, but the dramatist must be sure of it; for *it is on received opinion that theatric truth is founded*. An error consecrated by tradition must be preferred, on the stage even, to incontestable truth, against which centuries and the arts have fortified popular belief."

Then came the war for Greek independence, during which it was the fashion for young Europe to talk of Belisarius, and to sing the many songs which celebrated at once the woes of Justinian's victim and those of the veterans of Bonaparte.† But is there no foundation for this pathetic legend? None whatever. From the time of Justinian down to the twelfth century—that is, during nearly six hundred years—not one writer narrates or even alludes to the alleged catastrophe in the career of Belisarius. It was only about the year 1120 that John Tzetzes, a monk of Constantinople, a writer without judgment, and a grammarian rather than a historian, pub-

lished the fiction for the first time. According to him, the disgraced general was wont "to lean against a mile-stone, and, extending a wooden cup, would call out: 'Give a penny to the warrior Belisarius, whom fortune glorified, but whom envy reduced to blindness.'"* But Gibbon informs us that Tzetzes himself had read in many olden "Chronicles" that Belisarius did not lose his sight, and that he recovered both position and wealth.†

Le Beau advances the very probable opinion that Tzetzes confounded the fate of Belisarius with that of John of Cappadocia, prefect of the pretorium, who, having tyrannized over the Empire for ten years, finally lost the confidence of Justinian. He was imprisoned, scourged, forced to confess all his malversations, and sent to Egypt in rags, being publicly exhibited wherever the vessel touched shore, and made to beg alms from the people.‡ Be this as it may, the constant and universal silence of all who wrote during the six centuries succeeding the reign of Justinian is conclusive proof that the legend of Belisarius is baseless. What history does tell us—that is, what we read in the fragments of John Malala, given in the exact "Chronicle" of Theophanes—is to the following effect:

When Belisarius returned from his triumph over the Bulgarians, the Emperor became jealous of the admiring affection lavished on him by the people, and, without even thanking him, ordered him to retire to his own palace. Soon afterward, a rebellion having occurred, Belisarius was charged with having instigated it; and, despite the improbability of his having done in his old age and triumph what he had refused to do in his youth and poverty, he was deprived of all authority, confined to his palace, and his goods were sequestered. His innocence was soon proved, and he was restored to the imperial favor. He died eight months afterward, in 565.

* Written during the last days of Napoleon's reign, the Emperor would not allow its representation, because of its allusions to Moreau. Under the Restoration, it could not pass the royal censors; for they feared the effect of the following lines on the people:

"Tu crois l'empire éteint, il n'est que languissant;
Sous de noires vapeurs ce flambeau palissant,
Au souffle d'un héros recouvrant sa lumière,
Peut resplendir encor de sa clarté première."

It was only in 1825, some years after the death of Napoleon, that it was played.

† The most popular was one by Lemerrier, the second stanza of which ran:

"Un jeune enfant, un casque en main,
Allait quêtant pour l'indigence
D'un vieillard aveugle et sans pain,
Fameux dans Rome et dans Byzance;
Il disait à chaque passant,
Touché de sa noble misère:
'Donnez une obole à l'enfant
Qui sert le pauvre Bélisaire.'"

* In his "Chiliades," published in the "Corp. Poet. Græc." (Cologne, 1614), he says:

"Εκπῶμα ξόλινον κρατῶν ἐβόα τῷ μιλίῳ,
Βελισάριω ὄβολον δότε τῷ στρατηλάτῃ
Ὅν τύχῃ μὲν ἐδόξασεν, ἀποτυφλοῖ δὲ φθόνος.

† "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," London, 1788, vol. iv, p. 319, note 69.

‡ "Histoire du Bas-Empire," Paris, 1768, vol. xi, p. 123.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

LESTRANGE had no immediate opportunity to renew his interrupted conversation with Carmela. Yet he felt impatient until it was renewed; for he was certain that his candor of the day before had been misunderstood, and that he had by no means placed his character in as favorable a light as he desired. Her last words left him restless and ill at ease, but it was not until after luncheon that he was able to ask an explanation of them. This luncheon was taken seated comfortably at a table in a pretty, frescoed room, into which they were hospitably invited by an elderly woman, who was in charge of the house. The large basket packed by Señora Echeveria seemed inexhaustible in its contents; and the appetites of the party appeared to Lestrangle also inexhaustible; although it was, in fact, after their appetites were satisfied that they lingered, talking while they trifled with the fruits and *dulces*, and drank the light sweet wine of Aguas Calientes.

But finally the young man's impatience grew too great for his control, and he rose to his feet, saying, "This is all very pleasant, my friends, but time is passing; presently the order will be given to mount *burros* and start homeward, and I shall have made no sketches of this wonderfully picturesque place. With your permission, therefore, I go to make them."

"We admire your industry, Señor," remarked Don Salvador; "and would emulate it if we were able to do so."

Miriam smiled. "Arthur's industry is very spasmodic," she observed; "but I am afraid we, too, are wasting time, when we should be exploring the beauty around us."

"The *huerta* is well worth seeing," said Don Salvador. "It is filled not only with coffee-trees, but with many other tropical plants which do not grow on the plateau."

"The *huerta*—that is the garden, is it not? Yes, I want to see that; for I was admiring it as we sat on the corridor. Carmela, you will come?"

"Presently,—I must first attend to this," replied

Carmela, indicating the *débris* of the luncheon. "Do not wait for me."

When she emerged from the house, several minutes later, the shady alleys of the garden had apparently absorbed all the party; for not even Señor Echeveria was in sight. She paused for a moment, glancing around as if in search of some one, and a figure at once arose from the roots of a great spreading tree in the corner of the court.

"I have been waiting for you," said Arthur, coming forward quickly. "I want your advice about a good point of view for a sketch. Come and tell me what you think of the one I have selected."

"I said that I would follow the others into the garden," she answered, hesitating a little.

"But why?" (with some impatience.) "Coffee-trees may be new to Miriam, but they are not new to you. And she has Don Salvador and your father both with her to explain things. Come over here under this glorious old tree. I have arranged a charming seat for you, and you can tell me if I have found a good view."

"But you know that I am no judge of that," she said, smiling at the insistence of his tone.

But he carried his point. She went with him to the place he had selected, admired the view of rushing river and splendid heights, and took the seat which he had arranged for her on a massive root of the noble tree. Certainly it was a most picturesque spot. Behind the long, low, arcaded dwelling, immense cliffs, thickly covered with verdure, rose higher than sight could reach; in front swept the majestic, mountain-shadowed river, its swift current crossed by a ferry-boat, which presented a continually varying picture as it passed from bank to bank.

Arthur sketched diligently and rather silently for a few minutes after Carmela joined him; then, mindful that they were likely to be interrupted by the others at any moment, he suddenly plunged into the subject uppermost in his thoughts.

"Why should you be glad because I told you so much of myself yesterday?" he asked, abruptly.

She started and looked at him for an instant, as if doubting whether she heard him aright; for the few words exchanged on their arrival had not dwelt in her memory as in his. But the next moment she remembered, and a slight color rose into her cheeks.

"Is it not always well to know people as they

really are, and not merely as one may fancy them?" she asked. "I think so."

□ "But I am not talking of people," he replied. "I am speaking of myself. Please allow the subject to remain particular, not general. You mean that you think it well to know *me* as I am, and not as you were inclined to fancy me?"

The color deepened in her cheeks, and she did not answer immediately; but, after a slight pause, she looked at him and said, with the beautiful simplicity and directness he had often admired in her:

"Yes, I mean that. If I am to know you at all, is it not well that I should know you correctly?"

"I have no other desire than that you should know me correctly," he answered, with an earnestness that probably imposed upon himself. "But I do not wish to be misrepresented by myself any more than by others; and I am afraid that I did misrepresent myself yesterday. I said more than I meant—much more than I meant you to take seriously. I was in a mood when it pleased me to think and speak ill of myself. Have you not known such a mood?"

She shook her head. "No," she answered. "When I examine my conscience I often think ill of myself, but it does not please me to do so; and that is not what you call 'a mood.'"

"Far from it," he observed, smiling. "That is serious business, while mine—well, I am afraid mine was not serious at all. I certainly never intended you to believe that I had no constancy in my nature,—no power of recognizing what is good and holding fast to it."

"You said that you could not imagine anything in the world of which you would not tire."

"I said!" he repeated, impatiently,—"oh, yes, I said, as I have often said, many foolish things; but one does not expect to be judged by such utterances. People understand that one is not in earnest. Why, if you think such a thing of me, you must consider me one of the most contemptible of human beings."

The injured tone of this remark might have amused Carmela, had she been susceptible of amusement at the moment; but she was too anxious to disclaim the opinion imputed to her, to remember how entirely it was his own fault if she entertained it.

"No," the young girl answered, quickly. "It

would not be your fault if you changed in feeling. How could you help that? Perhaps you have forgotten, but you said—"

"Spare me the repetition of it," he interrupted, half laughing, half vexed. "Or, rather, tell me, Carmela, what I can do to efface the unfortunate words from your memory. For there is no one—no one in the world—whose good opinion I value as I do yours."

The vehemence of the last words touched the girl, whose heart was already dangerously inclined toward him. A dewy, luminous moisture came into her eyes as she said: "And why should you think that you have lost my good opinion? That is not altered. I only thought it was well to know what you said of yourself, if—if it were true; because then one would not count too much on the—how shall I say it?—the lasting of your kind feeling and your recollection, when you went away."

Her voice sank a little—in spite of herself trembling slightly—over the last words; and at the sound Arthur Lestrangle lost control of himself completely.

"If I went away, to the ends of the earth, do you think that I could ever forget *you*?" he demanded, impetuously. "Carmela, Carmela my dearest, do you not know what I feel for you? You have my whole heart; it has been yours since the first day I saw you, and it will be yours forever. What I was saying in idle, foolish fashion yesterday had no relation whatever to you. I love you to-day, and I will love you as long as I know what love is. Fancies may come and go, but this will never change."

She looked at him with eyes that seemed dazzled as if by sudden radiance. How could she fail to believe him? Older heads, and hearts less tender, might have been beguiled when for the first time passion spoke in living words to ears only too ready to hearken.

"You love me!" she said, after a moment, drawing in her breath quickly, as if under the shock of a great surprise. "That is strange. You have seen so much of the world, you have known so many women, while I—I am only a Mexican girl, who has seen and known nothing."

"It is not what one has seen and known, but what one *is* that makes one charming or the reverse," said Lestrangle. "Every word that you

utter, every look that you give, is adorable. I can not tell you why—I can give no reason whatever; simply I find you so, that is all. I met my fate the first moment I looked into your eyes; and the conviction of it has grown upon me every day since then. As for my folly of yesterday—I talked in that way, knowing while I talked that there was one spell I had no power to struggle against, one charm that I could never forget, one love that would make constancy a necessity, not a virtue. Do not think of it again, my Carmela! Only tell me if in that heart whose constancy I do not doubt, you have any love for me.”

The soft, dark gaze met his with a look that answered him without need of words, although the words came afterward.

“I love you—yes,” she said; “but that is not strange, for you have seemed to me from the first an embodiment of everything that I have dreamed of all my life. But I never imagined that you would care for me; and when you talked in that way yesterday, I said to myself that it was good for me to understand that when you went away you would think no more of anything here, and that if you stayed you would grow tired. Stop! let me speak”—as he endeavored to interrupt her. “I want to tell you now that I would rather you went away and left me, even if it were to die, than to stay after you have grown tired.”

“Good heavens!” cried Lestrangle. “Can I never persuade you to forget those ridiculous, idle words? Can I never make you believe that they had nothing to do with what I feel for you? If I can not win your trust, what am I to do? And trust is impossible as long as you think such things of me.”

“I think nothing but what is good,” she answered. “I only wanted to tell you that, because it seems to me it is possible. But if you tell me that it is not so, then I will try to believe you. It is like a dream that you should love me—I who have so little—”

“Do not talk of something about which you know nothing,” he said, smiling; “and of yourself you certainly know nothing. You are so rare and perfect, my Carmela, that it is I who am unworthy of you; but at least I know the value of what I have won, and I will never cease to treasure it as long as God gives me life.”

(To be continued.)

A Pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONTINUED.)

IT is Easter eve in Ober-Ammergau. The church bell is ringing for Vespers, and the crystal notes vibrate upon the hushed evening air, filling the whole vale with delicious harmony.

It is not often that a call to prayer is answered with such celerity by an entire community. Often I ask myself: ‘Are we still in the world? Is this the boasted nineteenth century? Are these men, women, and children, who hasten with willing feet to the house of God, creatures of this latter day, and tempted alike as we are?’ Yes, they are indeed in the world, but not of it; and that, I take it, is a near approach to perfection.

The streets, usually so quiet, are now filled with the faithful, who are going up to the altar. We follow them, feeling it a blessed privilege to be so intimately associated with them, and at a time when we are almost the only strangers within their gates.

The high, steep roof of the church was so fashioned in order to shed the snow that falls heavily in these parts. The church doors are small, and these are sheltered by substantial porches, a protection against the winter storms. In the porches are shrines,—such shrines as strike terror to the heart of the sinful, but at sight of which the repentant are undismayed; for beyond the threshold is the sanctuary, and there also the very Body of Him who died that we might live.

What if within the grating at the chapel door I see the fleshless skulls of those who may once have sported in these village streets, whose dry bones are heaped together in a casket like an open tomb? The sight may chill me for a moment, as the thought of death chills the living and the loving; but within the portal what a vision meets the eye! Is it the House Beautiful set in the midst of the Delectable Land? Are the graves without—the whole girdle of them that environ the chapel—the garden of them that sleep? Verily, it seemeth so; and through the valley and the shadow of death we have entered into the joy of Our Lord.

It is Easter eve in Ober-Ammergau. The church is radiant with a thousand flaming tapers; the altars resplendent with glittering ornaments; the statues, life-size and very numerous—the handiwork of the most skilful of the village wood-carvers,—seem instinct with life; for the lights flicker on every hand, and the shadows quiver in the changeless folds of their garments.

I am shown to a seat in the centre aisle of the church, near the high altar. The congregation is streaming in at the two side doors, and with careful steps distributing itself among the aisles and the galleries. Now busy hands are illuminating the high altar, whither shortly will be borne in solemn procession the Body of our Blessed Lord. There are large lamps, of various colors, being hung one above another; huge magnifying-glasses—tinted lenses—spread the flames in floods of scarlet and purple and green and golden light. It is as if the artisans behind the altar—we can see none of them, but only their magical work—were building a temple of precious stones for the suitable reception of the Blessed Sacrament.

Now, to my surprise, I find that the ceiling of the church is domed, and that the dome is sheltered under the peaked roof. I can hardly trust my eyes on this discovery—surely hour by hour I am drifting farther and farther from the commonplaces of the work-a-day world. I notice that there are two galleries behind me, one above the other; these are quite ornamental, and are filled with the young villagers. There is the organ, and these are the choirs of angels. Ah, me! happy is the eve of Easter in Ober-Ammergau!

On every hand the chapel is thronged: many, very many, are standing or kneeling; for the seats are not numerous, and there is no crowding. Quite in front of the high altar there are a dozen or more of very low benches,—they look like footstools; but now I see that they are reserved for the youngest of the flock. On one side of the centre aisle sit the girls—wee little tots, looking like rather large dolls; on the other side sit the boys—extremely small, but not extremely quiet: some of them are like little old men, but more of them are exactly like boys the world over. And on noting this I take heart; for they are human, after all.

The hour draws near,—the hour when the

Body of Him who was crucified is to be borne back in triumph to the tabernacle prepared for its reception. Acolytes, in soutane and surplice, are passing to and fro; there is a subdued murmur in the gallery: I hear the rustling of sheet-music, and now and again the faintest piping of some stringed instrument, that has let slip a half-frightened note in the initiative ceremony of tuning. A pleasurable thrill of excitement pervades the entire assemblage; now, surely, the gracious hour is at hand!

A half dozen very tall poles are leaning against the walls in various parts of the church; these support long banners, elaborately painted and embroidered. As the procession is forming, the most stalwart of the acolytes—they look like young giants—select these, and each in his turn is helped to fix the base of one of the poles in a socket attached to a strong leathern belt about his waist. The top bars of the banners must be at least five and twenty feet in the air. The bearers fairly stagger under their burdens, but they are used to it; and with the utmost caution they avoid the chandeliers, and slowly make the round of the three aisles, returning in safety through the centre aisles, and depositing their unwieldy burdens with a happy air of satisfaction.

In this procession march the little children and the greater ones, and a majority of the worshippers present. No doubt, all would gladly join in were it practicable; but as it is, the aisles are blocked, and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament is a very long time in coming to a final halt. The chief dignitaries of the village precede the canopy under which is borne the Host; the censers swing high before it, and the air grows misty with clouds of aromatic incense. The organ peals forth, and the voices of the singers sound indeed like the voices of angels proceeding from clouds of glory.

Vespers, the sweet Vespers, follow. The music was composed by the native-born *maestro* who wrote the musical score for the Passion Play. It is rendered by native-born singers and instrumentalists, and, in all respects, would do credit to any church in the land.

The service being somewhat lengthy, perhaps it is not surprising that the little ones on the low front seats become restless. I almost pity them; for the benches are hard and without

back, and here and there small round heads are beginning to nod ominously. There are some who are wide awake—too wide awake, it seems; for up yonder in the choir sits the village schoolmaster—one of the Passion players, now in soutane and surplice,—and his pedagogical eye is upon them. Ah! he suddenly rises, comes down into the aisle, reaches over the flocking heads of the youngsters, and fishing out two little baby reprobates, lifts them by their arms bodily over their crouching companions, and places them upon their knees on the top step of the altar, directly in front of the tabernacle.

Poor little midgets! they look half frightened to death. All eyes are upon them; they seem to shrink into their small jackets; and, with their wee hands folded, are no doubt beseeching St. Joseph or St. Aloysius to befriend them. Their parents are probably present, but the local government is patriarchal, and it is more than likely that the schoolmaster has complete and unquestioned control of his pupils, even when he meets them under their own roof. I almost fear to see the culprits led in behind the altar, at the close of service, and to hear the cry of suffering issuing thence. Let us await developments.

Service at an end, with decent deliberation the congregation disperses; the lights are extinguished rapidly, and soft, transparent shadows accumulate in the dome. How exquisite the atmosphere that now pervades the almost deserted chapel! A few tapers are left flickering upon the several altars; the lamp that burns forever before the Blessed Sacrament glows like a marvellous ruby—it is like the Sacred Heart aflame. One hears only a whispered prayer, or the soft foot-fall of the sacristan—and this also is like a whisper. What peace, what rest unspeakable, encompasses the soul as it hovers in the sanctuary, where a faint fragrance still lingers, and the mists that shroud the air seem like a temple-veil between us and the world!

There is that pair of diminutive delinquents! They have not changed their posture a hair's-breadth; perhaps horror has frozen them. At all events, they are left to their fate; for father, mother, sisters, brothers, have all withdrawn, and I alone remain to learn the worst. Surely this is punishment enough: to await judgment for an hour or less upon one's knees, before the altar of

God, and under the eyes of all the village world! Now the master approaches; he seems to have forgotten the guilty; for he comes hastily forth from the sacristy, and, dropping a word or two in the ears of the little fellows, he pats them on the head and bids them go in peace. They do go, but they don't forget the genuflection at the foot of the altar; and I fancy they hobble a little stiffly down the aisle. I will follow them: it is getting late, and I must rise early; for to-morrow will be Easter Day.

Easter Day! Joy-bells are ringing it in from the high steeple, and joyous faces are giving it heartfelt welcome. Easter Day must love to dawn on a valley like this; for never was a fresher, sweeter air, a brighter sky, a more smiling landscape. Spring seems suddenly to have descended out of the lap of winter, and the soft snow upon the uplands doesn't look one half as cold as it did yesterday.

Breakfast is of small importance now: our one thought is to be in good season for High Mass, and in mighty good season we are; yet there are those who have preceded us. And, to our surprise, they look for all the world as if they were just coming from market, with baskets on their arms, and have stepped in to hear High Mass on their way home. Friend Hummel tells me that these baskets contain enough for the first meal of each family on Easter Day, and that they are brought to chapel to be blessed by the good priest. What a happy thought! Here are a few eggs in each basket—Easter eggs handsomely tinted; a bit of meat, a loaf of bread, and a salad.

The ceremonies are elaborately fine this morning; the music brilliant and inspiring, as befits the occasion. A spirit of pleasurable enthusiasm prevails. Now, indeed, the Ober-Ammergauans rise in their might and give vigorous hands to their neighbors, and even to a stranger like myself, the sojourner of the hour. Had I known these folk a twelvemonth, I could not look for greater kindness. How is it, I wonder, when the village is packed full of pilgrims, brought hither by the attractions of the Passion Play? Many of these pilgrims are of the vulgar curious, and not a few of them such as can bring no good to the village or the villagers. Vast numbers of the peasantry, in consequence of the high prices charged for board and lodging, will eat of their own plain

fare, and, rolling themselves in their coarse blankets, lie down in the meadows to pass the night. It speaks well for Ober-Ammergau that its inhabitants have preserved their individuality and kept sacred their traditions, in spite of the demoralizing influx of strangers every tenth year. Surely a kind and merciful Providence has preserved them thus far from the lust of the spoiler!

In the Bavarian capital one soon gets used to seeing the populace take off its unanimous hat and bow profoundly to a passing prince or princess. Blue Bloods are very numerous there, and evidently the loyal Bavarians are never weary of paying them homage; this extreme civility, when directed to oneself, becomes somewhat embarrassing; yet such is my case in Ober-Ammergau.

Every stranger seems to be regarded as the guest of the village; and I, being a stranger, am bowed to by everyone I meet. I have just returned from a stroll through the streets; they are quite animated to-day. Lent is over, and now cheerfulness reigns supreme. I noted the pots of bright flowers in the window-seats, the clean muslin curtains—probably cleansed or put up anew in honor of the day. I saw the people gathered about their humble boards, partaking of the food that was blessed by the priest this morning; and more than once was I invited to join the family circle.

My hat was never at rest; I soon discovered that every hat in the street that came my way would be lifted and dropped to the knee as soon as I came within range of the universal salutation, "God greet thee!" Even those who were at their doorways, or within doors by a window, or at the far end of the garden, or on a balcony overhead, saluted as I passed; and more than once, as I turned a street corner, some one farther up the street, who had caught sight of me and was not to be cheated out of his show of fine manners, waved his hat to me and sent "God's greeting" after my retiring steps. So likewise with those who were walking down the streets that crossed mine at right angles,—they hailed me on the wing in passing, and my hat replied.

In driving it was the same. When I drove over to Ammergau—a village of less consequence, about a mile below Ober (or Upper) Ammergau—streams of peasants, who were vibrating between the two villages, stood by the wayside as I drove

on, and waited, uncovered, to receive my recognition. Now I know how it feels to be a prince; but, oh, for the Invisible Cap! for the arm grows weary and the neck stiff, and one longs to sink into honorable obscurity.

Upon a hill near Ober-Ammergau stands a colossal crucifix of marble. It is well placed, and from its lofty pedestal one has a charming view of the village. Upon the left of the crucifix is a massive statue of our Blessed Lady; on the right, as companion piece, the image of St. John. One pedestal supports the three. These inscriptions are upon the monument: "Woman, behold thy son.—Behold thy Mother.—To the people of Ober-Ammergau, who love art and are faithful to the customs of their forefathers.—Presented by King Ludwig II., in memory of the Passion Play." Thus, two hundred and thirty-eight years after the first representation of the Passion Play, the unfortunate young King of Bavaria—he who found a watery grave in the lovely Starnbergersee but a few years later—presented to the players, who had played before him in 1871, this fitting memorial of his appreciation and their worth.

Vespers in the evening recalled me from my wanderings. The enthusiasm of the morning had scarcely abated: happiness like this experienced at Ober-Ammergau on Easter Day is not short-lived, for it is healthful and homely. Their spirits would seem tame enough to those who are accustomed to the feverish excitement of large cities; but, in proportion to the nervous strain and the consequent reaction, theirs is the truer and the fuller happiness. It is my belief that the only true, the only abiding happiness is negative. Tell me, O ye sages! what *is* positive happiness?

Here endeth the first day of the great feast. There will be festivities on the morrow, but I shall try to get a glimpse of home life instead of joining the revellers in the common room of the Alten Post. I hear them now, for the curfew has not yet rung; and at intervals the *jodel* rebounds like a silver ball from floor to ceiling. I throw open my windows, for I have come to my state-chamber to jot down these notes. There is the *jodel* again, bubbling like a crystal fountain. Well, warble your wood-notes wild, my merry men; for never did the far stars shine down on a scene of homelier pleasures.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Chance Hour in a Railway Depot.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—A few days ago Mrs. C. (a lady who in her day has been interested in many charitable and benevolent enterprises) and the writer found themselves at one of the large railway depots of New York, waiting to take a train bound for the pleasant hills and valleys of northern New Jersey.

"You've just missed the 7.25, and the next train goes at 8.30," was the unwelcome intelligence vouchsafed by the busy ticket agent.

An hour to wait! How tedious it would be! We looked around in search of seats. Intent upon this object, and the care of a shawl-strap, a satchel, and an umbrella, the writer hardly heard at first a timid, piping voice at her side.

"If you please, ma'am, is this the way to go to Pennsylvania?"

At the repetition of the question she glanced down, and beheld a pale-faced little urchin, of perhaps ten years of age, looking up at her with wistful eyes, which were almost startling, so unlike was the intensity of their expression to the clear, trustful gaze of careless, happy childhood.

"To Pennsylvania!" she repeated. "That is rather vague. What village or town do you want to go to?"

"I'm a Fresh Air boy," was the apparently irrelevant answer; which, however, the young traveller seemed to regard as an all-sufficient explanation; for he attempted no other, though a shadow of anxiety settled upon his wan features, his lip trembling, and his thin hands fidgeting nervously with the string of a small bundle which he carried under his arm.

"A Fresh Air boy!" What an odd name to give himself! Yet surely few children needed more the pure, sweet air, that blows as if straight from heaven across green meadows and uplands, than this little fellow, who had probably never known any other atmosphere than the tainted one of a street in the tenement district of a great city.

The situation was perplexing. At this point a shabbily dressed woman, who appeared to have several similar tourists in charge, having overheard the conversation, leaned forward from a seat in the corner and said:

"You're all right, sonny; these children are

going too. I've a letter in my pocket telling me to bring them here to meet the band. The missionary and the ladies will be here directly to take them in charge."

Reassured, the now happy boy turned away and began to whistle softly to himself, as he proceeded to note his surroundings.

Meantime Mrs. C. had, by a kindly word, made a friend of a poor woman, who was accompanied by three frail-looking little girls.

"Yes, they're goin' on a farm for two weeks, God bless them!" said this new acquaintance, in accents unmistakably Irish. "And faith it'll put new life in them, I'm sure. Ever since they had the grip last winter they've pined away-like. But what care can ye expect for children when the mother's gone? The poor creature died a year come September. No, she was no relation o' mine, but I knew her in the old country; she and I were from the one place at home. The neighbors all tries to do a hand's turn for the children; but it's not much, to be sure. Have they a father, is it? Oh, yes! He's just out of the hospital; but indeed he might almost as well be in it, for all the good it'll do them. Yes, he can earn fair wages when he's sober; it's the drink that makes the trouble, ye see."

Now the ferry-boat came in, and we crossed the river. In the large waiting-room on the Jersey side a throng of Fresh Air children, of ages ranging from eight to ten years, congregated, to the number of a hundred or more, reminding one of a flight of chirping, plain-coated street sparrows. They were all as "spick and span" as possible, considering the means at their command; and had the air of having been "gotten up" with great pains for the journey. Many of the boys were evidently clad in the cast-off jackets and trousers of more fortunate lads (though, with a fortnight of country life before them, it would have been hard to convince one of them that there were any more fortunate in the world). Others had on bran new suits, which were cheap but neat,—also provided, no doubt, by the benevolent patrons of the enterprise.

The girls were more quaintly attired; but their apparently newly acquired parti-colored costumes, whether too long or too short for the wearers, had already assumed a comical individuality. Several wore cunning little red-plaided

shawls, that gave them a prim, womanly appearance, oddly in contrast with the childish exuberance of their spirits,—which they made an effort to repress, being a trifle in awe of the missionary and the ladies who had volunteered to pilot them on their way.

Every child carried a little bundle, done up in brown or newspaper, containing his or her scanty wardrobe. At the signal for starting each boy tucked his parcel under his arm, and looked ready to set out for the ends of the earth; while the girls carried theirs with an amusing air of solicitude lest they should crumple the contents. At this time, however, the greater number of the children were seated, with the precious parcels resting upon their knees.

How interesting to watch this singular party of pleasure, or, we might better say, of life-seekers! A hundred delicate children! The managers of the Fund, very properly, give the preference to the puny ones when making up the bands. What heart would not ache at the spectacle? Little colorless, pinched faces, in which the blue veins about the temples showed much too prominently, making one think of a flower that had struggled into blossom in the shade; small hands, strangely white, now that the grime had been scrubbed off, and with a sadly wasted look; and limbs hardly strong enough to scamper through the woods or over the fields. A hundred little children, who had well-nigh pined away for want of God's blessed sunshine and a breath of fresh air,—everyday blessings, which we, in our careless enjoyment of them, are wont to quote as "free to all"! And to remember that this is not sentiment, but a most stern reality: that this band was far less than a tithe of the little ones who in one city thus pine during the summer months!

In five minutes the writer and a group of boys were chatting away like old friends. How chipper they were! And yet there was something pathetic in their merriment.

"My name's Garry Schmidt," answered one.

"Mine is John Wilson," added another.

"And mine, Jim McCarty," continued a third.

"I've never been in the country; don't know what it looks like," acknowledged the first.

"I *live* in the country," said the writer.

The child gazed at her with shining eyes, then sighed at the contemplation of a lot which to him

signified such unspeakable bliss. If she had said that she lived in Paradise it would hardly have produced a greater impression.

"I've never seen a cow, but I'm somewhat acquainted with pigs," remarked the second.

"My grandfather once had a bit of a farm in Jersey," volunteered the third; "but when father was a young man he thought it was awful slow to stay there and work in the fields, so he came to the city and got a place. Then grandfather got too old to work, and there was nobody to help pay off the mortgage; so when he died, why, that was the end of the farm for us."

This page of family history, thus summed up with a precocious understanding of the salient points, sounded strangely from the lips of a child.

"There are twenty-five Fresh Air children in our band," went on loquacious Jim. "We are going to the same village, where the people have promised to take care of us between them for two weeks. Miss M., our care-taker, as she is called, is the lady who is going out there with us. She says that some of the folks will take one and some two children into their houses; and we'll be divided up in that way. We three chaps is chums, yer see; and we wish—oh, so much!—that somebody'll take the whole three of us into the same house. Our mothers—that is John's and mine, Garry hasn't any—hope so too. Don't yer think somebody might be so kind as to do it? We're only three little fellers, yer know."

The writer abruptly dropped her umbrella, and stooped to pick it up, thus hiding the tears that sprang to her eyes at the pathetic question.

A diversion now occurred. The missionary, a big, good-natured man, was having the children weighed upon one of the "put a penny in the slot" scales which stood near by, and they gathered about him like a swarm of bees. The writer joined Mrs. C., who was holding, with a lady in charge of one of the parties (evidently a quondam Sunday-school teacher), a conversation which forms the gist and motive of this communication,—the foregoing being meant but to portray these little Fresh Air children as they really are; since a picture frequently awakens our sympathies and enlists our interest more than a dry statement of facts.

"The Fresh Air Fund is unsectarian," said the lady. "We take the children of all denomina-

tions; they are gathered either from the Sunday-schools or day-schools. The missionary is a minister connected with a mission chapel in a crowded part of the city, and does a great deal of good among the poor. Catholics? Well, we don't like to take Catholics,—not from prejudice; we used to take them, but we found that they made *so* much trouble for us and for the families in which they were placed."

"How so?" inquired Mrs. C. "Were they indocile or disobedient?"

"Oh, no! not in general," was the somewhat impatient reply. "The objection is, that they *will not* eat meat on Friday, and they *will not* go to the Protestant church!"

Words worthy to be written in letters of gold! What a eulogy of these brave, faithful little souls! To how many acts of moral courage does it not testify? Is it not "of such stuff that heroes and martyrs and saints are made"?

"But," expostulated Mrs. C., "why should any one attempt to require them to eat meat on Friday, or to go to the Protestant church, when they believe that to do either is wrong?"

"Nonsense!" returned the lady. "The people who take these children receive them into their houses as guests: they give them a place at their own tables, and treat them with the greatest kindness. I think, then, the least the children can do is to partake gratefully, and without murmuring, of whatever fare is set before them."

"To a certain extent, yes," answered Mrs. C., "provided always that by so doing they do not violate their own consciences. But a Catholic child believes it to be a sin to eat meat on Friday. Is it not, then, a great injustice to seek to compel him to do that against which his conscience protests? Is it not doing him a moral wrong? If he resists, the thought of this injustice, this outrage of both charity and hospitality, will always spoil the remembrance of an otherwise happy vacation; if he should yield, the recollection of those days would be forever tinged with remorse."

"Oh, well," stammered the care-taker, "I never heard the question presented in that light before! We don't look at it in that way. And, then, it is so inconsiderate and unreasonable of the children to positively refuse to go to church with the people they are staying with!"

"Inconvenient, perhaps," responded Mrs. C., smiling; "but why not simply leave them at home?"

"That is all very well to say of the children of your own family," was the answer. "But imagine these little ragamuffins ransacking your house during your absence!"

"If I could not trust them alone, I should stay at home and take care of them, rather than be so intolerant as to try to force them to do what they felt to be wrong," said Mrs. C.

"The Catholics ought to take care of their own children," declared the lady, abruptly.

"I quite agree with you," was the rejoinder.

"But they don't," continued she. "They show no interest at all; because, I suppose" (this with an aggressive toss of the head), "it brings nothing into the coffers of the Church! Why, in cases where we have had to board the children, for those placed with Catholic families we have been obliged to pay higher than elsewhere!"

"That seems unfair. But perhaps the board was better?" Mrs. C. suggested.

"I can not tell," was the unwilling admission. "But, anyhow, the only way is for the Catholics to get up a Fresh Air Fund of their own."

"That might be an excellent plan, but I do not think it the only means of remedying the difficulty. No doubt, many Catholics contribute to this present Fund, since it is a public one and intended to be unsectarian. If they do not take an active interest in the work, I certainly think they should do so, to the extent at least of providing for their own children."

"Well, they don't and they won't!" rejoined the care-taker, with some asperity. "We happen to have a few Catholics in this band now, and there's one thing certain: *they've got to behave themselves*, and do just as they are told. If they are given meat on Friday, they've got to eat it; and if they are expected to attend the Protestant church, they've got to go!"

And with this parting shaft she left us.

We glanced around. Poor little Jim McCarty and others of his ilk, their faces bright with happy expectancy, did not realize the trial that might be before them. "If it comes may they not be found wanting!" was our prayer as we bade them good-bye.

This encounter has not been noted down

verbatim for the purpose of cavilling at others. Does it not offer some suggestions to ourselves? We all know that in every parish, thank God! there are many who are never deaf to the call of charity,—who give of their substance with a generous hand. We know that it is the poor, the unfortunate, the sick, who hold the keys of “the coffers of the Church.” But we who can not give largely,—are we as zealous as might be? Are we not often satisfied with merely offering our mite, forgetting that almsgiving is not always a matter of coin? Do we not more readily give of our ducats, even if hardly earned, than of our time or ease? How many of us would not prefer to send, say twenty dollars, to the Fresh Air Fund than to take two children into our country homes for a fortnight? And yet, would not the latter be a much greater act of charity?

Unfortunately, neither Mrs. C. nor the writer had for the time being a home of her own: both were merely going to visit at a lovely country-seat within thirty miles of New York. Under these circumstances they could hardly suggest that the invitation be extended to their little Fresh Air friends. A few days after their arrival, however, their host (who, by the bye, is a Protestant, though the rest of the family are Catholic), during an after-dinner conversation, introduced the subject of the Fresh Air Fund. Thereupon Mrs. C. told the foregoing story.

“Well,” said he at the conclusion—for he is one of the most noble-hearted old gentlemen in the world, whose example of piety and practical goodness might well be followed with profit,—“well” (turning to his children and grandchildren, who had become enthusiastically interested), “there’s my cottage beyond the railroad, which has not been rented this summer. If you can make it comfortable, and rig up enough beds and bedding, you may have twenty or more poor children there, all Catholics if you like, for as long a time as you please.”

There was a general exclamation of pleasure.

“But we shall not discriminate against those not of our faith,” said his daughter; “we will write at once to the managers of the Fresh Air Fund, asking them to send a band, half of the number to be Catholic and half Protestant. To-morrow we shall begin to hunt up articles to furnish the cottage.”

This, then, is, in a measure, the outcome of what might be considered a chance hour in a railway depot. The undertaking is more difficult, indeed, than it would be to care for two or three of these little folks in a family circle; since it involves the setting up of an establishment at short notice, and the constant supervision of a troop of young people, who will doubtless be as wild as hares in their newly gained freedom. But, let us not forget, where there’s a will there’s a way.

The cottage referred to is a pretty little house on a shady, but not shaded, hillside, at the foot of which is a spring of clear, deliciously cool water; and a noisy brook; behind are the woods, and near by the pastures, where the children can frolic to their heart’s content. Already a few friends, Catholic and non-Catholic, are bestirring themselves to have everything in readiness to welcome the children next week. The priest and the minister are both interested in the project, and it is gratifying to state that everything is working harmoniously. If the readers of THE “AVE MARIA” would like to know the result of this experiment, it will be a pleasure to jot it down for them later.

One more point. Mrs. C.’s story impressed the writer with the realization of the good that may be done by a kindly and timely word. And a good word, it is pleasant to remember, to every worthy cause and object, one can always afford to give.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

MAN, so long as he is in this world, is like a sick person lying upon a bed more or less uncomfortable, who sees around him other beds nicely made to outward appearance, smooth and level, and fancies that they must be most comfortable resting-places. He succeeds in making an exchange; but scarcely is he placed in another, before he begins, as he presses it down, to feel in one place a sharp point pricking him, in another a hard lump: in short, we come to almost the same story over again. And for this reason we ought to aim rather at doing well than being well; and thus we should come, in the end, even to be better.—*Manzoni*.

A Legend of Castleisland.

[Mr. W. B. Yeats, one of the most promising of the young Irish poets, contributes to the *Scots Observer*—a paper which is becoming famous for the high quality of its literature—the following beautiful legend. Could it have been told more sweetly and simply? It is current among the people of Castleisland, Co. Kerry, Ireland.]

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock lay in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest nor joy nor peace,
For people die and die."
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Ochone, ochone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair!"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father, you come again?"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON THE BRUTAL TELLING OF THE TRUTH.

TRUTH is held by the Protestant English to be their inheritance. Queen Elizabeth, the most successful and accomplished liar of her time, according to Green, the historian, preserved it to them when she defeated the Spanish Armada. English literature since her time is full of the repeated assertion that foreigners are liars, and that truth is an English virtue exclusively. And yet, like the jewel in the toad's head, it has been well hidden at times. Our friends the English Protestants have always been sticklers for the exact telling of the truth in small matters. The Puritans would never forbear to utter an unpleasant truth to their neighbors, if the advantage of the utterance were on their own side. But if it were necessary to plunge Truth deeper into her well, that she might not illuminate a sharp bargain with an Indian for a bit of land, the Puritan could do it with serenity.

The doctrine that it is as great "a sin to steal a pin" as to defraud the widow and the orphan was cherished by these fierce truth-tellers, and flaunted by them in the face of the lax Papist, who held that some sins were greater than others. This unreasonable Puritanical confusion is helping modern Protestantism to say, with Renan, "I drop sin out altogether."

Experience has shown that the truth in the hands of people who consider themselves to be

entirely truthful, is a weapon more destructive than a knife controlled by a Malay running-amuck. To love truth is a precious virtue; to speak it in season and out of season is a detestable vice. To say, "It is truth," after one has ruined a neighbor's reputation may sound noble to the man or woman with a hard heart and a Puritanized conscience; it is *not* noble; it is base. To tell the truth unseasonably is often a crime against charity. Truth-telling is often the keenest and most poisonous weapon of the envious. Indeed, it is generally the envious who condone their brutal uncharitableness by the cry of "the truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

It is true that Jack Stripling was in jail ten years ago for spending his employer's money for candy and dime novels. He was thirteen years old then, and the affair was bad enough; he was punished; he repented; he is a man now, honorable, honest, respected; nobody knew of it in his new neighborhood until the other day. His youngest boy came home in tears, broken-hearted in a world that had suddenly become as gloomy as night. A dear old lady—a pious, conscientious old lady—had considered it her duty to tell the truth, the plain "unvarnished truth," about poor Stripling to a few friends. There are men serving out life sentences in the penitentiaries with purer souls and less to answer for than that veteran truth-teller—who, by the way, is not a Puritan, but a constant attendant at all the services of the Church. She seems to have everything but Charity.

A brutal truth-teller does more harm than a liar. The words of a liar soon pass for what they are worth; but truth is truth, after all, and it can be made a heavy weapon—a bludgeon to crush the heart out of those who are trying to live down the past,—a dagger to poison hope,—an extinguisher for reverence and respect. A brutal truth told without warrant has been known to weaken faith itself. There is no doubt of the fact that whenever you meet a man or woman who protests his or her devotion to the truth at all times and seasons, you meet a malicious and uncharitable man or woman, an envious and bad-tempered man or woman.

If truth in our daily life serve charity and kindness and cheerfulness, let it be told a hundred times a day. But the just man who blurts it out

on all occasions probably falls as often as he blurts it out. Frankness, which our Puritan friends protest they cherish above all things, is detestable unless tempered by tact. When two friends begin to examine each other's consciences, relations are becoming strained, though they may both love the truth.

If some of our Pharisees—there are Catholic as well as non-Catholic Pharisees—had the opportunity of telling some home-truths to St. Mary Magdalen before she found Our Lord, she would probably have gone back in despair to her sin. There are more crimes committed every day in the name of truth than in the name of liberty. Calumny may be lived down, but who can live down detraction?

Favors of Our Queen.

A MARVEL WROUGHT BY PRAYER.

THE Rev. Charles Charroppin, S. J., Professor of Astronomy in the University of St. Louis, who was a member of the expedition to the Pacific coast to view the solar eclipse of January 1, 1889, relates an interesting and edifying incident in connection with the work of the party. The place selected for their observations was the village of Norman, near San Francisco, where a cottage had been placed at their disposal through the generosity of Senator Boggs. We give the incident in Father Charroppin's own words, in a letter addressed to a relative in France. It will be entirely new to English readers:

Our party consisted of five astronomers, among whom I was the only Catholic; but my companions—Professors Pritchett, Nipher, Engler, and Valle,—besides being men of learning, were perfect gentlemen, so that the expedition was in every respect agreeable.

After our arrival at Norman, there remained only five days in which to make our preparations. We had to determine exactly our latitude and longitude, which could be done only by stellar observation. We were obliged to work day and night, and it was only on the eve of the eclipse that our astronomical clock was put in working order.

That very night the weather became cloudy and threatening, and the probabilities were that the next day, January 1, would be the same. We were very much discouraged. After tiring our brains over mathematical problems and having completed all our preparations, it looked as though a mean little cloud was going to spoil everything.

According to the calculations we had made, the first contact would take place at twelve o'clock, twelve minutes and fifteen seconds; and the totality of the eclipse would begin one hour and a half later. After supper we lit our cigars and chatted about the prospects for the morrow. Not a star could be seen through the clouds, and my companions were almost in despair. At last, to give them courage, I told them that we would have a clear sky for at least the two minutes of totality.

Professor Pritchett remarked: "Father, are you a prophet?"

"Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," I replied.

"How, then, can you be so sure about to-morrow?" asked another.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am fully confident, and I have the best of reasons; but you can neither believe nor understand them."

"Will you please tell us what they are, Father?" they all exclaimed.

"With pleasure. We have a good Mother in heaven, whom you Protestants do not know. She has all power with God, and she loves and protects in an especial manner all who honor her. Well, whenever I am very anxious to obtain a particular favor, I manage to have a good number of her devoted children unite with me in prayer, and she never refuses to grant what we ask. Now, there are at St. Louis hundreds of religious and innocent children who are praying to her, and saying, 'Dearest Mother, give Father Charroppin only two minutes of sun.' And I am sure that we shall have those two minutes; for she is a good, kind Mother."

My fellow-astronomers smiled incredulously, and Professor Pritchett exclaimed: "Father, I wish that I had your faith!"

Then Professor Engler said: "Father, if you are so sure about it, will you agree to walk to Ogden" (a distance of five hundred miles) "in

case the sky remains cloudy during the whole time of the eclipse?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I have been a devoted child of Mary my whole life, and I am sure she will not let me travel five hundred miles on foot."

"Will you sign an agreement to that effect?"

"Gentlemen," said I, "it is not fair that a contract should be all on one side. I will sign for what you ask of me if you will sign for what I ask."

"Well, what is it?"

"If the sky is cloudy I shall walk to Ogden; but if we have a view of the sun, you promise, on your part, to kneel down and acknowledge the providence of God and the protection of the Blessed Virgin."

The contract was accepted and signed by all. Then Professor Engler exclaimed: "Father, you have burned your ships!"

Professor Nipher said: "Suppose the sun does show a little through the clouds, or that there is a kind of hazy atmosphere useless for purposes of observation, will you claim that you have won?"

I replied: "Our good Mother does not do anything by halves. We shall have a full view of the eclipse. But, mind you, I have only prayed for two minutes. We may possibly lose the first contact on account of the clouds, but I am certain we shall have a clear and beautiful sky during totality."

Next morning, the day of the eclipse, the sky was covered with clouds. Breakfast was served, but remained untouched. We were all disheartened, and at ten o'clock my companions gave up in despair. I left them for a while, and began to say my beads, with this introductory invocation: "O Blessed Virgin Mary, my Mother, your honor is at stake now! Do not give those unbelievers a chance to say that you have no power." I felt assured that my prayer would be heard, and I tried to encourage my companions.

The time of the first contact came, but nothing could be seen on account of the clouds. My friends were in despair, but I tried to reassure them, and prevailed upon them to remain at their posts, each one with his instrument, telling them positively that the clouds would surely disperse when the great moment would come.

"Do you think that there are angels coming to sweep away the clouds?" asked Professor Nipher.

"That is exactly what I think," said I.

"Perhaps your camera will take a picture of those angels?"

"Angels," said I, "leave no impress upon the sensitive plate. But they will be present, all the same."

While we were talking in this way Senator Boggs and his family came up to us, all with looks of disappointment. The moon was encroaching upon the sun's disc, and the obscurity became sensible. It was, indeed, an impressive moment, and the dismal light shed on the surrounding country was awe-inspiring.

But just ten minutes before totality, the clouds dispersed. Then there was a grand outburst of joy. Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, all near the sun, shone forth with great splendor. A little crescent of the sun remained, and nature seemed plunged in deep mourning. A greenish light appeared, shedding a strange halo over the surrounding mountains. Then the last luminous beam disappeared, and the corona appeared in all its grandeur and glory.

A total eclipse of the sun is certainly the most sublime of all the phenomena of nature. At our station it lasted exactly two minutes, and was a perfect success. As soon as it was over, the professors all rushed to me and shook my hands most enthusiastically. Professor Pritchett said: "We will all be Catholics now. We now believe in the Mother of God. This is certainly her work." Whilst they were yet speaking the clouds again obscured the sun.

We accepted the kind invitation of Senator Boggs to dinner; but I took an early occasion to go and develop my photographs, which I found perfect. I told them not to wait for me, as it would take an hour, at least, to complete my work. But they all declared that they would not touch a morsel before I had blessed the table, and everything was sent back to the kitchen until I should be ready.

After dinner I remarked that there was a part of the contract to be fulfilled. At once all knelt down, and we thanked the Blessed Virgin for the wonderful sign of her patronage. Professor Nipher said it was the first time in his life that he got on his knees.

Next day we packed up and left for home. I have hopes for my companions. Pray for them.

Notes and Remarks.

By a decree dated July 11, 1890, the Sacred Congregation of Rites has granted a proper Mass and Office in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes to the dioceses of the Province of Auch, in France, and to those that may hereafter apply for the same privilege. The Pontiff of the Rosary has thus added another gem to the resplendent diadem of external glory with which he has adorned the Immaculate Queen of heaven and earth.

Cardinal Newman's passing away was not unexpected, and yet it left a great sense of shock. It was as serene as his life. For some time he had written very little and spoken little, but his personality was important in the Catholic-speaking world. The great Oratorian, whose conversion gave, according to Lord Beaconsfield, the greatest blow to the Anglican Church it ever received, was by general consent the most respected and esteemed figure in England. His countrymen, irrespective of creed, were proud of him, and all who were favored with glimpses of his beautiful inner life revered him as few men of our century have been revered. His death is mourned the world over. Cardinal Newman was acknowledged to be the keenest logician and the greatest master of English style that England has ever produced. Men of all opinions who desire to be cultivated must, as scholars, make the acquaintance of his works. The consolation of his death is that his influence will continue. The world will be edified to read the full story of his beautiful life. Let us hope that the task of telling it will be satisfactorily performed. May he rest in peace!

It is pleasant to record that Notre Dame is becoming popular as a place of pilgrimage. There are many reasons why it should be. The ground itself is holy, having been trod by such sainted missionaries as Marquette and Allouez; and in our own century by priests like Bruté, Badin, and De Seille. During his long and prosperous career at Notre Dame Father Sorin has erected beautiful shrines, and gathered from all parts of the world relics and objects of art, in which no Catholic visitor can fail to be deeply interested. The Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is in

some respects the most beautiful in the United States, and lacks only the consecration of miracles to make it a hallowed shrine.

Nearly a thousand pilgrims visited Notre Dame on the 13th inst. The greater number came from Kalamazoo, Mich.; but Marshall, Battle Creek, Paw Paw, Grand Rapids, and other places in the same State, were represented. Five hundred persons were to have come from Jackson, but were prevented by a strike on the railroad. Eleven priests accompanied the pilgrimage, which was managed in such a way as to be pleasurable as well as profitable to all who took part in it.

The death of John Boyle O'Reilly is a distinct loss to Catholic journalism, and one which will be felt for a long time; although, fortunately, the *Boston Pilot*, which he so ably conducted, is left in good hands. Mr. O'Reilly's personality was even more winning, more interesting, more powerful than his admirable prose and poetic work. Through the combination of sterling and genial qualities, his name became one to conjure with. Few men of our time have won more golden opinions from all sorts of people. The world is better that he lived. To those who knew Mr. O'Reilly well there is no consolation now, except in the knowledge that he was a firm and consistent Catholic. May his soul rest in peace!

In Aleppo, the capital of Northern Syria, no fewer than six Catholic rites are followed: the Latin, Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Maronite, and Chaldaic. The Catholics number altogether about twenty thousand. The priests who minister to their spiritual needs include Franciscans, Capuchins, Carmelites, Lazarists, and Jesuits.

The *Home Journal* quotes the following paragraph from the *Etude*, with the remark that it contains a truth which music students will do well to heed:

"Music is an art so exciting, so quick to act upon the nervous system, that often, through mere physical inability to continue, one must frequently cease music-work for a time, and seek either quietude or a change of occupation. It is a wrong to the physical self to work too many hours per day. Too intense application to study simply means that the candle of life burns at both ends. Those who study instrumental music and theory should find six hours per

day sufficient as a general average. Students who study ardently are apt to be intense workers—that is, they concentrate all power of thought and action while employed,—and thirty-five or forty hours per week of attentive study should be enough. Sixty hours of inattentive work is a poor investment."

The Rev. William Henry Anderdon, S. J., whose death occurred recently at the Jesuit Novitiate, Roehampton, England, was one of the earliest of the Oxford converts, and had taken his place as a minister among the Anglicans when he answered the inspiration of grace. He entered the Church a few years before the conversion of his relative, Cardinal Manning, whom he greatly resembled in appearance, and whose characteristics he also shared. Father Anderdon took his degrees at Oxford in 1839 and 1842. He was connected with the Dublin University in Cardinal Newman's time; afterward he joined the Society of Jesus, and became one of its most efficient members in England. *R. I. P.*

Ruskin was laughed at by the "practical" when he protested against the modern idea that work, as represented by the constant grind and enslavement in factories of the poor, is an admirable factor in modern progress. And even those Christians of the Anglican kind, who are always declaring that "there'll be something in heaven for children to do," must admit that the modern gospel of work has resulted in giving the poor man no time for anything else. English writers have laughed and sneered at the holydays in Catholic countries and in Catholic times. In exchange, the "time-spirit"—as the moderns call Satan—has provided no leisure for the worker. As the Rev. Dr. Barry said in a recent address, the masses in England, abandoned by the English Church, "have no time for religion." Dr. Barry added, too, a pregnant sentence for philanthropists: "Christianity is not a thing you can put into commission or have done by contact."

A remark of Prof. Harnack, one of the most eminent Protestant scholars of our day, deserves to be pondered:

"In most religious communities, at the end of the third century Catholicism appears, having the very same features which we find in Catholicism in our own day."



Little Carmel's "Inspiring Sentiment."

QUITE recently six girls were tying up bouquets and discussing a notice in one of the morning papers, which said that, in addition to the usual bunch of flowers, the directors of the Flower Mission requested each donor to write an inspiring sentiment upon a card and fasten it securely to the bouquet. An experiment was to be made. It was thought that the minds and hearts of the sick in the hospitals and the poor toilers in the factories could be benefited at the same time that their æsthetic sensibilities were cultivated. Along with the pleasure, it was the desire of the directors to do a little good.

"What under the sun is an 'inspiring sentiment,' any way?" asked practical Jenny.

"Why, one that awakens emotion," answered Ellen. "And, as it is near the end of vacation, I shall choose, 'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!' If that isn't inspiring, I don't know what is."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jenny. "People wish something that will do for any time. Now, 'Early to bed and early to rise,'—that's a good sentiment, and they couldn't help profiting by it."

"But it strikes me," said Bess, "that working folks get up early any way, and many invalids can't get up at all. Now, I shall take, 'Be good and you will be happy.' Who has any objection to that?"

"It is certainly harmless," replied Margaret; "though, don't you think it sounds rather like a copy-book? Improve people's minds, I say. Culture is what they need. Now, there's Dante. A quotation from him ought to be inspiring; but I can't think of one this moment except this: 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

There was a general protest at this, the girls thinking it entirely too discouraging; so Margaret took instead, "Plain living and high thinking."

"I don't believe that people who live plainly

just because they can't help it, find it very inspiring," remarked Clara.

But Margaret could think of nothing better, and would not change it.

As for Clara, she took this, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," simply because she had always thought it such a nice topic for a graduating essay; she knew seven girls who had used it.

Little Carmel had been silent all this time, but now the rest begged her to tell what words she would put on the bunch of roses she was tying up.

"I'm just going to write, 'Holy Mary, pray for me,'" she said. "That will mean everything."

"Girls," spoke up Bess, "Carmel's is the only *inspiring* sentiment in the whole lot. It makes mine seem very silly."

"And mine!" "And mine!" cried the others.

Then a conference was held, that resulted in six bouquets instead of one, carrying little Carmel's sweet petition. One went to a factory girl, who pinned the bit of paper where her eyes might fall upon it as she lifted them from the loom; one to a poor soul, whose life ebbed away with those words on her pale lips. The others did their blessed errand quite as well; and the message which little Carmel's own hands had written found its way to a wretched prisoner, whose heart was turned to the God he had long forgotten by those words addressed to His Blessed Mother.

Harry and the Captain.

Probably if the maple-tree had not been on the dividing line between the yards, there would be no story to tell. It made a break in the fence which separated the Dalys' backyard from that of their neighbor. Who that neighbor was the Dalys hardly knew. They lived at No. 5, and he next door at No. 7; and he had been a sea-captain, and was a very rough, gruff old fellow, and an invalid. His servant often wheeled him around the backyard—there being none in front—in a queer chair, all wheels and cushions.

Clarence called the captain Old Growler, and said he probably had just what he deserved; but Harry formed a different opinion, insisting that it was enough to make *anybody* cross to have his leg bandaged and be wheeled around like a baby.

It was in May that the captain, sitting where the western sun could fall upon him and take some of the chill out of his old bones, discovered that some robins were building a nest in the maple-tree. Now, the captain was very fond of birds, and had (although but few persons had ever found it out), beating beneath his warm dressing-gown, a soft heart for every dumb creature. But he had little faith in boys.

"Those young fellows next door," he told his servant, "will probably rob that nest before the eggs are hatched."

So he watched, and one day he discovered that Harry was watching too. The captain gave him a look which meant: "Just let me catch you robbing that nest, young man!" And Harry gave him one in return, in which he said, though the captain did not know it, not understanding boys very well: "I'm not the kind of a boy that robs bird's-nests, old Captain Gruff!"

In due time the little robins appeared, and, owing to a diet of nice fat worms brought them by their doting parents, grew very fast. Then the captain watched closer than ever. So did Harry. One day something happened.

The captain had slept longer than usual, and when he awoke what should he see but a ladder placed against the maple-tree, on the Daly side, and Harry's little fat legs going up just as fast as they could!

"Let those birds alone!" roared the captain.

"One fell out," answered the boy, not a bit frightened at the gruff voice. "I'm taking it back to its mother."

The captain was so unprepared for this that he could not say a word; and Harry deposited the young robin under the wing of the old bird, who, like the captain, had no faith in boys, and was making a great fuss about her lost chick.

"Boy!" bellowed the captain again, as if he were giving an order in a great gale. "I wish you would come here!"

"He can't any more than eat me," thought Harry, going down the ladder even faster than he went up.

"What would you do if you had a dollar?" asked the captain.

"Buy a microscope."

"Well, there's one for you, you young rascal! And I wish you would sit down and talk to me."

That was the beginning of a firm friendship. The captain is never weary of spinning his yarns to the little boy, and Harry, in return, tells him every nice story he can remember. The captain likes best, however, the one about good St. Francis, who preached to the birds, calling them his "little sisters"; and declares that if there is any religion worth having—and he never before thought there was,—it is the one in which Harry believes with all his warm, loving heart.

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

Hardly had our friends gone inside when Miss Latimer gave a little cry. "Brother," she said, pointing out the Scotchman, "I have surely seen that face before!"

Mr. Latimer turned and gazed for a moment. "So have I," he answered quietly, going to the man in the Tam O'Shanter cap, and touching him on the shoulder. "McPherson!" he said.

The Scotchman looked up. "Why, Jack, my dear old boy!"

They had been chums at Harvard,—one a young fellow from the Green Mountains, the other fresh from the "land o' cakes." After a long separation it was delightful to talk of all that had happened since the old college days.

Albert found great pleasure listening to them, until his attention was diverted by two little boys, whose angry arguments betrayed their nationality.

"We licked you in the Revolution, and we licked you in 1812; and we can do it again too!" cried the younger one.

"I'd just like to see you try it!" said the other. "You haven't any navy, only a few old tubs; and we've got a dandy navy, and can knock the United States higher than a kite."

The smaller boy thought a moment. "But some night when your navy went to sleep we could just walk in and eat it up."

"Our navy don't go to sleep," replied the other lad, scornfully. And just then his nurse came, saying it was time to go to bed, and dragged him away from the field of action.

"It don't know enough!" screamed the little Yankee, triumphantly, having the last word.

"I have heard grown people dispute with quite as little sense," said Mr. McPherson; then they all went to their state-rooms.

Boats go up the Saguenay with the help of the tide. In fact, everything navigable seems to depend upon the caprice of the tide and the fog. Sometimes boats have to anchor for many hours, waiting for the rising of that fog, which has settled quickly and stealthily down upon them; and as to the tide, it is even more uncertain. They go so far if the tide is right, start back when it ebbs; in a word, they regulate all their actions by it. Of course our young people know that the tide is higher the farther north one goes.

It was five in the morning when Chicoutimi was reached, and the fog was a solid wall. Natives were in waiting, with buckboards and fat ponies, to take the passengers for a scamper over the hills; but no one dared to go, for the captain said their stay would be very brief.

Great piles of birch lumber were on the wharf, and the bark pleased the children. They wished to carry home an armful, but it grew heavy; so they wrote some letters on nice, thin pieces, and reluctantly abandoned the rest. The stewardess laughed, and told them that the passengers always did that; adding that the engine might be run for a while with the discarded birch bark found in state-rooms.

Their stay at St. Alphonse, on Ha Ha Bay, was more satisfactory. They ran on shore in a long procession, Mr. McPherson gallantly escorting Aunt Julia. So many boxes, which looked like tiny coffins, were heaped around, that Clare was sure there had been a frightful epidemic among the infant population; but they proved to be blueberry boxes, made from the unplanned refuse of the lumber camps. There was much to see in the hour at St. Alphonse: the queer out-of-door ovens; the little maids who proffered a dandelion and a daisy, calling them a "bouquet"; Canadian cottage life in all its pure simplicity; and, above all, the glorious bay, which was God's handiwork; and the stately hills which shut in that crystal water.

The little villages up the Saguenay have a fictitious appearance of age. They are really modern; but when a new house by any chance is

needed, it is built, not after a new fashion, but with the quaint roof and thick stone walls of old Brittany.

The Latimers were soon under way again, and at high noon the crowning features of the strange river were before them. Adjectives were long ago exhausted in the description of those awful capes which lift themselves, black and bare, to such a terrific height above the water. As they were approached all steam was shut off, and the passengers gathered in little groups, spellbound.

Cape Trinity is in three great—what shall I call them?—shelves, each about six hundred feet high. On the first is a white statue of our Blessed Lady, serene and beautiful; on the second, a cross; but the third is quite bare, its top reaching toward the clouds. Our children kept the statue in view as long as possible. There seemed need of Our Lady's protection as they floated with the tide down that terrible black river, whose depth has never been measured.

Toward evening the old town of Tadousac, at the Saguenay's mouth, was sighted. Here were again the *habitants* with the buckboards, which they called *voitures*, and the fat ponies eager to gallop over the winding road to the oldest church on the continent of America. Some of Jacques Cartier's cannon slept in the hot sunshine, and the buildings of the old Hudson Bay Company were slowly falling to dust close by. It was hard to believe, while racing over the hot, sandy hills in that sheltered place, that the cold sea-breeze was sweeping over their steamer's deck a few rods away.

The beautiful statue haunted our Albert's dreams that night, and he was in a quiet sleep when there came a terrific thumping on his door.

"O John," cried a voice, which he knew to be Aunt Julia's, "do come out here! We are all being shipwrecked!"

At this astounding news Mr. Latimer sprang from his berth, and threw on his coat. Then Albert saw that his father was completely dressed.

"There is a wild storm," he said to the boy, who was tucked away, very snug and a little seasick, in the upper berth. "I have been awake a long while listening to the racket. You had better dress yourself and come out into the cabin. I must go and look after your aunt."

Our young traveller noticed that spray was

coming into his window, and the shivering of glass and loud pounding were heard on every side.

"Well, I certainly hope there is no danger," he thought; and then, boy-fashion, "but if there is I want to see it." And he hurried into the cabin, where Clare was waiting.

"O Albert," she exclaimed, "Aunt Julia is so scared, and everybody is scared! I was, too, till papa got up. He says we are aground, and he says how can people get drowned when they are so fast on the earth that they can't get off?"

The brother and sister retired to a quiet spot, said a decade of the Rosary, and committed themselves to the Star of the Sea, and had no further fear.

Albert soon found out what the trouble was. The boat was indeed aground, fast on the lower end of the island of Orleans. The pilot had made a mistake in the channel, and the panic-stricken crew refused to obey him further. The boat was old. Albert remembered that the Frenchman said she had been a blockade runner in the war; and now she was beating her life out on the sand, and might go to pieces before the tide came up.

It was not long before the tall Frenchman strolled up.

"Console yourself," he remarked. "They have put the one you call the Ancient Mariner in the pilot's place; he is an old pilot, and he says we shall be afloat in half an hour."

It was not strange that poor Aunt Julia was so disturbed. Every globe on the chandeliers was shivered; the rudder was broken, and the crew were hammering fiercely at the rafts. And then, almost before they knew it, there was a wild shout; the old boat gathered all her forces, like a war-horse struggling to its feet on the battlefield, and was afloat once more!

"It's the queerest kind of a shipwreck I ever heard of!" observed Clare; thoughtfully. "When we were aground we were in danger of being drowned; now we're afloat, and there isn't anything the matter!"

Mr. McPherson had slept all through the excitement, but now appeared, wearing his comfortable Tam O'Shanter cap and carrying his valise. Miss Latimer related the story of the mishap.

"I had to keep up," she said, "for the sake of the others. And indeed I was more sea-sick than frightened."

The nobleman, we must be just enough to say, had treated the matter coolly, declaring that it was nothing to the English Channel; but his valet was yet shivering with fright. The rest of the passengers quickly recovered, and gathered up their belongings; for they were nearing Quebec again. It seemed like getting home.

"I wish," said Clare, "that we could live in Quebec forever!"

This amused Uncle Andrew McPherson.

"It is all very nice now, my little maid; but how would you like snow banks so high that you couldn't see who was walking on the other side of the street?"

Clare thought she would not like them at all. Then Mr. McPherson said he had something else to say.

"The fact is," he went on, "I'm an awful humbug. I haven't said anything about it, but I have aspirations toward Parliament, and I went to the Province of Quebec in order to find arguments against the French Catholics. Well, I didn't find them. The people are not oppressed and not miserable; and, above all, they are good. What more could one ask than to be good and happy? Now I shall not have the heart to go back and make speeches about the 'priest-ridden' province. What would you do, my little maid?" he asked at last, addressing Clare.

She thought for a moment, with one forefinger gravely poised in the air; then slowly answered: "I think I'd stop trying to be in Parliament—whatever it is,—and move to Chicago, and keep a candy-shop with lots of cream-peppermint drops in it."

The rest clapped their hands, and Mr. McPherson said he thought that good advice, and they might see him there some day, and Clare should have all the *bonbons* she wanted. As he spoke the boat entered her slip at the foot of the town, and the trip up the Saguenay was over.

They disliked very much to say good-bye to Mr. McPherson and the kind Frenchman; and as to leaving Quebec itself, it was almost heart-breaking.

"Be sure and come to Chicago to live!" called Clare, waving her handkerchief from the platform; and Uncle Andrew answered that he would.

"When shall we see Quebec again?" said Albert, as he watched the citadel fade to a fairy castle.

"Next summer, perhaps," answered his father. "McPherson and I talk of going on a fishing tour up to Lake St. John."

"What a nice man he is, papa!" put in Clare. "But how funny it was to hear him call you Jack!"

The train was sparsely filled, and there were several priests on board. Clare said that when she got home she should tell Father Dalton how fine the Canada priests looked in their street garb, in hopes that he would adopt it too.

The Quebec Central Road winds through an earthly paradise,—hard to till, perhaps, but beautiful as a dream. It was through the valley of the Chaudière that Arnold marched with his troops when he went to join Montgomery in that mortifying assault, in which the young American lost his life. Our friends saw again the delightful peasant life—the trim cottages and blooming gardens and Old World dress.

"McPherson was right," observed Mr. Latimer. "These people are happy and they are good. Who could wish them a better lot?"

Before long the wayside crosses grew less frequent, and now and then one heard speech which differed from the soft, chopped-off *patois* of Lower Canada, or the musical English dialect.

"We are almost to Vermont," said Albert.

The little party stayed all night at Lake Memphremagog, in order to pass through the White Mountains in the daytime. There was a suspicious moisture in Mr. Latimer's kind eyes as they roved over toward those hills in whose shade his kindred slept.

They were up bright and early in the morning, and found cheerful logs ablaze in the fireplaces down-stairs. While they waited for breakfast our little girl was interested in the actions of a distinguished-looking man who paced up and down before the closed door of the dining-room. His head was held high in air, in a lofty fashion; and the eye-glasses he wore seemed to gain an air of grandeur from that patrician nose.

"I'm sure he is the Governor," Clare whispered to her brother; "or at least president of a college."

Then the door was thrown open, and the stately man called, "Breakfast!" He was the head waiter. Albert and Clare now remembered of hearing about poor young students who paid their way through college by waiting upon guests at the mountain resorts in summer.

"Did you do so when you were in Harvard?" Clare asked her father.

"It was not the fashion then," he replied.

"But if it had been, and you were obliged to, I don't believe you would have been one bit ashamed."

Mr. Latimer thanked her for the compliment, but regretted that he could not share it with her grammar.

Their next stop was at a quiet town (which shall go unnamed), famous to the children as their father's birthplace. The visit was rather a sad one to the elder persons of the party. The former home was tenanted by strangers, and their friends had disappeared. The old had died, the younger gone away. But the elms waved their arms in welcome, and the quiet graves in the burying-ground were unchanged. Long rows of stones—some fresh and white, some discolored and dingy—told where many Latimers lay awaiting the resurrection trump.

The village was cradled by green mountains and watered by crystal streams, the abode of peace and frugality and beauty—and bigotry. This, then, Clare thought, was the sweet spot where her father had been a child. She saw the very road down which he drove the cow to pasture; other boys were driving other cows now, and the soft tinkle of the bells filled the air. There were many great houses connected with the barns by wood-sheds. Clare was enchanted.

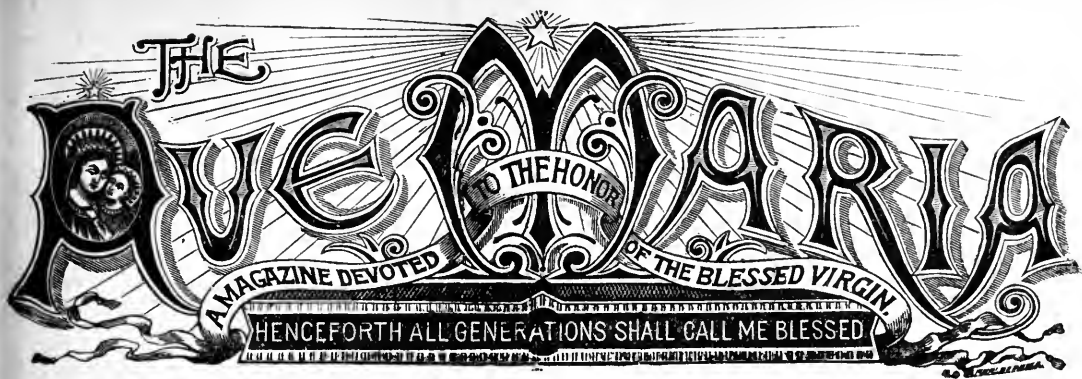
"Why did you ever leave this heavenly place?" she said.

"Do you know," he asked, replying to one question with another in good Yankee fashion, "why the barns and houses are joined together in one long string? It is almost the story of cold Quebec over again. The snow in winter is so deep that often people could not get to their horses and cattle if they had to go out of doors. The winter is terrible in Northern Vermont."

"But it is beautiful here, any way," persisted Clare; "and perhaps it is good for folks to have something to contend with. I've heard so."

No one can quite understand the enthusiasm of our little philosopher who has not been reared on a prairie, then all of a sudden transported to the region where the verdure-clad hills of New England smile in the summer sunshine.

(Conclusion in our next number.)



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St. Rose of Lima.

BY T. A. M.

FIRST flow'r of Lima's garden, how the air
Is odor-laden with the holy scent
Of Heaven's fragrance to thy bosom lent,
Thou sweetest Rose among the blossoms rare!
The glow of Paradise thy features share,—
As though the ruddy dawn had lowly bent
To kiss thy maiden cheeks with pure intent,
And left chaste blushes on thy face so fair.
Dear virgin Rose! thy beauty won the Heart
Of Him who saw thee spurn it for His love,
To walk the path of penance at His side.
Upon thy brow was twined the thorny part
Of all earth's roses, winning from above
Christ's words, "Rose of My Heart, be thou
My bride!"

An Historic Homestead.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

AT the southern extremity of Albany, surrounded by a thickly populated and poor neighborhood, forgotten and deserted by fashion, and in too great a measure overlooked by the city to whose history and prosperity it has so largely contributed, stands the Schuyler mansion. It crowns the brow of a hill—indeed it would be a clever house that could place itself anywhere but on a

hill in that city of ascents,—at the head of the street that bears the name of its patriotic master. Unless attracted by the cross which now surmounts its gateway, the careless person hurrying past would scarcely notice the mansion, almost screened as it is from the eye of the passer-by by its shading trees and its lilac bushes.

When Pempotawuthut, or "place of fire" (a council ground of the Mohegan tribe), gave way to Beaver Wyck (the little Dutch village that sprang up around Fort Orange), and this in turn was merged into the Albany of the English, one Philip Schuyler came here from Amsterdam, and was the ancestor of the Schuyler family. He married the sister of Van Slechtenhorst, the representative and commissioner of the Patroon Van Rensselaer, the lord of the splendid manor that stretched in all four points of the compass along the Hudson, or, as it was then called, the Mauritius River, for nearly a thousand square miles. It was this Philip Schuyler's oldest son Peter who was the first Mayor of Albany; and it was old Philip Schuyler's youngest son John who was the grandfather of General Philip Schuyler, of revolutionary fame, whose mansion forms the subject of this sketch.

Philip Schuyler married, when not quite twenty-two years of age, Catharine Van Rensselaer, the "sweet Kitty V. R.," to whom in a letter written some time before this event he sent his love. The love thus expressed she richly merited, and retained for forty-eight years of married life, during which she was all to him that a wife should be to her husband, and whose death was followed by his, after only twenty months of sorrowful separation.

The noble mansion at the head of Schuyler Street in Albany is one of three Schuyler houses still standing; but it is the most interesting of all, because of the period through which the family occupied it, and the guests which its venerable roof has sheltered. The building of the house has been a disputed point, one story being that Mrs. Schuyler built it during her husband's absence in England; but the more probable opinion is that it was built by Colonel Bradstreet, whose friend and administrator Schuyler was, shortly after the victory at Fort Frontenac, and that it was purchased from him by Schuyler about 1767. Be this as it may, we find Colonel Bradstreet, an inmate of the Schuyler family, living in that house during that year; and he is the first of a long series of illustrious guests, the mere mention of whose names would fill a page, and each of whom calls up endless vistas of dear and glorious recollection.

The Schuyler mansion faces eastward, standing on the brow of the hill, at a height that must have commanded a view of the river before a great city grew up around it. Passing under its outer gateway, upon which now shines the cross, betokening its consecration, the visitor finds himself facing a steep flight of steps, at the head of which stands another gateway, with lattice work and arched at top, the opening of which rings an inner bell. This second gateway gives admittance at once to the grounds, and brings one face to face with the mansion, standing plain and solid beneath its trees. A ring at the bell leaves time while waiting for an answer to notice the seven windows, three on a side and one over the door, with which the front is illumined; and also the solid shutters, capable of barricading in times of danger, of which this house has seen its share.

The grey habit, white cornette, and kindly smile of the Sister of Charity who opens the door interrupt these thoughts; and one is admitted into the hexagon vestibule, added, it is said, since the time of General Schuyler, but which nevertheless appears sufficiently venerable. While explaining to the Sister the errand of respectful curiosity which led the traveller's steps hither, there is time to observe the massive bolts, chains, and formidable key in the heavy front door, which one would suppose almost sufficient barrier in itself, before passing beneath the great

white inner door, into the splendid hall. This is as large as a drawing-room, high and spacious, —a door at the end leading into the rear of the house, and four doors, disposed in orthodox fashion, opening into two rooms on the north and two on the south.

Each room on the front is a drawing-room, very large and fine, lighted on the east by the three windows, and by four to the north or south, as the case may be. These rooms have the high wainscoting, the deep frieze and the capacious window-seats common to every room, not only in that house, but in every house of that period. In the southeast drawing-room the marriage of Elizabeth Schuyler to Alexander Hamilton took place; and the walls have looked down upon minuets in which Rochambeau, Lafayette, and even Washington walked with the beautiful daughters of the house, upon whose charms, or rather those of "Peggy and Betsey," Carroll passed encomium in a letter written while he was Schuyler's guest. Back of the southeast drawing-room was the General's study, and opposite that, in the northwest corner of the house, was the dining-room.

The staircase is the central point of interest, its railings curiously carved by hand in a day when machine turning was quite unknown. Every alternate supporting rail is spiral, and the other ornamented with rings and medallions. These are painted white; the balustrade is of dark wood, and the effect is slightly dazzling as one mounts. Near the newel post in the dark rail is the deep cut of the tomahawk, still plainly to be seen, made during the Tory and Indian attempt to surprise and capture Schuyler in his own house.

The story has been often told of how during the attack, when the family were barricaded upstairs, it was discovered that Catharine, then the baby Kitty Schuyler, had been forgotten asleep in her cradle below. Her mother would have rescued her, but the General prevented, holding her life too precious to be risked for the child. Margaret, the "Peggy" of Carroll's praise, ran down-stairs, seized the infant, and was hastening up again, when a savage threw his tomahawk at her, which just passed by the baby's head, cutting Margaret's dress, and imbedded itself in the rail, making the deep incision to be seen to-day. One of the invaders, mistaking Margaret

for a servant, called out: "Wench, where is your master?" And she quickly answered: "Gone to alarm the town." Schuyler called from the window, as if giving orders to his men; and the savages were seized with fright and made off,—not without having ransacked the house, and carried off much of the plate, which was never recovered.

This historical staircase goes up at the end of the hall, due westward, and has a square landing half-way up, from which a short flight of stairs ascends farther in the same direction, leading to the rooms in the rear of the house, and from which a few steps toward the south bring one to a second landing, from which the staircase, again turning, ascends easterly,—thus forming three sides of a square, and coming into an upper hall directly over the lower, light and large enough to be a ball-room. From this hall one enters chambers above the rooms on the lower floor: the southeastern chamber, over the room in which Hamilton was married, being pointed out as the one of most interest; for it was this room that Burgoyne occupied after the defeat at Saratoga.

The dullest mind must kindle at the thought of the hands that have touched these doors, the feet that have pressed these floors and stairs, and passed from glory of fame and history to walk forever through the realm of shades. First and perhaps strangest guest of all, came Attakullakulla (the "little Carpenter"), chief of the Cherokees, and eight subordinate chiefs and warriors, whom Schuyler entertained here late in 1767, on their way to ask Sir William Johnson's mediation for peace between the Cherokees and Six Nations. In 1776 came another embassy, the congressional commissioners to Canada—Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll. At the request of Congress, the last named was accompanied by his brother, the Rev. John Carroll, afterward first Archbishop of Baltimore, who, through his knowledge of French, his influence as a priest, and his personal qualities, was expected to be useful in persuading the Canadians to at least passive sympathy with the patriot cause. Governor Tryon, his political enemy but personal friend, accepted General Schuyler's hospitality for his wife, who was entertained here early in the Revolution.

After the defeat at Saratoga, which Schuyler made possible although Gates reaped the honor,

the Baroness Riedesel and her children were the guests of Mrs. Schuyler, of whose tender kindness, as well as that of her husband, the Baroness wrote gratefully in her memoirs. She was sent to this house in advance of General Burgoyne, who also experienced such hospitality at the hands of his conqueror that, at the recollection of the still smoking ruins of General Schuyler's country mansion at Saratoga, which Burgoyne had needlessly destroyed, the latter remarked, with tears in his eyes: "Indeed, this is doing too much for a man who has ravaged their lands and burned their dwellings." Lafayette, Clinton, Rochambeau—hosts of names dear to every American heart, come to mind in this spot, where they ate and slept, and consulted for the good cause. And of them all none greater than the host himself, the honest, upright, faithful patriot and friend of Washington, whose footsteps also have echoed through these stately halls; for General Washington and Lady Martha were sponsors at the christening of the Kitty whose life so nearly cost that of her brave sister during the attack.

In fancy one can see the beautiful dames of that olden time rustling down the broad staircase in their stiff brocades, and Alexander Hamilton waiting at the foot to receive the charming Betsey, his betrothed; and perhaps not far from his side the courtly, suave Aaron Burr, who requited the generous hospitality he received in this house by sending back to it Elizabeth Schuyler widowed by his hand.

Strong in its solid, unpretentious grandeur, the old house bids fair to endure for centuries yet to come. And to a worthy use has it been converted. For the feet of homeless children patter through its grounds and up and down its halls; and beneath its venerable shelter the Sisters of Charity gather the orphans of the poor. In the dining-room, where the noblest of the land or of the world have feasted, are many little tables, laid with knife and fork, spoon and mug, for these small guests of God. Up the staircase, where fine ladies passed, now trot little gingham-aproned figures, and the soft grey habits and cornettes move up and down. In the great chambers stand little iron beds; and back of the chamber where Burgoyne slept, over General Schuyler's study, on the day we were there a little waif lay dying in the summer stillness. No one knew

her birthplace: she hardly had a right to be born at all, perhaps; but she was passing safely out of the world of false distinctions, beneath that noble roof where heroes have lived and died.

And so, rich in past and present, the Schuyler mansion still crowns the hill, like a fine old dame, ignoring the sordid surroundings about her, dwelling happily on the friends and joys departed, but finding place in her heart for little children claiming the shelter of her loving arms.

A Pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(CONCLUSION.)

AS I have remarked before, I thought at first of lodging in the house of "Judas," since Judas was the long-time friend of my friend Hummel. We early repaired to this house, in order to pay our respects to the venerable man, for whom Hummel has a sincere affection.

What a droll house it is! It stands close upon the street, which is anything but straight, and faces one of the several village fountains, where the water-carriers gather to fill their jars and buckets. There is a bit, a very small bit, of earth walled in under the front window; and here, in summer, a few hardy flowers do their best to beautify the place; but it can not be called a garden—without flattery.

The hall-door is narrow, the hall not much broader, and to the left one enters the living room of the family. Frau Lechner, the wife of Judas, receives us very kindly, and at once recognizes Herr Hummel, whom she had not seen for a very long time. We are given chairs and begged to be seated. Now I have time to take an inventory of the primitive furniture. How little there is of it!—and yet little more could be introduced, the room is so contracted.

There are pots of homely flowers in the window—the front window that looks out upon the fountain; and two gossips are now standing there, nodding their heads at each other, while their buckets are being filled with pure mountain water. There is a high table before a side window, littered with artist's utensils. Here the son of

Frau Lechner decorates panels of pear-wood; with a metallic pencil, the point heated to a white heat over a small spirit-lamp, he traces a picture, which is etched upon the wood—literally burned into it. His art is much admired, and I believe he studied for a time at the Art School in Munich.

Madame Greatorex, writing of this artist in 1871, calls him "a bright little boy"; he was in those days one of the *genii* in the second tableau of the Passion Play, "The Adoration of the Cross." Now Anton is a grown man, with a wife and a little boy of his own; and they all live here together. The grandchild in the arms of his mother is proudly exhibited; but he is more interested in the antics of an extremely small puppy, now nibbling our boots, than in us; so we eagerly inquire for the head of the house, fearing he may be absent.

"Gregor, Gregor!" cries Frau Lechner, going to the foot of a ladder that slants steeply against a trap-door in the floor above. We hear the heavy but muffled tread of feet just over our head, and now see them cautiously feeling their way down the ladder:—two blue woolen-stocking feet, and then a pair of thin legs, and then a body, very spare indeed; and at last a head, grizzled, grey-bearded, hollow-cheeked, yet with the color of hardy health.

"Do you know me?" asks Hummel, extending his hand to the latest arrival, who looks the least little bit like a wandering Jew. Thus addressed, the figure draws itself up to its full height, holds Hummel at arm's-length with a somewhat theatrical air, and scrutinizes him with eyes of great intelligence. "Ach, my friend Hummel!" exclaims a very agreeable voice; and the two men embrace in good old German fashion. This is Judas. He has been pronounced by dramatic critics the best actor in Ober-Ammergau; a man possessed of genius; a man who consented to assume the most difficult and the most ungrateful part in the whole cast of character forty years ago.

Gregor Lechner first played the part of Judas Iscariot in 1850; again in 1860 and in 1870. The season of 1870 being interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war, a special series of representations in honor of victorious Peace was given in 1871. Lechner's last appearance as Judas was in 1880; and this season, he being a man well on in ye

and showing signs of infirmity, the ungracious part is assumed by another.

Lechner's impersonation was so realistic that the poor man's reputation suffered sorely; yet he is one of the most pious of the villagers, and it was an act of great self-abnegation for him to assume the *role*. On one occasion, while Judas was on the stage and in the act of betraying his Master, an excited peasant rose in the midst of the audience, and, shaking his fists at Lechner, shouted: "If I could but get hold of thee, rascal, I would teach thee something!" He has been chased and stoned in the streets by strange peasants, who had been wrought to fury by the vividness of his impersonation. Once he was stopped on the road between Unter-Ammergau (the neighboring village) and his home, by a party of Tyrolese, who abused him roundly, and might possibly have assaulted and killed him had he not made good his escape.

Lechner's father played Judas in 1830 and 1840; but Lechner says of himself that the conception of the character is his own, and that when he saw his father play it he was continually considering how he would alter this or that reading when it came his turn to play it. The part had been his constant study for years before he assumed it. One of the chief London journals said of him, some years ago: "The acting of Gregor Lechner would be considered brilliant on any court stage of Europe." And when the distinguished dramatic author and actor, Drevient, witnessed the Passion Play in 1850, he remarked: "We actors can learn much from you."

Lechner never received any dramatic instruction; he never studied gesticulation, though it has been reported that he went to Munich during the winter of 1869-70 for that purpose. When his part was remodelled by Pastor Daisenberger, Lechner rehearsed it privately in the good priest's house, as did most of the chief players theirs; but this is the only schooling he or any of them has received.

Many great actors have called upon the now famous—not infamous—Judas in his humble home, and have chanted a chorus of praise in his presence; but the dear old man is quite unspoiled, and is modest almost to shyness.

When Madame Greatorex asked Lechner if he intended that the little Anton should play his

father's part when he grew up, Lechner cried: "No, no! I would spare Anton the annoyance that I have had to suffer on account of Judas Iscariot." And Anton, comprehending the question, shook his head and said: "*Nein!*"

Now the grown-up Anton enters the room, and takes his baby in his arms. His wife busies herself about the house, and hastens to greet some relatives who have just arrived to spend the day. Judas displays his carvings, the majority of them being capital effigies of himself, with the sack of silver in his hand—the likeness being almost perfect. There is a great demand for these statuettes, and Lechner ordinarily is at his workbench from half-past four in the morning until dusk,—that is, from fifteen to sixteen hours a day. He works in the room above, where he is less liable to interruptions; Anton burns in his panel pictures below, surrounded by the busy members of the family.

I am shown the spare room—a kind of hall bedroom, and a small one at that. A ladder leads up to the door of it, and at the foot of the ladder is another door. With a smile Lechner opens this door; it is the second door in the hall, and swings into a room just in the rear of the living room. Here, if you please, is the cow, nicely stabled, and as much a member of the family as if she had the privileges of the whole house.

Lechner has played the character of Judas with three different persons representing the "Christus." Of these impersonators he remembers with most pleasure Tobias Flunger, whose features were of a beautiful Oriental type. Flunger played in 1850, and was followed in 1860 by Schauer, whose personation was immensely admired; but he seems to have been unable to withstand the adulation of the public, and so fell from grace. Lechner admits that Joseph Maier, who played the Christus in 1870, 1871, 1880, and is at present performing the part, has the best presence and the best voice of the three with whom he has been associated.

The house of Christus is roomy and inviting during my visit he was enlarging it, and no doubt his spare rooms are now engaged long in advance; for Christus is the most famous of the villagers, and one who has won the respect and admiration of everyone.

We find the house very tidy within, and very-

where there are evidences of thrift and housewifely care. Frau Maier entertains us in the temporary absence of her husband, and shows us a great number of crucifixes which he has carved. They are of all sizes, and some of them exceedingly beautiful and graceful in design. In none of these crucifixes, which are the specialty of Joseph Maier, will he consent to reproduce his own features in the head of the Christ, though he has often been requested to do so by those who are his eager customers. Some of the crosses are decorated with a profusion of trailing passion vines exquisitely carved, and they are offered for sale at very moderate prices.

Christus now enters. He has been attending a meeting of prominent villagers at the church; is a person whose advice is frequently sought, and who seems to be held in veneration by those who have been his neighbors all their lives. He is a man of great dignity and of the sweetest gravity; a man, I judge, who does not smile readily, and who seems to hold himself apart from the world, as if he were forever conscious of the sacredness of the character which it has been his uncommon privilege to impersonate.

At the smoking-room of the Alten Post one meets Judas and Peter and Pilate and Herod and the high-priest, and the elders. But Christus would be out of place there: it would be a profanation for him to frequent even so respectable a resort as that.

The son of Christus enters as we are about to take our leave. He is a handsome, stalwart youth, and has with him his violincello; for he has just returned from a rehearsal. What a serene atmosphere pervades this home! I can almost imagine it a kind of holy house.

Frau Maier withdraws upon the appearance of her husband. The gentle master of the house, with an air of natural refinement, enters into conversation. He seems quite superior to any worldly considerations. The large table is strewn with admirable specimens of his handiwork; but he ignores them. Their prices are modestly, almost disparagingly, named when we ask them; but the good man is apparently not in the least interested in their sale.

Later, at the house of Herr Lang—he is the great exporter of the Ober-Ammergau carvings, —I have a little chat concerning the people.

The villagers are almost exclusively carvers of wood. Lang has contracted for the greater portion of their work, and he ships the carvings to Paris, London, all over the Continent; and to New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc. I believe the Benzigers deal largely with him.

The artisans do most of their work in winter, though they are always busy: even during the season of the Passion Play the industries of the village proceed as usual. The play is given on Sundays and feast-days only. The immense crowds of people who throng to witness it naturally increase largely the demand for portable bits of wood-carving; therefore the villagers can not afford to be idle. Moreover, the profits of the play, after the expenses of its production have been deducted, are shared among all the players—six hundred or more being entitled to some portion of it. Very little indeed is likely to come to those who have, perhaps, only helped to swell the throng in the streets of Jerusalem; yet their day is gone, their time consumed, and their work as seriously interrupted as if they had borne the burden of the divine tragedy on their shoulders.

Beyond the pittance which they receive for appearing in the Passion Play, say for a series of twenty-four performances once in ten years, they have only their wood-carving to depend upon as a means of livelihood; and from this—so I am creditably informed—the most industrious of them seldom make more than two hundred dollars a year. It is a wonder to me how they live and raise families; and yet they are comfortably housed, and all of them are well clad.

Poor Judas! Last winter he was in the mountains getting wood. His sledge was well laden, and he was about to mount it, when his horse took fright and started down the hill at a great rate. Judas, who had hold of the reins, would not let go—his horse, his sledge, his valuable wood for carving, were in danger of destruction; so he hung on, and was dragged over the frozen stubble and the rime, often on his face and never on his feet, until the bottom of the hill was reached. The only serious damage was the bruising and skinning of Judas' nose, and that sustained such injury that it will perhaps never again assume its natural proportions.

We have the great theatre of the Passion Play to visit. Let us go there during this tranquil hour

of twilight; for to-morrow we return into the world. Bear in mind that it is a year before this theatre will be again open to the public; the plays given at intervals for the delectation of the people are performed upon the stage of a smaller hall in the village.

The theatre stands beyond the last cluster of houses in Ober-Ammergau. The proscenium faces the village; and when the spectators assemble they can see, above the roof of the proscenium, the outline of the mountains that hem in the valley below. Now all the seats have been removed; the higher seats, that rise like galleries in the rear of the auditorium and are roofed over—the seats in the centre between the stage and the raised seats, always open to the sky—are taken down, and lie in great piles of lumber that has grown grey with exposure to the weather. The broad stage, which is also uncovered, and which runs in front of the building where the tableaux are displayed, has been torn down; it is about thrice the breadth of the building, overlapping it on each side; and it is upon the two sides of this central and permanent structure that the houses of Pilate and the high-priest are erected; the streets of Jerusalem are seen on each hand, and it is by the streets at the extremities of the stage the players make their exits and their entrances.

Now everything, save only that small portion of the stage which is roofed over, is gone; the building stands like a lofty barn, rudely constructed, without any ornamentation whatever, weather-stained, its huge doors closed against what has been, and is again to be, the proscenium. It is situated in a meadow and looks forlorn enough; cattle are browsing peacefully where the vast throngs of breathless spectators are wont to sit hour after hour—from morning until evening,—following with profound emotion the terrible Passion of Our Lord.

What a spot for reverie and what an hour! The sunlight is paling upon the lofty peaks that environ the valley. I hear the tinkle of the bells as the flocks wind homeward. The Angelus is ringing, and I know that every head in the village is bared, that every foot is stayed; that in the houses, the gardens, the streets, a thousand grateful hearts are reciting the *Ave Maria*. Ah, me! if but this spirit had been nourished throughout the Christian world, as it has been nourished here! But

no! it were folly to dream of it; for this is Acadia, this is Eden, this is the earthly Paradise.

I can not conclude these memories of Ober-Ammergau more fitly than by quoting a portion of a sermon preached by the well-beloved Pastor Daisenberger forty years ago. It was preached on the Sunday preceding the primal representation of the Passion Play that season. On this occasion our friend Lechner was to make his first appearance as Judas; Tobias Flunger was the Christus; Joseph Maier was a child in the chorus; Zwink was St. Peter.

The family of Zwink, we may remark, has been well represented on this exceptional stage. Jóhannes Zwink, the St. John in 1870 and in 1871, is the son of the Zwink who impersonated St. John in 1840, St. Peter in 1850, St. James the Elder in 1860, and St. Matthew in 1870 and 1871. He is the grandson of the Zwink who enacted the Christus in 1800, 1801, 1810, 1815; and St. Peter in 1820, 1830, and 1840. Several members of the Lang family, male and female, have assumed various parts on different occasions; the members of some families showing pronounced dramatic tendencies. Probably all of the villagers imbibe a love of art, and of the dramatic art in particular, and unconsciously acquire a knowledge of it; if not, their intuitions are astonishing.

Often the chief players have received tempting offers to appear in England and elsewhere, but they have rejected them with scorn; preferring to lead the lives their fathers led before them, though they toil late and early unto the end. Is it not probable that the dear priest, whose words live though his lips are silent, has greatly aided the simple peasants to preserve the spirit of honest endeavor, uncorrupted and incorruptible? Listen to him, while I lay down my pen:

“O my dear friends! Our community has this year to fulfil a great and sacred mission. It has, to a certain degree, to take part in the apostolic office. After the day of Pentecost, the Apostles went out among men, and preached of Christ the Crucified. They announced His doctrines and deeds, His suffering and death, His resurrection and glorification; showing that in Him the sayings of the ancient prophets, in Him the types of the Old Testament, had found fulfilment; and that through Him, and none other, could salvation be obtained.

"As for us, we do not go out into the world to proclaim the name of the Crucified One; but in the course of the summer thousands will come to us—the pious and the lukewarm in faith, the believers and the unbelievers; and it will be for us to represent to these thousands, from far and near, the same things which the Apostles preached—namely, the sacred doctrines of the Divine Teacher, the grandest examples of His love, His bitter sufferings, His sacrificial death, His victory over death and hell, the prophesies and types of the Old Testament fulfilled in Him.

"If we work together in holy zeal, determined to exhibit these scenes in a worthy manner, then, with the grace of God, there can proceed from this community great blessings to our fellow-men. Through the living remembrance of the Saviour's death for our sakes, many pious Christians will be moved and edified in faith, will be strengthened in love, and will return home with renewed determination to remain true followers of Christ. Many, even of the lukewarm and light-minded, will not be able to dissipate all the earnest impressions of what they see and hear; and these impressions may become in them the seed-corn of a holy Christian life. The sight of the human nature of our Blessed Redeemer, of the bitter torments which He bore for the sake of sinners, may perhaps call forth tears of penitence from many a hardened one; and, with God's grace, these tears may be the foreboders of an earnest conversion; and the witnessing of the Passion may become the way by which the Good Shepherd seeks and finds the lost lambs of the flock. And who knows if not, here and there, some one, led hither as to a secular play, by curiosity or by the desire of being pleased; or, indeed, coming with the intention of laughing at the representation, together with its defects in form and execution,—if not, I say, here and there, such a one will depart with totally different thoughts from those with which he came? At least something will cling to his soul, which, after a space of years, may germinate and aid in the transformation of his inner life. . . .

'But, beloved friends, God's pleasure and God's blessing will only then accompany our work if we undertake it with pure intentions and holy zeal. O my dear friends! if selfish reasons, if the mere desire of fame and gain, were

to inspire our actions, no blessing would rest upon them. In such a case God would look down upon us in displeasure, and our work would be an abuse, degrading to the Most High, sinful and punishable. Then we should deserve the bitterest censure instead of fame, the severest loss instead of gain. . . .

"Our forefathers vowed in times of sorrow to perform the Passion Play, with the intention of promoting thereby the honor of God, the remembrance of the dear Redeemer, who gave Himself up to death for our sakes; as also for their edification and that of their fellow-men. In this pious feeling, and in this only, let us fulfil the vow of our forefathers. Let this object alone be in our minds. Whether those who visit the representation of the Passion Play seek anything besides Christian edification, whether they praise or blame us, is immaterial to us. If only we ourselves, and many of our fellow-men, leave the play moved and edified, strengthened anew in true Christian sentiment, then we shall have done all that was to be accomplished. Let us not desire to shine in dramatical art,—a desire which for simple country people would be nothing better than ridiculous pride; but let the endeavor of each be to contribute as much as he can toward a representation of the Sacred History which shall be as vivid and worthy as possible. Let us, therefore, begin our work with a pure intention, and complete it with holy zeal. . . .

"Thus let everyone co-operate with holy zeal, so that each separate part of our work—dramatic and plastic representations, the teachings of the songs and addresses, the sweetness of verse and music—form together one harmonious whole, full of beauty and elevation. The total impression of the Passion Play will then be elevating and edifying to every spectator who brings to its witnessing an upright heart, and will serve to strengthen him in his religious feelings. Thus what we undertake will become a truly sacred, blessed work, well pleasing in the sight of God."

So spake the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger. Peace be unto him!

ST. CHRYSOSTOM says of voluntary distractions in prayer: "You attend not to what you say yourself, and yet you would have God attend to you."

To Sorella:

IN MEMORIAM J. F. K.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

"A CHILD of August, with a heart that never
Can pass into September," once I sung,
In birthday greeting, to our Sister-Mother.
'Twas by that lake so dear to us among
Remember'd scenes: yea, dearer than all other
For sacred friendship form'd to live forever.

A child of August, truly, with a heart
That made a summer morn—so warm and sweet.
With healthful frame, rich mind, and keenest
sense

Of all things beautiful. A woman meet
For some high poet's virgin reverence.
And this by nature—nobler worth apart.

What wonder, when God call'd her to the Faith,
Such fertile soil for fruits of grace was she?

A "vessel of election," like Saint Paul.
In this, too, like him: mercy-led to see
The perfect truth, she took it for her all,
And gloried in it, "faithful unto death."

II.

I well may cherish, then, this August day,
When came into the world my future friend,
My sister's mother. For that hour began
A life predestin'd to a blissful end,
Beneath the smile of good Saint Cajetan:
A life should meet with ours upon its way
And color them with all that's best of summer.
Yours first and longest—you her child, her
dearest:

But mine how kindly! Never friend had I
So took me to her heart—save you, the nearest
Its very core. And when I ponder why
Her heart thus open'd to a late newcomer,

My thoughts rise God-ward: for the gift was His.
I bless Him for it: praise Him evermore
For such a proof of *His* love—such a chain
To hold me to the everlasting shore,
A golden bond in pleasure and in pain,
Until, with her, I "see Him as He is."

AUGUST 7, FEAST OF ST. CAJETAN.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

THE ascent of the Barranca was much more difficult and tedious than its descent. The little *burros* proved altogether unable to carry their burdens up the steep road; and, one after another, the riders made a virtue of necessity, and, dismounting, trudged upward on foot. Only Señor Echeveria remained on his donkey determinately, until the small animal had three times lain down with an air of decision, and could hardly be induced to resume its way even under the blows and objurgations of the driver. Then he, too, resigned himself to the inevitable, and began to mount on foot, declaring the while that *burros* were a snare and delusion, and that if ever he came to the Barranca again, it should be on the back of a large, strong mule.

"I always thought those little animals were too small for the purpose," said Miriam, who, delicate as she was, walked quite vigorously, with the occasional assistance of Don Salvador, and a pause now and then for rest.

Señor Echeveria pointed to a laden troop that came by at that moment, with great sacks of charcoal piled upon their backs, yet climbing with obedient alacrity up the steep way.

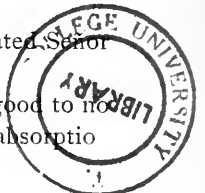
"They do not lie down under *that*," he remarked; "and not one of us—not even myself—equals in weight what is there put upon them. If you had all stayed on your animals, my wicked one would not have behaved so badly."

"It was impossible," said Miriam. "I would rather drop down with fatigue than hear that poor creature groaning under me in the most heart-rending manner."

"The señorita has a tender heart," observed Don Salvador. "Our poor *burros* do not often obtain so much consideration. But larger animals would certainly be better. When I return here I shall ride a horse."

"A good strong mule for me," repeated Señor Echeveria, as he slowly toiled upward.

But, as it is an ill wind that blows good to no one, the necessity for walking, and the absorption



of each one in his own fatigue, resulted in the fact that Lestrangle and Carmela were altogether unnoticed; and that as they climbed together up the long, winding way, its very steepness appeared delightful to them; for did it not offer opportunity for helping and being helped? Were they not able to linger in many a beautiful spot, to let its beauty mingle with and forever remain associated with their happiness? And did not the very paving stones of the road become transformed for them into that famous primrose path of which we have all heard?

Such happiness is, however, in its very nature among the most brief and evanescent things of life. Its perfect duration is short with everyone, but it was particularly short with Carmela; for before the end of the Barranca was reached, the first faint cloud had fallen over it. They had paused for a few minutes to rest and admire the wildly picturesque scene around them—the great cliffs rising, as it seemed, to the very sky overhead; the masses of rock about the road draped with luxuriant verdure, a flashing spring pouring its waters out of them; and far below the high, curbed way, the stream from the falls rushing tumultuously over its boulder-strewn bed. It was a picture that Carmela never forgot. She glanced up at the turquoise sky, that looked so far away from this deep earth-rift, and felt as if the smile of Heaven sank into her heart.

"Of what are you thinking, my Carmelita?" asked Lestrangle, who caught the glance and the expression on her face. "You look like your picture. After all, I have succeeded with it pretty well. But I do not fancy that expression on your face; it seems to set you too far away from me. At that moment you had wandered into some high region where I can not follow you."

She looked at him with a sweet and tender smile. "I was only thinking," she said, "how good God is to give us so much happiness; and how grateful I am to Him. You can surely follow me there?"

"Not altogether," he answered. "I prefer to think that this happiness has come to us out of our own hearts, rather than from Heaven. Fate is within us, sweet one; and we can make our ives what we will, if we resolve to do so."

"Not without the blessing of God," she said, a little startled.

Lestrangle checked the answer that trembled on his lips. There was no need to let her know how little belief he possessed in God or in His blessing. He had instinctive knowledge that his vague agnosticism would seem as terrible to this Mexican girl, bred in traditions of the most ardent faith, as if he absolutely denied the possibility of all that she held so dear. Consequently, he took refuge in a lover-like evasion.

"Could that blessing or any other be denied to you?" he said. "You are made for all blessings—to bestow as well as to obtain them. And how can I be grateful enough for the blessings you have bestowed on me—your gentle heart and this tender hand?"

"The heart, yes," she answered, smiling. "That is yours forever. But the hand is not mine to give. It belongs to my parents, and it is of them you must ask it."

"By Jove!" said Lestrangle, under his breath. It was characteristic of the man that he had not given a thought to this practical necessity. To make love under the influence of the most exquisite eyes in the world, and amid the most romantic surroundings, was one thing, and to go in cold blood to talk of matrimony to prosaic parents was quite another. He shrank from the last as perhaps only a man of his temperament does shrink,—a man to whom love-making is delightful, but the consequences of love-making obnoxious. He knew, however, that it was absolutely necessary. Mexican customs are those of the Old World, and permit no trifling on this subject. And even while he felt the necessity to be most disagreeable, he also felt that Carmela was fully worth it. Had the power been given him, he would not at this moment have wished unsaid the words uttered under the great tree down by the rushing river; but no one could prophesy how soon such a moment might come.

"I prefer to think," he said, after an instant's hesitation, "that the hand is as much your gift as the heart; only it is a gift that must be endorsed by the powers that be. Well, I hope we shall have no difficulty with them. I do not anticipate any. And this being so, I wish it were possible to keep what only concerns ourselves to ourselves a little longer. Can we not enjoy our happiness for a while without admitting others to share it with us?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, with a glance of surprise. "Do you mean that we should keep it—secret?"

"Secret—well, that is hardly the word. I mean simply that when others are admitted to the knowledge of what now belongs only to ourselves, its first delicate aroma will be gone. And I should like to keep that as long as possible."

"Why should it be gone?" asked Carmela, with a puzzled expression. "It seems to me that it should rather add to our happiness to have the blessing of parents and friends, and above all the blessing of God. I could not be happy if I did not go to Padre Agostino at once."

"Then go, by all means. But what will you do if he tells you that it is your duty to have nothing to say to a heretic like me?"

"He will never tell me that!" she cried, quickly; but a shadow, as of possible fear and trouble, fell over her face and darkened her eyes. "Was not my father a stranger, an American like you? And did not my mother marry him with the blessing of the Church?"

"Unless I have been misinformed," he said, "your father went through the form of embracing your mother's religion before he was allowed to marry her. But that I can not do. You must take me as I am, my Carmela."

"But you are not a Protestant," she said, imploringly. "You have told me so."

"Not in the sense of belonging to any sect, but in the sense of not acknowledging the authority of your Church—yes. And what does that matter? I shall never trouble a faith so beautiful, so poetical as yours. I object to only one thing in it: the intrusion of the priest into one's private affairs. What on earth has Padre Agostino to do with you and me?"

A chill struck to her heart. Passion-blinded as she was, a sense of the irreconcilable difference between her lover and herself on this point seemed for a moment to overcome her. Lestrangle saw from the expression of her face that he had shocked her deeply; and, repenting himself, he remarked quickly:

"But that is only the way in which the matter appears to me. With you, I know well it is different. Go, then, to twenty padres if you like; and so long as they do not bid you separate yourself from me, I am content."

"I should not heed any one who bade me do that," she said, passionately.

And then there was a minute or two of lover-like rhapsody before they resumed their upward way after the rest of the party.

But this brief conversation struck a note which made both of them less happy than they had been before. The thought of interfering parents and priest was more odious to Lestrangle than can well be expressed. Not that he had any intention of trifling with Carmela, but that his peculiar temperament made him desire to enjoy the delicate romance of passion undisturbed by prosaic considerations; while to Carmela herself there was a shadow over the brightness of the hour in the thought that, for the first time in her life, inclination and conscience might be arrayed against each other.

Still, "the light that never was on land or sea" cast its brief, tender glory over them, as they rode back side by side across the beautiful plain to Atemajac. A soft, rosy twilight was on earth and sky when they found themselves again in Guadalajara; and as they were about to separate on the square where they had met in the morning, Lestrangle—who, somewhat to his sister's surprise, had declined Señor Echeveria's cordial invitation to supper—whispered to Carmela:

"I will see you early to-morrow, and will speak to your parents, since you think it best. Meanwhile, follow the dictates of your heart in all respects."

She understood that this meant she might speak to them herself if she desired; and, with a soft smile from her eyes, they parted.

Miss Lestrangle was not surprised that her brother was very taciturn as they walked toward their lodgings. Such silent moods were generally the result of anything which had stimulated him, and he had certainly seemed to enjoy the day very much.

"It has been an excursion well worth making," she said, when they finally ascended to their comfortable sitting-room, and she sank—more tired than she had imagined herself to be—on a couch; "but I should not care to make it again in the same manner. Walking down the Barranca was sufficiently easy, but climbing upward those five miles was very fatiguing. I fear I shall feel it very much."

"I wish we had never gone, Miriam!" said the young man.

He had flung himself into an arm-chair, and sat facing her in the lamp-light, his fair hair clinging in damp disorder to his brow, and his eyes full of gloom.

"Oh, I do not!" she said, quickly. "It was beautiful—most beautiful!—and I would not have missed it on any account. Do not fear but that my fatigue will soon pass."

"I was not thinking of that," he responded, truthfully. "I was thinking—I have made a fool of myself, Miriam; and you might as well know it at once."

"With Carmela, I suppose?" said Miriam, calmly. "I have been expecting that; and I confess it does not strike me as very important. The question is, have you made a fool of her also?"

"You are certainly very sympathetic," he observed, coloring angrily. "I am sorry to say that, from your point of view, I *have* made a fool of her. She loves me, and I am to propose to her parents for her to-morrow."

Miss Lestrangle looked at the speaker for a moment with a surprise almost amounting to indignation. Then: "What do you mean by such folly, Arthur?" she asked. "You know that you will never marry this girl. You fancy yourself in love with her now because she is charming and you have nothing else to interest you; but that will not last two weeks after you have left Mexico. She does not really suit you in the least; but if she did, you could not marry her. She has no fortune, you have not enough for your own needs, and Aunt Elinor will never consent."

"I am not dependent upon Aunt Elinor," said Mr. Lestrangle, haughtily. "If she chooses to make me her heir, well and good. If not, I have my art to fall back upon. I shall certainly marry Carmela, now that I have gone so far. But I acknowledge that I should have been wiser if I had—waited."

"It is the old story," returned Miriam. "From your boyhood you have never denied yourself anything on which your fancy was set, and of course the temptation to make love to Carmela was more than you could resist. I have dreaded it all along, but I hoped that a wholesome fear of entanglement might hold you in check for once. You will break this girl's heart, and that

will be the end of it,—for *she* has a heart to break! I wish to Heaven we had never come here!"

"You certainly have a genius for saying disagreeable things," replied the young man, with not unnatural exasperation. "Have I not told you that I mean to marry Carmela, even if I must sacrifice my prospects in doing so? Does that look as if I were going to break her heart? I regret my folly in having spoken just now; but having done so, I shall abide by the consequences."

"What a lover-like spirit!" said Miss Lestrangle, sarcastically. It must be owned that she was very provoking, as well as much provoked. "If it is common for ~~men~~ women to feel in this manner after they have been accepted, God save me from ever accepting one! Well, for Carmela's sake, I hope her parents will refuse you. Happily, you are not much of a *parti*, if your expectations from Aunt Elinor are left out—as they must be in this case."

"I do not imagine that your kind wish is likely to be gratified," he said, with offended dignity.

"I am afraid not," she admitted, with a sigh. "But of this I am sure—if they are wise enough to refuse, it will be the best and happiest ending for Carmela."

(To be continued.)

The Antwerp Festival of Our Lady.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THE chief charm of Antwerp is its Cathedral; but all the churches as well have pictures and monuments of deepest interest to the student of history and art; while to the Catholic they seem filled with a spirit of prayer, a spirituality that gives incentive to devotion, a sacredness and solemnity most restful.

Twelve months ago, on the Festival of the Assumption, we landed at Antwerp. The *Kirmess*, or church fair and festival, was at its height; flags waved from cathedral and church spires; the parks and public squares had banners and pennants flying; the street corners were gay with banks of flowers, colored lamps, and glass-enclosed candles,—all grouped in pyramidal beauty before the statues of the Queen of Heaven. The great mural crosses, the life-size crucifixes, which are found in the older and more

retired streets of the city, were also banked with ferns, foliage, and flowers.

The civic rejoicings of this anniversary, in memory of the day the statues of our Blessed Lady were restored to the street corners, takes place on the festival itself; while the Church celebrates the event on the Sunday within the octave of the festival, to which the solemnity is also transferred. Both are most elaborate, as Antwerp has for its patron Our Lady of the Assumption; and the Cathedral is dedicated to her, whose picture, by Rubens, hangs over the high altar—"Notre Dame de l'Assomption."

Throughout the day processions of citizens, bands of music, and children with fire-crackers, paraded the streets; while at night torch-lights, lanterns and floats, symbolic of the history of Antwerp, with brass bands, formed a cortege of unusual brilliancy. But the illumination of the Cathedral is always the spectacle that fills the city with crowds of foreign tourists, and the inhabitants of all the surrounding towns throng thither to see the lighting of the spire in honor of Notre Dame de l'Assomption.

The night was dark, although a firmament of deepest blue was brilliant with stars. The Rubensplatz, and the streets and avenues leading to the Cathedral, were thronged by people awaiting the display. Suddenly the huge spire, towering aloft in its massive grandeur, became a shaft of crimson and orange flame, while balls of green and blue fire shot out from every turret and pinnacle. Then the flames took on the purple splendor of amethysts; and golden drops, as from a fountain of fire, spouted upward, and fell outward in cascades of topaz and beryl. Again the crimson hue returned, but only to pass into a blaze of sapphire splendor and amber showers; these left the great spire formed of lustrous malachite, from which beautiful sprays of white light flamed upward to the cross-pointed pinnacle of electric brilliants. Thus onward, through all prismatic colors, the flames seethed and burned, and wreathed their hues of Oriental splendor around the huge grey spire.

On the following Sunday, very early, the streets of the city were again thronged with those who hastened to join the parochial ranks, or to secure a place from whence to watch the great procession of Notre Dame in all its splendor of detail.

The streets through which the cortege was to pass were sprinkled with white sand, and upon this glistening groundwork leaves of roses, dahlias, geraniums and ivy were scattered; while before the humbler dwellings bits of bright-colored paper and tinsel, cut in form of tiny diamonds, gave all the appearance of a flower-strewn road.

Heading the procession came the Redemptorist Fathers, their leader bearing a massive cross of gold and silver; while acolytes in purple and white followed, with banners of white satin richly embroidered in gold. Following these were all the congregations of St. Francis Assisi. One hundred boys with a band of music, preceding the Congregation of the Holy Family, came next. Their banner—of maroon velvet and cloth of gold, with a picture of the Holy Family—was surrounded by acolytes robed in scarlet, bearing golden lanterns of most antique form.

The Blessed Virgin's banner, of blue, red and gold, attended by acolytes in blue and silver robes trimmed with white fur, led the students of the Jesuit colleges, who followed as trusty knights of Our Lady, bearing their superb banners, embroidered in gold and silver, with fringes of richest bullion. The trades of the city came next, with banners bearing the arms of Antwerp; and following them, the venerable Capuchins, with banners of purple and gold, sacred legends embroidered thereupon.

Between long lines of students of the University of Antwerp, marching to a grand triumphal hymn, passed the congregations of the Jesuits. The students were followed by the mayor of the city and all officers of government; then the master of ceremonies of the day, followed by the various parishes, who came in groups preceded by chanting choirs: 1st, St. Paul's Church, with ancient banners of gold embroidery; 2d, a congregation of young men; 3d, the Congregation of St. Roch; 4th, the Congregation of St. Jacques, with its celebrated banners—the oldest and richest in the city, except one owned by the Cathedral. The first banner, a mass of gold embroidery, had a pennon twelve feet long and four feet wide; three men could barely support the framework upon which it was carried. The next was a massive standard maroon velvet embroidered in gold; then a superb blue velvet banner, with silver lilies of the valley framing the

figure of the Blessed Virgin; the reverse of this was scarlet satin, with roses and lilies forming the words, *Ora pro nobis*. Last of all came the cathedral congregation and its numerous sodalities.

The triple banner borne before the statue of the Blessed Virgin is, like that of St. Jacques, three hundred years old. It was draped in cloth of gold and crimson velvet; its pennons, arranged to form side banners, exquisitely embroidered, were surmounted by a floriated cross of gold, surrounded by a crown of twelve stars.

The Congregation of the Assumption, with their acolytes and sacristans robed in blue, bore aloft on their shoulders the velvet dais upon which was placed the statue of our Blessed Lady and the Holy Child. Their crowns contain some of the finest jewels in the world;* and their robes, of golden brocade, embroidered with silver and gems, are among the most magnificent specimens known in the history of the weaver's art.

St. Sacrament's banner, of red brocade and gold, also three hundred years old, preceded the Archbishop bearing the Blessed Sacrament. The clergy of the parish and the chief nobles of Belgium formed two long lines, between which the Archbishop passed, bestowing benediction upon the kneeling multitudes. An immense crowd of people followed, and the head of the procession had passed through the streets and entered the Cathedral, before the last of the great cortege had left the court-house square, from whence it started.

In vain we looked for a leaf or a flower as we went home over the sand-sprinkled route of the cortege: everything had been picked up. So eager were the crowd to secure souvenirs of the festival, that even handfuls of the colored papers had been gathered by these devout Antwerp Catholics, to treasure between the leaves of their prayer-books. We, too, were glad to secure these humble offerings of the poor; for had they not, like the flowers of the rich, served to deck the pathway of our Blessed Lady? Many a time during the past year have they brought memories of that glorious church pageant, the Antwerp Festival of Our Lady of the Assumption.

* The jewels in Our Lady's crown alone are estimated at \$5,600,000. Their robes, containing about four yards of gold brocade, cost \$4,000.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.

THERE are mosquitos, there are gnats, and in Texas there are red bugs. And people frequently ask why they exist. It has been answered that they are trials of patience; but it must be admitted that most patience is shown by those who do not feel their stings.

Similarly, one is tempted to ask why "the man who passes things on"—the mosquito, the red bug of civilization—is permitted to exist. How did he acquire his peculiarity? In what stagnant pond, among what poisonous weeds, were the larvæ of his thoughts hatched? He is a nuisance, a barbarian only half-way on the road to Christian civilization.

There is a traditional belief that only the ladies say unpleasant things about one another. The nineteenth century, besides discovering the genius of Dante, has done another thing: it has revealed the truth that there is more gossiping done in the average club than in the average sewing-circle; and that the men's gossip does more harm, because the men's circle generally contains one "who passes it on." The woman who hears private comments knows, as a rule, just how much to repeat and how much to suppress. If she be a gentlewoman of the Christian sort, she holds her tongue; and, at her worst, she does not use the inconsiderate remarks of her acquaintances as a ruffian would use a bludgeon. But your man with a tendency to pass things on is both a blunderer and a criminal. A very innocent thing, taken from its context and served up with a little sauce, becomes blistering and poisonous in the hands of this man.

Arcades says that Ambo told him a very amusing story about himself, and he proceeds to tell it, merely for the humor of the thing, without a tinge of malice; for he has the highest regard for Ambo,—in fact, they are old friends. But Jackanapes is one of the circle. He passes it on, and by and by he meets Ambo. "Oh, by the way," he says, "Arcades told a funny story the other day about your blunders in speaking French! He made us all laugh. Funny fellow; Arcades;

but I don't like that kind of thing. I defended you,—I said you spoke French as well as most Americans. Do you?"

And so the sweet soul rattles on. Now, Arcades might laugh at Ambo's pet accomplishment till the crack of doom, and tell how he had translated *jeu d'esprit* as a "Jew of spirit," and invent other pleasant diversions; and Ambo would have laughed himself, if he could have heard it. But to hear from the lips of Jackanapes that he had been made the subject of amusement, of ridicule! The man who passes it on goes his devastating way, and the harm is done. How can Arcades explain, even if Ambo gives him the chance? No explanation will improve the matter. Ambo becomes convinced that his friend is not his heartless enemy. It is

"The little rift within the lute

That by and by will make the music mute."

The cause of a permanent estrangement is nothing, it originated in nothing, and yet, through the influence of the pleasant man who "passes it on," it becomes a subject of heart-burning and of real distress. The man who passes it on may go to Mass every morning, but has not yet learned what Christianity means.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we smile at our friend's peculiarities—which we love as part of our friend—before his face or behind his back. The smile in either case is harmless and even affectionate; but if the man who passes it on catches it, woe to us! It is perhaps wrong—if any theologian says it is, it *is*,—but it seems as if the best way of treating the man who passes it on is to hold in one's heart the belief that he is an unconscious embroiderer of the truth, and to remember that other people are really kinder than they seem. Of course they are. Who hasn't had unexpected Christmas gifts from people whom he thought had always hated him? and been filled with humiliation when he remembered that he would never have thought of sending *them* anything? Yes, the world is kinder than we think—in spite of the man that passes it on.

It is a good thing to learn to stand upon one's own feet; but it would be very foolish, because of that, to spurn the solid earth which bears and holds us up.

Readings from Remembered Books.

A NOBLE CONVERT.

THE day after my arrival at Berne, in Switzerland, where I had stopped to wait for one of my friends, Thou didst bring to the hotel where I was staying a new convert, the Prince Theodore Galitzin. I had made his acquaintance at Rome a few years before; but, as our religious opinions were diametrically opposed, no bond of friendship had been formed between us. I was not, therefore, obliged, according to the ordinary course of things, to throw myself in his way; and yet, from the moment I knew of his being in Berne, I felt a strong desire to converse with him. A secret instinct seemed to urge me. I wanted to speak to him of my wife, and to tell him that she had died holding Catholic views. I was very pleased, therefore, when, a few hours after his arrival, his name was announced to me as a visitor.

At this time my soul was so much a prey to grief that it was impossible for me to speak of anything else than the event which had just clouded my existence. And, then, such strange things passed within me! The whole world appeared changed. I was sad, and yet half conscious of a new life. An unknown light had risen on my horizon; my soul no longer slept, nor was it yet awakened. It was, so to speak, in a twilight, regretting still the charms of the night, while opening its eyes to the brightness of the dawn. Oh, I was constrained to write, to speak! Need, indeed, had I to pour out my whole heart into a heart of sympathy. Accordingly, when Prince Galitzin appeared I spoke to him with full confidence of my wife—of her death, of her piety; of the need I felt in myself of virtue, of religion; in a word, I told him of my grief and my hope.

May this excellent friend be blessed here below and in eternity for the good he did to me and to so many others! With what kindness he listened to me; what wisdom he displayed as he spoke of Thee; how humbly he talked of himself, confessing how great a sinner he had been, but that on becoming a Catholic he had become a new man; in fine, with what simplicity and zeal he advanced the work of my conversion! Seeing him so pious and so sincere, I naturally turned

my gaze on myself. We are of the same age, thought I, of the same country, in the same social position; and yet how greatly we differ! I saw, I felt that he was virtuous. And one night, in my bed, I reviewed all he had said to me during the day, and I exclaimed: "He is virtuous, and, oh, how happy! His virtue had suddenly become my ideal and aim. "He is virtuous," repeated I; "he is happy; and why should not I be so too?" Leaping quickly out of bed, I threw myself on my knees, and poured forth the fervent prayer: "*Give me, my God, strength and faith!*"

These were, I believe, the only words I could utter; long I remained on my knees, repeating them I know not how often. This prayer, Lord, Thou knowest did me good, and Thou didst deign to accept it. . . .

I love my country, I love my countrymen, Thou knowest; but love is only happy when it can communicate its happiness. Grant, then, my God! that other souls feel also the felicity with which I am filled,—many other souls, especially those most dear to me. Thou knowest them; they are separated from Thy Church. Holy Father, Thou canst touch them; divine Shepherd, Thou canst restore them to Thy fold; O Love, Thou canst inflame them with Thy fire! Open to them Thy arms, press them to Thy bosom, and, perfected in Thy holy unity, may they taste the happiness that I taste, and share in the hope which is mine!

Mary, refuge of sinners, hope of the despairing, pray for them! Alleluia.—"*My Conversion and Vocation,*" Count Schouvaloff.

AT THE GATES OF NAIM.

Out from the house of mourning, as the day waned, passed the funeral procession. Four stalwart young fellows of Naim, comrades and friends of the dead lad, lifted to their shoulders the *mittah*, or dead couch, formed of freshly gathered palm-branches, bent and interlaced, with projecting poles as handles. Before them walked the wailing women, raising their plaint: "*Ichabod! Ichabod!* the glory is departed!" And among the women, her tears all spent, moved the stricken mother, draped in sackcloth of woe, shrouded with the very eloquence of grief.

Just then, along the broader highway that skirts the foot of Moreh, and leads southward from Tiberias and the Galilean hills, a little company

of travellers are walking slowly on. From distant Capharnaum into Judea they come, and must needs pass the open gate of Naim. The quavering echoes of the shrill flutes, and the shriller sounds of woman's wailing and of mourning songs, are borne upon their ears. And now they catch sight of the procession winding down, with slow and solemn pace, from the gate of Naim to the broader highway. It is for them, as strangers, to join themselves to the throng of mourners, even to offer their services as bearers, relieving those who carry the bier.

The sorrowing mother has not noted at all these strangers who approach; she scarcely sees them as they pause, with bended heads, awaiting the passing of the funeral train. Her pent-up feelings break out all afresh as now she recognizes that fatal spot where, when last she saw her boy alive, he had pleaded for release from the cruel legionaries of Rome. Why was this young life so soon cut off? And why were the wicked allowed to triumph, the children of the Lord so wretchedly cast down and slain by the hand of the spoiler? "O Cheliel, my only son; my son, my son Cheliel; my comfort, staff and stay! Would to God I had died for you, O Cheliel, my son! Why must you be taken! Why must you fall victim to so terrible a stroke of Gentile vengeance?"

Through her grief she hears a tender voice. "Weep not!" it says. There is infinite sympathy, infinite compassion in its tone. And even this touch of kindly interest causes her tears to flow afresh. Through their misty veil she looks up at that pitying face. Weep not? Ah! what can this stranger know of her need, her misery, and her loss? Even His sympathy can not give her back her beloved dead.

Here, at the crossing of the ways, the strangers stand aside to let the cortege pass. Then, suddenly, as if by a resistless impulse, this slight and travel-stained stranger, whose presence no one has seemed especially to heed, steps beside the bearers. "Set down the *mittah* here," He says.

There is mingled command and compassion in His voice. The bearers, thinking that this young and stranger guest—a rabbi evidently by His dress—is about to offer the services of His companions to take their places for a while, set down the *mittah* upon almost the very spot where, two days before, they had rallied to res-

cue Bar-Asha from the clutches of his captors.

The stranger steps quietly to the side of the bier and looks into the face of the dead. The long procession halts; the flute-players cease their mournful strains; the women stay their cries, and turn, curious even in their grief, to learn the reason of this sudden halt. But, at the sight of the stricken mother, who alone seems not to notice this, though she stands still with the rest, the lamentations rise again, more tearful and more shrill.

"Weep not!" once more the voice commands. "Whom have ye here?"

A dozen voices volunteer replies. Some, in remembrance of the brutal deed, would tell of Roman tyranny and of Herod's crime; some would give utterance to their own useless wrath and their desire for revenge. These the stranger hears not; He seems only to catch the reply that comes to Him in the simple but touching story: "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

The stranger bends above the silent form; He lays a tender touch upon the marble face.

"Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

What does this mean? Why, the man is dead—dead! Does not this stranger understand; can He not see for Himself? Would He, then, make a mockery of grief, a sport of death? Curiosity is about to give way to anger, inquiry to rage. Such sacrilege and jesting are surely not to be borne. The more impulsive of the encircling friends step quickly forward, as if to push away this meddlesome stranger, and punish Him well for His ill-timed trifling with woe. They are about to speak, when—O wonder of wonders! miracle of miracles!—behold, there is a stir upon the bier, a moving of stiffened limbs, a flutter as of breath through the compressed lips, a sudden heaving of the silent breast!

Fearful and wondering, those standing near look on as this coming back from death goes on beneath their very eyes. Over the mother's face hope, incredulity, and love pass in quick succession. A hand slips out from beneath the spotless grave covering; it draws away the linen compress from the tightly bandaged head; the lips move; the eyes open, and then—God in Israel! can this thing be? What can this marvel mean? And in a moment—he that was dead sat up and began to speak: "Mother!"

With a wild cry of mingled marvel, love and praise, the mother flung herself across the palm-wreathed bier. "Woman, behold thy son." And, while a very great fear fell upon the astonished watchers, along the highway, with a tender smile upon His face, the stranger and His companions passed quietly on their southward way into Judea, and no man sought to stay them.—*"A Son of Issachar," Elbridge S. Brooks.*

ST. PETER'S.

The greatest edifice that man has ever raised was, to Madame de Staël, the most sublime monument in Rome; and the more so that it at first baffles and disappoints the mind. "One reaches the sublime only by degrees. Infinite distances separate it from that which is only beautiful." St. Peter's is a work of man which produces on the mind the effect of a marvel of nature. In it the genius of man is glorified by the magnificence of nature." "I have never in my life," said Madame de Genlis, "seen but two things which surpassed all that my imagination could picture to me beforehand: these are the ocean and St. Peter's at Rome." "I have been four or five times at St. Peter's," says Hawthorne, "and always with pleasure; because there is such a delightful, summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace heat; but, really, it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within these massive walls, and in that vast immensity of space, till, six months hence, this winter's chill will just have made its way thither." The visitor will find that the windows of the church are never opened, it is so immense as well as so complete; that it has its own atmosphere, and needs no supply from the world without; that the most zealous professor of ventilation would admit that there was no work for him to do here. "When we dream of the climate of heaven, we make it warmth without heat, and coolness without cold, like that of St. Peter's." "To see the Pope," exclaimed Northcote, "give the benediction at St. Peter's!—raising himself up and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!"—*"In a Club Corner," A. P. Russell.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, in his paper read before the Catholic Conference at Birmingham, England, spoke on "The Controversy of the Future." Father Ryder justly thinks that the time for apologetics is over, and that the Catholic intellectual attitude should henceforth be one of attack rather than defence. "I assume," Father Ryder said, explaining his attitude, "that Christianity and the Catholic Church are synonymous, and therefore I am not careful to distinguish points on which non-Catholic Christians will instinctively range themselves on the Catholic side from those on which they stand aloof." Father Ryder remarks that the modern non-Catholic has a sentimental regard for purgatory, but, unlike his Calvinistic ancestors, will not tolerate hell at all.

In a letter of sympathy addressed to Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder remarked that in her husband's untimely death "many a generous cause loses an enthusiastic friend." The *Pilot* states that the last work projected by its lamented editor was a lecture embodying his experience in the Far West, for the benefit of the Home for Catholic Immigrant Girls to be erected at East Boston, Mass.

Among thousands of pilgrims present at the Grotto of Lourdes on a recent occasion was one whose marked indifference distinguished him from the devout multitude. He was not an atheist nor a professed scoffer; on the contrary, he probably considered himself a good Catholic. He had been baptized, had made his First Communion, and had been married by the priest,—what more would you have from an enlightened, broad-minded, *liberal* Frenchman in this age of progress? He had come to Lourdes merely from curiosity. He would be a severe but an impartial critic; and felt quite satisfied that he would discover the "trick," as he called it, that renders the shrine so celebrated. He made inquiries, looked on at the exercises, came and went, his hat on his head, and his brows contracted like one occupied in the solution of a grave problem. Were these people hypocrites? No. Comedians?

No. Men of faith and conviction? All appeared to be; here was just the mystery. He left the Grotto, unconvinced and perhaps a little disappointed, murmuring as he went his sole explanation of the phenomena, "Religious fever." The next morning, in an obscure corner of the church, a man might have been seen on his knees praying most devoutly. It was the critic of the previous day. The Lourdes fever is contagious; he had caught it from contact with the sick, and he appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the malady.

A recent visitor to the Vatican from Ottawa was impressed with the striking resemblance in personal appearance between Pope Leo XIII. and the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir John A. McDonald. The Dominion statesman appears to resemble His Holiness in another particular: he clings to life very tenaciously. Dozens of times during the past decade and a half the question has been raised: "Who will succeed Sir John as leader of the Conservative party?" But the veteran Premier neither dies nor resigns, and his many admirers hope he will do neither for many years to come.

The thirty-fifth annual convention of the German Catholic Central Association was opened in Baltimore on the 17th inst., in the presence of Cardinal Gibbons, who delivered an earnest address. Many eminent priests and laymen were present. The proceedings occupied several days. The Association comprises five hundred societies, with a membership of over forty thousand. Its chief object is the care of orphans and widows, to whom its benefactions last year amounted to over \$200,000.

In an eloquent discourse delivered before the Grand Council of the Young Men's Institute at San Francisco, Father Sasia, S. J., pointed out what the distinctive mark of Catholic societies should be, and outlined the work they are expected to perform. The distinguished Jesuit remarked that "they need no weapons but truth and justice. Harmony of intelligence, fraternal charity, and submission to the Church," he said further, "will make them serried battalions, irresistible in all their attacks and victorious in all their conflicts. But Catholic societies, to be

worthy of the name, must necessarily be constituted and organized on strictly Catholic principles; in other words, they must rest on the firm basis of the Catholic religion."

Father Asia's audience was made up of young men, more than three thousand in number, composing the Young Men's Institute,—an association in which the zealous Jesuit and indeed all the clergy of California have shown deep interest. We are happy to know that it is in a flourishing condition.

A Catholic Social Congress is to be held at Liege, Belgium, early next month, during which the measures best adapted to social reform and the interests of the working classes will be especially discussed. In a letter of regret addressed to Count Waldboth, in response to an invitation to attend this Congress, the Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, has this to say about the attitude of the Church toward the Labor Question:

"She teaches the workman his duties, she admonishes the employer of his responsibilities. More powerful than armed forces, the Catholic Church stands guard over the peace of society, curbing with one hand the angry and impulsive forces of labor, and with the other restraining the greed and avarice of capital and combinations."

Bridget Doody, who was probably the oldest person in the United States, died at Mineral Point, Wis., on Wednesday, August 13. Some curiosity having once arisen as to her probable age, the Rev. James O'Keefe, her pastor, wrote to her native parish in Ireland, and learned that the baptismal register gives the year 1770 as the date of her birth. She had thus reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty years at the time of her death.

We are in receipt of the following additional contributions to promote the cause of the holy Curé of Ars:

Enfant de Marie, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. F. B., \$5; a Child of Mary, \$1; a Friend, Lawrence, Mass., \$1; a Priest, \$1; A. B., \$1; Marie, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; M. E. M., \$3.

The Rt. Rev. M. Benedict, formerly Abbot of the monastery of Our Lady of La Trappe, Gethsemani, Ky., passed away on the 13th inst., full of years and merits. He was born in France in

1820, and came to the United States in 1848. Of the holy band who came with him there are now only two survivors. Father Benedict had held the office of abbot for nearly forty years, but was compelled to resign last May, owing to an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered. He was widely known in France and the United States, and was universally admired and beloved. Father Benedict is succeeded by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Edward, also a native of France.

The third general convention of the French Acadians of the ecclesiastical Province of Halifax was held at Church Point, N. S., on August 13 and 14; and closed with the celebration of their national festival, the Assumption. The Hon. Judge Landry, the first Acadian honored with a seat on the bench, presided; and there were present six thousand delegates from various centres in the maritime provinces. In response to a cable dispatch, Leo XIII. sent the convention his Apostolical Benediction.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Clarke, a pioneer priest of the Diocese of Buffalo, whose happy death occurred on the 9th inst.

Sister Rose, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal., and Sister Mary Gabriel, O. S. F., Baltimore, Md., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John McCarthy, of New Orleans, La., who perished in a shipwreck some months ago.

Mrs. Magdalene Rettig, who peacefully departed this life on the 19th inst., at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Johanna Baker, of Brattleboro, Vt., who breathed her last on the 11th inst.

Mrs. Mary O'Leary, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 25th ult., at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mr. James Maher, of Washington, Ind.; Mrs. Elizabeth Will, Chest Springs, Pa.; Mrs. M. De Lany, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Susan Torpey, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Ellen Healy, Albany, N. Y.; John Casey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mrs. Catherine Ward, Cohoes, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



To a Silent Child.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

DON'T ask, my dear, the gift of words,—

Don't ask the gift of speech;
For don't we best hear singing birds

When people cease to screech
And talk and talk out loud, until
We wish they only would be still?

Don't pray for words, my dear!

And we in silence oft may hear

The voice of God in us;

And many words oft make, I fear,
Failure inglorious.

The heart may speak when no lips ope
By acts that live through Faith and Hope.

Don't pray for words, my dear!

Three Happy Weeks.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONCLUSION.)



CLARE'S little face was glued to the car window, watching for the first glimpse of the White Mountains long before their purple tops came in sight. And when at last the taller of them were in full view, it was Niagara Falls over again, and they were not as imposing as she had imagined. And then, before she knew it, they began to grow upon her, just as the great cataract had done, and the secret of the mountains was hers.

Mr. Latimer, so familiar with the region, told the children many a thrilling tale of adventure and disaster as their train sped along: of the Wiley family and that horrible avalanche, among others; and he recited those verses about that sweet mother who covered her babe with her

mantle, and was found frozen, with the child safe and warm in her arms. Some of our young people have read the story, and remember the lines in which a poet has embalmed it.

Mr. Latimer told, too, Hawthorne's story of the Old Stone Face. And Clare knew the great profile as soon as she saw it; for it is, I think, in every geography that ever was made. Each place on their happy journey had seemed to her dearer than the last, and now she concluded that a home in the White Mountains would leave nothing to be desired.

"Wait a little, dear, until you see the ocean," remarked her father.

"Oh, I am sure the ocean can not be half as nice as these mountains!" ("Nice" was Clare's pet word, and did duty upon all occasions.) "I suppose it is like Lake Michigan, only bigger; and I've seen that."

"Wait and see," was all the reply that Mr. Latimer vouchsafed.

They swept into Portland, in the teeth of the salt east wind; and, passing through the homelike palace called a railway station, took an open horse-car to their hotel, just as they might have done if they had been coming home from a picnic.

Their hotel was the old family mansion of a distinguished commodore; and next door to it, so close that the elms of both houses touched, was the very house where Longfellow lived when a boy. Albert gazed, awestricken, at the windows out of which the poet, when a child, had looked; at the elms planted by his own hands; at the gate, on which, perchance, he had swung like common boys; on the sidewalk, where no doubt he had played marbles in the spring as soon as the snow melted.

"Now for a whiff of the real ocean," said Mr. Latimer the next morning.

Portland sits like a princess on the calm shores of "fair Casco Bay"; they would have to seek one of the outer islands to find old ocean in its might. They decided upon the one called Cushing's. They knew neither the size nor the history of that beautiful isle; but the sea-birds circled above it, and the salt breakers bathed it, and it lay like a jewel on the heart of that matchless bay.

Our friends withdrew from the glittering magnificence of the hotel, and bent their steps to the

cool, clean rocks. Groups of simply dressed people were sauntering about; and some young folks were playing lawn tennis, as if their lives depended upon it, and as if there were no ocean near. One grows accustomed to everything, even to the sea; but our prairie children could not speak for a brief interval, just because it was all so wonderful.

"You were right, papa!" called little Clare at last, from the top of a large wet rock. "This is not one bit like Lake Michigan, and it is better than the mountains. It is delightful. Let us come here and live."

What is the charm which holds forever the hearts of those who have once seen and loved the ocean? Perhaps to the fisherman it is but a place where, mackerel hide; and to fishermen's wives a cruel waste, where storms sweep and boats are lost; but the true lover of the ocean is faithful.

The Latimers were to go to Boston on the night boat. As they left their hotel in Portland, and, according to their economical plan, strictly adhered to, waited for a street-car which would take them near the wharf, they gathered once more about the old Longfellow gate.

"The poet's real home is in Cambridge, and we shall see it," remarked Mr. Latimer.

"I like this best, I am sure," was his son's rejoinder. "I can imagine a school-boy better than I can a poet."

Clare made the acquaintance of one of the passengers on the boat—a very plainly dressed person, no longer young, and with a gentle, winning manner. The little girl told her of their experience on the St. Lawrence; and the lady said she was in no such danger now, for the boats of that line had not had an accident for fifty years.

"But in storms?" asked Clare.

"They never run in storms," said the lady, which her young hearer thought an excellent idea. Then the stranger pointed out many places on the shore, the names of which sounded delightfully familiar: like Newport or Narragansett Pier. Clare remembered reading a very charming story once about a Narragansett pacer. She thought the pacer was a horse, though it might have been, she told the lady, a cow or a dog; she was so little when she read about it that she couldn't remember. Then her aunt called her.

"My dear," whispered Miss Latimer, "I would

rather you would not talk with such a common-looking person."

"O Aunt Julia," replied Clare, "I know she looks as if she were poor; but she talks so sweetly, and knows such beautiful stories about the places along the shore! Please let me go back."

"Well, Clare, go back if you wish. But you have strange tastes, and I shall sit near by. I am not going to have you kidnapped."

But the pleasant lady had vanished.

They were outside the bar now, in the open sea. The band played its last tune, and one by one the passengers became invisible. Clare, the most obedient of children usually, had a praiseworthy wish to plead the cause of the lady who had talked so kindly with her.

"I am sure she was a lady," she said.

"A lady does not wear cotton gloves with darned fingers," answered Aunt Julia, with dignity.

"What *is* a lady, any way, auntie dear?"

"A lady—why, a lady is a well-bred woman."

"With new kid gloves on?" asked Clare, who was growing very sleepy.

Miss Latimer did not answer.

"I know what a lady is," thought the little girl, snugly tucked into the upper berth. "It's one who is like the Blessed Virgin, and I don't believe it has anything to do with gloves. Hail, Mary, full of grace—" then she fell asleep.

It seemed to Albert, as he hurried on deck the next morning, that the best of the journey was over. Certainly it could hold nothing within its possibilities as beautiful as the Thousand Islands, as historic as Quebec, as grand as the Saguenay, as noble as the mountains and the sea. He knew the stories of old Boston, all of them. The tale of the city's part in the Revolution and its queer Tea Party had long ago grown a little tiresome, just from frequent hearing. He would conscientiously try to enjoy the Puritan city, however, in order to please his father; but he ended his reverie as he had begun it—the best of the trip was over.

Albert and Clare were saying their prayers together when the passengers began to appear on deck the next morning, and the pleasant lady with the mended gloves and shabby bonnet leaned over the rail near them. A young woman was with her now, carrying her shawl and satchels; and when the boat landed a tall coachman, whom

she shook hands with and called Thomas, came to escort her to her carriage; a footman, the very twin of Thomas, top-boots and all, sat on the box as they drove away.

"Well, I do declare!" said Miss Latimer. "To think of her being a lady, after all—for that shawl was real camel's hair!"

Poor Aunt Julia had not learned that "shabbiness" in public had grown to be a mark of "high caste"; but now all at once the splendor of the wealthy dames of Wabash Avenue became dust and ashes to her. It seemed to be the proper way here for persons of affluence to go about looking like poor sewing-women. The Oil City woman, she pondered, had been the only one she had met since coming East with any pretensions to what she called "style"; and *she* had said "hadn't ought," and had chewed gum with no attempt at concealment. Thoughts of this kind flew through poor Miss Latimer's brain for days, like startled birds; and she felt her own gown too fine, and thought she would set an example when she was at home again, and show her neighbors what gentility really was.

While the lady with her India shawl was rolling along in her smart though quiet equipage, the Latimers were trudging on foot up to their hotel.

And then began a course of sight-seeing, in which quest Albert soon found himself as eager as the rest. The old story of the Boston Tea Party, which had been so tiresome, became real and new as he threaded those narrow streets, in which he would not have been the least surprised to meet some Puritan soldier pursuing a flying Quaker.

On the first day of their arrival, the Latimers undertook to find that famous landmark which lifts its granite head in every geography as it does on Bunker Hill. Which one of our young readers is not familiar with that shaft and the event it commemorates? To the children it was a perfectly well-known object, like the pump in their backyard at home. Mr. Latimer sat down at the foot of it and told Clare all about the battle; and the story, which was in the history just a particularly hard lesson to be learned, was made a delightful picture, as easy to understand and enjoy as the flight of a bird across the sky or the beauty of a sunset.

Next day they climbed up into the little coop on the dome of the State House, and looked out

over the city: finding the Old State House the more interesting, however, with the gilded lion and unicorn guarding the roof, and the large rooms filled with relics. Franklin's printing-press was there, which pleased Clare, who had always, she said, thought Franklin such a nice man for having invented steamboats. Aunt Julia thought it was not Franklin who invented them; but, as she could not remember just who it was, she was discreetly silent.

One day they went to find the church in which the lantern hung as a signal to Paul Revere the night he took his remarkable ride. Albert had recited Longfellow's poem on the last exhibition day, and it was fresh in his mind. The old sexton proved very kind. He said he had received strict orders to keep tourists out, but he could not bear to see these go away. The church, he told our friends, as they wandered round the quaint interior, which is preserved exactly as it was before the Revolution, was known as Christ Church or the Old North; and years ago it was crowded with the families of the aristocracy, and the officials who represented their king in the colony. He told them, too, that they must not fail to see Copp's Hill burying-ground, and indicated where it was—just a square or too away. "The Mathers are buried there, although this was not their place of worship. That was the Old North meeting-house, and was destroyed long ago. This," he said proudly, "is the Old North *church*."

"Ah!" thought Albert, "you and I have very opposite opinions about the difference between a church and a meeting-house."

They expected to find the old burying-ground closed, as those in the centre of the city were; but it was as open as the Common, and many poor children were playing among the graves.

Miss Latimer was shocked. "It is dreadful!" she said to the man who seemed to be in charge. And he answered her with the first rudeness she had experienced so far in her travels.

"You couldn't come here, nor nobody, if these children was shut out," he retorted. "Folks call these youngsters hoodlums because they're poor. Copp's Hill is private property, and Boston can't drive the hoodlums out of it."

"But don't they chip the gravestones?"

"No, they don't."

"Well, will you kindly tell us where the Mathers are buried?" asked Mr. Latimer, wishing to put a stop to this unpleasant encounter. And he was shown a stone on which was inscribed: "The Rev. Doctors Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather were interred in this vault, 1723, 1727, 1785." There were some dates near by reaching back to 1661.

Our pedestrians were weary and sat down to rest for a few minutes. Albert drew a paper from his pocket in order to do battle with the mosquitos, and his eyes fell upon these words: "The stirring poem of John Boyle O'Reilly at the Plymouth celebration won the admiration of all." He showed it to his father, who said he could almost hear old Cotton's Puritan bones rattle as he read it. Then Albert walked about, looking at the coats-of-arms and making copies of the inscriptions. One especially amused him, and he thought Father Dalton would appreciate it. It said that the man whose remains lay beneath was "a good servant of his king and an inveterate foe to priestcraft and enthusiasm."

They stopped at the Old South meeting-house on their way back to luncheon. When its congregation moved into a pretentious building on the Back Bay they called it the New Old South. The Old South meeting-house is a museum of pre-revolutionary relics.

"And now," as the old words go,— "and now my story is done"; for Mr. Latimer found a telegram at the hotel summoning him back at once. They left that evening; and when their train moved into the station at Chicago, and Clare said, "If I could see something or somebody to make me sure it wasn't all a dream!" she caught sight of a Scotch cap, and Uncle Andrew McPherson was soon shaking hands with everybody.

"Have you come to start the candy-shop?" exclaimed the little girl.

"Either that or a lawyer's shop," he answered, with a merry laugh.

Then Mr. Latimer owned that this was a secret he had been keeping, and that he had been in communication with his friend ever since they parted at Quebec.

"I've been thinking of Chicago for a year," said Uncle Andrew; "and meeting Jack settled it."

Getting home was, as it always is, the best part

of the journey. Jane, the maid, came to meet them at the gate, and her first words were: "Is Master Albert better, ma'am?"

Aunt Julia stopped short. She had actually forgotten that he was ailing!

Clare was in ecstasy. The kittens had grown wonderfully, and the late rains had started the flowers to blooming again. They walked over to the little God's Acre after tea, Uncle Andrew with the rest, and placed some of the sweetest blossoms upon the grave of the children's mother.

Albert and Mr. Latimer lingered behind the others as they walked home.

"I have something to say, Albert," remarked the father. "If Father Dalton can explain away two or three stumbling-blocks, I am going to be a Catholic."

And Albert, who was not one bit afraid of the stumbling-blocks, answered, his eyes full of joyful tears, that that moment was to him the happiest in all the Three Happy Weeks.

Lost and Found.

He was such a little fellow, not yet five years old, though speaking very plainly. His people were strangers in the large town where his father's business had called him. Naturally, in the confusion of moving and setting things to rights, Willie was neglected, and he grew very lonely indeed, not knowing any boys with whom he could play. There was a sociable dog next door, to be sure, owning the merry name of Punch; but a dog is not as satisfactory a playmate as a boy.

Punch was a pug, and he had a saucy black nose, and the funniest quirk in the end of his tail that a dog ever had, I do believe. He and Willie became great friends, and they would take little strolls together, although the boy was careful never to lose sight of the house. But one day, when his mother was very busy putting up the parlor curtains, and a circus procession was passing, the companions strayed farther than usual. All at once Willie found the buildings growing unfamiliar, and the farther he walked the stranger they became. It was getting late.

"Oh, dear me!" he sighed, "what shall I do? I'm losted!" To add to his fright, Punch had suddenly disappeared.

"Now," thought the wise little fellow, "there's no use in crying. I'll just step into this grocery store and ask the way."

Mr. Brown was weighing sugar.

"Please, sir," said a faint voice, "I'm losted!"

"Lost, are you, my lad?" answered Mr. Brown, kindly. "Well, we'll have to find you. What's your name?"

"Willie."

"Ask what his father's name is," suggested a tall man standing by.

"What do folks call your father?"

"Why, mamma calls him 'my dear,' and grand-mamma calls him 'Thomas.'"

By this time quite a crowd had gathered.

"What street do you live on?" was the next inquiry.

"I don't know. We've only lived in this place a little while."

"I have it!" said good-hearted Jack, the delivery clerk. (His name was John Higgins, but everyone called him Jack.) "He must have play-mates. We can find out where he lives in that way. With whom do you play, little boy?"

"I play with Punch, and he has runned back home."

"Punch what? What's his other name?"

"I don't think he has any," said Willie.

Light on the identity of the small wanderer was not coming very fast. He was bravely trying not to cry. Something must be done.

"Look here, sonny," said Jack, with sudden inspiration. "Don't you know some big building up your way?"

"Yes," replied Willie, thinking hard. "There's a big church across the street."

"Well, now try and remember something else about it."

"There's a nice image of a lady on it, over the front door."

"Does she wear a blue cloak?"

"Yes, I'm sure it's blue."

"And what's on her head?"

"What queens wear in the picture-books," answered Willie.

"It's St. Mary's Church he means," announced Jack, triumphantly. "Let me lift you into the delivery wagon, young man, and I'll have you home in a twinkling. You're a good mile from there now."

Jack had long possessed the desire to be a missionary. This was a favorable chance to begin; so he told Willie of the Blessed Lady whose image was over the church door, and how grateful he should be to her through whose help, he firmly believed, the little fellow was brought home again.

The frightened mother was wild with alarm, and neighbors were trying to console her.

"Hello, mamma!" cried Willie. "And hello, Punch! I got losted, and perhaps I'd stayed losted if I hadn't told about that Lady's image across the street."

Willie is a big boy now, but he still loves the Lady of whom Jack taught him that pleasant day so long ago when he was "losted." Punch is old and feeble; and as to Jack, he is still teaching the heathen, being a missionary now, far away on "India's coral strand."

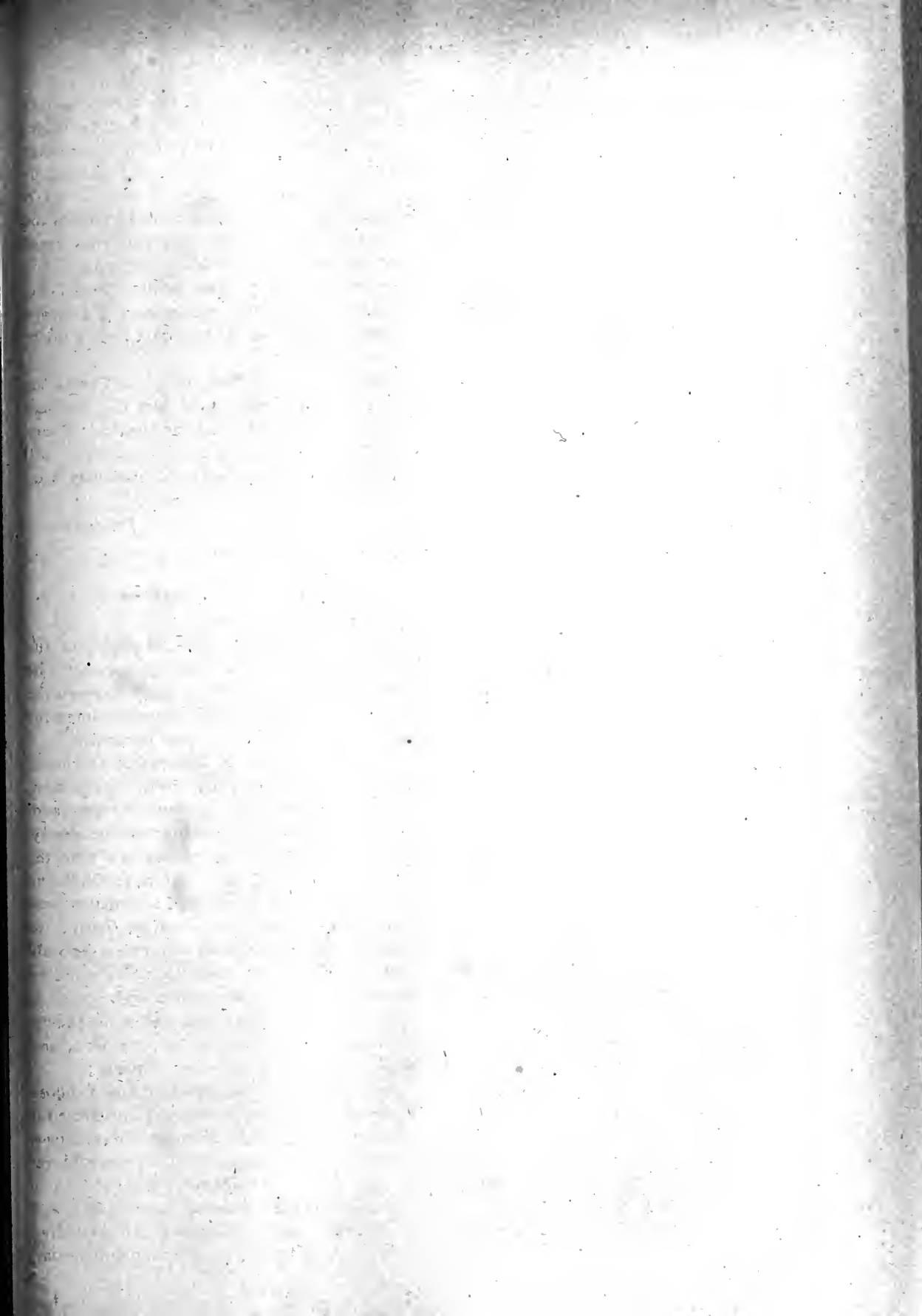
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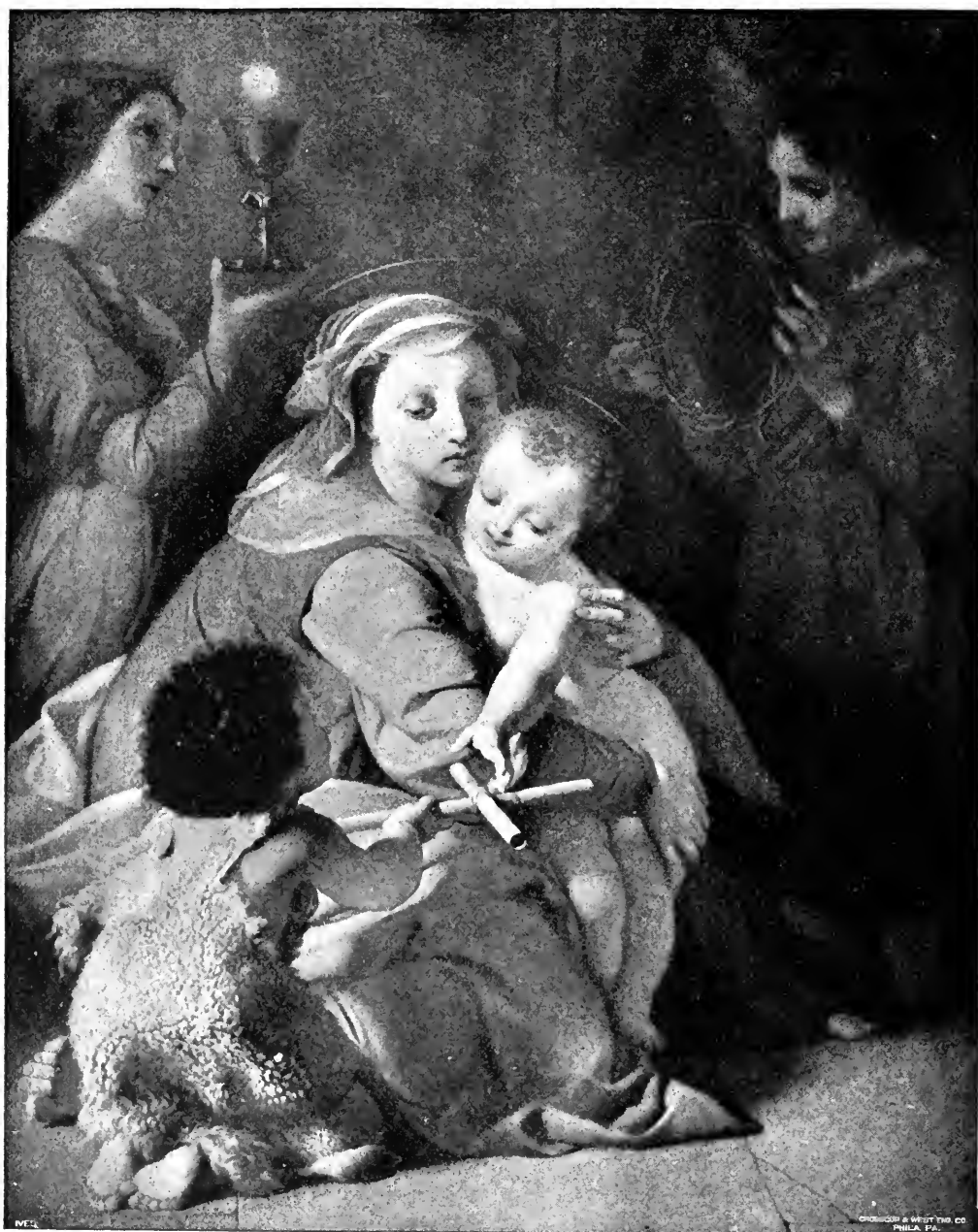
The Brave Paladins.

During the Middle Ages the people of the Italian republics were always at war with one another. It was during the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, those famous Florentine factions, that this little incident occurred.

It was the custom at that period to choose from the attacking party twelve brave men, known as the paladins, who went in advance, and, by their fearlessness in confronting the enemy, gave courage to the others. At this time the cavalry—whether on the Guelph or Ghibeline side is not recorded, and does not matter—was commanded by the brave Verdi de' Cerdri. He was already badly wounded, having been seriously injured in the leg by a sword thrust; but when the lot fell to him to say who those twelve paladins should be who were to march against the enemy, he cried: "I myself will be at their head; and next I choose my son, next my nephew."

And then he stopped, saying he would choose no more; for it would be so great a privilege for his soldiers to volunteer. And they did volunteer; for not nine but five hundred cavalry-men responded: "Take me! take me!" So he took them—every one of them, heading them himself; and instead of the usual twelve paladins, five hundred marched at the front of the army and won the day.





LE PRESENTIMENT DE LA VIERGE.

(C. Landelle)

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXXI.

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The Most Pure Heart of Mary.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

GARDEN of God, thorn-hedg'd and safe-en-
clos'd,
Whose virgin soil grows lilies, whiter far
Than ocean's foam or earth's unspotted snows,—
To-day thy golden portal stands ajar.
And pressing in, we breathe the airs of heaven,
And pace, at peace, thro' flowering paths apart,—
Mary, sweet Mother! love and praise be given
To thy pure Heart!

II.

Fountain of God! sealed in a desert land,
Yet free to all who seek thy saving streams,
The touch it was of an Almighty Hand
That woke thee from thy love-concentr'd dreams.
Behold! we come to lave us in thy tide,
To quench our thirst where thy clear waters dart;
Homage and trust we yield, O Virgin Bride!
To thy pure Heart!

The Dolors of Our Blessed Mother.

BEAUTIFULLY embalmed in Chris-
tian art comes the legend that John
the Baptist, while yet a child, made
and presented to his divine Playmate
a little wooden cross, the sight of which was the
prelude to Mary's dolors. This emphasizes the
truth that the Blessed Virgin merits the title
Queen of Martyrs. The words of Simeon, "And

thy own soul a sword shall pierce," were not
so much a prophecy as the statement of a fact
which she had long since realized. Her whole
life indeed may be considered one long martyr-
dom. Between Jesus and Mary there was the
most perfect resemblance possible; and just as
the Passion of the Saviour began in the crib to be
consummated only on Calvary, so the afflictions
of Mary began and ended with her life. Filled
from the first moment of her existence with the
gifts of understanding and knowledge, assiduous
at an early age in the reading of the holy books,
Mary certainly knew beforehand the details of
the cruel Passion to be undergone by the Re-
deemer; and everything tends to intimate that
the Holy Ghost gave her at the same time an
intimation of the tribulations that would fall to
her lot. After the incarnation of the Word in her
womb, she was united to God in a manner so
inexpressible,—she had so profound and so just
an understanding of that great mystery, so great
a light was thrown on the hidden meaning of the
prophecies,—that it is impossible to doubt that
the Passion of Jesus was constantly present to
her, with the thirty-three years of poverty, of
pains, and humiliations; and that she saw in
advance, at least in its chief outlines, her own
ecstasy of desolating woe.

From the instant that she became a mother,
Mary was the most afflicted of all who have ever
borne that sweetest name. Simeon's prophecy
in the Temple only corroborated the knowledge
she already possessed of the career of sacrifice
opening before her. "Henceforth," says Father
Faber, "every action became a suffering; every
source of joy, a fountain of bitterness. There was

no hiding-place in her soul whither the bitterness did not penetrate. Every look at Jesus, every movement that He made, every word He uttered, —all stirred, quickened, diffused, the bitterness that was in her. The very lapse of time itself was bitterness; for she saw Gethsemane and Calvary coming down the stream toward her."

Thus passing years, which usually prove a balm to afflicted souls, gave no solace to Our Lady. The more she viewed her sufferings, the more real they grew and the more terrible they appeared. For, as Jesus advanced in years, He became more beautiful and love-inspiring. As grew His beauty, grew Mary's affection; and with her affection, her anguish, her agony; because Jesus had become the light of her life, a seeming necessity to her very existence. Thus, in her, one cause of sorrow was added to another, one thought of love excited many thoughts of grief. As the rose grows among the thorns, so the Mother of God grew with the years; and as in proportion to the development of the rose the thorns attain strength and vigor, thus the more Mary, the cherished Rose of the Lord, advanced in years, the more did the thorns of her sorrows multiply and strengthen themselves to torment her.

From the consciousness of these truths, doubtless, arose the pious, and in some countries very ancient, practice of honoring by a particular festival the sorrows of the Mother of God. According to an old tradition, the devotion of Christians to Mary's dolors dates back to the time of the Evangelist St. John. The crusaders introduced the festival in the West, where, especially in France and Germany, it was celebrated with great solemnity during the week of the Passion, under the title of Our Lady of the Spasm, or of the Swoon. This feast was made universal by the Council of Cologne in 1423,—its title being changed to the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin, to emphasize the fact that she stood by the cross of her divine Son and suffered with Him, co-operating thus in the great work of our salvation.

This festival of the Compassion of Our Lady is celebrated on the Friday after Passion Sunday; but then the great sacrifice of our Blessed Lord too exclusively absorbs our penitential remembrance to allow our giving to His holy Mother that tribute of homage to which her share in the

Passion entitles her. Pope Pius VII., who, in his long and painful captivity, loved to seek consolation in the sufferings of the Mother of Sorrows, acquired so great a devotion to the afflicted Virgin that he established in her honor a second festival, to be celebrated annually on the third Sunday of September. Thus September has become the Month of the Seven Dolors; and our tear-dimmed eyes, which in Passion-tide could see only the central figure in Calvary's tableau, may now more easily turn from the dying Saviour to His martyred Mother, "standing at the foot of the cross." To enter fully into the spirit with which the Church would have us animated during this month, we should study the martyrdom of our desolate Mother: the more intimately we know her sorrows, the more confidently shall we honor and invoke the Queen of Martyrs.

"O all ye that pass by the way, look and see whether there be any sorrow equal to my sorrow!" With justice does the Church put into Mary's mouth these words of the prophet Jeremias; for all the torments endured by the martyrs were as nothing in comparison with the sufferings of the Mother of Jesus. She suffered far more in her soul than did any of them in their bodies. Most worthy is she to be styled Mother of Sorrows and Queen of Martyrs; for, as a saint has said, there were on Calvary two victims—Jesus' body and Mary's soul. All that the Son suffered in His body the Mother experienced in her soul; every wound inflicted on His sacred flesh found its counterpart in the heart of Mary.

Not only has there never been a martyr, however prolonged and complicated his tortures, whose sufferings equalled the Virgin's; but even the combined agonies of all the martyrs, with their varieties of intensity and duration, do not approach the agony of her compassion. Not that her body, says St. Bernard, received the executioners' strokes, but a sword of grief pierced her sacred heart. This martyrdom of grief is more terrible than that of the flesh; for the wounds of the soul are incomparably more agonizing than those of the body.

But even as regards bodily pain, Mary suffered more than did all the martyrs. The swords which pierced her soul affected all the nerves and fibres of her body. Never could she have borne the weight of so much anguish and lived, if the Spirit

of life and consolation had not sustained her. Her sorrow was so great, so profound and so comprehensive, that if all the spectators on Calvary could have participated in it, they would not have been able to resist its violence, but would instantly have died.

It is near the altar of the cross, exclaims Mgr. Pavy, that the Blessed Virgin spontaneously offers her bosom to the strokes of the sword predicted by Simeon. All the pains of the Son become those of the Mother. If the head of Jesus is crowned with thorns, the Immaculate Heart of Mary receives their sharpest points; if the hammer buries the nails in Jesus' hands and feet, Mary's soul feels the rebound of every blow; if gall and vinegar are given to Him to drink, Mary tastes all their bitterness; if Jesus is overwhelmed with insults and outrages, Mary realizes all their indignity; if His members are bruised and bloody, her very being is interiorly unstrung. Jesus will not descend from the cross when in cruel irony He is told to do so; nor does Mary leave that cross, though a cry of nature would seem to make it an imperious necessity. She drinks His chalice drop by drop, and succumbs not because she is fulfilling a mission of love.

In the case of other martyrs, the violence of their love mitigated their torments: the more they loved their divine Master, the less they felt the pains endured for His sake. But in Mary the excess of love was an excess of suffering; and her martyrdom was as great as her affection, which in truth was her only and inexorable executioner. She felt that the sight of her riven heart, unceasingly present before the eyes of Jesus, was more terrible to Him than the flagellation, the crowning with thorns, the buffets, and all the other tortures. The more vehement became her love, and the more willingly she bore her sufferings, the more deeply, too, did they penetrate the soul of Jesus. Mutual love intensified mutual anguish. Never shall we understand the extent or the depth of the bitterness of Mary's agony, for we shall never comprehend the vehemence of her love.

And why, it may be thought, did God treat in this manner an innocent Virgin, a Mother without stain, greeted by an angel as full of grace; a creature who in the plenitude of her grateful joy announced that all nations should call her

blessed? It was because to become associated with the glories of her Son, she had henceforth to associate herself with His sufferings. With one tear, one sigh, Jesus could have redeemed the world and satisfied the most rigorous justice of His Father; but in order to evince the force of His love, He condemns Himself to a life of sorrow. It is meet, then, that Mary should share this condition of the Redeemer. From His Mother's womb Jesus offers Himself for our redemption; on the day of her purification Mary is told that she must partake of the sacrifice. Already, according to another legend that painters love, the Child begins with His little hands to prepare the cross upon which, bruised and dying, He is to be covered with opprobrium; already the sword of grief begins to make itself felt in Mary's heart. It will not cease to lacerate that heart until on Calvary's heights it pierces it through and through.

And, again, why this hard condition imposed upon a heart so tender? Because, about to become, in the designs of God, the co-operatrix in the salvation of mankind, the Mother of the Saviour must needs take part in the Passion by which we have been saved. It was necessary not only that she should consent to the death of her divine Son, but that she should voluntarily participate in its sorrows and taste its bitterest dregs.

If we wish another reason for this rigorous conduct of God toward His Mother, we shall find it in the immensity of the love He bears her. Can love give anything better than itself? In Jesus all is suffering; the Child of Bethlehem, submissive to pain, entwines His Mother in the same chains of sorrow that bind Himself. It is, consequently, because His filial love was boundless that the violence of His Mother's martyrdom was extreme. Moreover, it is thus that God ever acts toward His friends. It may be said that His custom is to manifest His love by crosses. Reading the lives of the saints, we find that all have been men of sorrows.

Mary, who was to be Queen of heaven and earth, Queen of angels and all the saints, should also be Queen of martyrs. In the designs of Providence, it became necessary that she who was destined to surpass all other creatures in virtues and merits, in honor and glory, should reach these unequalled heights by unparalleled sufferings. To acquire a right to the triumph of the Assumption

the chalice of the Compassion had first to be drained. Finally, one of the titles of Our Lady is Consoler of the Afflicted. She must, then, know all afflictions; she must descend to the utmost depths of all human sorrows; as far as a pure creature can do so, she must measure them all, must experience them all, without excepting even the sorrow of sin to which we are subject, although she was exempt. She must know the full weight of our burdens, and the extent of the misery to which all are subject. This is why she drank to the very dregs the overflowing cup of bitterest woe.

Our life on earth is a succession of sorrows: everywhere and always we find our cross. If we are unwilling to carry it voluntarily up the pathway traced by Jesus and Mary, we must still drag it with us whithersoever we wander. In the midst of inevitable trials, the just wages of our sins, dare we complain of the rigor of divine justice while we contemplate an innocent Virgin crushed beneath the weight of her ineffable dolors? May the constancy and firmness that appear in her inspire us with courage to bear patiently and with resignation all the tribulations that mark our earthly pilgrimage! And our cross will grow lighter as we reflect that there is in heaven a compassionate Mother ever ready to help the Christian and console the afflicted, who in their misfortune turn their gaze and raise their voices to the Queen of Martyrs.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

MIRIAM was right; but there was to be no such short, sharp ending of her romance for Carmela. Señor Echeveria was very doubtful of the answer to be given to Lestrangle's proposal, but he naturally left the decision to his wife; and she, touched by the remembrance of her own young romance, and dazzled by what she conceived to be the position and prospects of the suitor, finally gave her consent,—subject to the condition that she be assured of the consent of Lestrangle's parents, both of whom were living.

"That is not considered necessary in our coun-

try," he remarked; "but you shall be gratified as soon as possible. My parents are not likely to refuse their consent to anything that is for my happiness."

"It is necessary that I should be assured on this point," Señora Echeveria explained; "because you are not going to live in Mexico, like Carmela's father. No one thought of asking the consent of his family, as they were so far away, and he made himself one of us. But you—if you take the poor child to your country, she will be in the midst of strangers, and it will be sad if they are not also friends."

"No one could see Carmela without becoming her friend," he replied, enthusiastically. "Do not fear that she will not win everyone by one glance of her eyes."

"Then," continued the Señora, "there is the difference of religion. If it were possible for you to become a Catholic—"

The young man shook his head decidedly. "That is quite impossible," he said. "You must be satisfied with my promise never to interfere with Carmela's religion. I admire it in her, but that I should embrace it is out of the question."

"I do not know what Padre Agostino will say," murmured the Señora, dubiously.

"Does it matter what he says?" inquired the suitor, rather haughtily. "You surely will not allow him to dictate what you shall do with regard to your own daughter? That would be priestly tyranny, indeed."

"You do not understand," said Señora Echeveria, with dignity. "Our priests are not only our spiritual advisers, but our best and most intimate friends. Padre Agostino has been Carmela's director since her childhood; no one feels a deeper interest in her, and no one has a better right to speak about anything which concerns her, especially anything so important and so opposed to our ideas as marriage with one of another faith."

"And if Padre Agostino opposes such a marriage, am I to understand that you will reconsider your consent?" asked Lestrangle, who felt all his inherited Protestantism stirring in him at this moment.

It was a difficult question for Señora Echeveria to answer. She hesitated slightly, and then said: "I have given my consent on certain conditions, Señor; and I shall hope that you on your part

will do all that is possible to reconcile our spiritual authorities to such a marriage."

"I will do anything short of promising to become a Catholic myself," he replied, eagerly.

But after he was gone the Señora began to consider within herself that perhaps she had been rash in giving even the modified consent which had been drawn from her, without first consulting Padre Agostino. On the principle of repairing a fault without delay, she therefore flung her black mantle over her head and went forth at once to seek him.

Padre Agostino knew human nature and the general course of human events too well to be surprised at the tale which she had to tell. He listened gravely, but with a look of regret and concern in his dark eyes.

"I think," he said finally, "since you wish me to speak frankly, that it is a terrible thing you have agreed to do—to give your daughter to a stranger of whom you know nothing save that he is a man utterly without Christian faith."

"Not without *Christian* faith!" demurred Señora Echeveria; "though he is not a Catholic."

The Father made a gesture which signified that the distinction was unimportant. "He is not even a Christian in the sense in which you use the term," he said. "Many things come to my ears. Among them I have heard that Señor Lestrangle advocates a refined infidelity, which, by treating the Christian faith as a beautiful myth that human reason has outgrown, is more dangerous than the violent atheism with which we are familiar."

"I did not know that," answered the Señora, much shocked. "He has always seemed so liberal and so full of admiration for everything Catholic, that I liked him better and trusted him more because he acknowledged that he had no faith in Protestantism."

"Unfortunately, he has no faith in anything except human reason," said the priest. "He will no doubt utter many fine sentiments, and honestly mean them; but the fact remains that there is no foundation to build upon in a man who has no divine faith. At least I should be sorry to put into his hands the happiness of one dear to me, and, far more than that, the power to weaken and perhaps destroy her faith."

"But what am I to do, Father?" asked the

poor lady, who wished now most heartily that she had sought counsel before committing herself. "Carmela loves him, and I—I have promised to let her marry him."

"Carmela is young and foolish, but she is too good a child not to submit to your wishes in this matter," said the Father. "It is you who are to blame for promising without consideration to give your daughter to this man. Is it possible that you have made no conditions with him?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "I have made the condition of his parents' consent, and that he shall never interfere with Carmela's religion."

Padre Agostino shrugged his shoulders. "The last amounts to nothing," he said. "His interference with Carmela's religion will be of too subtle a character to be guarded against. And you forget that there may be other souls besides hers to be considered. How will you guard a man's children from the effects of his unbelief?"

"There are promises which he must make," observed the Señora, weakly.

"What promises will bind a man who acknowledges no power from which such promises derive force? He will break them if it pleases him; and should indifference or a sense of honor induce him to keep them, the influence of his example and the associations of his life must have none the less effect upon young minds and hearts."

"*Madre de Dios*," said the Señora, in a whisper to herself, "what have I done! I see that I have acted like a fool, Father," she added aloud. "Only tell me now what I can do. It will go hard with me to break my poor Carmela's heart, but if it must be done to save her soul—"

"We will not break Carmela's heart," replied the priest, with a grave, sweet smile. "Send her to me, and I promise you that she will do all that you ask. What you must ask is this: that she will go away from Guadalajara for the present, and see no more of this young man until you are satisfied whether it is well for her to marry him. The fact that you have demanded the consent of his parents will give you a good reason for asking this separation. Until you have that, it is certainly not well that Carmela should be indulging a sentiment destined perhaps to disappointment."

"Señor Lestrangle says that he is perfectly certain of the consent of his parents," remarked Señora Echeveria, in a despondent tone.

"Nothing is certain until it is accomplished," the good priest replied. "You can not risk your daughter's happiness on such an assertion. You must send her away for the present. The question is, where?"

"That is easily answered," said the Señora, more cheerfully; for she felt that to send Carmela away at present would be the greatest possible relief. "She has long been promising a visit to her Aunt Gonzalez. She shall go at once. It is, you know, near Etzatlau that my sister lives. That is far enough away?"

"It will do," returned the Father. "And now that this point is settled, go, my friend, and send Carmela to me."

A little later his heart was touched by Carmela's aspect when she appeared. Beautiful as she had been before, it was the beauty of an unawakened nature; but now, under the powerful influence of the passion that had wrought its spell upon her, she seemed transformed. The liquid eyes were radiant with a new light, the tender lips had gained a joyous curve, and there was that pervading yet indefinable change which only great emotion can produce, and which is seen in its extremest form in organizations sensitive alike to pleasure and to pain.

"She will not look like this when she has heard what I have to say to her," thought the priest, with a pang of pity. But he knew the temper of the soul which he had to deal with; and so, with the calmness of the surgeon who wounds to heal, he spoke.

"My child," he said gently, "I am sorry to hear the news which your mother has brought me. I did not think that you would be so carried away by the influence of feeling as to promise, without consideration or condition, to marry a man who has no Christian faith."

Something of a look of penitence crept into Carmela's eyes as she lifted them to his face, but not enough to dim the radiance of her happiness.

"It was wrong," she said, in a low voice. "I know that. But he is very good, though, unhappily, he has not a faith like ours. I am sure of that, Father. And I—I love him very much. So I did not think of consideration or delay before telling him so."

"That would have been natural enough in another," the Father went on; "but in you I

expected more thought of what might be pleasing to God, rather than such prompt yielding to human passion. Do not misunderstand me, my child. It is a natural emotion of the heart, which God blesses when it is in accordance with His will and His laws; but Christian people, before giving themselves up to its dominion, strive to learn what is His will."

Her glance sank under what she felt to be a well-deserved rebuke. There was a moment's pause, and then she said slowly: "Surely it is not too late to do that now."

"It is certainly not too late," was the reply. "But if this proposed marriage should prove to be *not* according to God's will, are you able to resign it?"

The knife went deep then. The dark eyes sprang wide open with a startled look of absolute agony. It was this look which the priest answered.

"We can not deceive God," he said, impressively. "Remember that. To seek to know His will, and be fixed meanwhile in the determination to follow our own, is nothing but a mockery. Many people deceive themselves in this manner; but I do not wish you to do so. Therefore I put the possible result plainly before you. It is useless to seek to know His will unless we are prepared to follow it when it is made known. Are you prepared? Are you ready to resign your heart's wish if God demands it of you?"

"How can I say?" she answered, with a gasp. "I have often thought that I would take nothing which I was not sure was according to God's will; but now—O Father, now I am not sure! When you put it so plainly, I see that I am not ready to resign what has become my life. I would far rather die!"

"There are many times in life when we would rather die than make a painful sacrifice," said the Father, calmly; "but in such cases death is not what God asks of us. My child, passion has taken too strong hold upon you, and on such passion God's blessing can not rest. There is but one remedy. Ask of Him the strength to bend your will to His. It may be that He will not demand this sacrifice of you; but I warn you that unless you are prepared to make it if necessary, there is no good in seeking to know His will. Better at once follow the dictates of undisciplined human passion."

The penetrating voice sank deep into Carmela's heart, and seemed for the moment to still the passion of which he spoke. With that voice were associated all the deep, spiritual feeling, and all the high spiritual aspirations of her life. Heretofore she had followed eagerly where its counsels led; but now, for the first time, nature drew back. Noble was the height toward which the well-known accents invited her; but so steep and terrible the road thither that the soul, in the thralldom of love's enchantment, shrank shuddering before it. Yet even in this moment the higher nature responded in some sort to the call made upon it.

"I do not wish to do that," she said, in a low, broken voice. "I wish to know God's will and to follow it—if I can. Pity me, Father; for I am so weak that I dare not absolutely say that I will."

"God will enable you to do it if there be need," said the gentle yet commanding tones. "Have no fear of that. Go to Him with the confidence of a child; ask Him to make His will clear to you, and to give you the strength to follow it. You will do this?"

"Yes," she answered. "All that you say I will do as well as I am able."

"Then, as a proof that you mean what you have said to Him, submit at once and without a murmur to your mother's wishes. She will ask of you to go away until it is made plain whether or not this marriage is for your best interests. You will do this also?"

"I shall have no alternative," she replied, with paling lips—for this was her first intimation of the separation from her lover which impended over her.

"I did not mean that you had any alternative save obedience," said Padre Agostino; "but there is a wide difference in the manner of obedience. I am speaking of the spirit in which you may accept what I know to be painful to you. I ask you to accept it by a voluntary act of the will, submitting not only to your mother's wishes, but to whatever God may ordain for you in this matter. Are you able to do this?"

There was a short silence and a sharp struggle before she could answer, with tears that would not be restrained:

"I will try to do so."

(To be continued.)

Oxford Revisited.

THESE unpublished lines, by a distinguished Catholic author, were written in 1880, to commemorate the visit paid by Cardinal Newman to Oxford on the occasion of his being elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College; at which time he preached in St. Gregory's Catholic Church. They were presented to him soon after that memorable visit, and greatly pleased him. The author has sent them for publication to the London *Spectator* and THE "AVE MARIA."]

THE PAST.

"Calm days in cloistral shades, whose very air
Is fragrant with the thoughts of ancient times,
Where from old towers fall continuous chimes,
Breaking the silence with a call to prayer,—
Such days be mine; 'mid these grey walls that wear
Their tangled tapestry of purple bloom,*
Grant me a blameless life and quiet tomb."

'Twas so he dreamed; but ruthless hands will tear
The clinging tendrils from their buttressed home;
Youth's dreams are fled; and Duty's dread command

Breaks up his life with all it hoped and planned,
And drives him on an unknown shore to roam;
Yet sure a "kindly light" and guiding hand
Will lead him safely to a better Land.

THE PRESENT.

Then hushed for years those slumbering echoes
lay,

Which once resounded to a voice that spoke
To listening crowds, within whose hearts awoke
New life, new sense,—wielding a magic sway,
Whose perfumed memory will not pass away.
The years roll on, and he returns once more,
And those grey walls reopen wide their door.
Past farewells blend with welcomes of to-day,
And the old tones re-echo as of yore.
But not as in old times it is with him,
Whose eyes to-day with loving tears are dim:
A joy is in his heart unknown before,—

* I took leave of my first College Trinity, which was always so dear to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my rooms, and for years I had taken it as an emblem of my own perpetual residence in my University.—*"Apologia," p. 369.*

No sad regrets those crowning glories stain,
For Life and Death his "loss has turned to gain."

THE FUTURE.

The past is past; the longest day must end,
But not in storm; the sunset hour draws near.
A gracious wind hath swept the horizon clear,
Or only left the airy clouds that lend
A tenderer grace, where all the roses blend.
Glory to God in the highest, One in Three!
O blessed Faith! O glorious Trinity!
E'en to the last Thy splendors dost Thou send,
Gilding the mountain top, the heaving sea,
The sunset clouds, the vast immensity.
Thine was the light on which from boyhood's days
Those eyes have loved to fix their wondering gaze.
It led him on through paths he could not see;
Past, Present, Future,—all he finds in Thee.
Shine on, sweet Light, through all eternity!

A. T. D.

A Lover of the Lowly.

I.

"I AM not a preacher in the sense usually given to this term. The stations of Advent and Lent are beyond my reach; but I am quite at home among the people—among the workingmen when they meet in the evening."

Such was the description which Father Milleriot gave of himself on a certain occasion. The "Ravignan of the workingmen," the title by which he was justly and oftenest known, was his proudest distinction. All his life was devoted to the spiritual and material welfare of the poor. He gave them everything—time, strength, heart, and, above all, an eloquence at once quaint and winning, homely and persuasive.

"How happy," says M. Alexis Franck, from whose charming and sympathetic account of the Ravignan of the workingmen we borrow the substance of this sketch,—*"how happy he was among his humble audience! There indeed you saw a father surrounded by his children."* "Oh, it is useless trying to resist him!" exclaimed a workman. "He makes the light enter your soul in spite of yourself." The conversion of sinners was his one aim in life; and the greater the rascal, the better he was pleased, since, as he declared, the rejoicing in heaven would only

be the greater. His whole life was a history of returns to God, marriages blessed, children legitimized, families reconciled, and desperate men rescued from despair.

Father Milleriot's marvellous success was due to two great forces that supplemented his natural gifts: unceasing self-devotion and an accent of irresistible conviction. As a consequence, men of the most hostile dispositions and most perverted natures venerated him as a saint. There was something divine about him, that took hold of people and brought them at once to subjection. No one could come into his presence without feeling the magnetic touch of his all-embracing love. And, then, he was so entirely at the command of the weak and suffering and abandoned!

One day, as he was leaving St. Sulpice, he met a little boy about twelve years old, leaning against the iron railings of the Luxemburg, and carrying on his back an enormous block of ice, weighing at least sixty pounds. The sweat stood in beads on the poor child's forehead, and he was clearly sinking from exhaustion. "My little friend," said the Father to him, "where are you carrying that heavy piece of ice?"—"To the other side of Paris."—"That is impossible, my child. Why, you are falling under the burden!"—"It must be done, though. If I don't go to the end of the journey, my master will send me away, and my mother will beat me. I have had a rupture from carrying heavy loads; but, all the same, I have to bear it." Moved with compassion, Father Milleriot summoned a porter, and paid him for conveying the ice to its destination. He had all the trouble in the world, however, in getting the poor child to agree to his proposal. But when he received a few small pieces of silver for pocket-money, he followed the porter with quickened pace and joyous countenance. "I hope," said the Father, when relating the incident, "that this child will remember that a priest was once kind to him; and this remembrance will perhaps one day bring him good luck."

But, indeed, this was only one of a thousand similar examples of his loving tenderness for the poor gamins of Paris.

II.

The birth of Louis Etienne Milleriot, on the 11th of January, 1800, occurred at a moment when better days were dawning for the Church

of France, and when the sacred edifices, so long desecrated, were once more opened for public worship. His parents had experienced many reverses of fortune during the sad days of revolution and impiety, and his youth was therefore spent in that rough school of trial and poverty which tempers and chastens strong souls. His father, a man of much strictness and severity, was a firm believer in the purifying influence of the rod; and young Louis was hardly three years old when he suffered severely for repeating a blasphemous phrase that had happened to strike his fancy. "What is that you're saying, sir?" cried the father. "Come here!" The child was terrified at the tone of these words, and felt 'as if he were dead.' But his stern parent soon made him *feel* that he was very much alive indeed.

Father Milleriot, in a little work entitled "Souvenirs d'un Vieux," has himself noted the principal facts of his life. After showing how the gentle influence of his mother opened his soul to the inspirations of grace, he tells us that on the eve of his First Communion this excellent woman said to him: "My love, on the occasion of this beautiful festival, beg of God to show you your vocation." And on the evening after, "Louis," she asked, "did you think of my advice?"—"Yes, mamma."—"Well, then, what do you wish to be?"—"I wish to be a priest." This resolution was irrevocable, never after to be shaken by the least doubt or hesitation.

When he was thirteen his parents came to Paris, where he received his first training from the Abbé Garnier, of St. Valère. He studied with such ardor, never taking any recreation, that at the close of a year he was able to translate the principal authors, and wrote and spoke Latin with ease.

Resolved at every sacrifice to second the designs which Providence had on their son, his parents sent him to finish his studies at Notre Dame des Champs, a college founded in 1804 by Abbé Liautard. It received the name of the College of St. Stanislaus later from Louis XVIII., and in a few years reached such development that it had to be divided into three departments: the little college, the college properly so called, and the Seminary of Notre Dame des Champs.

During all his life Father Milleriot showed the utmost tenderness and solicitude for his family;

and the feeling he cherished for his teachers and superiors was equally affectionate and unchangeable. The latter responded by granting him their full esteem and confidence. When Abbé Liautard sent Louis Milleriot as professor to M. Rollin, superior of the little seminary of Châlons-sur-Marne, he wrote of his *protégé*: "He is a man who never lied."

After a residence of two or three years at Châlons he went to take a similar position in the little seminary at Rheims, but returned to Paris in 1828, to the College of St. Stanislaus, where the Abbé Augé, who had once sat on the same bench with Robespierre in the College of Louis-le-Grand, was now superior. Here he had the direction of the lower classes. In this position he made himself at once loved and feared, and gained the name of "the man of iron," so firmly did he adhere to the strict observance of rule. In this he followed the bent of his nature, in which order was an essential element. The first to rise and the last to retire, he was present at every exercise. A word, a glance from him was sufficient to restore order. No one ventured to resist, or even to discuss, his commands. The authority which he had so firmly established rested, however, less on excessive severity than on certain habits of discipline, to which he knew how to bend the minds of his pupils; for he showed more than once, and in a very touching manner, that he was moved by a tenderness and sympathy for them, of which they could hardly believe him capable from his previous rigor.

In 1844 he was transferred to the college as prefect of discipline. Here, among the senior students, his vigilance increased still more. It was impossible to escape his watchful supervision: he appeared to be everywhere. He mingled freely in the sports of the students, sometimes playing a game of ball with the professor of history, Theodore Burette; then it was a gala day in the yard, the students criticising and applauding the hits with enthusiasm. We are told—and it is, perhaps, an evidence of the masterful nature of the man—that he showed anything but satisfaction when he found himself on the losing side.

Still, Father Milleriot led a life of monastic austerity, seeking all sorts of privations, such as that of fire during winter. He was already accustomed to meditate on the great truths of our

last end, which he was to preach later on with so much energy. However, at this period, he was satisfied with explaining the catechism or Gospel; and when he was asked, on one occasion, "Why don't you preach?" he replied, "I will not do so until I am forty years old. It is not too long to prepare."

He remained about five or six years at the college as prefect of discipline. In consequence of some difficulties that arose, his government appeared almost too arbitrary. Abbé Augé deemed it advisable to send him back to the little college, and he returned to his first position with humble simplicity.

But for more than twenty years he had aspired to the religious life. A thousand obstacles had delayed the fulfilment of his intention, when a circumstance quite accidental smoothed the way for him. He went to see a Father of the Society of Jesus, with the object of consulting him on some changes he was about making in the discipline of the college. "I had risen to bid him good-bye," he relates, "when suddenly I mentioned to him my earnest desire to enter the Society. The Father listened attentively, approved of my resolution, and promised to speak to the Father Provincial. 'But,' said I, 'the superior of St. Stanislaus' College thinks I have too strong a will to be a Jesuit. As to myself, I want to have this will of mine crushed after entering the Society. What do you think?'—'I think,' he answered, 'that men shaped like you are the kind we want.' A few days afterward Father Guidée, the Provincial, heard me and put some questions. He then inscribed my name on the register, and directed me to enter the novitiate of St. Acheul as soon as vacation commenced. 'But you do not know me, Reverend Father.'—'I admit you.' And all was said."

On the 10th of September, 1841, he bade farewell to St. Stanislaus' College, and set out for St. Acheul. "On the way," he writes, "I suddenly felt a violent pain in the left eye. Was it a blast of air? Was it a blast from the devil? Be that as it may, I entered and presented myself in woful plight to Father Rubillon, with tears in my eyes. He questioned me and asked among other things: 'Is your health good?'—'Magnificent.'—'Are you sometimes sick?'—'Every twenty-five years.'—'Can you bear fasting easily?'—'I never break-

fast; but if you order me to breakfast every day, I shall do so.' The Father was pleased with this answer, as I have learned since.

"But the ardent devotion I used to feel was cut away from me as if by a razor, just a few moments before my entrance into St. Acheul. From that minute to the present time I have remained dry and arid. Doubtless much of this is my own fault, else I would not complain of it. Before my novitiate I often experienced a certain ardor in my love for God. One day I said to the Father Master, after I had been some time in the novitiate: 'I am no longer the same as I used to be: I used to have years of ardent devotion.' He answered in words that I have never forgotten: 'Years of ardent devotion, they are precious undoubtedly; years of sacrifice, they are more precious a thousand times.'"

(To be continued.)

John Henry Cardinal Newman.

BY W. P. M.

TO Catholics the world over the announcement of Cardinal Newman's death has caused the deepest grief. Not that it was wholly unexpected, for his years have been many and his labor much. Only the other day he sent his blessing to the conference of the Young Men's Society which was sitting at Glasgow. Full of rest and peace and love he has passed away. The pride and boast of English Catholics is now no more. On Monday evening, August 11, at nine o'clock, he quietly slept his last, long sleep. The venerable Cardinal was in his ninetieth year. An acute attack of pneumonia, combined with his extreme age and enfeebled vitality, was the immediate cause of death.

It is more than eighteen months since the eloquent voice of the late Cardinal was heard in the pulpit, the last time he preached being on the 1st of January, 1889, on the occasion of the Holy Father's Sacerdotal Jubilee.

At an early age Newman manifested a leaning toward theological study. The works of Tom Paine and Hume he had read, and read eagerly, before he was fifteen. Some of those writers who

love to tell the life of the Cardinal say that it was his *penchant* for controversy that induced this early acquaintance with infidel writers. His student life was singularly brilliant, successful, and peaceful. As an Anglican minister, however, his life was one of unrest. It is a singular thing that he who was looked up to by Anglicans as the coming man ranged himself on the side of Catholic emancipation. And yet one can not help wondering, as one views the life of this great man, and recalls the various incidents that go to make it up, that he hesitated so long before he finally decided to embrace the true Faith.

During his stay in the Anglican communion John Henry Newman earned for himself, both as a preacher and as a writer, a reputation that has not been equalled in the nineteenth century. The story of his doubts and differences, and of the Tractarian Movement, is so well known that it need not here be recapitulated. Suffice it to say that twenty-one years after he had been ordained an Anglican minister he was received into the Church by Father Dominic, of the Passionist community. He has left it on record that prior to this happy event misgivings were constantly seizing him. Close observers of his life were not surprised when he had taken the step that made him henceforth a member of the one true Church, and one of her most brilliant and distinguished ornaments.

On the 9th of October, 1845, he was received into the Catholic Church; and Cardinal Wiseman, who was then President of St. Mary's College, Oscott, invited him to that place. He was as yet undecided as to what calling he would adopt, but he did not long remain thus. He had ever been a great admirer of St. Philip Neri, and he placed himself under Father Rossi, of the Oratory, and passed through his novitiate, which had been shortened by special dispensation. He was subsequently ordained priest by Cardinal Franzoni. We next find him taking up his quarters at Maryvale, near Oscott, as superior of the first Congregation of Oratorians. From this place he proceeded to Dublin, where for nearly five years he was rector of the Catholic University. But he does not seem to have had that liking for the work which his great abilities would have suggested; for he afterward returned to Birmingham, where the two communities of

Oratorians had been united, and where he resided until his death.

Whilst at the Oratory in Birmingham he employed his pen unceasingly, besides engaging in mission and parochial work; and on one occasion, when the cholera raged at a place called Bilston, he joined the local priests and remained until the fell disease had passed away. His life, apart from his writings, may be considered a very uneventful one.

It was during this time—the year 1864—that Dr. Newman wrote his most famous book, “*Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*,” in reply to an attack by one Rev. Charles Kingsley, who in a magazine article had said that “truth for its own sake need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue with the Catholic clergy.” In the correspondence which followed, and in which Dr. Newman completely silenced his opponent, the latter said of the former: “No doubt he had a human reason once, but had gambled it away.” It was this attack that called forth his famous work. He had longed to remove the belief which existed in the mind of some, that while he had been a member of the Anglican Church he had not acted with uprightness. His “*Apologia*” accomplished its purpose, and more; for it ranks to-day as one of the most brilliant works ever conceived by the mind and penned by the hand of man. Of the original preface to the work, Protestant writers have said that it was one of those controversial efforts which rank with the “*Provincial Letters*” of Pascal, and leave no more to be said. The gift of irony, in which Dr. Newman excelled all his contemporaries, had full scope in this work; and by one eminent writer it was described as deadly. Mr. Kingsley retired from the controversy a sadder but a wiser man.

Thirteen years later Dr. Newman engaged in another controversy, this time with no less famous a controversialist than Mr. Gladstone; and if he—the sleeping lion—tore his former opponent limb from limb, he dealt not less mercilessly with the ex-Premier of England, who had asserted in a pamphlet that it was impossible for consistent Roman Catholics to be loyal subjects. The castigation he administered to Mr. Gladstone, in the form of a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, will long be remembered as one of the most crushing rebukes ever written.

In 1879 our Holy Father Leo XIII. raised Dr. Newman to the dignity of a Prince of the Church. This recognition of the worth of the distinguished churchman and writer gave great joy to Catholics all over the world, but especially to those of England. Nor were his Protestant friends backward in their congratulations; for, despite the fact that he left them to join a Church which they do not love, they never failed to remember that he was a great and good Englishman.

His career after his return from Rome was a very peaceful one, and of recent years he led the life of a recluse. Probably his last utterance of general interest was the few words he addressed to the Catholic Truth Society, which met recently at Birmingham, when amongst other things he said:

"I thank you for your affection; it is the affection of great souls. You are not common people. I would say a great deal, but I will only pray that God may sustain and put His confirmation upon what you do. I give you every good wish. Your Society is one which makes us feel the sadness of the days through which we have passed, when the Church of Christ wanted the assistance of publications which Protestants possessed in such abundance. I envied both much of the matter and the intention of those publications. It is a cruel thing that our faith has been debarred from the possibility of lively action. But it was no fault of Catholics: they have been so pressed and distracted from the formation of any policy, that the Church has had to depend on only a few heads and the management of a few. This has been the cause of the absence of interest and popularity in the matter of such publications among Catholics. But now there is no reason why we should not have the power which has before this been in the hands of Protestants, whose zeal, however, I have always admired.

"But the reward is at hand for us, and we must thank God for giving to us such a hope. I may say of myself that I have had much sorrow that the hopes and prospects of the Church have shown so little signs of brightening. There has been, there is now, a great opposition against the Church. But this time and this day are the beginnings of its revelation. I have had despondency, but the hour has come when we may make good and practical use of the privileges which

God has given us. We must thank God and ask for His best blessing and mercy. May He sustain you! God is not wanting if we are ready to the work. For me—I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and your work. God bless you!"

Of Cardinal Newman as a writer much might be said. His ready pen was seldom laid aside. He possessed unrivalled powers of logic and irony, which, however, did not eclipse his tenderness. Some critics say that his great literary characteristics, which place him head and shoulders above the very first of English authors—his force, his fancy, his oratorical rush—are not to be looked for in "The History of the Arians," "Parochial Sermons" (a singularly fascinating work), or in the "Essay on Development," written whilst he belonged to the Anglican communion; but in the books he has written since his mind swung at ease in the Catholic Church. The most famous of these latter writings are his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England" (1851), "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" (1850), three books on "University Teaching" (1852-1856-1859), "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" (1850), "Discussions and Arguments" (1872).

"The contrast between the Anglican and the Catholic writer is enormous. It is like the meeting of great waters. The one restrained, at times uneasy, eminently unpopular, remote from the trodden paths of feeling; the other, exuberant though never redundant; triumphant sometimes almost to the pitch of boisterousness, sweeps along, marshalling his forces, polishing his epigrams, and making his appeals, no longer to the scholar and theologian and prim church-goer, but to the man in the street—the rank and file of humanity."

The one quality that manifests itself on reading his works is his splendid fancy, in the employment of which he shows himself a thorough artist. In addition to this his writings are full of life and movement, warm coloring and glow. Take, for example, the following extract from his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations":

"You think it the sign of a gentleman to set yourselves above religion, to criticise the religious and professors of religion; to look at Catholic and Methodist with impartial contempt; to gain a smattering of knowledge on a number of sub-

jects; to dip into a number of frivolous publications, if they are popular; to have read the latest novel; to have heard the singer and seen the actor of the day; to be up to the news; to know the names, and if so be the persons, of public men; to be able to bow to them; to walk up and down the street with your heads on high, and to stare at whatever meets you; and to say and do worse things, of which these outward extravagances are but the symbol. And this is what you conceive you have come upon earth for! The Creator made you, it seems, my children, for this work and office: to be a bad imitation of polished ungodliness, to be a piece of tawdry and faded finery, or a scent which has lost its freshness and does but offend the sense."

The one great dread of the Cardinal's life was the progress of atheism. To save men from it seemed to be his mission here on earth. He was earnestly opposed to liberalism in religion, which he said "was the admission, in other words, that we had no certain test whereby to tell the true from the false; that everybody was to think as he liked, and that the principle of authority had no place 'between a man and his conscience.'"

In his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, in which he replied to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the "Infallibility of the Pope," the following brilliant passage occurs: "This at least is how I read the doctrine of Protestants as well as of Catholics. The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor state convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him who both in nature and in grace speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas; and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway."

Cardinal Newman prayed incessantly for the restoration of the ancient faith in England. In his rooms at the Oratory at Birmingham hung a view of Oxford, on the margin of which he had written: "*Fili hominis putasne vivent ossa ista?*"

Domine Deus, tu nosti." On one occasion he explained at some length what it was that he meant by the conversion of England, and what Roman Catholics should have in view when they prayed for that consummation. He quoted Johnson's lines, which he called "noble":

"For good still raise the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice."

Many tears have been shed over Cardinal Newman's grave, for he was greatly loved. His attainments as a scholar, a theologian, a man of letters, a master of English style, were splendid and conspicuous. But his elevation of character won for him as much reverence as the range and fertility of his mind. May he rest in peace!

A Memory of Pius IX.

ONE fine morning in October, 1863, writes Viscount Oscar de Poli, I was traversing the Court of St. Damasus in the palace of the Vatican. A colossal bust of Titus that caught my glance suggested the thought that I was happier than the son of Vespasian, since I had not lost my day. In fact, I had just succeeded in obtaining, for an old employee of the pontifical court, a letter of recommendation to Cardinal Silvestri, minister of graces and pensions.

To explain the misunderstanding about to be mentioned, I should state that I was returning from an audience with his Majesty, the King of the Two Sicilies; and hence was tricked out with my papal and Neapolitan decorations and the badge of the Spanish Order of Charles III.

Rapidly descending the magnificent marble staircase which Pius IX. had recently caused to be built by the architect Martinucci—a noble work, easily recalled by all who have been pilgrims to the Eternal City,—I returned the salute which the sight of my crosses elicited from the Swiss Guard, and soon stood in the piazza of St. Peter.

Looking around for the *legno* who had brought me from the Farnese to the Vatican, my attention was drawn to a group of French soldiers, who, with their gaze fixed on me, were chatting in a low voice, but with considerable gesticulation. They were all young fellows, still in the twenties,

with the exception of one, whose grizzled mustache, and coat-sleeve adorned with three woolen chevrons, bespoke a typical veteran,—one of those hardy old “grumblers,” grown grey in the harness;—a class which, by the way, of late years has entirely disappeared.

“I’m going to talk to *him*,” said a gruff voice in the group; “and we’ll see if it won’t work.”

“But you don’t know half a dozen words of Italian,” objected one of the number.

The old veteran, visibly offended at this slight to his linguistic ability, replied only by shrugging his shoulders. He then came quickly up, and, giving me the military salute, furnished me with a specimen of his Italian.

Between ourselves, my interlocutor impressed me as being the same French soldier who, unable to make himself understood by a Roman butcher, exclaimed with hearty disdain: “What! Here we’ve been fourteen years in Rome, and you have not been able to learn French *yet!*” If not he, this was surely his brother. Good heavens! what a language—a salmagundi of barbarous French, Basque, and Arabian, with the merest flavor of murdered Italian,—a veritable reproduction of the cacophony of Babel!

I was seized with a violent inclination to burst out laughing, and restrained myself with difficulty. I made the effort, however, because I thought I detected in the course of this jargon a touching appeal.

“Monsignor,” he began again.

“But,” said I in French, “I have not the honor of being a monsignor. I am only an old soldier of the Holy Father,—a common soldier like yourself; and, like yourself, I am a Frenchman.”

“Ah, good!” exclaimed the man, joyously, at the same time making vigorous signs to his comrades to approach.

They strode forward like one man, and thirteen visages expanded with relief as he rolled out the phrase: “He’s a Fr-r-enchman!”

“In that case, monsieur,” said the orator of the company, “here is the affair. My comrades and I have our leave, but before going home we are anxious to see the Pope. You understand, the good old mother will feel bad if one has to tell her that he left Rome without visiting the Holy Father. Now, the Swiss have just presented arms to you, consequently you are *somebody* in

the house; and all you have to do is to say to the Pope: ‘There are fourteen French troopers down-stairs who don’t wish to go away without saluting your Holiness, for the sake of their old mothers.’ The Pope will surely answer: ‘Bring up Chapizot and his comrades!’ Chapizot (Jean-Marie), three furloughs, fifteen campaigns, Africa and Rome, two wounds, three punishments in twenty years and seven months, proposed for the military medal. There you are, monsieur!”

Could you have kept your countenance, reader? I kept mine, however, for my laughter might have wounded the feelings of Chapizot (Jean-Marie) and his companions.

“I congratulate you cordially on your filial thought,” I answered; “but French soldiers need no protection to get to the Pope. Ask an audience,—I will ask it for you if you wish; and you will certainly have a favorable answer in the course of a few days.”

“But, monsieur, we leave to-night!” came their reply in chorus.

“Oh, then I am afraid that the realization of your hopes is almost impossible.”

Their faces fell; grievous disappointment was depicted on each.

“If that’s how it is!” growled the veteran, biting the ends of his mustache. “If the Pope, hasn’t even five minutes to give to soldiers who have mounted guard in Rome for fourteen years! The good old mother won’t believe it. Ah, name of names!”

“You wrong the heart of Pius IX. His is the heart of a pope, of a father. All Catholics are his children; and, you know, good sons are always well received by a good father. But why have you waited until now?”

“Three furloughs, fifteen campaigns, Africa and Rome, two wounds—”

“Come, come! just think a moment. Would you be likely to see the Emperor at such short notice? Yet he has to govern only France, while the Holy Father’s vigilance extends to all parts of the civilized world—”

“Three punishments in twenty years and seven months, proposed for—”

“And the Pope’s time is taken up with incessant and very serious duties. However, I don’t wish it to be said that countrymen of mine have failed in attaining their pious wish through any want

of zeal on my part. Wait here; I promise you to do my best."

"That's the talk!" said Chapizot, gaily. "Our affair is settled now. Stand at ease, all!"

I heard murmurs of gratification behind me as I turned and again passed the Swiss Guard, the troopers evidently thinking their audience was secured. I was not so sanguine. I sought, however, the courteous Monsignor Pacca, Pius IX.'s majordomo, and pleaded the cause of the soldiers as eloquently as I could, relating the scene from which I had just come.

The amiable prelate smiled, but said it was impossible. The Holy Father was about to start for St. Agnes Outside the Walls; his carriage and Guard were waiting. Monsignor Pacca was "distressed, *ma non si puo*." I respectfully insisted, till finally the kind majordomo answered me, as I had answered my clients: "I will do my best."

He was absent only a minute. "Quick! quick!" he exclaimed as he re-entered; "run and bring up your soldiers. The Holy Father can give them only seven minutes."

I descended at the double-quick, and brought Chapizot and company up the staircase, four steps at a time. Monsignor Pacca led them into a splendidly decorated hall, where they drew up in line, Chapizot at the right, all with their shakos under the left arm. As for their modest advocate, he kept himself at the end of the apartment.

"Eyes right!" ordered Chapizot. "Present!"

At the same moment a door opened and his Holiness appeared.

"Kneel!" came the word; and the fourteen soldiers dropped on their knees, with their hands to their foreheads, motionless, grave, and affected. Followed by two young chamberlains, who carried platters covered with objects of piety, the gentle Pontiff addressed the troopers in order, questioned each kindly as to his family, gave him a pair of beads and a fine medal for every member of it, and laid his august hand paternally on each head as he passed on. On coming to the fourteenth and last trooper, Pius IX. remarked, with especial benignity:

"Ah, here we have an old soldier!"

"Yes, Holy Father! Chapizot (Jean-Marie), three furloughs, fifteen campaigns, Africa and Rome, two wounds, three punishments in twenty years and seven months, proposed for the military

medal. Have finished my time, and am now about to return to my good old mother, who loves you well, Holy Father."

"Only three punishments in twenty years?" asked the Pontiff, with playful malice.

"Yes, your Holiness! If your Majesty would like to read my—"

Pius IX. smiled and whispered to one of his chamberlains, who bowed and left the hall.

"My children," continued the Pontiff, "always be good Christians as you have been good soldiers. I bless you all—you, your families, and your country."

Chapizot was dumfounded; the Pope had forgotten him, had given him nothing for himself or the good old woman his mother! The veteran was plainly kneeling on thorns now.

The chamberlain quickly returned and handed to his Holiness a little red casket decorated with the papal arms. Then Pius IX. drew near Chapizot and said, with the same playful malice:

"Here is a rosary for the good old mother who loves me well; and here"—holding before the trooper's astonished eyes a handsome cross with a red ribbon, the Cross of a Chevalier of St. Gregory the Great,—"*here is something for the old soldier who has had only three punishments in twenty years and seven months.*"

I doubt if Rome held a happier heart that day than the heart of Jean-Marie Chapizot.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OF CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

EVERY father and mother has certain responsibilities. This is a truism. It seems foolish to repeat it, so generally is it accepted. But very few fathers and mothers ever accurately define for themselves just what these responsibilities are. They believe that their children ought to be taught, well clothed, well fed. They provide schools, often without much discrimination; they feed the children, they clothe them. The mother who runs a sewing-machine all day to provide frills for her children considers herself a martyr to her duty to them, when, in truth, she is only a

martyr to that spirit of vanity which dictates that they shall be better dressed than other people's children. The father who spends his days in accumulating money, and who has no time to become really acquainted with the dispositions of his boys, declares to Heaven that he, too, is a martyr. How can his sons go wrong with such an example before them? And yet this very devotion to what he calls his duty is separating them day by day from him. "We are slaves of our children," he cries out; "I work for my board, that I may be able to bring them up well and leave them money." Society takes this father and mother at their own valuation, and looks on them as models. Society is wrong; for society judges superficially.

Children are what their parents make them; they are more precious gifts than wealth or reputation; they do not thrive best among the luxuries which the American parent thinks it his duty to surround them with. They need, from the beginning, love and cheerfulness. Give them a happy home rather than a luxurious one, and they may be trusted to bloom as their Creator intends that they should bloom.

When children are sent by God, He means that those to whom He sends them shall make them the object of their lives. The father ought to live for his children; the mother generally does. Unhappily, the mere business of living takes so much time and thought that the real good of children is lost sight of. Parents too often hold that money must make their children good and happy. The foolishness of this is made evident every day. The orphan is to be pitied because he has lost his father's and mother's influence; he has no memories as other children have; he has, like a grape-vine unsupported, cast out his tendrils and found no answering touch. There is a blank in his life, and neither money nor reputation nor ease will ever atone for this immense loss. Who can deny this? And yet parents go through life acting as if the accumulation of money and the acquiring of luxuries for their children were all in all.

'What father does not say to himself that he is a marvel of unselfishness, because he keeps close to his work day by day?—a thing he would do whether he had children or not. And yet how few fathers are unselfish enough to give up their

newspaper or the club at night, or to stay up an hour later, in order to add to the cheerfulness of the home circle! How few mothers will repress the fault-finding word, the querulous objection, the ill-natured criticism on other people, and teach by example that cheerfulness is one of the first of Christian social duties! A parent's words are silver, but a parent's example is golden.

Better that children should be left poorer in this world's goods than that their father should not leave them the legacy of cheerful memories. Better that they should have none of the luxuries of life, provided their mother, by her unselfish love and cheerfulness, makes home, humble though it be, an oasis in the way of life.

A Charming Correspondence.

IN a late catalogue issued by one of our leading publishing houses, there are no fewer than sixty volumes of "Letters" offered to the reading public. These letters represent the thoughts and sentiments of men and women in nearly every walk of life; they purport to open wide the door that gives entrance to those inner chambers wherein is treasured all, whether of good or of evil, that makes the individual. How many of these letters have the note of sincerity? Granting that some are the exponents of the inner life of the writers, or are the expression of thoughts and desires, hopes and fears, really felt, the revelation is not always calculated to be either of interest or of edification.

In this vast garden of forced plants, however, there are beautiful blossoms of rare perfume; and many a one has been encouraged to noble efforts by glimpses into pure hearts, whose charms are revealed in their letters, as the blue sky is reflected in the waters of a crystal lake. Such a blossom, breathing the sweet odor of innocence and simplicity, once reached his Eminence Cardinal Manning, under the following circumstances:

The little daughter of a prominent physician in New York while attending a convent school conceived the idea of writing to his Eminence, and immediately put her thought into execution, sending an account of her father (a convert to the Church), her brothers, and herself. Childlike,

she omitted to sign her family name, and the letter was directed simply, "Cardinal Manning, England." The sweet simplicity of the little girl touched the great, tender heart of the English prelate, who, like the Master he has served so well, has a loving solicitude for the lambs of the flock; and, notwithstanding his many cares and duties, and the fact that his correspondent had sent neither name nor address, an autograph letter was soon speeding across the Atlantic to his unknown little friend, in care of Cardinal Gibbons, whose name the child had mentioned, in telling of her three brothers at St. Charles' College, one of them a *protégé* of his Eminence. This afforded a clue, and the precious and no doubt eagerly expected letter was soon remailed to its destination. A characteristically kind note from Cardinal Gibbons, who even took care to write on the envelope, "If not delivered," etc., accompanied it.

Here is what Cardinal Manning wrote, and it goes to show that what his correspondent was by nature he also is by grace. Of such is the kingdom of heaven:

WHITSUNDAY.

MY DEAR CHILD:—You ask me whether I am glad to receive letters from little children. I am always glad; for they write kindly and give no trouble. I wish all my letters were like theirs.

Give my blessing to your father, and tell him that our good Master will reward him a hundredfold for all he has lost for the sake of his faith. Tell him that when he comes over to England he must come to see me. And mind you bring your violin; for I love music, but have seldom any time to hear it.

The next three or four years of your life are very precious. They are like the ploughing time and the sowing time in the year. You are learning to know God, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the presence and voice of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Jesus Christ. Learn all these things solidly, and you will love the Blessed Sacrament and our Blessed Mother with all your heart.

And now you will pray for me that I may make a good end of a long life, which can not be far off. And may God guide you and guard you in innocence and in fidelity through this evil, evil world! And may His blessing be on your home and all belonging to you!

Believe me always a true friend,

HENRY EDWARD,

Card. Abp. of Westminster.

Notes and Remarks.

The stupidity of the American traveller is proverbial in Catholic countries. Spaniards and South Americans expect more from him than from his English brother. They are often disappointed, and they have reason for their disappointment. Here, for example, is an evidence of American obtuseness. Mr. John Hay, whose bigotry is exploited so shamefacedly in his "Castilian Days," can not discriminate between an oath and an aspiration. Imagine the hopeless ignorance of a man who hears a young girl on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception say, "Most pure Mother of God," and thinks she is swearing! Mr. Hay says of the Spanish girls: "They all swear like troopers, without a thought of profanity. Their mildest expression of surprise is *Jesus Maria!* They change their oaths with the season. At the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the favorite oath is *Maria Purissima!*"

The following question was some months ago proposed to the Sacred Congregation of the Penitentiary: "A penitent declares that he believes that the fire of hell is not real, but metaphorical; that is, the pains of hell, whatever they may be, are called fire simply because fire causes the most intense pain, and is therefore the most vivid image of the terrible punishments of hell. May he be allowed to hold this opinion?" The reply of the Sacred Penitentiary—dated April 30 of the present year—was, as usual, brief and pointed: "Such a penitent should be carefully instructed, and if obstinate should not be absolved."

The latest and best biographer of Columbus, Signor Tarducci, of Modena, gives the following description of the discoverer's person and of his life at Lisbon. Columbus was then about thirty-five years of age. He was probably attracted to Portugal by the great efforts at maritime discovery so long and gloriously directed by Prince Henry:

"He was tall of stature, well and strongly proportioned, with a noble and dignified bearing. His face was long, neither fat nor thin; his complexion was fresh, tending to red, with some ruddy spots; his

nose was aquiline, his eyes light, and his jaws projected slightly. He was exceedingly plain and moderate in his diet and apparel. He was affable in conversation with strangers, and mild with servants; but preserved always a certain gravity with both. He was naturally inclined to anger, but overcame this defect by the strength of his will; and no injurious words against others ever passed his lips. He was so strict in his religious practices that it might be said that in fasting and reciting the whole canonical office he was more regular than a professed religious. He began everything he wrote with '*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*' His life, as well as the testimony of Herrera, shows that he had a special devotion to Our Lady and to the holy mendicant of Assisi. One of the religious exercises which he never omitted, when he could help it, was hearing Mass daily. While at Lisbon he performed his devotions at the Convent of All Saints."

Tarducci's work, as we have already announced, has been translated into English by Henry F. Brownson, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., and will appear at the close of the year.

It is a pleasure to note that many of the traditions and customs that earned for France the distinction of being the most Catholic country of Europe are still carefully preserved. Thus the procession of the vow of Louis XIII., which commemorates the consecration of France to the Blessed Virgin, is held every year on the Feast of the Assumption. On that day the florists' shop-windows are profusely adorned with rare white flowers, which are purchased for distribution among those who bear the sweet name of Mary. This practice recalls another not less beautiful—that of showering white blossoms from the dome of St. Mary Major, Rome, on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow.

In the current number of the *Annales Apostoliques*, Father Augouard, missionary in the basin of the Oubanghi (Upper Congo), discusses at some length the practice of cannibalism as it exists in Africa. While in some parts of the Dark Continent only those killed or taken in battle are made the victims of this horrible custom, it appears that in others, notably in Oubanghi, human flesh is an ordinary article of food. Father Augouard, who has had an experience of thirteen years, believes that the only practical method of

ultimately abolishing slavery, of which cannibalism may be considered an outgrowth, is that employed thus far by our missionaries. To found and multiply educational, and especially agricultural, establishments is, in his opinion, the only way to civilize these savage countries. The adult is habituated to his independent and vagabond life: the child is more amenable to civilizing influences, and may readily be formed to all kinds of work. It is gratifying to learn that such establishments are increasing in number; free children are admitted, orphans are adopted, and as many unfortunate little slaves as possible are bought. All the children live together without distinction, and spend their time in alternate study and manual labor.

A friend of Cardinal Newman's, writing from England, says: "In the very last visit he ever paid us he was talking about America, and said the Americans had been very good to him, and that it was wonderful in these days of telegrams how near one was brought to those who seemed very far away." Our correspondent adds: "Ninety years is a long span to give an account of. Be 'good to him' still, and do not let his repose be delayed."

A church dedicated to the Sacred Heart has lately been erected in Constantinople, while the benedictions resulting from the devotion in Tonkin and Anam are particularly evidenced in the numerous conversions that of late years have rejoiced the hearts of the zealous missionaries in those countries.

Very few women sympathize with the claims which are so often put forth in their name by modern theorizers. They may be trusted to speak for themselves when their privileges are concerned. Their attitude on the Woman's Rights Question is expressed by that utterance of Mr. Gladstone's: "Let us not infringe on the Almighty's fundamental plan." Frederick Ozanam, one of the most illustrious Catholic laymen of our time, has said, in his "*Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle*":

"We must not conclude from this that Christianity had destroyed what nature had done; that it meant to precipitate women into public life, and re-establish that absolute equality which the mate-

rialism of our age has dreamed of. No: Christianity is too spiritual to accept such an idea. The *role* of Christian women was something similar to that of the Guardian Angels—they might lead the world, but while remaining invisible themselves. It is very seldom that angels become visible in the hour of supreme danger, as the Angel Raphael did to Tobit; so is it only at certain moments, long foreseen, that the empire of women becomes visible, and that we behold these angels, who were the saviors of Christian society, manifesting themselves under the name of Blanche of Castile and Joan of Arc."

The mania for changing the names of the streets in Paris is, it appears, becoming very embarrassing. An important street has just been named after Danton, and another is to be named after Robespierre. Jules Simon complains that an old Parisian is now obliged to hire a guide, just the same as a provincial. "A coachman's life must be terribly fatiguing. To take care of his horse and learn every morning a list of proper names must make life a burden." But the great philosopher adds that this mania has existed in all times, and he takes occasion to relate the history of the Rue Odillon Barrot. Odillon Barrot was very popular on the 28th of February, 1848, from six o'clock in the morning to eleven. He was hailed as the "Father of the People." He lived in the Rue Godot de Mauroi. Zealous citizens changed it to Rue du Père du Peuple. The old street signs were removed with the utmost expedition, and new ones with the new title put in their place. But the "Father of the People" became suspected of conservatism in the afternoon, and these had to be removed also. They were replaced by the old signs, recovered from the manure heaps at the corners of the street.

The eminent Catholic scientist, Prof. St. George Mivart, has been elected to the chair of the Philosophy of Natural History in the University of Louvain. This appointment is a fitting recognition of Prof. Mivart's services to literature and science, and reflects honor also on the great University with which he is thus connected.

The thirteenth centenary of the accession of St. Gregory the Great to the Chair of Peter occurs this week. The anniversary will be specially observed by the Benedictine Order, of which he was

an illustrious ornament. The occasion will furnish English Catholics with an opportunity of paying particular honor to St. Gregory, whom the Venerable Bede styles "the Apostle of England."

The French Minister of War has awarded a "gold medal of the first class" to Sister Emanuel, a Sister of Charity of Bourges, who has served fever patients in the military hospital of Châteauroux for twenty years. During this long interval she has never been absent from her post for a single day.

The article on Cardinal Newman in our present number is from the pen of a well-known Catholic journalist in London. Later on we hope to present some reminiscences of the great churchman by an American Catholic writer who enjoyed his friendship.

New Publications.

REVELATIONS OF THE SACRED HEART TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY, AND THE HISTORY OF HER LIFE. From the French of Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. By a Visitandine of Baltimore, Translator of "The Way of Interior Peace," etc. Benziger Brothers.

The beautiful prayer with which the author of this book closes his Introduction ends with these words: "May these my last words, if they are to be my last words, bear to the very depths of souls the knowledge of that love whose charm I have tasted, but of whose sweetness I shall never be able to speak!" That prayer is surely granted. A spirit of loving earnestness pervades every line, and makes the work far more than a dry recital. It is an exhaustive life of the sweet and holy woman to whom the attention of the Catholic world has been more and more drawn with every month of the current year. Much time and care have been expended in research among her family records, the value of which will become apparent to the reader as the pages slip under the eye. One grows to love Blessed Margaret Mary so much that the smallest item connected with her is of interest. She came of an estimable French family, holding positions of trust, and evidently honored and beloved by their neighbors of two hundred years ago. The promised blessing upon "the children of them that love Me," in her case, brought forth fruit tenfold. She is interesting and not unfathomable from the first; but, of course, as the narrative unfolds, she is lifted above the ordinary

reader, but is ever more admirable and lovely. And wonderfully, beautifully, thoroughly, with her story grows the love and comprehension of the Sacred Heart. As the book is laid down, even the most sluggish nature must rise up to work for It, to live for It, to love It, because It "has loved men so much."

WREATHS OF SONG FROM FIELDS OF PHILOSOPHY.
Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

If it were necessary to prove the truth of the fine saying of Milton,

"Divine Philosophy!

Not harsh or crabbed, as dull fools suppose;

But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

the volume before us would be strong evidence in its favor. The author has gleaned from the fields of philosophy, by many falsely regarded as arid and unprepossessing, many an iris-hued flower, many a garland of singular beauty. These poems have much richness of coloring as well as subtlety of suggestion. The very intricacy and affluence in subtle refinements, however, sometimes leave the reader at a loss for the meaning. But when he gets a glimpse of the thought he is amply rewarded. We are now and then reminded of Coventry Patmore, especially in the technic of these lyrics; though occasionally the author seems to favor Dante Rossetti, particularly in the rhyming of unaccented with accented syllables, the effect of which has a certain weird music. We regret we can not quote any of the poems at length; the following stanza, however, will give a fair idea of the author's style:

RETURNING.

(*Night at sea.*)

Woe—woe! 'Tis the wail of night,

The song Space to Time sings,—

Here first the First, the Light made light;

The dark came of beings!

Yet may not life's self-acting parts

Here ope to the light all o'er?

Ay, and, alas! self-closed, here hearts

Grow dark for evermore.

PLAIN SERMONS. By the Rev. R. D. Browne. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

To the overworked missionary, whose multiplied duties leave him but brief intervals in which to prepare his weekly instructions, this volume will prove of valuable assistance. The sixty-eight sermons which it contains form a lucid and tolerably complete exposition of the fundamental truths of the Catholic Church. Father Browne is terse and direct in style; he quotes Scripture freely; and, not the least of his merits, his longest sermon will not occupy more than twenty minutes in delivery. While his method of giving, in the table of contents,

the text instead of the subject may not find favor with all, we believe that his book will prove generally acceptable. Young preachers especially will be gratified to find that in the treatment of moral truths—in the discussion of the seventh and eighth Commandments, for instance—the author descends somewhat more into details than is usual in works of this kind. If the diffusion of "Plain Sermons" should tend to promote, as it may well do, the substitution of brief, pithy and well-ordered instructions for formless, haphazard discourses, we trust that the present edition may be speedily exhausted.

NOTES DE VOYAGE. Par J. P. Tardival. Rédacteur en chef de la *Vérité*. Montreal: Eusèbe Senécal et Fils.

M. Tardival is not only a brilliant writer, but a deep thinker. Full of the spirit of Catholicity, he is alive to the true meaning of the problems of the day. We follow him through France, Italy, Spain, Ireland, England, Belgium and Holland, with unceasing interest. He sketches where it is necessary, makes a finished picture when the subject requires it, and always shows a keen sense of artistic proportion. Above all, the reader feels that he is safe in the hands of a guide so well equipped.

The twenty-four well-printed pictures are not the least interesting part of the volume. Those of Leo XIII., of the Count de Mun, of Archbishop Croke, of Father Anderledy, are particularly interesting, not only because they are well done, but because they are from the latest photographs.

It is a pity that the English-speaking public can not enjoy this sound and delightful book of travels.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Miss E. A. F. Brewer, whose death occurred last March, in Constantinople. She led a life of rare holiness.

Mrs. James Sunny, who departed this life on the 6th of August, at Scranton, Pa., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Margaret Barry, of Union City, Ind., who was called to the reward of her exemplary life on the 31st ult.

Mrs. James Lawler, of Lake Ariel, Pa., and Mrs. Sidney A. Hazerd, Parnell, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The First Communion Badge.

IT WAS the morrow of First Communion day,

Some two-score years ago,
The perfumed breeze of a Southern May
In a cottage garden loitered to play,
And the tall sweet grasses and flowerets gay
Nodded merrily to and fro.

On a rustic bench at the cottage door,
Deep-set in a woodbine frame,
A mother and son conned o'er and o'er
The solemn thoughts of the day before,
Exchanging the blissful mystic lore
Of hearts with true love aflame.

"Oh, yes!" said Eugene, "at that hour so blest
When I knelt at the Banquet Divine,—
When Jesus, my Saviour, reposed in my breast,
And my heart strove to welcome its Lord as its guest,
You wept, mother dear; but your tears unrepressed
Were bright dewdrops of gladness, like mine.

"But, mother, ere long, as I bowed my head,
On my white silk badge fell my gaze;
Its tassels of gold, I remembered you said
Were cut from the sash father wore when he led
His troops to their doom; and in thoughts of the dead
Forgot were thanksgiving and praise.

"'Twas just for a moment—then swift the thought
came
Of my Guest; I adored Him anew.
And while o'er my brow swept the hot flush of shame,
To atone for my fault (if my will was to blame),
I made Him a promise. And, mother, your claim
On my love bids me tell it to you.

"I vowed to my Jesus, who saw me and heard,
To keep my soul spotless and fair;
To shun all offences of deed, thought or word;
To live in His grace, by all foes undeterred.
And so long as His love to all else is preferred
My badge next my heart I shall wear.

"But that badge shall ne'er rest on the heart of a slave,
Encircled by sin's loathsome chain.
No: should I prove false to the promise I gave,
I'll wear it no longer—but, oh, I'll be brave!"

"God grant," prayed the mother, "that e'en to your
grave
You may carry it, still without stain!"

Ten years sped by, and again 'twas May,
A battlefield the scene.

The war-drums throbbed, and the trumpet's bray
Spurred thousands of brothers to furious fray.
In the van of the conquering "boys in grey"
Fell a youth whom they called Eugene.

His hand sought his breast, as life's tide ebbed fast,
And fitfully came his breath;
But a smile of content o'er his wan face passed,
As one glance on a white silk badge he cast,
Then whispered the words, on earth his last:
"Tell mother—I wore it—till death."

Philip's Excursion.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY L. W. REILLY.



HE hero of this story lives in Washington, D. C. He is a bright boy, fourteen years old. He has a dark complexion, curly brown hair, hazel eyes, pleasing features, broad shoulders, and a well-knit and shapely figure. He is usually dressed in a suit of navy blue, which is his favorite color; his necktie is blue, with dots of red; and his hat is of dark straw, with a band of black silk, through which run two thin lines of red near the edges. The little finger on his left hand is curved—a "hot" ball struck it during a game played in July by "The Junior Senators" against "The Georgetown Giants"; and there is a small dent, or scar, on his forehead near the right temple, which is a mark left by a recent fall from his bicycle. You'd know him in a crowd.

In the catalogue of the school which he attends his name is printed like this: Philip Westlake Murray; but everybody calls him Phil, except in the morning after a tired day, when his father has to speak to him more than once before he will get out of bed. The diminutive, somehow, seems appropriate to him; for the term Phil is short and easy to pronounce and of a soft sound,

and the boy is alert and quick in his movements, and is liked by all who know him. Of course his family name is not Westlake Murray, although it sounds somewhat like that, and that will give you an idea of what it looks like when it is spread out to its full length. However, so long as it is certain that he was christened Philip, the rest of his name is of no consequence to us.

Phil is full of fun, fond of out-door sports, and a skilful player of many games. Notwithstanding his liking for play, he studies hard, and his record in his class is fairly good. He is also "on the altar," as the boys say, having been for five years an acolyte at—but I mustn't let you know at what church, because I'm going to tell on him, and it wouldn't do to point too closely in his direction. There are hundreds of lads named Philip in Washington, and a dozen of that name among the altar boys of that city; so that even were you to try to guess the identity of our hero, you'd probably fail; and, in any case, you couldn't be sure that it was our Phil, unless you already knew him personally. And he said yesterday: "I don't care if the boys"—meaning his playmates—"do know it"—meaning the story I am about to tell you,—"because I'm sorry for it, and I've made up my mind that it sha'n't happen again; and boys don't always see how wrong a thing is until they've done it. And it may help Ed if you tell it in THE 'AVE MARIA,' because he reads that every week." Ed is Phil's twelve-year-old brother. Here is the story:

"Hello, Phil!" sang out Walter Cooney one day last week, as he met our hero near the Government Printing Office. "You're just the man I want to see."

"What's up?" inquired Phil, in no very cordial tone; for Walter is one of the boys whom he has been cautioned to avoid.

"Our nine wants to play against yours to-morrow at River View; and I've saw all the boys except you, and they've all agreed to go."

Walter's grammar was not good, and his pronouns and verbs refused to follow the rules laid down by one Mr. Brown.

"I'm sorry, Walter, that—" began Phil.

"Oh, 'sorry' be dashed!" exclaimed Walter. "You must come, Phil, or there'll be no match game; and the clubs have agreed to play for a Spalding ball."

"Why, where's Charley Reed? Why not get him?"

Phil and Charley were the crack catchers of the college club.

"He went to Atlantic City this morning, and won't be back for a week."

"Well, I can't go, Walter."

"Of course you can go," was the angry reply. "We'll have a nice sail on the river; we'll take in the attractions of 'the Coney Island of the Potomac,' as the advertisement calls it; then we'll go to Mather's farm to have our game; next we'll eat lunch"—here Walter stopped in his talk long enough to kick a stray dog, which went yelping around the corner;—"then more ball, and we'll come back by the early evening boat, with more fun from the day's excursion than any [other] crowd on board." Walter left the word "other" out, so we have to enclose it in brackets.

The picture of the day's pleasure was enticing to Phil's active imagination. As his companion outlined it, he was on the deck of the *Excelsior*; he was borne down the picturesque river; he got off at the well-known resort and went around from the bowling-alley to the gravity railroad; he was walking to the ball-field, he was behind the bat, he was eating sandwiches and pie, he was making a home run; he was again on board the steamer, nearing the Seventh Street wharf. How plain it all was to his mind and how charming! He gave a low sigh as he said:

"I'm awful sorry, Walter, but I can't go."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because I can't!"

"Well, why?"

"My mother won't let me."

"That's not much of a reason. Why won't she let you? Is she afraid that her ducky darling would get wet?"

Phil noticed the sneer, and felt it all the more keenly as he is known to be a "mother's boy,"—a son of whom his mother is proud, who is her frequent companion on the streets, and of whom she always speaks highly before visitors.

"It doesn't matter what my mother's reasons are," Phil replied, sharply; "it is enough for me that she has forbidden me to go on any excursion alone."

"But you won't be alone: we'll all be with you."

The reason for Mrs. Murray's prohibition was

that an uncle of Phil's, who was a boy only a little older than our hero, was drowned three years ago in the Potomac, near one of the summer resorts. He had gone on an excursion unaccompanied by any acquaintance, and when at the beach had attempted to row a small boat across the river, and had fallen into the water. He couldn't swim, and sank before assistance could reach him. The shock of his untimely death had prostrated his sister, Phil's mother, and made her timid about letting her boys go down the river unattended by some older person.

"What mother means is that I may not go unless she or father, or some other grown person, is with me."

"You baby!" said Walter, tauntingly, at the same time turning a handspring and blowing a whistle. "You ought to be tied to your mother's apron string. I'll tell the fellows what a dear, good little boy you are."

Phil winced at this sarcasm. He was not wise enough to despise his companion's jeers, nor strong enough to resist them, nor prudent enough to end the conversation right there. He was too flurried to consider that a loving mother's apron string is a very safe thing for a boy to be tied to; that he has no better friend in the world or more trustworthy adviser; and that he has no reason to be ashamed before "the fellows" of being called a "dear, good little boy." Phil suffered, but said nothing; and the tempter went on:

"I guess you're making up a fake about your mother. You're afraid of the water yourself, or else you're too mean to spend the quarter for your fare."

Phil wavered. To be called a coward or a miser was almost more than he could bear. He dallied with the temptation, and to hesitate in such a case is usually to be lost. He knew that Walter would place him in a bad light before the other boys, and his gentle nature shrank from being made the object of their misdirected scorn. Besides, now that he thought twice about it, his mother's fear for him was—well, he would go as far as saying to himself that it was unfounded and inconvenient. And he did want to go down the river; he had been on only one excursion so far this season, and it was not likely that his parents or other adult friends would be able to take a day off again for a week or two. Moreover,

the pleasant picture outlined by Walter passed again before his imagination, brighter and more vivid and with added details, and his resolution to obey his mother was shaken.

Walter saw the conflict of motives going on in Phil's mind, and helped the wrong side by saying, "You'd better come. The rest of the fellows can go, why shouldn't you?"

The idea of the freedom from restraint enjoyed by the other boys, and of the restrictions laid on himself, bore in on Phil's mind with a sense of injustice, and he said: "Maybe I'll go, Walter."

"Don't let's have any 'maybes' about it. Say you'll go."

"Well, I'll go."

The battle was over, and the right was overcome. Ridicule had triumphed when there was no reason for its victory. And Phil is not the first whose fidelity to duty has been bent and broken by a mocking laugh or a sneering allusion.

"Bully for you, Phil! Now we can have our game. I know you won't go back on your word. I must be off. So long!"

This praise smote Phil's conscience. He *had* gone back on his word. Hadn't he promised his mother that he would not go down the river alone? He said good-bye to Walter and turned his face toward home.

All that evening he was restless; he couldn't fix his mind on anything. And he was unusually silent; he didn't care to talk. When Ed asked him to play a game of checkers, he answered curtly. He was irritable. He tried to avoid thinking. He wished he hadn't met Walter. He half resolved not to go on the excursion, but *he had pledged his word*. This thought stood out boldly before his mind—*he had promised to go!* How distinctly he remembered what Walter had said, "I know you won't go back on your word"! He could almost hear again the tones of the tempter's voice. Then, the members of the two nines would be so disappointed if he failed to go with them, and he'd miss all the fun. He couldn't dismiss the matter from his mind, and all his reasoning centred around the conclusion that he must keep his word. So fully did this thought take possession of him, that it formed a sort of false conscience within him, and he could not shake off its spell.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

An Anglo-Saxon School-Boy.

The little Aldhelm was always a delicate lad, more fond of books than of games. It is when he enters the celebrated school at Canterbury that we get the first real peep into his young mind. From there he wrote a letter to his kind bishop at home, telling him how he had cherished the hope of spending Christmas with him and with his family, but had been obliged to give it up; for he must not think of vacations if he was going to be a scholar. And he tells him how well he is getting on in Latin verse-making; and then he goes on to say that he fears he can not learn arithmetic at all,—that the long calculations discourage him and make his other studies seem play. However, before the letter is finished, which we fancy may have been a long while in writing, he announces that he thinks he can see a way out of his difficulty, and that arithmetic is becoming easier.

How like a school-boy of to-day all of this sounds! We can see the pale youth, bending over the problems, all of which had to be worked out by the Roman numerals C, D, I, L, M, V, X (for the Arabic characters had not yet come into use in England), puzzling his brain and seeking a way out of his difficulties. He had no idea that he was of the stuff that saints are made of (saints seldom have that opinion of themselves), but worked steadily on, conquering every obstacle, instead of shirking it, as would have been the easier way.

The list of studies he speaks of pursuing is a formidable one, and of all of them he liked best the classics; and, as he wrote to his bishop, he was exceedingly fond of trying his hand at the making of Latin verses. He had a taste, too, for concocting puzzling lines, which read the same backwards and forwards. These brain puzzles were a great pastime to the young students in the Anglo-Saxon schools.

Aldhelm succeeded so well as a writer that he may be called our first English author, worthy precursor of so many more, but of none more amiable or holy. His poems might, perhaps, seem tiresome to us now, but they were really full of the most beautiful imagery; and the good Aldhelm loved and sang the praises of every

object in nature, especially the bees. Indeed, it is noticeable, this love of sainted scholars for bees and flowers. There are countless instances in their writings to prove it.

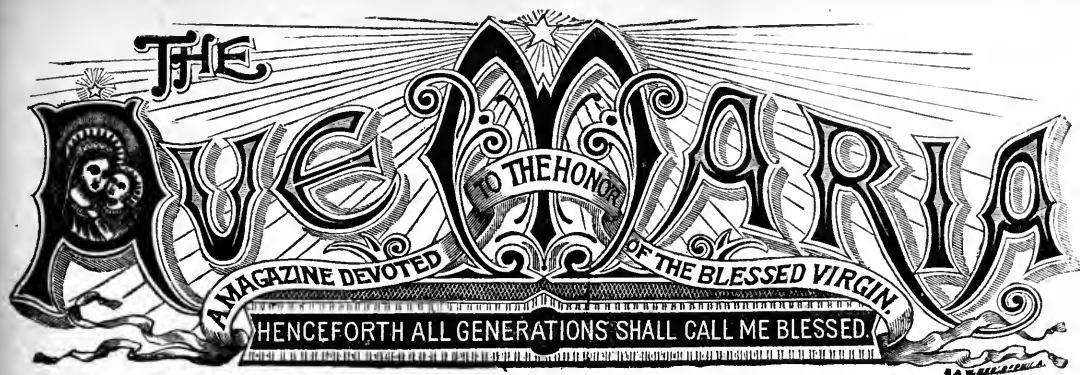
After the young Aldhelm left Canterbury he was installed at Malmesbury, with many eager pupils at his feet. Now he was a famous priest and doctor. Among his scholars was Ethelwald, who, in some verses in which he celebrated the goodness of his master, would not call him by his rugged name Aldhelm, which means simply "old helmet," but made it into the smooth and classic "*Cassis prisca*."

Aldhelm was put at the head of Malmesbury when it became an abbey, and was soon after made Bishop of Sherburn. We are told in the old chronicles how, when the rude peasantry wearied of his sermons and would have gone away, he took his harp and sang the words to them like a wandering minstrel; and they stayed, delighted. We read, too, how, anxious that there should be a library in Malmesbury, he would hasten to the sea-coast whenever he heard of the arrival of a foreign ship, to see if there might be books among her cargo.

Once a vessel arrived and anchored off Dover, and the sailors brought the freight ashore, offering it for sale. There were many books to be disposed of, and among them the Bishop saw a complete Bible, very rare at that time. The sailors, noticing his eagerness, set a high price upon it. Aldhelm offered a moderate one, which they refused, and set out toward their ship, carrying the precious volume. On the way a fearful storm arose. "Oh," cried one, "this is because we tried to impose upon the good Bishop!" And so they put back to the shore, where he knelt praying for their safety. "Take the book as a gift," said the leader. "Your prayers have saved our lives." But the Bishop insisted upon paying for the precious volume, and, rejoicing, carried it off.

FRANCESCA.

WHEN St. Augustine and his devoted band of monks stepped upon the heathen shore of England, their first act was to honor our Blessed Lady by singing a litany in which she was invoked as Queen of all Saints; and thus chanting they advanced to meet King Ethelred and his Christian Queen.



[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Gospel of Autumn.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

A CROSS these leaves of gold,
 Under the autumn sun,
 What solemn gospels are unrolled!
 I read them one by one.
 Behold, how small a bud,
 Tender and frail and brief,—
 But nourished by the trees' sweet blood—
 Is brought to perfect leaf!
 Behold, how frail a bough—
 Its pliable, slim frame
 Quite stiffened by the frost—is now
 In leafage all aflame!
 Lo! as the prophet heard
 Of old, I seem to hear
 From every burning bush God's word
 Outspoken to mine ear.

Our Lady of Castelpetroso.*

ON March 22, 1888, the day before the Feast of the Compassion of our Blessed Lady, two country women belonging to Pastine, a hamlet in the diocese of Bojano, in Southern Italy, were sent to look for some sheep that had strayed on a neighboring hill, to which Castelpetroso is the nearest village. One was named Fabiana Cecchino, and the other Serafina Giovanna Valen-

tino; the former being a spinster aged thirty-five, and the latter a married woman a little younger. Before long they returned home, crying, sobbing, trembling, and terrified. People naturally inquired into the cause of their emotion, and heard from these women that they had seen a light issuing from some fissures in the rocks; and when they approached nearer the spot they saw distinctly the image of the *Addolorata*—a lady, young, very beautiful, pale, with dishevelled hair, and bleeding from the wounds received from seven swords.

No one paid much attention to these statements, which were looked upon as absurdities; but further evidence was forthcoming. First of all a child and then an avowed heretic gave testimony to similar apparitions. People began to go to the mountain and visit the spot of the alleged apparitions, some 2,600 feet above the sea-level; and some affirmed that they saw the Mother of Dolors bearing in her arms her dead Son. Pilgrimages commenced as a matter of course, and within a few days some four thousand persons visited the spot,—that is, double the number of those living round about; and soon a place which but three short months before had been unknown to all but very few, suddenly became the centre of attraction to countless crowds from the neighboring country.

Of those who went some testified that they saw the Blessed Virgin under the form known as Our Lady of Mount Carmel; others saw her

* A short notice of the apparitions of Our Lady at Castelpetroso was given in *THE "AVE MARIA"* for June, and a translation of the letter of the Bishop of Bojano on the subject in July.

as Our Lady of Grace, others as Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary; but for the most part she appeared as Our Lady of Dolors. Generally, too, she was alone, but sometimes she was accompanied by St. Michael, sometimes by St. Anthony, sometimes by St. Sebastian, and sometimes by troops of angels. Among those who testified to these apparitions was a well-known scoffer, who received the grace of seeing Our Lady four times in half an hour.

But it must not be supposed that these marvellous statements were allowed to pass unchallenged by the ecclesiastical authorities. On the contrary, the archpriest of Castelpetroso not only treated the whole affair as delusive, but publicly preached against it from the pulpit of his church. He could not, however, prevent his hearers from going in pious pilgrimage to the favored spot. Another priest, a very old man, who had disbelieved in the apparitions, went and saw and was conquered. The following is his own narrative of what took place:

"I had many times derided those who visited the mountain on which these wondrous apparitions took place. On May 16, 1888, however, more to pass the time than for anything else, I felt a desire to visit the place. When I arrived I began to look into one of the fissures, and I saw with great clearness Our Lady, like a statuette, with a little Child in her arms. After a short interval I looked again at the same spot; and in place of the Most Holy Virgin I saw, quite clearly, the dead Saviour bearing the crown of thorns and all covered with blood. From that time forward when I have heard a mention of that thrice blessed mountain and of the apparition I have felt myself moved to tears, and have not been able to say a word."

This testimony was authenticated by the signature of Don Luigi Ferrara, the priest in question.

In due course news of the occurrences reached Mgr. Macarone-Palmieri, Bishop of the diocese of Bojano, in which Castelpetroso is situated. He was called to Rome by the business of his diocese, and whilst there made the Holy Father acquainted with what was going on at Castelpetroso, adding that he should have liked the apparitions to have been confirmed by some prodigy. The Pope replied by asking whether he did not think the apparitions in themselves

prodigies; and requested the Bishop to return to his diocese, visit Castelpetroso, and report again. The Bishop did as he had been directed. He visited Castelpetroso, in company with the archpriest of Bojano, on September 26, 1888, and saw Our Lady three times.

The Vicar-General and many other ecclesiastics of the diocese were no less favored; but perhaps the most remarkable evidence of all was that rendered by a man who believed neither in God nor saints, though he frequented the Sacraments out of human respect. This man, who had been leading so miserable a life, went to Castelpetroso, saw the Blessed Virgin, and was converted.

In May, 1888, a spring of water made its appearance on the spot, and on the 21st of the following March the Bishop of Bojano mentioned the fact in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Servo di Maria*. This water has been used by the faithful in the same manner as that of Lourdes, and not a few favors are piously believed to have been received in consequence. Cures are related of a character well known to all who have studied the history of the shrines of our Blessed Lady. *Il Servo* contains a new list month by month; and from it we select the following case, which has received the, at any rate informal, approbation of ecclesiastical authority.

The Bishop of Bojano informed the editor of *Il Servo* that a certain child named Angelo Verna, of Fara S. Martino, who had been born a mute, had received his speech; and at the same time the Bishop forwarded the sworn depositions of some relatives of the child. The editor applied for further information to the Archbishop of Lanciano, who in turn applied to the Archbishop of Chieti, in whose diocese the place turned out to be. In his reply the Archbishop of Chieti said that he had heard nothing of the matter before the receipt of the letter of the Archbishop of Lanciano, and that he had received the information with no little incredulity. All the same, he sent on the letter to a priest in whom he had much confidence—one of the canons of the collegiate church of Fara S. Martino,—requesting him to institute a strict inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. The worthy canon did so, and reported that Luigi Verna, of Fara S. Martino, and Annantonia Tavani, his wife, had a child named Angelo, six years of age; and

that from his birth this child had been mute. The father having obtained some of the water from the spring at Castelpetroso, sent it to his wife. Annantonia, full of faith, gave it to the child to drink, and the boy there and then received the gift of speech.

Among those who were drawn to Castelpetroso by the fame of the apparitions was Father Joseph Lais, of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; a man learned in physics and in medicine, sub-director of the Vatican Observatory, and an eminent, "all-round" scientist. He left Rome on December 18, 1889, in company with Father Morini, a Servite. They examined everything, and Father Lais was soon convinced that optical delusion, at any rate, was out of the question. He then proceeded to examine the evidence.

He found that at first the clergy of the district were much opposed to the belief in the apparitions, but that they had been convinced, either by ocular demonstration or by the evidence of others. He found, too, that the belief in these apparitions was very widespread, and that large numbers of persons were credited with having seen them. For example, an innkeeper at Bojano told him and Father Morini that up to that time more than two hundred persons from Farazzano, five hundred from Bojano, and many more from other places, had been favored by them. He examined various persons, whom he took by chance. One woman had gone, but had seen nothing; a girl of nineteen had seen Our Lady of Dolors; a man had seen Our Lady of Loreto. Father Lais learned, too, that others had seen her only on certain of their visits,—for instance, one man saw her once in six times; and that some had been much terrified,—two men fainted at the apparition. To these must be added the two original witnesses, as well as the Bishop of Bojano and the archpriests Don Achille Ferrara of Castelpetroso, and Don Giuseppe Nardone of Bojano.

Father Lais dwelt on the fact that the two archpriests had zealously combated the belief in the apparitions, and on the natural effect of this opposition on the popular mind; and hence the increased force of the popular evidence, intensified as it was by the circumstances that the priests in question afterward joined the ranks of

the believers in the apparitions, and added their evidence to that of the people. This eminent scientific man speaks thus of the inhabitants of the district:

"The observations I made of the character of the people lead me to recognize that they are profoundly convinced of the event having taken place; and, on the other hand, their simple and ingenuous demeanor does not suggest the suspicion that the fact should be, to some extent, fanciful or the effect of the imagination; whilst the natural formation of the rocks excludes the theory of trickery."

Father Lais saw nothing himself; in fact, the apparitions appear to have ceased for a time, though fresh ones are reported in *Il Servo* for June, 1890; but, short of personal ocular experience, he could hardly have given stronger reason for believing in the truth of the statements made by those who aver that they have been blessed by the sight of God's holy Mother. And, to give the full force to his judgment, it must be remembered that not only is he a stranger in the district, and not a member of the venerable Order devoted to the service of the Mother of Dolors, but he is a man of necessity accustomed to weigh evidence, and one who, from his training and skill in physics, must be naturally inclined to look for physical explanations of matters of this kind.

Early in 1889 the Bishop of Bojano formed a committee, of which he took the post of president, for the purpose of collecting funds to build a church on the spot hallowed by the presence of Our Lady; and he has determined to place it under the care of the Servite Order, founded, as our readers are aware, for the express purpose of honoring the Dolors of Mary. The Holy Father deigned to bless the work, and sent a telegram, through Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State, imparting the Apostolic Blessing to the members of the committee, and to all those who contributed to the fund.

WHO of mortal maidens was ever so highly honored as Mary, and yet who so lowly? Never does she once obtrude herself on our notice; she lives all for God, and breaks her silence only for His glory. In perfect humility is perfect love, and in perfect love is every virtue.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Lover of the Lowly.

II.

WHO would believe, if Father Milleriot did not acknowledge it himself, that his greatest trial was to mount the pulpit? "What it cost me," he said, "in the beginning, and for long afterward, God only knows." It is usual in the novitiate to train the novices in discourses more or less extemporaneous, or in the recitation of an oratorical formula, rather difficult to render on account of the variety of sentiments, intonations, and gestures which it presupposes. When Father Milleriot had to encounter this little trial he thought he was lost. "I said to myself, 'I shall stop short, or faint, or fall down. Never mind, anyhow! They're sure to pick me up. Into the pulpit!'" This almost heroic act banished all my timidity at once. Next day the Father Master said: "It cost you a good deal, then?"—"More," I answered, "than if I had an arm cut off me."

On another occasion, when sent to the prison of Amiens with a young Father who was to preach there, and who felt anything but courageous at the difficult task before him, he said as he heard some hens cackling in a farm-yard: "How happy those hens are! They have not to preach!" But some years later the good Father would not have felt by any means happy if he had been hindered from preaching.

In the journal of his missionary labors, in which Father Milleriot was in the habit of describing until the end of his life the employment of his time, the works accomplished by him, the titles of his sermons, etc., we find this simple mention, dated 1841: "I have begun to go to the prisons." His engagement on this new mission arose from the fact that freedom of education no longer existed in France; and, in order to continue teaching, the Jesuits condemned themselves to exile in Switzerland and Belgium. But as their colleges in Freiburg and Brugelette required only a limited staff of professors, Father Milleriot was not able to resume the career he had pursued up to his entrance into the Order. Moreover, his superiors, having recognized in him a special fitness for missionary work among the poor, had already assigned him to the humble apostleship in which he was afterward to win so many souls to God.

His first campaign, then, was made in the unpromising ministry of the prisons; where he certainly lost no time about his work. One day the thought came to him of returning to the central house, in which he had already given a retreat. No sooner did he appear than all these robbers and criminals of every sort cheered and flocked around him, threw themselves on his neck, and were in turn cordially embraced. One of them, however, stammered: "Father, don't you recollect that it was I who insulted you so grossly the other day?"—"Well, yes, I do," he answered. "But do you think I am afraid of insults? On the contrary, I look on it as a piece of good fortune when I meet with them. And, then, I know well that at heart you are better than your words." Soon even the most wicked would be heard saying to one another: "Why, this is a priest quite different from the others! What if we were to go to confession to him?" And it almost always happened that they tried the experiment.

In 1842 Father Milleriot finished his novitiate at Notre Dame de Liesse, and until his return to Paris, in 1843, his life was one continued journey through the dioceses of Soissons and Beauvais. The following is one of the many episodes of this fruitful year:

He was on the point of starting to open a mission in a country parish. He gave a young man who had come for his valise a miraculous medal; and learning that the latter had three brothers, he added a medal for each, exacting a promise that they should all wear them. The mission opened, and the same evening the young man approached the preacher and said: "Would you be kind enough, Father, to hear my confession? Ever since morning your medal has never stopped repeating, 'Go to confession, go to confession!'"—"That is right, my friend; but you must bring your brothers also."—"I will try, Father." And the second and third were soon brought to the rendezvous. There was some trouble about the fourth, who was rather refractory. The brothers dragged him, *nolens volens*, toward the close of the mission, and pushed him into the confessional, shouting, "There's the fourth, Father! take care of him!"

At Paris Father Milleriot, without neglecting any other missionary duty, was above all a confessor. After the example of Jesus Christ, his Master,

he had a special predilection for the poorest and the most repulsive. The men, and amongst them the ignorant, the unrepentant, the great sinners—the “big fish,” as he would say with a smile,—were his customary and chosen clients.

Until the eve of his death this *grand pénitencier de St. Sulpice*, as he was sometimes called, followed the same rule. He rose at three, in order to give an hour more to God. After meditation he said Mass, a little before five; after thanksgiving and a slight repast, taken standing, he went at half-past six to St. Sulpice, and took his place in the confessional, surrounded by medals, scapulars, rosaries, images, and books, which he distributed among his children. About half-past ten he returned to his cell in the Rue de Sèvres, from which he set out again, many times during the week, to continue his painful ministry during the whole afternoon. He devoted the rest of the day to his breviary and the preparation of his sermons, which were always carefully written.

Such was the rough life that Father Milleriot led gaily for thirty-six years. As a consequence, his memory was stored with a number of interesting anecdotes, which he sometimes related,—only, however, when he had obtained permission from the parties concerned. And as to what he refused to mention, because humility closed his lips, there were always plenty of witnesses who delighted to publish it everywhere.

In the Rue du Bac resided an incorrigible old sinner, who, at the point of death, obstinately refused the consolations of religion. Once, when he was unconscious, some pious persons ventured to bring Father Milleriot to his room. Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes, and, seeing a priest kneeling at his bedside, started up, exclaiming, “A *calotin* here!” And, indignation lending him strength, he struck the Father a stinging blow on the cheek. Without moving from his place, the latter turned the other cheek, and received a second blow. Then, rising and taking the hand of the sick man, he said gently: “Very well; I do not deserve anything else. But that is enough: it would fatigue you to continue.” Ashamed of his violence, the sick man inquired: “Well, then, what do you want?”—“To save your soul, my dear friend.” These words acted like magic. The dying man became at once composed. Transformed and docile, he received

the last Sacraments, and displayed up to the end a feeling of sincere repentance and Christian resignation.

In another family a poor woman lay at the last extremity. Every effort was made by pious neighbors to introduce a priest into the house, but without success. At last Father Milleriot presented himself boldly, knocked at the door and put his foot on the threshold. He was roughly told that he could not enter. He insisted. Then the relatives of the sick woman flung themselves on him, threw him down the steps, and kicked him in the stomach. After some time the Father rose with difficulty, ‘rubbing his sides,’ as he said afterward. His assailants were still at the open door, threatening and abusing him. All this had no effect on the apostle of the lowly, so eager was he for the salvation of a soul. He went slowly up the steps with smiling face, and said quietly: “My good friends, I have received what I deserved. But let us not waste time. This poor soul must be saved.” And then occurred one of those singular transformations so common in the life of the saintly missionary. The arms raised to strike him suddenly fell, the shouts ceased, and a passage was opened for the Father. Not only did the dying woman fulfil her last duties, but several members of this impious family were converted.

In another case a sick man threatened Father Milleriot with a cane if he did not leave the house at once. The Father looked at him for some time benignantly, and then said: “My poor friend, you are in great pain. Do you think it would relieve you to give me a few blows with your stick? If so, don’t stand on ceremony; strike boldly. What are a few strokes of a stick more or less? One does not die of it.” Then he offered his back for the blows. But at the same moment the cane fell from the hand of the sick man. Touched by such humility and devotion, he asked pardon, was converted, and expired sincerely repentant.

A man of the people one day made the astounding declaration: “Sir, I have nothing to tell you. I have done *everything*. There!”—“You have done everything, my friend?”—“Yes.”—“Have you killed the Pope?”—“Oh, no!”—“Well, why do you make yourself out worse than you are? Come, come, kneel down; I will settle

your case. You shall be satisfied with me and I with you." And so it turned out.

"Father Milleriot has not his equal in France!" exclaimed an old woman, the janitor of a building which was one of his missionary hunting-grounds. "He has turned my soul inside out. As I said to my husband: 'You may think what you like, but I put myself in the box of Father Milleriot. Would you believe it, he knew everything that I ever did! All I had to do was to answer yes. Well, I was so easy in my mind after it that I felt as if some one had taken the hill of Montmartre off my conscience!'"

Father Milleriot was quite at home among soldiers. He liked their honest frankness. An officer having come to thank him for his attention to his dying wife, "Major," said the Father, "it is your turn to-day."—"O Father, I do not go to confession!"—"I am well aware of it; but you must go now, all the same."—"Father, I beg to tell you again that I do not go to confession."—"Major, you shall confess." Controlled by the ascendancy of the good priest, the officer smilingly answered the questions that were put to him. "Major, you have now confessed in fun: you will return, and it will be in earnest." He did return, of his own accord, a sincere penitent.

But great sinners were not the only people whom Father Milleriot received: many fervent Christians also sought his firm and resolute direction. The young especially, charmed by his paternal familiarity, liked to meet him. "When the war began," relates a young man, "I was but a child. I was accusing myself innocently of hating the Prussians, at the same time adding that I could not feel any repentance. I was afraid I had offended God, who commands us to love our neighbor. 'Yes, undoubtedly,' replied Father Milleriot, 'the Prussian is our neighbor; but, then, he is so far away! My child, you must do as I do: every morning I fight a mighty battle with the Prussians. I kill ten thousand of them in my heart, and pray at the same time for the salvation of their souls.'"

Although so many conversions rewarded the apostolic zeal of the Father, still he had his little trials. In his recollections are frequently read the words: "*Le Père Milleriot bien attrapé*." At one time it was his old umbrella or his poor breviary that a counterfeit penitent made away

with; at another, a pretended devotee dexterously relieved him of his pocket-handkerchief or his spectacles. When he surprised the criminals in *flagrante delicto*, he lectured them roundly, but at the end allowed himself to be softened and gave them alms. "It is misery," he would say, "that drives these poor people to theft." However, as a consequence of these deceptions, he sometimes reproaches himself with becoming distrustful. Thus, when an importunate petitioner exclaimed, "Father, if you do not help me, I will throw myself into the river, or blow my brains out!" he contented himself with replying, smilingly, "My friend, of the ten who kill themselves in this fashion, not a single one dies."

But this indefatigable apostle was not satisfied with reconciling souls to God, or strengthening them in the practice of every Christian duty. He who once shuddered at the thought of entering the pulpit was now an orator, who simply carried his hearers away by his earnestness and sincerity. His style of preaching was vigorous, abrupt, unique. The saying of Buffon fitted it exactly: "The style is the man." It was unlike anything else: it was Father Milleriot. After hearing him preach a pastoral retreat in Orleans Bishop Dupanloup said: "You are eloquent, Father."—"My language," replied the popular orator, "rises with my audience. And when I am speaking to priests particularly, there are for me neither priests nor listeners, nor bishops even,—there is only the truth."

His language, lofty and familiar, insinuating or imperious, but always vivid, original, full of unexpected turns and sallies, kept the attention of everyone on the alert, held all hearts and minds in suspense. It passed, with a briskness and variety that would have disconcerted Bourdaloue, from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Apostrophes and comparisons seemed to leap forth of themselves. The preacher appeared on the scene with an air of unaffected good nature and simplicity; he related his experiences, appealed to the curé of the parish, mounted with a sudden daring bound to the presence of God Himself; then as suddenly descended again to earth, and retailed some anecdote or other, with a mimicry and with inflections of voice which brightened every face. The audience sometimes laughed, but it was soon again seized with a firm grasp, stirred

to its inmost depths with a penetrating cry, astounded, and often convulsed with agitation.

Father Milleriot has often been compared to Bridaine. He had his turn of mind, his picturesque style, but with an unconventional carriage peculiar to himself, at once free and martial.

In 1854, when he was preaching in the evening, at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, a preparatory retreat for Easter Communion, the venerable curé said to him: "Do you know that you will have among your audience countesses and even duchesses?"—"Really? Well, I must try to suit my language to the noble personages." Faithful to his promise, the next day he began his discourse with these words: "My brethren, I am a man of the people, and I am glad of it. I prefer preaching the Gospel to the humble rather than to the great; I prefer hearing the confessions of the poor rather than of the rich, of servants and mechanics rather than employers and nobles. Not that I despise the latter: on the contrary, no one honors them more than I do; particularly when they are, like those now listening to me, nobler in heart than in name, more exalted by their religious sentiments than by their titles. And, to give them a proof of my attachment, and persuade them to give me their confidence, I will simply add that I would, without the slightest embarrassment, receive the Pope at one side of my confessional and the Emperor at the other." An approving smile showed that his audience understood him, and many fashionable people went to confession at St. Thomas Aquinas on the following days.

When Abbé Combalot died during the station of Lent which he was preaching at St. Roch, it was thought desirable that Father Milleriot should bring to a successful conclusion the interrupted work. His first sermon caused considerable emotion. The subject was hell. After proving its existence and painting its horrors, he promised that at the next conference he would prove with equal clearness that *there is no hell*. "I beg of you, ladies," he concluded, "to bring your husbands. The subject I announce can not fail to please them." As he anticipated, the church was crowded at his next sermon, particularly with men. Father Milleriot then set forth with great energy an idea on which he was fond of dwelling; namely, that it is in the power of everyone, thanks

to the Sacrament of Penance, to shut the gates of hell, and to render it practically non-existent as far as he is concerned. "Go to confession, my brethren; for, in the merciful designs of Jesus Christ, confession overthrows hell."

On another occasion he was preaching in a convent of Sisters. "Where shall we be, my dear Sisters," he asked, "in a hundred years?" And after an interval, "In hell!" he cried, in awe-struck tones, sinking into his chair. Then, suddenly straightening himself, "Yes, in hell," he repeated, "if we die in mortal sin!"

"What specially pleased the lower classes, to whom Father Milleriot preached by preference," says Father Charles Clair, "was that, without ever descending to triviality, their preacher always spoke their own language to them,—a language at once simple and energetic, and above all abounding in imagery. Leaving aside whatever transcended the capacity of ordinary people, his chief object was to make himself clearly understood; and, without neglecting the understanding, it was the heart that he aimed at particularly. His great desire was to stir the hearts of his hearers, and thereby lead them to live upright lives. If his discourses were not literary masterpieces, at least they were not of the wearisome class, which is the worst of all classes for the orator as well as the congregation."*

Expounding, after his usual manner, the promise of Jesus Christ to His disciples, "*Faciam vos piscatores hominum*," he said: "If a fisherman were to find a man half dead in his net, what joy would he not feel in restoring him to life! This is the joy of the confessor, the preacher, the priest. Allow yourselves to be taken in our nets; we will give you to God, our Master. Come, we will not sell you; it is Jesus Christ who has sold Himself for us. Come, nobody wants to eat you! The bigger the fish is, the better pleased the fisherman. The big fish, in the eyes of the confessor, is the man who has not approached the sacred tribunal for twenty years,—he is a pike that weighs twenty pounds; or the woman who has been away ten years,—she is a carp of ten!"

The true explanation of the efficacy of Father Milleriot's words is that they sprang from the

* "Le Révérend Père Louis Milleriot, de la Compagnie de Jesus," par le Père Charles Clair, de la même Compagnie. Paris, 1881.

depths of a heart inspired by the most ardent conviction. "During one of our revolutionary trials," he relates in his "Souvenirs," "my superior asked me how I felt in relation to all these events, and if my soul was not shaken by them. 'No, Father,' I replied; 'a little touch of prison and death does good.'" And he adds with humility: "Alas! they were but words lost in air; and I have not been thought worthy of death in our late misfortunes. Had I not been unfaithful to God's grace, perhaps I might have had the good fortune to be associated with our martyrs."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Votive Offering.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HEARTS of silver and of gold
Men had brought in days of old
To Thy shrine for offering,
Symbols of a holier thing.

Lord, Lord, dear, adored!
Take my little candle, Lord;
Through the lights in Paradise
Let my candle please Thine eyes.

Hearts that ache and hearts that break,
Hearts to shatter and remake,
Here before Thy feet are laid,
Where June's roses burn and fade.

Lord, Lord, life is light,
Flame a heart that burns to white;
As this flame mounts steadily,
Draw a heart that turns from Thee.

For a cold heart all its days,
Let my candle tell Thy praise;
For a heart that's ignorant,
Let my candle one hour chant.

Poor my candle is and small,
Yet Thou know'st the thoughts of all:
How my candle saith my prayer
When my feet go elsewhere,—

How one thought I leave behind
Though my thoughts are hard to bind;
Though I go away, forget,
Thou one hour o'erlookest it.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

GREAT was Lestrangle's indignation when he heard Señora Echeveria's decision with regard to Carmela. It seemed to him nothing less than an outrage that their association should be ended, and the pleasure of love-making cut short just when it had reached its most agreeable stage. But the expression of these sentiments had no effect upon the señora. She was placid but firm.

"My daughter's happiness is very dear to me, señor," she said; "and I can not permit it to be trifled with. She must go away until it is decided whether or not she is to marry you. Moreover, it is the custom of our country that after a lover has declared his feelings—"

"He is banished from the house," interposed Lestrangle. "Yes, I know; but you must allow me to observe that it is a barbarous custom."

"It may be that it appears so to you," said the señora, with dignity; "but since it is our custom, you must not be surprised if I follow it—at least to the extent of separating Carmela and yourself until you have obtained the consent of your parents to your marriage."

"I have assured you," he remarked, "that this consent is simply a form. You may consider it already obtained."

"I can not do that," she replied; "but since you are so certain of obtaining it, you should not find the separation which I require very hard to bear."

"I find it not only hard, but cruel and unnecessary," he said, with an energy altogether strange to his usual languid manner. If Miriam had been present she would have reflected that the only thing which, from his boyhood, had ever roused Arthur to this energy, had been the crossing of a fancy or caprice.

"I am sorry that you find it so," answered the señora, with more kindness than the tone of the speech merited; for she said to herself that she could not find fault with the young man for being very much in love with Carmela. "It is, however, impossible for me to reconsider what I have decided upon."

"What do *you* say to this, Carmela?" asked Lestrangle, turning to the girl, who had sat pale and silent during the conversation.

She lifted her eyes at his appeal, and the deep pain in them went to his heart. A sudden conviction came to him that his own aversion to the proposed separation was but a faint sentiment compared to what she was suffering. The realization was brief; for, like all egotists, the only thing of which he had any keen or lasting impression was that which he felt himself. But with the gaze of those sad eyes upon him, he could not for the moment think of anything but what they revealed.

"I am sorry that my mother thinks it necessary," Carmela replied, in her low, sweet voice; "but since it is her wish, we can only submit to it. God will perhaps bring us together again."

"I will do that," said Lestrangle, passionately; for her look stirred all that was deepest in his nature. "Nothing but your own wishes shall come between us in any lasting sense. I promise you that. Only tell me," he added quickly, speaking in English, partly on the impulse of the moment, partly because Señora Echeveria had no knowledge of the language, "is it *necessary* to submit to this tyrannical separation?"

"It is certainly necessary that I should obey my mother," the young girl answered in the same language; for she knew that if she replied in Spanish, he would believe she had spoken for her mother's ears.

"And when do you go?" he asked.

Carmela turned to her mother. "He wishes to know when I am going," she said.

"To-morrow," answered the señora. "There is no reason for delay. This afternoon I will accompany her to pay a farewell visit to your sister; and after that I think it is best that you should not meet again. It will only be an unnecessary pain."

Lestrangle uttered no remonstrance against this. He felt, by the change in Señora Echeveria's tone and manner, that a stronger will than hers was arrayed against him, and that further resistance was useless. "It is the priest, of course!" he said to himself, bitterly. And as he left the house, he swore an oath in his heart that not all the priests in Mexico should separate Carmela and himself—for opposition was the one touch req-

uisite to settle into obstinacy his wavering desires.

In the afternoon Señora Echeveria and Carmela went, according to the promise of the former, to see Miss Lestrangle; Carmela with a faint, pathetic attempt to appear cheerful—for Padre Agostino had said to her, "Try to do what is required of you with good-will and a good grace, not in a martyr spirit." But the look which Miriam called nun-like—the look, that is, of renunciation—was on her face, despite all her efforts to the contrary; and the dark eyes had an expression of steady, abiding pain.

"And so you are going away, my dear?" said Miss Lestrangle, taking her hand after they sat down. "I am very sorry, I assure you. Your companionship has been a great pleasure to me, and I shall miss you sadly."

Tears sprang into Carmela's eyes and made them liquid with moisture as she raised them to the speaker's face. "You have been very kind to me," she replied, simply. "I, too, am sorry that we must part. But my mother thinks it necessary for me to go."

"It may seem strange to you that I am sending her away," said Señora Echeveria; "but, until things are quite settled, it seems to me best."

"Yes, it *is* best," Miriam answered, with some unconscious emphasis. "I would not have Carmela suffer one pang through Arthur's fault; and I think you are right to guard against the possibility of such a thing."

The señora looked at her wistfully. Despite all that Padre Agostino had said, the soft-hearted woman could not wish that Carmela's young romance should be shattered; and Miriam's words made her think, for the first time, that the parental consent she had demanded was not so certain as Lestrangle declared it to be. She hesitated a moment, then said to her daughter: "Go to the other end of the room, dear. I wish to speak a few words to the señorita."

Obediently as a child Carmela went, and, passing behind a partly drawn curtain—hung across the end of the room to screen from sight the large easel on which her picture rested,—found herself in the presence of Arthur Lestrangle, who, flung listlessly in the depths of a large chair, was gazing moodily out of the window. He sprang up when he saw her, with a sudden light flashing into his eyes.

"What! is it you?" he cried. "But this is too good! I was just debating with myself whether I would appear at your visit; for to see you in the presence of your mother is worse than not to see you at all. And now you have come to me alone! It is more than I hoped for."

"I did not know that you were here," she answered. "I was sent away. Mamma is speaking to your sister, and I came for a last look at the picture."

"And instead you find me. Is not that better? Sit down in this chair, and let me look at you and talk to you once more in peace."

"Perhaps I should tell mamma that you are here?" she said, hesitating a little.

"Has she forbidden you to see or speak to me, Carmela?"

"No, oh no!"

"Then be quiet. Is there anything strange in our being together? Have we not been together often before? What horrible nonsense and cruel folly all this separation is! It enrages me beyond measure,—enrages me because I have no power to prevent it. O my Carmela! when once you are mine—and mine you shall be as surely as the sun shines in heaven—they will never have an opportunity to interfere with us again. If you had but heeded me, and we had said nothing of what concerned only ourselves, what happy hours we might have had together here, instead of being torn apart in this manner!"

She shook her head slightly, as she looked at him with gentle, pathetic eyes. "It is better to suffer than to do wrong," she answered. "We could not have been happy without the blessing of God, and that blessing could not have rested on wilful concealment."

"We do not look at these things in the same way," he said; "but what is done is done, and I will not blame you now. For you, too, suffer,—not as much as I, for you have your piety to console you; but still you suffer."

She smiled a faint, pathetic smile, more expressive than tears. "Yes, I suffer," she replied, quietly; "and what you call my piety does not console me as it ought to do. But if we bear our suffering patiently, God will perhaps end it for us. That is my hope."

"Have hope in *me*," he whispered, drawing her quickly toward him. "I have promised you

that nothing shall come between us, and I repeat that promise again. Nothing, my Carmela,—nothing! Not all the parents or priests in Mexico shall keep us apart. They could not send you so far that I would not follow you, if need be. And there is nothing I would not throw to the winds, if by doing so I could secure you."

She looked at him gratefully, too deeply touched by his passion to doubt or criticise. Surely such devotion as this was worth suffering for. Nay, suffering itself took another character and became happiness when it was endured for one so deeply loved, and supported by ardent faith in that beloved one.

Meanwhile Señora Echeveria, unheeding the soft murmur of voices at the other end of the room, was saying to Miss Lestrangle,

"You will forgive me if I ask you a frank question. Do you think that your parents will refuse their consent to the marriage of your brother with my Carmela?"

"My parents—oh, no doubt they will consent if Arthur really wishes it," Miriam answered. "But"—she paused a moment, and then went on, with a sudden impulse of confidence—"I feel as if I must tell you that the greatest danger is in Arthur himself. He is very much in love with Carmela now, and he means all that he says to you and to her. But he is capricious and changeable in the extreme. He may change altogether in his feelings. So it is best that Carmela should be separated from him. The separation will test his affection, and it may spare her some pangs should that affection not bear the test."

The señora shook her head. "You do not know Carmela," she said. "Nothing, I fear, can spare her now. And obstacles seem to increase. Forgive me, señorita, if I say that I wish your brother had never come to Mexico."

"So do I, with all my heart," returned Miriam. "I assure you my feeling is all with you in this matter. I would do anything to spare Carmela pain. It may be that I wrong Arthur—that he will be more constant than I think to this affection. We can only hope so—now."

"I do not know what to hope," said the señora, mournfully. "It is not a marriage I would choose for Carmela. I do not think she would be happy in your country; and—and I am told that your brother has no faith, no religion of any kind."

"I am afraid that is true," Miriam admitted, gravely; "but with us there are many men—good and well-intentioned—who have no faith, as you understand faith. They were never taught any positive religion, and so they follow the fashion of the time, and doubt everything. Arthur is one of them. I can not deny that. But his form of easy-going unbelief is so common that we think little of it."

"We think much of any unbelief," said Señora Echeveria. "I see no hope in this matter for my poor Carmela. She seems doomed to unhappiness; for how can I allow her to marry one who has no certainty of himself and no belief in God? Even if your parents consent—"

"Our parents will leave Arthur to do as he pleases," interrupted Miss Lestrangle; "but there is another person who has much power over him. This is a wealthy aunt, who has been very generous to him, and who, we have every reason to believe, will make him her heir. If she opposes such a marriage he will never persevere. I am sure of that. He does not think so himself. He believes now that he will throw away a fortune for Carmela; but I know that he never will. I tell you these things, señora, in order that you may be prepared, should what I fear come to pass; and that you may do what seems to you best for your daughter's happiness."

"I am grateful to you for your frankness," said the señora, gravely. "I shall not forget it. I see that the separation between your brother and Carmela is even more necessary, more imperative, than I supposed. And there must be no delay in it. So now it is time for us to go. Where is Carmela?"

Miriam pointed toward the curtained recess. "She is there—with Arthur," she answered. "They have had their farewell. Do not grudge them that. When they meet again all things will be different."

"If I can prevent it, they shall never meet again," said the mother, rising resolutely.

(To be continued.)

ILL that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will.

—Faber.

A Visit to Ars.

AT half-past seven in the morning I took the train at Paris for Macon, which town, I was told, was the best stopping place for Ars. In this, however, I was misinformed. I found afterward that it would have been better to go on to Villefranche, where I could have passed the night; then, by hiring a carriage the following morning, I could have been at Ars as early as I pleased,—the drive between those two places occupying not much more than an hour. However, not knowing this when I left Paris, I took my ticket to Macon, and arrived there about nine in the evening.

I was soon comfortably lodged in the Hotel de l'Europe, and whilst taking my supper I learned from the intelligent waiter many particulars as to how I was to proceed on my journey the following morning. He told me that if I wished to catch the diligence which ran daily from Villefranche to Ars, I must be sure to leave Macon by an early train.

The next day being Sunday made an early departure difficult, on account of the obligation of first hearing Mass. But there was evidently nothing to be done except to follow the waiter's advice; so I begged that I might be called in the morning at six o'clock,—a request that was strictly complied with; for exactly at that hour there was a thunderous rapping at my door, that would have aroused a much heavier sleeper than myself; and the knocking continued until I had called out in my loudest voice that I was really awake. I was soon dressed, and went in search of a church where Mass was said at seven o'clock; after which I returned to my hotel, breakfasted, and started for Villefranche.

The servant had told me that I should find the diligence for Ars waiting the arrival of my train, so I naturally supposed that on leaving one carriage I had only to make haste and get into another, which would convey me without delay to my destination. Alas! it was a vain expectation. It is true the diligence was standing in the place in front of the station, but no horses were attached to it, nor was any driver to be seen. There it stood, the ugly, yellow, dusty contrivance, as if quietly mocking the hopes of expect-

ant passengers. After a few moments' reflection, I addressed myself to one of the employees in the station, and inquired how long it would be before the diligence would leave for the village of Ars.

"For Ars?" he replied, complacently twirling his mustache as he repeated my last words. "Not until the diligence from Chatillon and the train from Lyons come in."

"And when will that be?" I asked, in a tone of disappointment.

"It will be a good hour yet," he answered, looking at the clock as he spoke. "On Sundays there are always passengers for Ars, and the diligence waits to take them on. Sometimes it is quite full."

This last remark was anything but consoling; however, it put me on my guard, and determined me to be on the lookout so as to secure a place before the rush came. I must own that the idea of seating myself at once in the deserted vehicle passed through my mind; but I abandoned it as too absurd, and I thought it might look eccentric; so I sat on a bench to wait quietly the expiration of the "good hour," which I felt sure would be nearer two. I was not far wrong; for I had been waiting nearly that time when the Lyons train came in, and the other diligence arrived, bringing several passengers for Ars. The horses now made their appearance, accompanied by two men in blouses; and in a few minutes we were hurriedly requested to take our seats, as there was no time to lose.

There were five persons, one of whom—a pleasant-looking young woman—had been waiting a short time in the station on a bench near me. Had I known she was to be my companion on the journey I should certainly have entered into conversation with her. She appeared much fatigued, and, being the first to enter the carriage, she took the corner seat at the farther end, where she immediately settled herself as if intending to go to sleep. If such had been her intention, however, she must have felt disappointed; for our neighbor *vis à vis*—a loquacious, middle-aged woman,—after watching her with curiosity for a few seconds, said:

"Mademoiselle, you seem to be fatigued."

"Yes," she answered, "I am fatigued. For I rose at four o'clock this morning; and, after

doing my work and going to Mass, I walked twelve miles to get a place in this carriage."

"Your devotion to Ars must be great to induce you to make such an arduous pilgrimage," continued the other.

"My gratitude is great," she returned; "for it was by the prayers of the good Curé that I was healed of an incurable malady. Nothing but a miracle could have cured me."

She sank back again into her corner, as if unwilling to say more; and closed her eyes, which I understood to mean, "Do let me be quiet!"

But our opposite neighbor was not to be put off so easily; her curiosity was excited by the young lady's words, and she exclaimed enthusiastically: "You will surely recount to us the history of this miracle, will you not? I, too, have a great devotion to the Curé of Ars, and I like very much to hear of the marvels that have been wrought through his prayers."

She opened her eyes as she calmly replied: "I will tell you about myself, if you really wish it; but my cure is only one of many. The good Curé was always working wonders as great as, or even greater than, the one I have to recount."

"Possibly, and one is never tired of hearing of them. The Curé was a true saint. So now, if you please, and if it is not troubling you too much, will you tell us about this great favor you have received?"

The young woman raised herself from her half-recumbent position in the corner, and this is her narrative, as nearly as I can recall it, aided by a few notes I jotted down at the time:

"I was twelve years old when a stiffness and swelling in my knee rendered my leg almost useless, and prevented me from helping my parents, as I had been in the habit of doing, in the cultivation of a piece of land, the produce of which was given to my father, in part payment for his services, by the gentleman who owned it. The swelling increased, and soon a hard lump came under my knee, which made my mother hasten to call in a physician. He gave me medicines and ointment; but my knee rapidly grew worse, and my mother was advised to take me to the hospital. She did so, and it was arranged that I should remain and undergo treatment. My poor mother was very loth to leave me, but she often came to see me.

"The treatment was ineffectual. The swelling grew to a large size, became very painful, and I began to feel ill. My mother was told that the only way to save my life would be to amputate the leg, and that it ought to be done as soon as possible, lest gangrene should set in. The idea of amputation was terrible to her, and yet to lose me by death was worse. She was in great grief. After some reflection she begged the doctors to wait a day or two, declaring that she would take me to Ars. At that time we lived much nearer to Ars than I do now. The doctors held a brief consultation, and consented to her request, at the same time declaring again that amputation was the only means of saving my life.

"The next day my mother and I set out for Ars. We arrived there just as the Curé was vesting for Mass. My mother went into the sacristy, and told him the object of her visit. He promised to offer the Holy Sacrifice for my cure. I was carried into the church, and placed in a seat opposite an altar where the acolyte was lighting the candles for Mass. (I had not been able to put my ailing leg to the ground for many weeks.) As soon as my mother came from the sacristy she placed herself beside me, and told me what the Curé had promised. I was overjoyed at the thought, and you may be sure we both prayed fervently.

"The shaking of the vehicle that conveyed us thither seemed to have made my leg worse, and during the greater part of Mass the pain was very acute. Toward the end a strange sensation came over me; I can not describe what it was like. My whole body seemed agitated, and I felt compelled to stand up and to put my foot on the floor. I arose at once, and stood without support. The pain had ceased. I took a few steps forward, to be sure that I could use my leg. It was really true—*I could walk!* I was cured. I could kneel on both knees to thank the good God for His wonderful mercies to me.

"My poor mother was even more overcome with emotion than myself. I shall never forget her as she knelt there opposite the altar at which the saintly Curé had said Mass. She seemed riveted to the spot. I can not say how long we remained there, but at length we left the church. I walked without pain; still I felt very weak, and my mother supported me by putting her arm

around me. She did not carry me: I really walked, putting both feet on the ground.

"We went first to visit the Curé. He knew all that had happened. He received us very kindly, and, being an old acquaintance of my mother's, they had plenty to talk about, but I think the chief subject of their conversation was myself. When we left the Curé we went to the hotel and had some dinner, and then we returned home."

"How long ago was that?" asked the logacious woman opposite.

"Eighteen years this month," she replied. "And each year since then I have made a pilgrimage to Ars at this season."

"Have you never had any return of the swelling, or felt any inconvenience?" I asked.

"None whatever," she answered; "beyond a little weakness in that leg when I am very tired. But it has never prevented me doing a hard day's work."

"Nor does it prevent you taking a good long walk," I remarked, with reference to her journey of that morning.

Our companion expressed her hope that all such histories might become widely known, especially now that there was question of canonizing the Curé; and she spoke with regret of not having visited Ars during his lifetime,—a regret in which I sincerely joined.

There is nothing very interesting in the aspect of the country. The land is slightly undulating and well cultivated; and, after losing sight of Villefranche and its surroundings, the whole region becomes purely agricultural. I did not see Ars until we were close upon it; for it lies very secluded. A small rivulet bordered by alders flows peacefully along, separating the grounds of the château from the village.

The diligence set us down at the little hotel opposite the church, and we were told that those who wished to return by it in the evening must be there by six o'clock. It was now nearly two. After a light repast I went into the church, and, to my surprise, found that Vespers was just over. The church was still full of people, the greater part of whom were engaged in prayer; but a few, evidently strangers like myself, were looking about. I soon came to the altar of St. Philomena, and not far from it was what I took to be the Curé's grave. I could not see the in-

scription, for a lady was kneeling upon it; but at the head of the stone I saw a chalice engraved, which made me feel confident that I was right in conjecture. To be quite certain, I asked the lady. She replied: "Our saint lies here, under this stone. I can never repay my debt of gratitude; for through his prayers I was healed." She made a little room for me to kneel on the floor beside her, and continued her prayers. There I saw her, still kneeling, when I left the church half an hour later.

I then inquired if I could visit the house where the Curé had lived, and for this purpose was directed to the Providence. At that time the Sisters had the custody of the Curé's house. The woman who opened the door made no answer to my request, but showed me into a parlor, where, after waiting a little while, a Sister came to me. She told me she had sent for a person who would conduct me through the Curé's house. The Sister mentioned, among other things, that there was an English lady boarding with them who seldom saw any one from her own country, and asked if she might bring her to the parlor. Of course I replied that I should be happy to make her acquaintance, and a few minutes later she appeared. This lady proved to be not only an agreeable companion, but an excellent cicerone, and she was of great service to me during the remaining two hours I had to spend at Ars.

As soon as the person arrived with the key of the Curé's house, I left the Providence, in company with this lady. The *custode* stopped before a very humble-looking dwelling, and, unlocking the door, went up some steps, where she opened a shutter in another door; then, standing back, she told me to look in. A most interesting sight it was; for it was the Curé's room, just as he had left it. His cassock was hanging on a peg, his hat similarly placed; his shoes on the floor, just as he might have taken them off; his bed ready-made, as if for an occupant; the porringer, or earthenware pot, out of which I was told he used to take his soup, was on the table, and beside it stood a chair. A small bookcase filled with books rested on the top of a cupboard, and some pious pictures hung on the walls.

Everything in this simple room could be seen at a glance, and yet one would fain have lingered. I remained until I was ashamed to keep my

companion waiting longer. It was with regret that I saw the aperture closed, and the apartment of the holy Curé hidden from my gaze. The lady then took me to a little chapel near by, where I was shown some relics—a piece of the chain the holy Curé wore round his body, his rosary, some artificial flowers made from his clothes, and various other interesting objects. I longed to possess the least of them.

It was now nearly six o'clock, the hour at which, as I had been told, the diligence would start on its return to Villefranche; so we sauntered slowly toward the hotel, on the step of which my amiable companion left me, saying she would return in a few minutes. She soon reappeared, bringing some photographs of the Curé's room and a little packet of the coveted relics, which she slipped into my hand as she kindly said good-bye.

A Favor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

ONE of the most remarkable books that has appeared in the last decade is that of Leo Taxil—"Confessions of a Former Freethinker." With pitiless candor this volume lays bare the deplorable delusions and errors of modern unbelief; and is specially adapted to these critical times, when Catholics need new helps, as it were, as bulwarks to faith and fidelity. M. Taxil recounts his manifold wanderings in the following striking manner:

This boy, early matured, entered the College of St. Louis, at Marseilles, at the age of twelve years, full of the exuberant spirits of the South, yet characterized by a deep and sincere religious fervor. At that time a pious priest named Jouet was a teacher in the college. He sought to spread among the students devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the sweet title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Jouet was a thoroughly apostolic man; whenever he spoke of the devotion it was as one inspired. For the time being he forgot everything but his favorite theme; his face became almost transfigured; a kind of inspiration seized him, which made his words truly eloquent. He was

much interested in young Taxil, and appointed him his assistant in promoting the devotion so near to his soul.

A band was organized in the college, each member of which pledged himself to do all in his power for the propagation of the new cult. The annual fee was one sou. Every individual enrolled did his utmost in the cause. On their days for going out they went among their friends, relatives and acquaintances in Marseilles, laboring zealously to obtain new members for the association. At that time no one could have foreseen that Taxil would one day turn his back on the Church and enter the ranks of her enemy.

Within the walls of the college was the son of a Frenchman, whose soul had been infected with the venom of his father's unbelief. Taxil formed an intimate friendship with this young man, and gradually his own heart became contaminated. Then occurred what at first would seem almost incredible: this scion of an ancient Catholic family, in a Catholic college, surrounded by good influences, was led astray through the false reasoning and evil example of one bad friend, and became an unbeliever at the age of fourteen!

An inward fever seemed to consume him. On holidays he bought liberal newspapers, and read them clandestinely. Yet the light of faith was not wholly extinguished. In times of interior struggle he was often tempted to flee to the Abbé Jouet and confess all; but he was withheld by fear. Nevertheless, during all this time he remained the chief promoter of the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. He strove to quiet his conscience whenever it admonished him that he was rushing to his own destruction.

Again and again this unrest assailed him; in his anguish of soul he would pray to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and implore her to help him. This was his last prayer. By an unworthy Communion he sealed his infidelity to God and His Church, and his soul plunged into darkness. When, later, this remarkable boy disclosed his impiety, the Abbé Jouet, ever trusting in Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, did not lose courage. When others would say, "Our poor Taxil is eternally lost: he will die unabsolved," the good priest would make answer, "No: it is impossible that mercy shall be refused this poor child; though he repulse it, it will ever follow him. In

spite of all the powers of hell, this boy still has the protection of the Blessed Virgin." With tears in his eyes, he would earnestly recommend this fallen child of Mary to the prayers of his friends and fellow-laborers.

Seventeen years later, after Taxil had brought unlimited discredit upon the Church of France,—after he had openly avowed, in an article published on the morning of April 23, that nothing should restrain him from the conflict against God,—on the afternoon of that very day he knelt before the same God imploring mercy and forgiveness. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart had not forgotten.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN'S questions asked in his great Greek poetic fragment, "The Centaur," are hard to answer. Who can tell, in plain words, the secret of the beginning of things? Who can say why the curves of a rose please us, or why the chalice of a lily is more beautiful in our eyes than a telegraph pole? God has made us so that we love the sight of the symmetry of flowers and of the tints of sunsets. It is the only answer to the *why* which modern materialism is always asking and never answering satisfactorily. We must accept some things without bothering about interrogation points. Tennyson puts it well when he tells us that if we knew the secret of the little flower in the crannied wall, we should know everything.

But we do not, and God does. Some of the scientists will not admit that God does, because they do not. This is a form of human vanity which they disguise under various high-sounding terms. The flower whose secret baffles the inquirer is beautiful and sweet. Our friends will not admit that God could have made anything only to be beautiful and sweet. It seems to them—the age has become so utilitarian—that it would have been a waste of time. But experience has shown that they who deny a place to the beautiful end by denying a place to the true.

The Iconoclasts of the Reformation began by tearing the lily from the hands of the Mother of God, and went on to try to deprive her of the title Immaculate, which it represented. The modern Iconoclast goes further: he will have no beauty that symbolizes truth; he will admit that nothing can be beautiful until he can take it apart and put it together again. God's things are not what they ought to be, in his estimation, until he has remodelled them,—until he has shown that they are good for some baser purpose than to help the human race to feel that it is immortal.

What is poetry or music but a link that binds us closer to our belief in God? The true poets have idealized the sentiment of love, which, if our Iconoclasts had their way, would be held to be a mere brutal passion. See what the Iconoclasts in literature have done with it: they have reduced it to the pagan meaning; and, as they are unable to escape the influence of the Christian ideal which has permeated all modern poetry, they are not satisfied with their brutish utility. They have known higher things than the pagans knew, and they turn away from the great manger of husks they have prepared for themselves.

They do not cry out, with Horace, "*Carpe diem*": they call on death to end satiety. Iconoclasts are responsible for modern Pessimism, which declares that the highest duty of man is to show how gross he can be and how silly is all beauty, and that the things we can explain by our finite reason are in reality all that exist; and so they would lead the little child, which is the human heart at its best, down to the very gates of a hell on earth.

Poetry is only an effort—often a blind effort—of man to assert his immortality. It is a vague longing, uttered as beautifully as he can do it. The Puritans would make us fear poetry, make us flee from the sound of music; and the result of such utilitarianism is iconoclasm. There is no more logical evidence of this before our eyes than the condition of mind of a certain writer who has suddenly become notorious through a brutal book. This is Tolstoi, in whose work we see the Puritan and the Iconoclast making toward ruin. Such is the fate of all minds who search perversely for an answer to questions which Our Lord, through His Church, has answered long ago.

The "Dies Iræ."

A RECENT number of *The Athenæum* contains a list of versions of the "Dies Iræ" in the English language. It is in two portions—English and American. Mr. C. F. Warren, the compiler, does not believe this list by any means complete. He gives the date of the first publication of each version, or where there is no date, he places it at the end of that decade of years to which it probably belongs. He also indicates the nature of the stanza, metre and rhyme; the names of the authors, and the particular works in which the hymn is contained.

There are eighty-seven British versions of this sublime production, and ninety-two American. The first English translation, by Joshua Sylvester, found in "*Divine Weeks of Dubartas*," is dated 1621. There were only ten others until the present century. The first American version, by some unknown translator in the New York *Evangelist*, was in 1841. The great majority of these versions are by Protestants of different sects. The numerous translations of the "Dies Iræ," and of the sacred poetry generally of the Roman Breviary and Missal, by non-Catholics of devotional tendencies, would seem to indicate a lively consciousness of a deeply-felt want on the part of our separated brethren, which can only be supplied from the inexhaustible treasury of our holy mother the Church; and may be regarded, therefore, as one of the many signs pointing to the approach of the time when there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

Quite a number of hymns from the Roman Breviary and Missal are now used at devotional exercises, not only in the Episcopalian but in the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and in the two hundred and eighty other Protestant sects of the United States. Very many of them, unfortunately, are modified or mutilated in their most characteristic features, so as to be purged of "the corruptions of Romanism." This is really dishonest. What would one think of a German Jewish translator of Shakespeare who would clip, twist and distort the "*Merchant of Venice*," so as to make the principal character conform to the translator's idea of propriety?

The Founder of the Little Sisters.

Notes and Remarks.

HALF a century ago, under the direction of the Rev. Father Le Pailleur, a young French-woman donned the habit of a new religious community and became the first Little Sister of the Poor. To-day, as Mother-General of her Order, she governs a community possessing as many as two hundred and seventy-four separate establishments, and numbering over six thousand members.

This phenomenal development of the Little Sisters is attributable, under God, to the fostering care and enlightened prudence of their venerable and saintly founder. A desire to facilitate the future administration of his cherished family was the motive by which he was principally actuated when he recently resigned his functions as Superior-General.

It is a rule of the Church that religious societies of women should be governed by women. The only exception is in the case of a founder, who may, during his life, hold the office of chief ruler. Father Le Pailleur, whose years are verging on four-score, has preferred to give up the reins of government to one who is perfectly familiar with all the workings of the institute, and who, in the years that it may reasonably be expected still remain to her, may provide for the future harmony of this admirable and widespread organization.

The apostolic simplicity and disinterestedness of the venerable priest are strikingly manifested in the following beautiful circular letter, which he addressed to the Sisters on the eve of his retirement from office:

MY LITTLE CHILDREN:—I am seventy-eight years old. It is a great age; I feel its weight, and am warned to think of my end, which can not be far distant. I feel that the work which God has given me to do is accomplished, and that I am following His will in consecrating what remains to me of life to preparation, in solitude and prayer, for death and eternity. I bid you adieu forever. Though absent from you in body, I will ever preserve my affection for our family. Pray much for me, my little children, as I will pray much for you. May God bless you!

Your father in Christ,

LE PAILLEUR, Priest.

The superiority of State schools may be questioned in view of the many triumphs of Catholic colleges over secular institutions. There is no test like examinations, and the pupils of Catholic schools come out ahead in innumerable instances. Applicants for entrance to the Columbia School of Mines have to stand a severe examination, and many fail to reach the standard required. This year the honors were carried off by Master Charles Peugnet, a pupil of St. Louis' College, New York, who, although one year younger than the age specified for admission, made the extraordinary record of the full hundred per cent. in mathematics and languages.

One hears of similar triumphs everywhere. The College Stanislaus in Paris "led all the rest" in the late examinations. But some Catholic parents will be the last to be convinced of the superiority of any Catholic college over a State institution.

Mr. William Hill, a prominent railroad man of St. Paul, Minn., has given to the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland \$500,000, on condition that the Archbishop will gather together the best possible faculty at St. Paul for the higher education of priests. Mr. Hill insists on being the only subscriber to the theological seminary, and promises his Grace as much more money as is necessary. Archbishop Ireland, on his side, gives fifty acres of land, the value of which is at least one thousand dollars an acre. Mr. Hill is not a Catholic, though his wife and children are.

Many readers of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" have, perhaps, felt that the book had a note of resentment in it. But from a letter to Sir William Cope, just made public, bearing date February 13, 1875, it is plain that in vindicating his life the great author wrote in no unchristian spirit. He says:

"I never from the first have felt any anger toward Mr. Kingsley. As I said in the first pages of my 'Apologia,' it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger, but it did not. I have ever felt from experience that no one would

believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that if I simply denied it, this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently; but if I said something sharp they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason why I felt it would not do to be tame, and not to show indignation at Mr. Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course toward those who said I could not receive the Vatican decrees....

"As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him, when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my 'Apologia.' ... I had always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part; and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death."

In his last delightful chat "Over the Teacups" Dr. Holmes turns preacher, and takes up what he calls "the most serious and solemn subject which can occupy the human intelligence." It was suggested by a letter from a distinguished clergyman, who asked his opinion as a physician on the working of beliefs about the future life in the minds of those dangerously ill. In the course of his answer Dr. Holmes says:

"So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. ... I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it."

During the course of last Lent, as we learn from the *Croix de L'Orne*, the church of Versainville, France, was undergoing repairs, and a statue of St. Joseph had been placed on the floor near the wall. On Palm Sunday a nominal member of the congregation amused himself by covering the head of the statue with his hat as he entered the church for Mass. "You must have a cold," said he, mockingly; "for you have been bare-headed for a long time." At the end of the ser-

vice he wished to recover his hat, but found he could not stretch out his hand—it was impossible to move his arm! A sudden stroke of paralysis had deadened the right side of his body, and taught him that one can not always blaspheme with impunity. He asked some of the parishioners to give him the hat; but, terrified at the undeniable chastisement that had overtaken him, they refused to touch it. It was the pastor who had to restore the hat to its owner. On being taken home, the unfortunate man publicly begged God's pardon for his blasphemy. He was converted, received the Sacraments, and died four days later, sincerely imploring St. Joseph's blessed protection.

Sister Mary de Sales, of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph, who died last month at Flushing, N. Y. was the first member of her Order to receive the religious habit in the Diocese of Brooklyn. During the past sixteen years she was the superior of St. Joseph's Convent, in that city. Her absence there will be most keenly felt by the pupils, as well as by the people of the parish who had learned to admire and appreciate her sterling qualities as a teacher, and to revere her as a devoted religious. The amount of good which Sister de Sales had been instrumental in effecting in the lives and characters of so many pupils whom she had trained and instructed is inestimable by human standards. She had spent nearly thirty-four years in religion, and was an exemplar of every Christian virtue. May she rest in peace!

The Rt. Rev. Bernard Locnikar, O. S. B., has been installed as Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., succeeding the Rt. Rev. Alexius Edelbrock. The ceremony of installation took place on the 27th ult. Several bishops, a large number of priests and many of the laity were present. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Zardetti, Bishop of the diocese, gave the usual blessing; and a sermon appropriate to the solemn occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanley, of Dakota.

In an account of the distribution of prizes in scholastic institutions in Paris, the correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* makes special mention of an ancient school in the heart of

Paris known as the Maitrise de Notre Dame. It dates from the fourth century—that is, from the time when Julian the Apostate was in France,—and has a glorious history. Six canonized saints have been among its pupils, including St. Marcel, Bishop of Paris; St. Briene, the apostle of Brittany; and Blessed Pierre de Luxembourg, brother of Louis VII. Among others of its illustrious scholars were the Popes Innocent III., Adrian V., Boniface VIII., and Gregory XI. The *Times*' correspondent adds: "It continues its work of teaching indigent Paris boys, thus securing to the priesthood many vocations that without its aid would be lost. In the present, as in the past, part of its mission is to train the choristers of Notre Dame."

The Ministers' Association of Milwaukee was to have met in that city on the first inst., to discuss the report of a committee on "The Relations of the Church to the Political Questions of the Day." But, as the *Chicago Tribune* states, so many of the members were absent to witness the circus parade that the meeting had to be postponed. The absentees should be properly rebuked when the Association meets again, and it is to be hoped that no one will defend himself on the ground that Barnum's circus being "a Great Moral Show," it was a duty to attend the parade.

Mr. Daniel Connolly, a well-known Catholic poet and journalist, died in New York on the 4th ult. He was a contributor to several of the leading journals of the country, and during the late civil war won fame as a newspaper correspondent. Mr. Connolly's own poems, many of which were of superior merit, were never collected in book form. His "Household Library of Irish Poets," published in 1875, is one of the best collections that has appeared. Mr. Connolly was an earnest Catholic, and his death is a distinct loss to his friends and to many a good cause. May he rest in peace!

The Protestant missionaries assembled in conference at Shanghai some time ago resolved to commend Bible societies to publish new editions of the Scriptures with notes and explanations. The reason alleged for this action is the

fact that the Chinese are incapable of understanding the "unaided word."

This is a blow at private interpretation, for which Protestants have so earnestly contended. It has taken our separated brethren a long time to be convinced of what the Council of Trent declares—viz., that the Scriptures do not inspire every reader with their infallibility. Like the eunuch mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, we have need of some man to show us. ("How can I understand unless some man show me?") And of all men the only infallible interpreter is that one who holds the place of him to whom Christ said, "And thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren."

Of all the churches in Paris Notre Dame des Victoires is the most frequented. It is estimated that it was visited by as many as twenty-five thousand persons on the Feast of the Assumption. Thousands of tapers burned before the miraculous statue of Our Lady all day long. Scores of her clients may be seen kneeling before it at any hour on every day of the year.

The death occurred lately in Rome of Father Francesco Tongiorgi, a learned member of the Society of Jesus, well known for his philosophical writings. He also held important offices in the Roman Congregations.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Michael, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Holy Rosary Mission, S. Dakota, who was called to her reward on the 27th ult.

Mr. William O'Brien, whose death occurred at Boston, Mass., on the 3d of July.

Mrs. Mary A. Paine, of Pawtucket, R. I., who departed this life on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, who breathed her last at Pittston, Pa., on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wall, of Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Kelly and Mrs. William Nagle, Davenport, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace



Nina's Trial.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

NOW, grandma," said Nell, "a girl's story to-night, please! Will and Alfred will not be home from cousin Charlie's till late, so they needn't know anything about it. Ah, don't say no, grandma!"

Nell could look very pleading, notwithstanding her demure little manner; and when three more beseeching faces looked their request so eloquently, what could grandma do but comply? Therefore, once more begging pardon of the dear boys who were present, and promising them something extra some day, she told the story of "Nina's Trial."

"Well, if I can't have Teresa, then I sha'n't take any name at all." And Nina Peyton, bringing her small foot down with a very determined stamp, faced her classmates.

"Hush, Nina! Pray hush!" said Susie Newton. "Sister Rose will hear you."

"I hope she will!" returned Nina, perversely. "But I don't intend to lose my Confirmation name, that's all!"

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed two or three voices together, as the door of the class-room opened to admit a lady wearing the garb of a religious.

"What is the matter, children?" she asked, noting at once the air of unusual excitement that prevailed. "Nina Peyton, why are you out of your seat?"

Nina hung her head, blushed, and made no answer. But there was a naughty, determined expression on her countenance, as she stood there, quite still, making no movement toward her seat. Her classmates gazed at her with some apprehension. Surely Nina would not attempt to be saucy to Sister Rose!

The nun repeated her question, and now there was something in her voice which compelled obedience.

"Susie Newton says I can't have Teresa for my Confirmation name," replied Nina, speaking very fast. "She says six of the girls have already taken Teresa, and that you don't want any more of us to take it. She has no right to boss me, and I will have the name I want, so there!"

"Nina! Nina!" exclaimed Sister Rose, in horrified tones. "Is this the spirit of a child preparing for a great Sacrament?"

"I don't care!" continued Nina—but this time there was an odd little catch in her voice. "I want my St. Teresa."

At this somebody—some irrepressible, possessing a keen sense of the ludicrous—was heard to giggle. The teacher made a gesture of displeasure and silence reigned.

"And why do you want St. Teresa?" she asked very calmly.

Whatever might be her faults, Nina Peyton was a truthful little girl; and now her answer was somewhat startling.

"Because—because—she was such a great grand saint. She never did small, little things; she always did the big, grand ones. I mean to do something great and high when I grow up, too. Besides—besides, Susie Newton said I couldn't have her."

"My dear, I am ashamed of you!" said Sister Rose, reprovingly. "Do you think St. Teresa would wish to be the patron of a little girl who chooses her for the reasons you give, especially the last one—because Susie Newton said you couldn't have her? You have never read the life of St. Teresa, Nina."

Nina was compelled to answer in the negative. She had, however, read the anecdote of the two little Spanish children—the future saint and her brother—running away from home to seek martyrdom at the hands of the Moors. To ambitious little Nina's mind, there was something very enticing in that idea, at least in the thought of it; and since the name of Teresa had not been bestowed upon her at baptism, she had long cherished a hope to receive it in Confirmation. Hence her angry disappointment on finding her wish opposed.

Nina had often been heard to declare he

intention of becoming a saint herself some day. She would begin from the very next Monday. It would be fine to fight off big sins, and of course the little ones weren't worth mentioning. She could conquer them without the slightest trouble. But, alas for poor Nina, how many times had she been obliged to make a fresh start! Sometimes an hour of the day had scarcely passed by before she had "stopped being a saint," as she expressed it; and in each case it wasn't a big fault that had caused the fall, but one of those tiny little things which she so despised. She would either lose her temper because contradicted, or speak an uncharitable word, or break the rule of silence, or say something unkind to a companion. Then an uncomfortable feeling would come, and Nina felt she would have to begin all over again next Monday. Why she chose Monday was not quite clear even to herself, except perhaps that the business of a new week began on that day, and one felt fresher and more like making a new start. But notwithstanding her repeated beginnings, and the falls always caused by the little things, Nina could not yet see their immense importance. At least she *would not* see it, and, sad to say, frequently lost her temper over the very thought that those little things could possibly get the better of her again. But to return to the present discussion.

"I thought not," said Sister Rose, when Nina acknowledged she had not read the life. "And I do not advise you to read it yet, my dear child," she continued. "It is a wonderful life, which you would not understand till you are older. But I have read it, children," she went on, now addressing the class; "and let me assure you that if St. Teresa did do great things, she did not by any means despise the perfect doing of little things—the very tiny, ordinary things—though they may not be mentioned so often. For the present, be content to do perfectly the little things around you; before you know it they will be big things."

Sister Rose paused a minute. Some of the girls looked very thoughtful and serious. Nina's expression was one of doubt.

"Listen," resumed Sister Rose, as she opened a book which lay among a few others on her desk. "Hear this: 'It was not what we read of in

the lives of the saints that made them saints: it was what we do not read of them that enabled them to be what we wonder at while we read.'"

Sister Rose read slowly, and with strong emphasis upon every word. Then she closed the book and looked at Nina. The little girl was repeating the words over to herself. How strange they were!

Presently, before any one had yet spoken, the bell for recreation rang. As the girls were passing out Sister Rose detained Nina for a few moments. Her manner was very kind and gentle as she said: "Nina, if you desire Teresa for your Confirmation name you may certainly have it. I did request that the children would not all take the same name, as there are many saints in the calendar; and it sometimes happens that the majority of a class will follow one or two blindly, like sheep. Susie misunderstood me. You may take whom you choose, provided you are more reverent in future when speaking on such a subject. It is really shocking to think you would quarrel over a saint!"

By this time Nina was feeling very repentant, and went to the other extreme.

"No, Sister," she said, heroically; "I do not think St. Teresa would want such a person as I am now. I am not worthy. I shall give it up." And Nina had an edified, resigned expression.

"Think it over, dear," answered Sister Rose, smiling a little; "and don't decide too hastily. Remember you have a whole fortnight yet."

When Nina entered the recreation hall the girls were talking together very earnestly, but their voices fell to a lower tone on her approach.

"Don't ask her to join: she despises such things," said somebody, in an audible whisper.

"Oh, yes, I will!" replied Susie Newton, who was evidently the ruling spirit. "I wouldn't get up a club without Nina, though we do have little quarrels now and then."

On hearing the remark of the first girl, Nina was about to turn away in high disdain; but Susie's manner and the mention of a club checked her.

"Want to join the C. L. T. Club?" asked Susie. "It is a secret club, Nina; and it will be such fun! Come on, help make up the rules." And Susie hospitably made room for her on the bench beside her. "You see," she explained, pointing to a paper before her, while a number

of eager heads were craned over her shoulder, "that means 'Conquer Little Things Club.' It just came into my head to start it while Sister Rose was talking. As soon as we get all the rules made up we'll elect a president and design our badges. Won't it be too jolly for anything?" continued Susie, becoming more fired with her idea. "My brothers, and all the boys I know, belong to clubs, and they're so awfully mysterious about them. How inquisitive they'll be when they see our badges!"

"But go on, Sue,—go on with the rules," suggested somebody.

Thus adjured, Susie began to read from the paper before her. Her tone was very important, as befitting such solemn words:

"Whereas, I hereby vow and resolve on this 20th day of April, in the year of Our Lord 1889, that to the uttermost of my power and ability; Whereas, I will comply with the following rules and regulations governing the C. L. T. C.; Whereas, resolved the following rules: First—"

But here somebody interrupted. "My! How could you make it sound so nice and *lawy*, Sue?"

"My big brother is going to be a lawyer," announced Susie.

This explanation was enough, and a proper awe of Susie's legal knowledge had descended.

"Go on," said Nina, eagerly. Evidently this was interesting.

"Well, then. Rule first: Don't lose your temper even if people say the smallest, meanest things to you. Rule second: If people ever make fun of you, don't let them see you care. Rule third: Don't give a sharp answer even to the crankiest person in the world. Rule fourth: When you feel dying for a pound of candy, just conquer your hunger and give the money to the poor. Rule fifth: Don't insist on people listening to your opinion: give in gently. Rule sixth: Don't quarrel. Rule seventh: If you have little sisters and brothers, tell them stories when you feel like settling yourself for a comfortable read; and if there's a baby in your family, and you sometimes have to take care of it, don't shake it when it squeals."

Here Susie paused. "That's all I could think of so far," she said. "Perhaps it's enough. They'll be hard to keep, though they sound easy."

"I don't think so," said Nina, decidedly. "Of

course some of them sound silly enough, but dear me! we can *easily* do all those things if we make up our minds. I think we ought to have a few more rules—really hard ones; there won't be any glory in keeping those mites of things."

"Well, this isn't going to be a club for conquering grand things," replied Susie. "If it proves a success at the end of the week, then *you* may get up something of that kind."

Nina reluctantly yielded, and the girls, all very much interested, proceeded to elect a president. Of course the choice fell upon Susie, who blushing accepted the honor. Each girl was to work her own badge that evening at home; the badges were to be of white ribbon, embroidered with the mystic letters in gold.

After school that afternoon they went in a body to a little toy-shop, where every girl provided herself with a small box containing one hundred common black beads. Each time a member broke one of the rules she was to slip one of these beads on a string. At the end of the week the girl who had the least number on her string was to be crowned with flowers—paper ones would do, Susie explained—and become president the following week; while the girl who had strung the greatest number of black beads was to wear a piece of black ribbon over her badge as a sign of disgrace during the following week. And the club was to begin from that very minute according to the wish of Susie, who, unlike Nina, never thought it necessary to wait till Monday to make a fresh start.

As Nina walked home she entertained two comfortable reflections: one was that she would probably be the president for the coming week; the other; how very becoming the crown of flowers would be to her. Once or twice, however what Sister Rose had said and read crossed her mind, and occasioned her a slight feeling of uncomfortableness. Perhaps Sister Rose had been mistaken, though; at least she, Nina, would prove that such was the case. And by the end of the week Nina had proved—well, we will not yet say what, but instead will follow her home.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

EVERY sham is a living lie, which he who acts or wears the sham abets. Honest deal is far better than sham mahogany.

Philip's Excursion.

BY L. W. REILLY.

(CONCLUSION.)

The next day opened fair and pleasant. When Phil awoke his promise was the first thought that entered his mind, and he still felt bound by it. Besides, the anticipations of a delightful time clouded his perceptions somewhat. He said his morning prayers hurriedly, and with such distractions that he scarcely knew what words he was uttering until he reached the final blessing. He might have echoed the wail of Hamlet's uncle:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,—
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go."

After breakfast he smuggled his club suit out of the house, and left it with a neighbor's son who lived around the corner. Then he went back, got his bat and ball, told his sister Rose—he had avoided his mother all morning—that he was going out to play and might not be back for lunch, and hastened away.

He got his sporting clothes and hurried to the wharf. Remorse still pursued him, while he was by himself; but as soon as he reached the dock, and found nearly all the boys of the two clubs assembled there, he forgot himself in listening to their merry chat.

Walter was the first to greet him. "Good-morning, old chap!" he called out. "I knew you'd be sure to come."

This welcome troubled Phil for a moment, but he speedily got rid of its irksome impression in the joy of good comradeship among the boys he liked. The rest of the two "teams" soon made their appearance, and the game was assured.

Toot! toot! toot! went the whistle of the steamer. "All aboard!" cried the captain; and in a few moments the *Excelsior* backed away from shore, turned around slowly, and gracefully began to speed down the Potomac.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was warm but not hot; a cool breeze swept in from the ocean. The crowd on board the excursion boat were in good spirits; they enjoyed the pleasant surroundings. They chatted merrily together in groups, seated on camp-stools on the decks, or walking

up and down in the saloons; they watched the shifting scenery along the two banks. The shady walks of the arsenal were soon left behind, Alexandria hove in sight, and was again lost to view; and all too soon the vessel bore down on the landing place.

When the boys got off the boat they repaired to the dancing pavilion, and went through the figures of the lancers all by themselves, attracting quite a crowd to the novel spectacle. Next they went to the different booths which offered amusements, and got all the fun that was to be had on the grounds. Then they hastened to Mather's farm and began their game. They had "good ball." The pitchers put on their best curves; the catchers gave the ball-twisters splendid support, and the field on both sides snapped up the "daisy-cutters," and gobbled the "skyrockets," and guarded the bases so cleverly that runs were few and far between.

Phil played with unusual spirit. He watched the batters closely, and gave his pitcher valuable hints as to where to put the ball; he made some brilliant catches and several difficult throws. All the boys noticed his good form and applauded his most skilful plays; and he enjoyed the game so thoroughly, and was so wrapped up in its progress, that he had no thought of anything else.

Finally, at about half-past one o'clock, the Junior Senators won, by a score of 4 to 3; and immediately they and their opponents, who are called the Capital Club, together with the spectators of the game, proceeded to a clump of trees for lunch. The food had been provided by the treasurers of the two organizations, and consisted chiefly of ham sandwiches, canned chicken, pie, and bananas. It was washed down with water from Farmer Mather's well.

After lunch the boys rested and talked—and some of them, I'm sorry to have to say, smoked cigarettes—for an hour. Then, toward three o'clock, they began the second game. It was as hotly contested as the first had been, and, like it, ended in a victory for Phil's side, by a score of 5 to 3.

It was hardly over before the whistle of the steamer blew the first signal for its departure, and the boys made haste to get to the wharf. They reached it just in time, and as soon as they were comfortably seated on the upper deck, the

Excelsior cast off and proceeded on its return.

All the way home the boys sang songs, told stories, and recalled incidents of the day's games; and when at last they reached the city, and separated at Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, they echoed the sentiment that their excursion was the most enjoyable of the season.

When Phil arrived home it was half-past six o'clock. Dinner was over. His mother was getting worried about him. When he appeared she asked him where he had been, and he answered: "Out playing with the boys." She asked no more, being anxious to give him his meal.

This answer, while it was true so far as it went, did not go far enough. It did not tell the whole truth. It suppressed precisely what the mother wanted to know—the persons, the places, and the circumstances that were associated with her boy's absence. Its ambiguity deceived her; and this deception was intended by Phil, so that practically he was guilty of falsehood in uttering it. The boy felt shame for the meanness of the subterfuge beginning to redden his cheeks, when, his dinner being set before him, he concentrated his attention on it.

During the whole of the evening, now that pleasant anticipations no longer obscured his conscience, Phil kept considering his conduct of the day and trying to justify himself. But he did not succeed; and when his mother—who had been detained late in the parlor with visitors—came to his room to kiss him good-night, and said, "You did not tell me, Phil, where you were all day. But I shall not ask you now, because I see that you are tired and sleepy; and, besides, I know that I can trust my boy," his heart seemed to stop still with grief and remorse. Then he saw, as in a flash of lightning, why he had been warned to avoid Walter, how wicked he had been to keep a promise that he had no right to make, the extent of his disobedience, and the wilfulness of the deception he had practised on that loving mother. He had not the strength of will to confess his wrongdoing there and then; and, besides, his mother had left the room while he was trying to get up courage enough to tell her how unworthy of her trust he had proved himself.

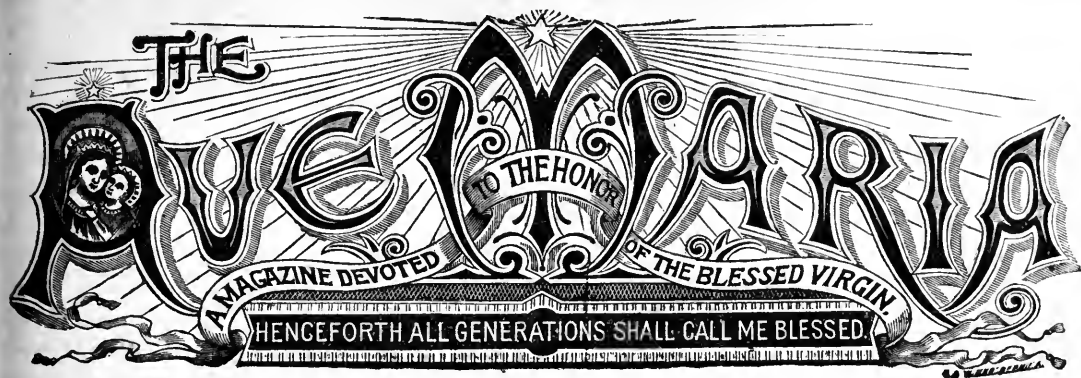
He lay quite still; all the drowsiness that had come to him from the day's exertions dissipated

by the trouble of his soul, and his brain on fire with a surging mass of thoughts. He summed up the whole transaction, and found that his pleasure had been dearly bought. The excursion, with its games and other pleasures, had lasted ten hours; and for them he had done evil that would haunt him for many a day—perhaps for life. He had violated his own good resolutions, he had destroyed his peace of mind, he had disobeyed and deceived his mother—and such a good mother!—and he had offended God. He had made a bad bargain. And what made it worse was that he was a member of the Sodality and an altar boy.

He couldn't sleep for thinking of his offence; and at last, summoning up fortitude, he got up, opened his door and called: "Mother! mother!" When his mother came he buried his face in her lap, and, with tears flowing from his eyes and sobs choking his utterance, he told her all.

To the mother's heart came grief that her boy should have sinned, and joy that he should have the grace to acknowledge his wrong-doing and to be contrite for it. She comforted him; she helped him to see clearer than ever how advisable it is to avoid bad company and to shun the occasions of sin, and how grievous it is to displease Our Lord. "Your father and I," she said in conclusion, "want you to have plenty of recreation, and will deny you no proper amusement. We are glad to see you enjoy yourself, and desire you to be gay. So when we forbid you any pleasure, you may be sure that we do so reluctantly. And now that you have asked and obtained my forgiveness, you must ask pardon of Almighty God. Make a sincere act of contrition, my child, and promise to make a new beginning; then go to sleep in peace."

On Sunday last I saw Phil receive Holy Communion. Yesterday he said to me: "I'm going to a boarding-school out West for the next four or five years. Father has wanted to send me there for some time; but mother has objected, and I was not willing to go. But I've concluded that it's best for me to go. I'll be kept safe from danger and have more time for study. Mother has given her consent. It is strange how things do sometimes turn out; for my going to college away from home is really the result of my River View excursion."



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Two Souls.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY M. E. M.

SANG the lark blithely: "Heavenward I soar
In the bright morning; and my first sweet song,
Outpouring gaily, wakes the feathered throng
To hymns of deep, adoring love once more."
"Ah!" cried the joyous soul, "fain would I be
Singing glad anthems, happy lark, like thee!"

Then softly warbled the sad nightingale:
"When roses fold their leaves, and lonely night
Comes darkling o'er the hills, 'tis my delight
With solemn, rapturous notes to flood the vale."
Then spake the lonely soul: "Fain would I be
God's singer, yet unseen, sweet bird, like thee!"

Notes of a Stay with the Carthusians at Notre Dame des Pres.

I.

THERE is a latent charm about the monasteries of the older orders of the Church that rarely fails to captivate the visitor from the outer world. The medieval atmosphere that pervades the cloister, the complete contrast there presented to the busy scenes of everyday life, the knowledge that the lapse of centuries has neither relaxed the severity of the rule nor modified the customs or costumes of the inmates,—all this impresses one as does the first sight of some venerable monument of antiquity. We inhale the aroma of

religious chivalry, move in a world strange as the fairy regions of romance, and almost feel

"like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken."

Such, at least, was the impression made on a recent visitor to the Carthusian monastery of Notre Dame des Près, in "sunny France"; and as most Catholics admire, even though it be at a distance, the austere life of the old-time religious, perhaps some account of the place and what was learned there may prove interesting.

The "Chartreuse" of Notre Dame des Près, one of the most celebrated of the eleven convents of the Order now existing in France, is situated on a hillside near the River Canche, east of the village of Neuville. The foundation of this monastery is thus accounted for:

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Count of Boulogne was one day visiting the town of Montreuil. He was shown, among other notable sights, a famous painting representing St. Veronica holding the veil on which was imprinted the Face of Christ. What was the surprise and fright of the nobleman to see the eyes of our divine Saviour turn away from him as if in displeasure! He tried to persuade himself that it was merely an ocular illusion; but no: as often as he looked at the picture the prodigy was renewed. Stricken with terror, the Count hastened to consult a venerable Carthusian monk, who had formerly been his teacher. "Enter into yourself, my son," said the monk, "and see whether you have not been unfaithful to some engagement made to the Lord. I remember having heard that you once promised to found a monastery."—"It is true!" exclaimed the Count. "I know not by what

chance I have neglected to do so."—"It is written: 'Come, and accomplish your vows to the Lord.' Fulfil your promise, then, and you may hope joyfully to see the Face of Jesus Christ." The Count, we are told, hastened to follow this advice; and, when next he looked at the painting, had the consolation of seeing the Saviour's eyes turn benignantly toward him.

Whether or not the noble Count's generosity was really quickened by the circumstance mentioned above, it is certain that he gave the land for and endowed the original monastery at Neuville. That building, however, was almost totally destroyed after the expulsion of the Carthusians in 1791. Fortunately the good monks recovered their property some twenty years ago. The corner-stone of the present edifice was laid in 1872; and the solemn consecration of their church, with the re-establishment of the cloister, took place three years later.

The monastery overlooks the broad and melancholy valley of the Canche, whose extensive meadows are intersected by hundreds of little canals bordered by gigantic poplars. From Neuville it is approached through a long avenue lined on either side with lofty elms. At the entrance of this avenue, on the road-side, is a Calvary, erected on a grassy hillock. Near the entrance to the monastery itself is the parlor destined for the relatives of the religious. The statutes of the Order forbid the presence of women in the interior of the convent. This rule is general and suffers no exception, even in the case of a mother who comes to bid a last farewell to her dying son. When a monk has received permission from the prior to see any of his near relatives, he leaves the monastery and goes to the outside parlor.

On the pediment of the great doorway are engraved the arms of the Order: the terrestrial globe with the cross surrounded by seven stars. On a scroll above is the device: *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis*,—"The cross stands while the earth revolves." The significance of the seven stars is explained by the legend concerning the foundation of the Order. It runs thus:

When St. Bruno and his six companions were wandering at random in the mountains of Dauphiny, Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, had a dream. He saw seven stars fall at his feet, then

rise and traverse several desert mountains, and finally stop in a wild district known as Chartreuse, or Chartreuse. Angels sent by God were building in this solitude a dwelling, on whose roof again appeared the seven mysterious stars. While the Bishop, having awoke, was asking himself what could be the meaning of this strange dream, Bruno and his companions suddenly entered, and, throwing themselves at his feet, besought him for a place where, far from the turmoil of the world, they might give themselves up to continual prayer and mortification. "I know," immediately answered the Bishop,—"I know the locality which you must choose. God Himself has shown it to me, and I will establish you there in His name." He then led them to Chartreuse. "This," he said, "is where, in a dream, I saw angels building a house, and where seven stars rested that appeared hovering over them. Those stars, Master Bruno, represented you and your comrades. Remain here."

II.

The Rev. Father Coadjutor, who did the honors of the monastery, is a well-built, graceful man, about fifty years of age. He belongs to an excellent family of Douai, and has been a Carthusian for twelve years. He had previously spent ten years in China as a missionary. Being in Rome on the eve of becoming a Monsignor, he witnessed the death of one of his best friends, and was so impressed thereby that, frightened at the judgments of God, he hastened to bury himself in the cloister.

His greatest trial, the Father remarked playfully, is being shaved. Every fortnight the monks assemble in a hall, and commit themselves to the tender mercy of Brothers acting as amateur barbers. When the Brother knows how to hold the razor the agony is endurable, but all are by no means tonsorial artists.

"Now," said the Father, "it is forbidden to talk, and the Brother goes on scraping. The critical moment is when he approaches the ears; I am always afraid that he will cut mine off. As a general rule, we leave the barber-shop with our faces covered with blood."

"And your abstinence?"

"Abstinence! For twelve years I have not tasted flesh-meat, and I don't know that I am any the worse off for it."

The Carthusian rule is extremely severe on this point. The monks never eat meat, even in case of illness. Doctor Halette, physician of this monastery, was one day called to see a religious who was seriously ill. "You must give the patient a little beef-tea," said he to the Father Vicar, who accompanied him.—"It is impossible," said the Father; "the rule forbids it absolutely."—"But the Father's life is in danger; animal food alone can re-establish his strength. Every other nourishment is useless."—"I regret it, Doctor; but it is impossible," replied the Vicar.—"But it will be death for the patient if he does not get it," insisted the physician.—"Then it will be death." And it *was* death: the monk piously expired a few days later. Life, weighed in the balance with the inviolability of the rule, counts for nothing. The sacrifice was made at the outset of the monk's career.

From the 14th of September until Easter, except on Sundays and a few feasts not falling in Advent or Lent, the Carthusian takes but one meal a day. It consists of soup, eggs, fish, a desert, and a little wine. In the evening those who wish to do so may take three or four ounces of bread with wine. Every Friday they fast on bread and water. Primitively, each monk prepared his food in his cell; but this custom was abrogated in 1276, as taking too much time from study and prayer. Near the door of each cell is a little niche in which the Brother cook deposits the food of the monks. "It seems," says a Carthusian author, "that the raven which formerly brought the loaf of bread to St. Paul the Hermit comes every day to our niche, to accomplish a similar mission on behalf of the good God."

On Sundays and festivals the religious eat in the refectory. The table service is of the commonest. Forks, spoons, and egg-cups are of wood; the plates are earthenware, also the pitchers containing the wine and water, and the two-handled cup that serves for a goblet. When a religious drinks he is obliged under pain of a penance to take this cup with both hands. The "Ceremonial of Carthusian Priests," referring to this point, says that it is an old custom of the Order; and, although somewhat opposed to the present usage of the world, "we will be only too happy if we practise well this advice of Holy Scripture: 'Let us die in our simplicity!'" Each monk's rations

are measured and set apart beforehand. Strangers, visitors, and workmen are all subjected to the same rule of abstinence.

The Carthusian's cell is not a room, but a little house of two floors and an attic. Each has also a small garden. On the ground-floor is a hall, where in winter or in rainy weather the monk walks for exercise. In fine weather he walks in his garden, which he cultivates as he likes. Off the hall is the monk's workshop, where he occupies himself with manual labor—carpentry, painting, sculpture, etc. The upper story of the structure contains two rooms, and is properly the dwelling of the religious. The bed is a coarse mattress; there is an oratory with a *prie-dieu*; a bench in the embrasure serves as a dining-table; a desk, two or three book-shelves, and a small stove complete the furniture.

In the *préau*, or open space in the middle of the cloister, is the cemetery, placed there by order of St. Bruno, so that the religious, being obliged to traverse the cloister frequently in going to chapter or to chapel, might often have the image of death before their eyes. A simple wooden cross, with no inscription whatever, marks each grave. By an exception, a stone cross is placed at the graves of superiors-general.

The Carthusian's day is divided into two parts: from five o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, and from seven in the evening till five in the morning. From five a.m. until ten he is engaged in spiritual exercises—the Office, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, low Mass, high Mass, meditation, and spiritual reading. From ten until half-past three p.m., outside of the recitation of None, and dinner, he is in his cell studying, or engaged in manual labor. At three he sings Vespers and often also the Office of the Dead. He retires at seven p.m.; at ten he rises and recites the Divine Office until two in the morning. From two until five he again reposes. His life is spent in prayer, meditation, and solitude.

On Sundays the religious take their recreation all together; and once during the week, on no fixed day, they take a walk in common, during which they are permitted to talk. Their conversation, however, is hedged around by so many regulations, and is restricted in so many ways, that it can scarcely be very animated. Many probably find the walk in common not much

pleasanter than the shaving ordeal. They know nothing whatever of what is going on in the world: they never see a newspaper or a new book; mind as well as body observes abstinence. The prior, procurator and coadjutor alone have intercourse with the outside world, and see an occasional journal. Lest they might forget themselves, and accidentally mention some secular news of which they have heard or read, these Fathers never take recreation with the others or join the walk in common.

"A true Carthusian," say the "Annals" of the Order, "is a man who, having bidden an eternal farewell to the world, with its vanities and sin, is come to devote himself to a life of penance, in a profound retreat, where he buries himself as in a tomb, to die to himself and his natural inclinations. Separated from the world in body, he is still farther from it in mind and heart; and as he is persuaded that the memory of it is always dangerous for a religious, and especially for a solitary, he endeavors to efface it entirely from his mind, and to deny his imagination the privilege of visiting it."

Do the Carthusians receive many postulants? is one of the many questions that have been put to me since my visit to Notre Dame des Près. There, I was told, the average is one a day. How many remain? On an average, *three a year*. It is curious to note how many are haunted by the idea of fleeing the world and living in a monastery. Some remain a day or two; the more fervent make a retreat, discover that they have deceived themselves—that this kind of life is not for them,—and go away with one illusion less. Not all, however, who come and, after a trial, go away are to be considered fickle or pusillanimous.

In 1767 a canon of Notre Dame de Wellincourt brought to Neuville a young man, his nephew, whom he presented as a postulant to the prior. The youth, at first delighted with the austerities of the rule, the length of the offices, the vigils, etc., soon felt his soul filled with the bitterness of desolation, and became a prey to constant inquietude. After a sojourn of six weeks in the monastery he was sent back to his home. Two years later he again entered Notre Dame des Près, confident that this time he would remain for life. His spiritual troubles, however, returned with increased intensity, and at the end

of six or seven weeks the prior definitively dismissed him in these words: "My son, Providence does not call you to our institute; follow the inspirations of grace." So the postulant left; but the cloister chapel, where, kneeling on the stone pavement, he spent long hours in prayer, has been restored for his sake, and is dedicated to him; for the canon's nephew was Our Lady's pilgrim saint, Benedict Joseph Labre.

There I knelt, praying with all the fervor I could command. What a restful spot it seemed! I shall not soon forget my stay with the Carthusians of Notre Dame des Près. May the blessing of it ever remain!

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

A MONTH had passed since Carmela and Lestranger parted, when the *diligencia* from Guadalajara set down in the plaza of Ahualulco—a small town lying in the midst of a beautiful mountain-encircled valley—a very tired, very dusty, and very cross young man. Twenty leagues in a Mexican *diligencia* is calculated to ruffle the amiability of any one short of an angel; and no one ever credited Arthur Lestranger with angelic qualities. He had followed an impulse in starting on this journey; but it is safe to say that if he had imagined how disagreeable it would prove, he would have found some other way of reaching Carmela, or else not have reached her at all. He said this to himself more than once during the day; and now that he was near the end of the journey, physical discomfort had come to a point which rendered him almost incapable of any other feeling than that of consciousness of it.

He was covered with dust to a degree which would have made recognition difficult, and aching in every joint from the terrible jolting of the vehicle, as he followed a small boy who agreed to guide him to the principal *meson*.* This proved to be a very indifferent place; but water at least was attainable, and after copious ablutions and a change of clothing he was suffi-

* Inn.

ciently revived to make inquiries concerning the cousin with whom Carmela was at present staying, as he had learned from one of the Echeveria boys. There was no difficulty in obtaining a direction to the house. Evidently the Señora Andrea Rodriguez was a person of importance and well known.

As he went into the street again—a long, Oriental-like vista of low, flat houses bounding a white, dusty road, and ending in a glimpse of noble mountain forms, which were already draped in the soft tints of approaching sunset—his attention was attracted by the musical clamor of the bells in the tall, graceful church-tower, that made a landmark for miles, as it rose out of the midst of tropical verdure in the centre of the lovely valley. They were calling to some service, for from all directions people were hastening toward the church; and, with a thought that he might see Carmela there, Lestrangle followed, ascended the steps of the platform on which the church and *curato**—the last a portion of a former Franciscan monastery—stand, and entered the wide-open doors.

It was a scene such as he had witnessed often in Mexican churches, the poetry and beauty of which always touched the artistic side of his nature afresh each time that he saw it. A long and lofty nave rose overhead into a series of arches and frescoed domes, and ended at the farther extremity in a splendid high altar, all white and gold, where the Most Holy Sacrament was throned amid starry lights. The floor was covered with kneeling forms, while a surpliced priest stood in the pulpit, beads in hand, and led the Rosary. The response was like the murmur of many waters; and at the end of each decade the organ rolled in, and a chorus of voices rose in a familiar chant, in which the people joined with stirring effect.

Lestrangle sat down on a bench near the door, and began to consider how he could possibly hope to discover Carmela amid the multitude of feminine forms present, all disguised alike in the shrouding folds of *rebosos* and shawls. The only hope was that she might see him in passing out. He waited, therefore, through the Rosary, the meditation which followed, the Benediction

which ended the service; and kept his position as the throng passed out, unheeding the many curious glances cast upon him. But he was not rewarded by a glimpse of any one resembling Carmela. Presently he found himself left in a building almost entirely empty, save for a few forms still kneeling at the upper end near the altar. He rose and slowly strolled up the long nave, stood for a few minutes at the sanctuary rail, examining the details of the richly ornamented altar; and then, turning around, was suddenly startled by the gaze of a pair of dark eyes that, in mingled astonishment and delight, were looking at him out of a face closely shaded by the folds of a black mantle. It was Carmela herself who was kneeling on the pavement before him.

He made a quick movement toward her, but she checked it by a gesture, bent her head for a moment, blessed herself in the rapid Spanish fashion, and then, rising, walked before him toward a side door that opened on a corridor that ran between the church and the *patio* of the *curato*, once the cloisters of the monastery.

Here she paused, and, turning toward him, held out her hand with a gesture full of tenderness and grace. Her eyes were shining with soft radiance, her lips were smiling. It was a transfigured face from that of the pale girl who a few minutes before had been kneeling before the Mother of Sorrows.

"This is a great happiness," she said, simply. "How do you come here?"

"Did I not tell you that wherever you went I would follow?" he answered. "Did you think I did not mean it? My Carmela, I would cross Mexico to see you looking at me as you are looking now! One glimpse of you is enough to reward one for any hardship." And at the moment he honestly forgot the hardships of the *diligencia*.

"But why have you come?" she asked. "Have you anything to tell me? Has my mother consented, perhaps?"

"I have not seen your mother," he replied; "although I must see her when I return to Guadalajara. I have had letters from home, and I came to you first, because I knew that if I went to her I should be forbidden to see you; and I was determined to see you before I went away."

The brief radiance faded out of her face as quickly as it had come into it. She knew now what

* Residence of the *cura*.

blow was impending; but she uttered no cry or exclamation. She looked at him steadily, and her voice was lower than before, as she said, "Your parents have, then, refused their consent?"

"It was an absurd folly, the form of asking their consent," he answered, pulling viciously at the ends of his mustache. "I want to explain it all to you—but this is no place. Can I not see you in the house where you are staying?"

"Yes," she replied. "My cousin is kind: she will not object. But you will have no opportunity to speak to me alone. Can you not tell me now whatever it is necessary for me to know?"

"No: I can not expose you to remark by keeping you here," he answered. "We can speak English if need be; there is that resource. Can I accompany you? I suppose not."

She shook her head. "I will go," she said, "and prepare my cousin. Come within half an hour. She will receive you, I am sure."

"Go, then; but try to find some means to speak to me alone. I have much to say to you."

"I will tell Andrea frankly what we wish," she said. "I think that she will help us; for surely there can be no harm in exchanging a few words before we part."

Señora Rodriguez justified Carmela's opinion. She was a young widow, able to feel with youth, and altogether independent in her own house. She had brought Carmela from her mother's *hacienda* to be a companion to her, and she was full of sympathy for the gentle creature who bore the enforced separation from her lover so uncomplainingly. She had noticed Lestrangé as she passed out of the church with the rest of the congregation, and had then shrewdly suspected who this remarkable-looking stranger might be. It was therefore no surprise to her when Carmela came in with her story.

"I knew who he was, Carmelita, as soon as I saw him," she observed. "He is handsome as an angel, and he must love you passionately to come so far to seek you. I am glad that you bade him come here. Rest assured I will receive him with pleasure."

"You are very kind," returned Carmela, gratefully. "I knew that you would be. Do not think," she added quickly, "that I wish to do anything clandestine or contrary to my mother's wishes. But she has not forbidden our marriage; on the

contrary, she consented, if Arthur's parents were willing. What he has now come to tell me is their decision."

"And it must be good," said the señora, hopefully, "or else he would not have come."

"I think it is not good," answered Carmela. "But he wishes to tell me, and I wish to know what it is. Then it will be necessary for us to part again—I know not for how long."

"Poor little one!" said the kind-hearted lady, stroking her cheek gently. "You shall not be disturbed in seeing him. I promise you that."

So Lestrangé found Fate much kinder to him than he deserved when he made his appearance at Señora Rodriguez' door. The señora herself—a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman—welcomed him cordially, and bade him consider the house his own. It was a pleasant, picturesque house, though without the grace and beauty of the Guadalajara dwellings. Around a court laid out in flower-beds, and filled with an almost endless variety of flowers and shrubs, ran a broad, brick-paved corridor; its roof, of bamboo and tiles, supported by large white pillars, shading the different apartments that opened upon it.

Into one of these apartments—a long room, with floor also brick-paved, though covered partly with mats of native manufacture, and ceiling of mesquite beams—Mr. Lestrangé was introduced. Here Carmela joined him; and after a few minutes spent in exchanging the usual courtesies of welcome, Señora Rodriguez considerably passed out and left the two together.

"What is it?" asked the girl quickly, as soon as they were alone. "Do not keep me waiting longer, but tell me the worst at once. Your parents have refused their consent?"

"I repeat again that it was ridiculous to have gone through the form of asking it," said Lestrangé. "Since it has been asked, they decline to give it, on the ground that my aunt, Mrs. Thorpe, of whom you have heard me speak, does not approve of such a marriage. Now, the matter rests thus: will your mother think that this woman has the right to interfere and blast our happiness?"

"My mother will certainly think that if your parents refuse to consent, all must be at an end between us," said Carmela, pale and trembling.

"But, left to themselves, my parents would never dream of such refusal. They say explicitly

that, since I have asked their formal consent, they must decline to give it, solely on the ground that they do not wish to assume the responsibility of marring my prospects in life by alienating my aunt. But this is no reason at all. If I am willing to let Mrs. Thorpe take her fortune and go to—thunder, whose concern is it but mine? What I hope is that your mother will recognize that this constitutes no valid objection."

"Do not hope anything of the kind," said Carmela. "My mother will decide that we must separate. I am sure of it."

"Then I have but one alternative—to return immediately to the States, make my parents understand imperatively how the matter stands, and return with their formal consent. I came here to tell you that I intend doing this. And I know you will trust me implicitly until I return for you, my Carmela!"

She looked at him with all her soul in her tender, beautiful eyes. "I do trust you implicitly," she said. "But remember, if you find it best for you to stay, you must not let any thought of me bring you back. I can better bear the pain of losing you than to think that you might regret losing a fortune for me. You remarked once that you never cared for anything very long. Would it not be terrible, then, if you made a great sacrifice and found out afterward that you had ceased to care—"

"For *you*?" he cried, in a tone of indignation. "Carmela, how can you venture to say such things to me! Have I deserved it? Have I not followed you here to tell you exactly how matters stand, that you may not be deceived in any particular? I want you to know exactly why I go, and to believe that I will certainly return. If Mrs. Thorpe remains unreasonable and obstinate, I shall simply bid her keep her fortune and give it to whom she will; for not all the fortunes in the world could keep me from you."

"And you will go to my mother and tell her this when you return to Guadalajara?"

"Yes; and if she answers me as you and I both think likely, I shall return at once to the States to arrange matters in person."

"It will be long, long before I see you again," she said, in a whisper full of pain.

"A month perhaps—not more. But that seems long when I think how terrible the last month

has been without you. Now that we are together again we must at least indemnify ourselves a little for the separation. You will be glad for me to spend a few days here?"

"Glad!" Color, radiance, life, flashed into her face—and then as quickly faded. "I should be more than glad," she said, "if it were possible, but it is not."

"Perfectly possible," he answered. "This is Friday. I shall remain at least until the next return of the *diligencia* to Guadalajara. That will be on Tuesday. We shall have three days of happiness before we part. And three days are worth something, are they not?"

Poor Carmela! At his words the three days of which he spoke seemed to open before her like a vista of Paradise. But in the same moment she knew that it was a paradise forbidden to her.

"The *diligencia* returns to Guadalajara to-morrow," she said. "You must go in it. If you stayed here I could not see you, and that would be very miserable for us both."

"Not see me! But why, Carmela? Are you not seeing me now, with your cousin's consent, and is to-morrow different from to-day?"

"It would be different," she answered, "because to-day I have not had a choice. You came without asking my consent, and I had surely a right to see you long enough to learn what our future is to be. But to-morrow—ah, to-morrow would be a pleasure, a happiness taken against the wishes of those whose wishes I am bound to respect. I could not do it, Arthur! No happiness is great enough to buy at the price of wrongdoing. You must go."

A dark cloud came over Lestrangle's face. The three days of which he spoke had been the reward he promised himself for the hardships endured in reaching Carmela. And now to have it suddenly snatched from him—it was no wonder that he felt himself deeply aggrieved and consequently indignant.

"Your scruples," he said coldly, "seem to me very strained. You would never think of them if you loved me as I love you. Of course if my society would give you no pleasure, you are right in ordering me away."

"Arthur!" The dark eyes filled with hot, quick tears. To be misjudged in this manner, to find no comprehension of her sacrifice, was very hard,—

the harder as it was her first experience of the unreason that goes with selfish love. "There is nothing I would not give," she said, in a low voice, "to be able to spend these three days with you, without feeling that I was doing wrong. But it *would* be wrong, and surely you feel with me that no happiness is worth that."

She looked at him appealingly. It seemed to her impossible that he should not echo that conclusion which, however painful, was so plain and self-evident to her. She did not know in how different a school his soul had been trained. While he might, as an abstract idea, have agreed in the noble lines,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more,"

his conception of honor, when brought to the test, would certainly have proved very wavering, and subject to the dictates of overmastering selfishness.

"In the first place, I deny that it would be wrong," he answered. "Have we not a right to seek our own happiness? But if it *were* wrong, being so small a matter, you would do it if you loved me truly."

Who can tell how sharp a pang words like these can give, save one who has suffered from them? It was not the unjust reproach which stung Carmela most deeply, but the revelation that he made of himself,—the sudden, shocked realization that there was no response in this nature to her standard of right-doing, no appreciation of that great power of sacrifice which is the keynote to all nobility of character.

"You would wish me to do wrong for your sake?" she said. "I can hardly believe that. But even if it is so, I can not yield to your wish. We must part to-night; and if you do not know what it costs me to tell you this, I have no power to make it clear to you."

An impulse of something like shame stirred him,—partly from the pain which her voice revealed, and partly because, with the quick sensibility to the opinion of others which characterized him, he felt that he had fallen in her esteem.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have no doubt it costs you much, and I would not wish you to do the least thing that you believe to be wrong for my sake. You would do it for your own if you loved more passionately, because then you would

not believe that it was wrong. But I will say more of it. Since you are resolved, on account of mere scruple, to deny a great happiness to yourself and me, I accept your decision, and I will return to Guadalajara to-morrow. Does this satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me! It breaks my heart!" she said, passionately. "But it must be. We must wait for our happiness until you come back. And if you should never come—"

"That could only be because I was dead. As certainly as I live I shall return. Believe that, my Carmela!"

"It must be as God wills," she said, solemnly. "I try to leave it to Him. If it is His will that you shall return, you will come back. If not—"

"There is no 'If not,'" he interrupted, tenderly. "I shall come back as fast as love and steam can bring me. Never doubt that."

And in this moment she did not doubt it. The bitterness of parting had at least the golden light of hope upon it; and after he was gone, and the pain of indefinite separation had settled upon her like a heavy pall, she whispered to herself amid her tears, "He will come back. I am sure of that."

(To be continued.)

The Swallows in the Gesu.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

"**S**ANCTUS! sanctus! sanctus!" sweet pealed the waiting choir,
As tho' an angel touched their lips with heaven's sacred fire;
The silver note of chiming bells died softly on the ear,
And lowly bent the worshippers in loving awe and fear.
A stillness, vast and wonderful, was on the kneeling crowd;
The priest upon the altar steps stood motionless and bowed;
The very altar lights seemed hushed and haloed, as they burned
Above the thrones of death and hell forever over-turned.

Our Lord was on the altar,—Our Lord who came
to bless,

And reach the tender, healing hand to all our
wretchedness!

Well might each head bend low to Him, each
heart in silence swell:

Among the weak ones of the earth their Strength
had come to dwell.

Then, suddenly above us—far up the vaulted
aisle,

Whose arches white on snow-white walls nor touch
nor tint defile,—

Broke out the sparrows' nestlings in pipings shrill
and clear,

In glad content, defying the faintest throb of fear.

"Ho, brothers! Hear us! hear us!" (to me their
quavering cries).

"Your fellows we. He loves us! Our light is in
His eyes.

See! see! we float and flutter where you can never
stand;

We dart and dip,—He guides us, He holds us in
His hand.

"He knows! He knows! He loves us! Through all
our narrow span

Of briefest life He watches. Remember, brother
man!

Hear now our voices breaking the hush before
His face!

He loves, He loves, He loves us! We sing it loud
through space."

They hushed. The organ's throbbing took up the
glorious song,

And praise and prayer commingled wafted the
hours along;

While over all, the swallows, from niche and nook
and nest,

Looked, bright-eyed, toward the altar, where all
our hopes must rest.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1890.

Louis XIII. as He Was.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

HISTORY has involved the characters of some persons in an obscurity as impenetrable to our inspection as that mask with which the famous prisoner of Pignerol and the Bastille was made to hide his identity from not only his contemporaries, but, it would seem, from all future investigators. One of these subjects is Louis XIII. But critics have succeeded in showing at least whom the iron mask did not conceal, though they have failed in determining whom it did; and just so we of the present—provided, of course, that we wish to see—can unmask the countenance of Louis XIII., and regard him, not as the puppet of Richelieu, not as a mere nonentity among kings, but as a monarch worthy of serious consideration.

Louis XIII. had the misfortune of being born between two consummately great sovereigns: he was the son of Henry IV. and the father of Louis XIV.; and we are tempted to discern, in all the grandeur of his reign, either a continuation of the work of the Bearnais or a preparation for the glories of the *grand monarque*. At most, we echo the mass of historians, and regard him as a Roi Fainéant, dropped out of the eighth century, obeying a red-cassocked Master of the Palace with all the *nonchalance* of a true Merovingian—albeit, not lolling in an oxen-drawn car; for his warlike qualities are never denied. Again, while Henry IV., in comparison with Sully, can hold his own in our estimation, the personality of Louis XIII. is nearly obliterated by that of Richelieu; and we forget that just as we think no less of Sully because of the greatness of Henry IV., so the greatness of Richelieu should not lessen that of Louis XIII.; for in the case of each pair the two chief constituents of true greatness were allies, not rivals. Henry IV. was a man of genius, Sully one of common-sense; Louis XIII. possessed common-sense, Richelieu genius.

Louis XIII. has been well styled the Just, and he would have merited the title had he been known for nothing else than his steadfast confidence in his Cardinal-Minister. But his con-

HE who can not, in a degree at least, sympathize with St. Francis of Assisi in his love of all created things, even the lower orders of creation, has as yet comprehended very little of the mystery of the love of God.—*Dr. Brownson.*

temporaries inform us that the monarch chafed under the yoke of the great statesman whom he could not but admire. We are told that he both envied and feared him without whom, to use the words of Mme. de Motteville (the first to affirm this aversion), "he could not live, nor with him." La Rochefoucauld, another contemporary, says that the King "bore the yoke impatiently"; and that "he hated Richelieu," though "he never ceased to bend to the Cardinal's will." Montglat is illogical enough to insist that although Louis, after the death of his minister, assured the mourning relatives that he could never forget the prelate's great services, nevertheless "he was very glad to be rid of him."* Omer Talon tells us that "master and valet worried each other to death." Pontis makes of Louis a man without gratitude; for he describes the King as coolly remarking, when he heard of the Cardinal's demise, "A great politician has gone";† and nearly all writers from Pontis to Bulwer have consecrated the phrase as an illustration of the King's real appreciation of Richelieu. Bazin goes so far as to proclaim that Louis XIII. entertained no friendship whatever for the Cardinal.‡ Guizot would have us believe that "Louis experienced an instinctive repugnance for his minister, and he never showed more than a *reasonable fidelity* toward a servant whom he did not love."

Well, if Louis XIII. felt all the jealousy for Richelieu that these authors discern, if he was merely what most small-minded men are in the face of the great, then he exercised a magnanimity toward his *bête noir* which ought to excite our veneration. By keeping power in the hands of one who dwarfed him, when by a word he could have relegated him into obscurity; by sacrificing his jealousy to the glory of France, he gained a victory over self such as we may seldom find in the annals of monarchy. But alas! this picture is imaginary. Louis XIII. was simply the friend of Richelieu.

In 1875 M. Marius Topin published two hundred and fifty-eight letters of Louis XIII. to

Richelieu, which he had dug out of the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris, that immense sleeping chamber of history. These letters are authentic in style, orthography, and signature; and they completely destroy the common idea concerning the relations of Louis with his great minister, while they furnish a view of the King's character which differs much from that obtained, for instance, from the impressive drama of Bulwer. They show us that Louis never ceased to love the Cardinal, or to confide entirely in him. Every line manifests the fact that, while their minds were of very unequal calibre, they were equally devoted to the welfare of their country. And what was the secret, demands M. Topin, by which Richelieu ever preserved the full confidence of his sovereign? He never acted but for the good of the State, and he never kept the King in ignorance of his projects. This is proved also by the seven enormous volumes of the Cardinal's letters, published by Avenel.

The most ambitious and able intriguer could scarcely hope to supplant Richelieu in the heart of him who was informed of every project immediately on its conception. When separated far from each other, even though, as was generally the case, the Cardinal enjoyed unlimited powers, couriers were constantly bearing from Richelieu to the King detailed accounts of the public business. And we notice that generally it was Louis who formed the decisive resolution, even though the genius of his minister may have prepared the royal mind for such action. In fact, many reports of the Cardinal bear marginal notes which indicate that Louis frequently resolved on a course diametrically opposite to that advised by the former. When the King was not with the army, he assisted at every meeting of his council, and clearly asserted his will.

"Richelieu," says Topin, after having carefully examined these letters of both Cardinal and King, "while charging himself with the execution of the royal will, of course gave to it the imprint of his own strength; and hence he appeared as its originator to the governors, intendants, generals, ambassadors, etc., to whom he communicated his development of the royal opinion. Doubtless the salient traits of the royal policy were the Cardinal's own insinuation, and it was nearly always his genius which discerned the

* "Mémoires de Montglat," *idem*.—Brienne uses almost the same terms: "Le roi fût tout ravi d'en être défait."

† "Mémoires de Pontis," *idem*, vol. ii.

‡ "Histoire de France sous Louis XIII.," in preface, and in vol. ii, p. 456. Paris, 1842.

means most adapted to secure the end in view. But for persistence in following the path once chosen, for firmness and energy in maintaining their common system, we must place Louis XIII. alongside his Eminence."

It might interest the reader were we to quote extensively from the correspondence so fortunately rescued from oblivion by the researches of M. Topin, but our space confines us to one letter. In 1626 the French court was divided as to the feasibility of a marriage which had been projected by Henry IV. between Gaston d'Orléans, the brother of Louis, and Mlle. de Montpensier. Richelieu and the King favored this union, while the Cardinal's foes persuaded Gaston that his own treacherous ambition would be better advanced by an alliance with some foreign princess. As a *coup de main*, Richelieu tendered his resignation, whereupon Louis wrote thus: "My cousin,* I have read your reasons for seeking repose. I desire your comfort and health more than even you can desire them, provided that you find them in the guidance of my affairs. Since you have been with me all has gone well, under the divine blessing, and I have full confidence in you. Never have I been served so well as by you. Therefore I beg of you not to retire. . . . Be assured that I shall protect you against all persons whomsoever." Nor was this promise mere empty words: Louis XIII. could enforce respect to his will. "It is enough that it is I who wish it," he once said to the Cardinal, when making a similar promise. We shall give another instance of the King's solicitous affection for Richelieu.

The war for the Mantuan succession, begun in 1629, was at its height when the King was seized by a dangerous illness. During the crisis of the malady all the anxiety of Louis was for his minister. The enemies of Richelieu, headed by the queen-mother, Marie dei Medici, were making every effort to unseat him; but Louis was indomitably faithful to the interest which he felt to be that of France. On the decisive day of his illness he sent for the Duke of Montmorency and said to him: "I have two favors to ask of you. One is that you continue to show your wonted

interest in the State; the other, that for love of me you love the Cardinal Richelieu."* And the affection of Louis XIII. for his minister survived the life of its object. Witness the following letter written by the monarch on the day after the Cardinal's death (1642), and compare the impression produced by it to that conveyed concerning the shallowness of Louis by the drama of Bulwer:

"M. the Marquis de Fontenay: As everyone knows the signal services rendered me by my cousin the Cardinal-Duke de Richelieu, and the many advantages which, by God's blessing, I have obtained through his counsels, no one can doubt that I grieve as I ought for the loss of so good and faithful a minister. But I wish the world to know, by means of my own testimony on every possible occasion, how dear his memory is to me. . . . I have resolved to retain in office all the persons who have served me under the administration of my cousin the Cardinal de Richelieu, and to call to my assistance my cousin the Cardinal Mazarin, who has given me so many proofs of his capacity and fidelity on the many occasions when I have employed him,—proofs of a devotion as great as though he had been born my subject. . . . You will communicate all the foregoing to our Holy Father the Pope, that he may know that the affairs of this kingdom will continue in the same course they have so long followed."

And this devotion to the memory of Richelieu was proved not only by the appointment of Mazarin, whom he had desired as a successor, but was evinced by Louis XIII. when death called upon him. When he found that his life was drawing to a close, he actuated the design of Richelieu, by appointing the Queen, Anne of Austria, regent indeed of the kingdom, but with Mazarin as guide, that the policy of the great minister might continue in force.

Besides the letters of Louis XIII. to Richelieu, the French Archives disgorged, a few years ago, another important historical monument which administrative imbecility had hitherto hidden from the student. M. Paul Faugères, like a Benedictine in miniature, disinterred from the dust of centuries and published an unedited work of the Duke de Saint-Simon, nothing less than a

* This was the style in which the kings of France always wrote to cardinals, as well as to marshals.

* Ducros, "Histoire du Duc de Montmorency," vol. i, ch. 22.

"Comparison between the First Three Bourbon Kings." Saint-Simon was seventy-two years old when he began this work; age had somewhat mollified the irritated passions of the "great disdained" of Louis XIV., but had not lessened the talent of probably the most accomplished delineator who ever came to the aid of history. He had not been personally acquainted with Louis XIII., as he was with the more glorified son; but his own father, who owed everything to the former monarch, had imbued his young mind with sentiments of ardent admiration for one whom he rightly regarded as pre-eminent among the misunderstood of history.

Saint-Simon saw Henry IV. and Louis XIV. resplendent with a glory which was undeniable, even in the face of hatred, while Louis XIII. was almost effaced by the proximity of his father and his son. To draw his own father's benefactor forth from an unmerited obscurity became the ambition of the great portrayer; and they who have been accustomed to recur to his "Memoirs" for most of their knowledge of the period in which he lived, have now the opportunity of contemplating a restored Louis XIII.,—a figure, strange to say, even more resplendent than those which have hitherto attracted exclusive admiration. A contemporary critic of great acumen, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, is enthusiastic in his praise of the manner in which Saint-Simon fulfilled his task:

"The part of genius in history is to discover. In history, where nothing is created (for otherwise it would not be history); in history, where the imagination has the right only to depict, but not to invent, as it may in other spheres of human activity,—genius can only play the part of a superior faculty in discovering, in men and things as they were, new but real points of view until then unknown and even unsuspected. The more of these points of view that are discovered, the greater is the genius. It is this power of genius, equal in history to the power of creation in the other domains of thought, which shines in all its fulness and strength in this parallel of the first three Bourbon kings, as it is styled by Saint-Simon, in his special and singular language. In this long comparison he speaks admirably of the two whom we knew; but he has discovered the third, of whom we knew nothing, at least in

his complete and sublime integrality. . . . The violent and irritated soul of this man baffled in his ambition, of this 'despised one' of Louis XIV., this soul whose rage may have produced its genius, promised itself, as a supreme duty and a last satisfaction, to some day narrate that life of Louis XIII. which he knew from his father, and to compare it with those of the two glorified kings between whom his favorite had been buried in insignificance. Such was to be the swan's song of that man who was anything rather than a swan; who was rather an eagle,—the cruel eagle of history, which in his 'Memoirs' he so often lacerated.

"And this tardy justice, rendered to the memory of a man who had disappeared behind the intersecting rays of his father's and his son's glory, produces two novelties. It gives us a Louis XIII., we must admit, greater than the men who caused him to be forgotten; and a Saint-Simon whose genius attains its fulness in an emotion of the heart, and who reaches, for the first time, to the divine in tenderness. . . . Of course the crushing club of Hercules, used of old in the 'Memoirs,' falls as furiously as ever on all that Saint-Simon hates; but it is rather for their qualities than their faults that he compares the three kings whom he judges; and it is his serene manner of comparison which endows his book with an imposing sweetness of impartiality. . . ."

After a study of the parallel by Saint-Simon and of the correspondence unearthed by M. Topin, one finds that our pleasing dramatist, Bulwer, is guilty of gross injustice to the moral character of Louis XIII. The whole underplot of his play, some of its most impressive situations, and many of its most elevated sentiments, turn on the supposed libertinism of the monarch. Now, he was pre-eminently a chaste man; so much so that he excited ridicule in a court too often the resort of *mauvais sujets*. One of the chief reasons for the extravagant admiration felt for Henry IV. by Frenchmen is the fact that he was a lady's man, the *vert galant*. A people overgiven to gallantry and raillery may admire the virtue of a St. Louis or a St. Edward the Confessor—a virtue which is the development of religious heroism in conflict

* "Les Œuvres et Les Hommes du XIX^{me} Siècle: Sensations d'Histoire," vol. viii, p. 60. Paris, 1887.

with passion,—but they will scarcely respect mere frigidity of temperament, which, according to common report, was the source of the virtue of Louis XIII.

Behold, then, one reason, for the relegation of this monarch to obscurity. As the idea is expressed by Aurevilly, Louis XIV. could say to La Vallière, like Hamlet to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery"; but it was when too late. Louis XIII. might have said so to Mlle. La Fayette, but before the catastrophe. As for the assertions concerning the morality of Louis XIII., they are perverse even unto indecency; but at most they assign to Louis accomplices who are very uncertain.

We have shown that we are not obliged to accept our view of the character of Louis XIII., or of his relations with Richelieu, from the olden historians or from modern romancists and playwrights. To obtain a view of Louis it is not necessary to peer over the shoulders of his minister. Richelieu did not absorb in his own the very personality of his sovereign, but rather, to use his own language, was the most passionately devoted of subjects and servants. In fine, Richelieu existed as minister only by the will of Louis; and it is to the glory of that monarch that he never dismissed him whom a recalcitrant and jealous nobility, a cowardly and treacherous brother, and an unscrupulous and soulless mother, united in opposing even to the death. Each was the complement of the other; and the reign of Louis XIII. may well be called that of Richelieu, the ministry of Richelieu that of Louis XIII.

The death of this so long misunderstood monarch occurred on May 14, 1643, and it was one befitting a sovereign whose devotion to Our Lady had caused him to institute as the national feast of France the festival of her glorious Assumption.* The great Protestant jurisconsult, Grotius, then Swedish ambassador to the French court, wrote of the edifying scene: "I do not believe that we can find an instance of any king—nay, of any Christian—disposing himself for death with greater piety." Well may Cardinal Mazarin have

written, during the King's illness, to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, a brother of the great minister, his predecessor:

"I would be wanting in gratitude were I wanting in sadness. The beautiful and wonderful circumstances attending the King's illness increase this sentiment, although in some sense they lessen it; and I can not contemplate them without a kind of pleasure, seeing as I do that they must add to his glory. Nor can I behold them without a fuller realization of the extent of our imminent loss. In fact, it is impossible to imagine a greater force of soul in so much weakness of body than his Majesty has shown. No one in his condition could have arranged his affairs more clearly or more judiciously. No one could regard death more calmly, or show more resignation to the will of God. In a word, if Providence has decreed that this malady shall take the King from us, we shall be able to say that no career was ever more Christianly, more charitably or more bravely fulfilled."*

A Lover of the Lowly.

(CONCLUSION.)

FATHER MILLERIOT prayed unceasingly. When he held his annual reception of workmen at the beginning of each year, at St. Sulpice, he was accustomed to enter with his hat on his head. As soon as he reached the platform he made a sweeping bow and said: "My good friends, the fine bow I have just made you must last till next year. If I meet you in the street I shall not give you any greeting. Do not be surprised at this; in the street I do not see any one: I pray to God."

His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was very deep and tender, and he relied on her intercession specially to obtain the conversion of sinners. He offered the scapular and the miraculous medal to all with whom he came in contact, assured that thereby he would procure for them the patronage of Mary. To increase their confidence in her power, he was fond of relating the

* "L'idée d'une belle mort ou d'une mort Chrétienne dans le récit de la fin heureuse de Louis XIII., surnommé le Juste, roi de France et de Navarre, tiré des Mémoires de feu Jacques Dinot, son confesseur, etc.," in the *Lib. Nat.*, cited by Barthélemy, *loc. cit.*

* "Letters of Mazarin," vol. i, p. 167.—The last hours of Louis XIII. were comforted by the sympathies and exhortations of St. Vincent de Paul.

history of two unfortunates, whom he called his "drowned" and his "hanged."

A man having committed a crime, and dreading the vengeance of the law, came to him one day, saying, "It is the last time you shall see me, Father."—"At least, my friend, grant me a favor: promise that you will always keep your scapular."—"I promise sincerely. You have always been so good to me!" And Father Milleriot went away delighted, murmuring, "My friend, I have you. You may kill yourself if you wish: you shall not die unprepared." The next day, indeed, the aunt of this person ran up to him. "Father," she cried, "your man is dying! Yesterday he threw himself into the Seine. Although he does not know how to swim, he was not able to drown himself. But he has taken the pleurisy. Come quick!" The man had kept his scapular. The Father gave him the last Sacraments.

As to the "hanged," who wore the miraculous medal, by a special protection of God the rope he used broke at the right moment. When informed of the affair Father Milleriot went to see him. "Well, my friend, how is it that you escaped death?"—"Do not speak to me about it, Father! I can not understand it. I selected the strongest rope I could find, and flung myself resolutely into space." He was never tempted to try the experiment again.

The Father was the soul of two admirable works—the Society of St. Francis Xavier and the Holy Family of St. Sulpice. The first, a kind of Christian association for mutual aid among the workmen, held its meetings the first Sunday of the month. It numbered from seven to eight hundred men, all deeply interested in the organization. Amusement and edification were admirably combined at these meetings. Moral and religious instruction was succeeded by popular songs and choruses, music, and the distribution of premiums.

The Holy Family consisted of working men and women, servants, and poor people. Father Milleriot heard about twenty thousand confessions yearly in this Society alone, which numbered over two thousand persons, being for the most part people who had never before approached the Sacraments. During the nine days preceding the Feast of the Assumption he conducted a retreat for them. Before beginning his first con-

ference he took care that all were present, within hearing distance. When he saw some poor people standing in the aisles, not daring to show themselves, he would seek them out, and, taking them by the arms, lead them to the best seats.

The severe trials undergone during the Commune had not shaken his courage or paralyzed his zeal. Many stories are told of his quiet bravery during that terrible period. One day, reaching the Church of St. Sulpice, he learned that it had been closed by the communists, who had established a post in the Rue Servandoni. He went to see the commander. "Who are you?" asked the latter.—"The friend of the workmen. I am not a *capon* [sanctimonious hypocrite]; I disguise myself as a priest for the purpose of helping honest folk."—"Get out of here, or if you don't—" The Father did not move. "Oh! come now, my good friends," said he, "surely you would not think of shooting me? What good would it do you? An old fellow like me, who will soon be seventy-two. What could you do with my skin? Why, it is not even good for covering a drum!" The communists burst out laughing, and let him pass. But for six weeks he had to abandon his community and take refuge with some friends in the Rue d'Assas.

On the 24th of May, when the balls were whistling on all sides, Father Milleriot was making his way to the bedside of the sick wife of one of his workmen. But when he reached the guard-house, in front of the military prison, in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, he found it impossible to proceed farther. At last, in despair, he addressed a communist officer who was passing. "Friend," said he, "give me two of your men to go along with me. I have to visit the wife of one of my workmen, who is dying and asking for the succors of religion."—"Well," replied the astonished insurgent, "I will accompany you myself, with one of my men." The Father returned home, safe and sound, from his charitable mission; and he and his protectors parted the best of friends.

However, several of his clients had seen him march between two national guards, and were naturally alarmed: "Oh," they exclaimed, "they are dragging our poor Father Milleriot to prison also!" On the contrary, it was he who was dragging them. But the rumor finally spread that he had been imprisoned; and some days after an

old woman ran up to him, looking quite frightened, as he was seated in the confessional. "Is it true, Father," she cried, "that you have been shot?"—"Alas, yes, my poor child!" he answered. "But be careful not to mention it to anybody."

When the army of Versailles returned to Paris, the Father left his shelter in the Rue d'Assas. He knew that he would be wanted: the wounded and dying required his aid, and he hastened to give it. As he was speeding along in the direction of the Luxemburg, the powder-magazine which had been placed there since the siege suddenly exploded. The Father escaped, with a shower of broken bits of glass on his hat. He then regained his room, and what was his stupefaction and his gratitude to God—everything in it had been broken to pieces by the explosion! If he had remained a few minutes longer at home, he would have been killed or grievously wounded.

"I know I am somewhat aged, but I am not old," Father Milleriot used to say when he had reached his seventy-eighth year. He preserved, indeed, all the ardor and activity of youth, as well as his good humor, his stentorian voice, and his clear-cut physiognomy.

But the execution of the decrees of the 29th of March, 1880, which suppressed the religious orders of France, dealt him a blow from which he could not recover. When the residence of the Jesuits in the Rue de Sèvres was invaded by the police, on the 30th of June, Father Milleriot was about to set out for St. Sulpice, with his umbrella under his arm, quite unconscious of the thunderbolt that was ready to fall.

Violently banished from his cell, he took refuge in the Rue de la Chaise; there, at least, he could gaze from his window at the dear home that had become a part of himself. His habits, however, remained the same. He continued to rise at three o'clock, and to make his dinner on a little soup, with vegetables or cheese. Some months before his death he was obliged to visit one of his old pupils in the College of St. Stanislaus, with reference to an affair of charity which he had much at heart. His weakness was so great that he was forced to take a carriage. He arrived pale and gasping; and when one of the superiors of the house proposed that he should refresh himself with a biscuit and a glass of wine, "My children," he said, with his inimitable accent,

"for more than fifty years Father Milleriot has never been thirsty between meals." And he left without consenting to take anything.

He continued to grow more feeble every day. When he found it impossible to walk, he had himself conveyed to the church in a carriage; and, once there, he dragged himself as well as he could to his confessional. In vain his physician tried to prevent him. In answer to his remonstrances the good old man, who never lost his gaiety, improvised this quatrain:

"Confesser est ma vie,
Non confesser, ma mort;
Permettez, je vous prie,
Que je ne meure encore."*

Father Milleriot was compelled to take to his bed in February, 1881. One day his superior asked him: "What would happen if some fine morning I said to you, 'Father, in eight days you shall be in paradise?'"—"I would be satisfied," he replied; "so well satisfied that I would be in a fair way of dying of joy, without waiting the eight days, and so proving that you had been a bad prophet. Still," he continued, seriously, "when the time comes, do not fail to warn me."

On another occasion, when he was much weaker. "What have you been doing since yesterday?" inquired the superior.—"What have I been doing? Tiring myself to death. My fretfulness has been as big as that!" And he opened his arms as wide as he was able. "And with my fretfulness as big as that," he continued, "my patience has been as big as this." And he drew the palms of his hands together until they touched each other.—"You have prayed to God to spare you so much suffering?"—"A likely thing! Certainly not. Why should I do so? There are sinners who offend God the livelong day, who die and are damned; and I should pray to suffer less! No, indeed! Poor sinners! It is for them I have been praying." So in the midst of his sufferings he was ever cheerful and even sprightly. He was fond of quoting a maxim of St. Francis de Sales: *Un saint triste est un triste saint*,—"A sorrowful saint is a sorry saint."

He became rapidly worse, and on the evening of the 25th of February one of his brethren

* "No confessions to hear!
Why, 'twould kill me, I fear.
And I frankly avow
I don't care to die now."

proposed to administer the last Sacraments. "Father," returned the dying missionary, "I have often said to others what you say to me now, and that with great composure. But I listen to the same words from you with much less composure. Poor human nature! It is always alive, and revolts at the thought of death. The great saints longed for death; it is to be feared that I am only a very small saint." Next morning he declared that he was "converted," and asked to receive Extreme Unction.

On the 1st of March, at a quarter past eleven in the evening, he was told to recite a prayer as a penance after his confession. "Let us say it at once," he replied; "it will be safer." When the priest added, after the absolution, "*Vade in pace*," "*In pace!*" he repeated. These were his last words. His lips became paralyzed, and a quarter of an hour later he breathed his last sigh, closing a holy life by a holy death.

His funeral, on the 4th of March, was an imposing demonstration of faith, piety, and Christian hope. Crowds, belonging to every class of society, thronged the Church of St. Sulpice. But there were no sincerer mourners round his tomb than the poor men and women for whose spiritual and material well-being he had labored with such self-sacrificing zeal.

Father Milleriot's connection with Littré, toward the close of his life, was an evidence of the fascination he exerted over minds the most alien to his own habits of thought. The great leader of the Positivist school was on his own death-bed when news of the death of Father Milleriot was brought to him. He felt the loss deeply, and we may be permitted to believe that the final conversion of the illustrious philosopher was in no small part the result of the prayers of the humble priest whom he loved and revered.

IT is not for us to say, "Lord, send me that cross,—this one I can not bear"; or, "Lord, if Thou hadst afflicted me in some other manner I would have been resigned"; or, "Lord, any other temptation I could have conquered,—to this I am not equal." There is only one true test of the strong and perfect Christian: viz., that he shall say under all circumstances, "Lord, not my will but Thine be done!"

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

IT has been frequently asked: Why is there so little literary criticism in the Catholic press at a time when literary criticism occupies so much of public attention? The answer is easy. Catholic journals can not, as a rule, afford to have large staffs. One man generally does all the work; and if he be assisted by a "local" reporter, he considers himself well off; consequently, the editor has very little time to do more than glance at new publications, and to give them a perfunctory notice.

It is to be wished, for the sake of the Catholic reading public, that he were less hampered, less worried by all sorts of details, and in a position to write careful notices of new books. But he is not, and it is useless to criticise him for not doing what he can not do. To keep well on the inside of foreign affairs, to look after his correspondents—whose letters very often save him from mistakes about home matters,—to write his paragraphs and leaders, to read his exchanges, and to submit to all kind of interviews, require a great deal of time and vitality. He can not, therefore, be reasonably censured if he fail to write two or three columns of book notices every week.

Brother Azarias, in a valuable article, touched on a point which Catholic editors and writers for the press might well keep in view. It is not to the rarity of the extended literary review in the Catholic press that we have a right to object, but to the tone which the editor sometimes takes in reviewing books by Catholic writers. Brother Azarias delicately hints that there should be more fellowship among us, and particularly among those who are engaged in writing for Catholics.

In the first place, the success of one Catholic book helps to make that of another—the appetite comes in eating, as the French say. In the second place, the obstacles which bar the way of the Catholic writer should obtain a certain consideration for him. His chances of gaining money by the exercise of his vocation are small, and of reputation smaller. To the great non-Catholic reading world a Catholic writer is dead when he

writes expressly for his own brethren. Some people will say that if a Catholic write something that the world wants to hear, something that will touch its heart or its mind, he will find success. This is true enough; but the Catholic, to acquire this success, must not address himself to Catholics: he must assume a different tone. If Marion Crawford should write a novel dealing with the evils of a marriage between a Catholic and a non-believer, what would become of the large audience that waits for each utterance he makes? Does anybody imagine that the crowd of readers who were delighted with Christian Reid's "Morton House" would accept "Armine" or "Carmela"?

A writer for Catholics must make up his mind to cut himself off from a great portion of the reading public. The problems that interest him intensely seem "sectarian" to the people who might read his books if he treated his subject in a "broader" manner. This being the case, to whom can he look for encouragement or appreciation except to Catholics? And if they are keen as to his faults, eagerly critical to his shortcomings, he may be sure he will find no resource anywhere else.

There is a little group of writers to which the Catholic press ought to be especially kind. This group is composed of those who write for the young folk. Heaven knows how badly we need them! But how shall they be enabled to persevere if they get only perfunctory notices in the Catholic press, and if the Catholic parent who feels the need of good books for his children is kept in ignorance of their existence? The non-Catholic and Protestant press is very kind to the writers for children. It has helped to make their reputations. For my part, if I were an editor again, I should make amends for my own shortcomings in this respect, and feel happier to have made many children know a good book than to have written the most profound leader that Mr. Hickey or Dr. Brownson ever penned.

A little more good-fellowship would become us. We are in the habit of saying amiable things—after a man is dead. The very fact of our exact union in essentials seems to make us all the more remiss in non-essentials. Our publishers have ceased to print Catholic American books. Who are to blame?

Favors of Our Queen.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE AND ITS SEQUEL.

AN event occurred recently in Boston, at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, which can not fail to interest the readers of a publication devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. Before relating it, however, it will be well to recall a former occurrence at the same shrine, of which it is the edifying sequel.

On the 18th of August, 1883, Miss Grace Mary Hanley was miraculously cured of a spinal disease which for twelve years had baffled the most skilful medical treatment. All hope in human remedies had been abandoned, and at the age of sixteen life presented to the afflicted girl only a dreary prospect of continual pain and helplessness. At this juncture, Miss Hanley, ever tenderly pious and devout to the Mother of God, resolved to make a novena before the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, venerated in the church of the Redemptorist Fathers, and for this purpose was brought every morning to the shrine. The reward of her great faith and love was not wanting. As she was reciting the concluding prayers of the novena she suddenly felt the miraculous thrill of returning health, and in an instant arose to her feet unaided, completely cured of her terrible affliction!

This event is authenticated by the highest authority. The crutches used by the favored child of Mary may be seen among the *ex-votos* exhibited in the church. A memorial tablet of silver, commemorative of the cure, hangs on the wall near Our Lady's altar. In the treasury of the church is preserved an affidavit of Miss Hanley's father, Col. P. T. Hanley, of the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers, regarding the circumstances of her twelve years' illness, the unavailing efforts of physicians to effect a cure prior to the novena, etc.

The beautiful sequel of this remarkable cure prompts its present revival. The gratitude of Miss Hanley for the extraordinary favor of the Blessed Mother of God has found the highest expression known to the Catholic religion—the consecration of her life and powers to the service of Mary in the religious state. After the com-

pletion of studies which her long illness had rendered impossible of prosecution, Miss Hanley entered the Order of the Sisters of Jésus-Marie, at Sillery, Quebec; and, having successfully passed the period of noviceship, she was permitted to pronounce the perpetual vows of the Order on the Feast of the Assumption.

It has been allowed the fervent young religious, to whom, in perpetual remembrance of her extraordinary cure, the name of Madame Mary of Perpetual Help was given, to return and offer a public thanksgiving on the scene of her miraculous recovery. A vast concourse of the Catholics of Boston assisted at the Solemn Mass of thanksgiving which was offered at the shrine on the 25th of August, and looked on with silent edification as the young nun knelt to receive Holy Communion on the spot where she had received from the Queen of Heaven the double grace of restoration to health and a vocation to the religious state.

It is not easy to describe the feelings which thrill the heart in looking upon this favored child of Mary, in whose behalf the finger of Almighty God has been so strikingly manifested. A sense of the omnipotence of God, of the love of His Blessed Mother, of the beauty and efficacy of a living faith, is vividly brought to mind. The countenance of Madame Mary of Perpetual Help is one of singular sweetness, innocence, and patience; and, contemplating it, one finds it easy to foretell a career of gentle kindness and pious example for the young girls to whose training and education her life is henceforth to be devoted. Surely her life and the wonderful graces she has received from Heaven are a proof of the abiding Providence of God; and an inspiration to more fervent devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who has shown, in the case of Madame Mary of Perpetual Help, her power and willingness to hear and help her faithful clients.

I OUGHT not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches; that I can not be bought—neither by comfort, neither by pride; and, though I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me.—*Emerson.*

Notes and Remarks.

A notable feature of the Eucharistic Congress lately held at Antwerp was a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which, in point of magnificence, recalls the annual solemnity at Lourdes. Antwerp has never witnessed anything so grand. Fully six thousand men were in line. One hundred and fifty beautiful banners were borne before a richly decorated statue of the Mother of God. Then followed twenty prelates, in full pontificals, preceding the Blessed Sacrament, which was borne by his Eminence the Cardinal of Malines. It was surrounded by sixty rich lamps of gold and silver, and followed by several hundred torch-bearers, between whom walked the reverend clergy in twos. The streets were festooned with banners and flags of every color. When the procession reached the Place de Meir, where an elevated altar had been erected, solemn Benediction was given to an assembly of 100,000 people. The scene was so impressive that three non-Catholics fell upon their knees, confessing the Faith. They have since been received into the Church. The procession lasted four hours, and closed by the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The evils of the public school system have time and again been unsparingly denounced in the Catholic press throughout the land. But it has remained for a Protestant journal—the *Commonwealth*, of Boston—to expose this dangerous system of education in all its hideous deformity with a directness and plainness of language that admit of no reply. In an article on the subject which appeared in a recent issue the *Commonwealth* said:

“People in New England have usually bowed down and worshipped our system of public education, without much thought about its faults or much knowledge about its virtues. But they are beginning to realize at last that if it has many virtues, it has perhaps as many faults. Where is the public school in New England to which parents feel safe in sending their children? Why do we hear on every hand that children learn as much evil as they do good? Why do we find all who can afford it sending their children to private schools? Because—let us be honest and recognize the fact—our public schools are

often forcing-beds of immorality. It is this, and only this, that gives speciousness to the Roman Catholic taunt of the godlessness of our school system."

As a remedy for the evils spoken of, the *Commonwealth* advocates not "the mere perfunctory reading of the Bible," but "simple and yet fundamental teaching in ethics and morals." In this it almost expresses the sum and substance of Catholic teaching on the question. The Church insists upon the moral training of her children, without which there can be no true education. Morality can not exist without religion, and hence the youthful mind must be imbued with the principles of true religion, that good, loyal citizens may be formed for the State.

It is commonly supposed and constantly asserted that the first steam-engine was the work of an American inventor of modern times; but the fact is that Lord Herbert, a devoted Catholic, son of the Marquis of Worcester, had a successful steam motor in active operation in his famous home of Raglan Castle, in England, before the days of the Commonwealth. The iconoclasts of that period destroyed the castle, and the steam-engine with it, and the disheartened inventor never chose to construct another. The entire system of waterworks at Raglan Castle was operated by the power of that wonderful machine; and so great was the terror it inspired that the ignorant called Lord Herbert a magician. He was, however, but a simple Christian gentleman: a loyal subject and faithful servant of a King who repaid him with duplicity and ingratitude.

Padre Vines, a learned Jesuit Father in Havana, has for the past quarter of a century been making weather predictions in that city. Recently he predicted a hurricane, and the reports from Havana verified the prediction. He is regarded by navigators and meteorologists all over the world as one of the most correct and reliable weather scientists of the age. But the Padre has made this work in which he is engaged purely a labor of love. Fully appreciating the important achievements performed by Father Vines, the United States Government offered him, some time since, a handsome salary in recognition of his past services. In obedience to the rules of the Order, this offer was declined.

It is now suggested by leading merchantmen that the Government either present Padre Vines with a complete set of the newest and most improved instruments, or build him an observatory where he could carry on his labors with more advantage and success. Certainly one who has done so much for the interests of American shipping and ship-owners deserves this slight recognition at the hands of our Government.

The London correspondent of the *Critic*, writing of Cardinal Newman, says:

"Whether, according to our lights, we judge Newman right or judge him wrong in the final decision he arrived at after his stupendous conflict, before such majesty of soul as he possessed it is our part only to bow in reverence. No human tongue has ever questioned his sincerity. And do not the plaintive notes of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Lead, Kindly Light!' express the dumb yearnings of thousands of hearts?"

There is no doubt of this; and it is pleasant to think of that beautiful hymn being sung by thousands of non-Catholic Christians in England and America. It was a precious legacy of the author to those whom he left behind him in the darkness of heresy.

Madame Craven's friends and admirers—their number is legion—will be pained to hear that she has been stricken by paralysis, and no longer has the power of speech or the use of her right hand. The last work of this charming and noble author was a life of Father Damien. There is no hope of her recovery, but she endures her cross with sublime patience and resignation. We are glad to comply with the request of the Duchess d'Ursel to bespeak prayers for her distinguished relative.

The University of Louvain has sustained a great loss in the death of Prof. Craninx, who was connected with the institution for nearly fifty years. It was he who, in conjunction with Mgr. de Ram, organized the Faculty of Medicine in Louvain.

Mr. C. Kegan Paul, head of the well-known London publishing firm of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., is one of the recent distinguished English converts. He was received into the Church the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and attended

the Requiem Mass and funeral as a Catholic. He studied at Oxford, where he was an admirer of the great Cardinal; but after the conversion of the latter he became an agnostic. Mr. Kegan Paul is a gentleman of learning and culture as well as an excellent man of business. Besides managing the whole of the literary department of his firm, he finds time for original work—magazine articles, translations, etc.

W. H. Mallock has written much that seems to indicate a deep sympathy with our holy Faith. Miss Constance Burton, a beautiful character in his recent work, "The Old Order Changes," is a Catholic. From another—a brilliant woman who seems to have drained the cup of pleasure which the world offers to its votaries—the hero hears the following song:

"O World, whose days like sunlit waters glide,
Whose music links the midnight with the morrow;
Who for thine own hast beauty, power, and pride!—
O World, what art thou? And the World replied:
'A husk of pleasure round a heart of sorrow.'

"O child of God, thou who hast sought thy way
Where all this music sounds, this sunlight gleams,
'Mid pride and power and beauty day by day!—
And what art thou? I heard my own soul say:
'A wandering sorrow in a world of dreams.'"

"I had the pleasure of seeing Cardinal Manning the other day," writes a friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in London. "He was looking well, cheerful, and, as usual, full of interest in all the great problems of the day. Alluding to the funeral of Cardinal Newman, he called it a magnificent function, adding, "Not for many centuries has there been such a gathering of priests, regular and secular, at one place or at one time in England."

"When I look around this congregation," said a French pastor who had been soliciting alms for a charitable work, "I ask myself: Where are the poor? When I examine the contribution-box I ask: Where are the rich?"

The friends and admirers of purely secular education in France are not in a particularly amiable mood at present. The ecclesiastical College Stanislaus, to which we referred in our last number, has a right to compete with the higher academies or *lycées* that are affiliated to the State

University. For two consecutive years the graduates of Stanislaus have completely distanced their competitors. It is a case of "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."

The Mount of the Holy Cross, one of the most prominent and certainly the most interesting and picturesque landmark in Colorado, a wonder of which everyone has heard, has been defaced by a landslide. The cross was formed by depressions in the mountain side, which held snow all the year. The deformation recently made is in one of the arms of the cross.

Le Couteulx Leader, in its notes on current topics, observes:

"Travellers are returning from mountains and sea-shore and from over the ocean. We are inclined to envy—and may surely be forgiven for it—only the pilgrims to Ober-Ammergau. Readers of THE 'AVE MARIA,' who have been enjoying Charles Warren Stoddard's delightfully written account of his visit to the village and the actors of the Passion Play, will more fully appreciate the descriptions of the Play itself as given by so many witnesses."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Richard J. Merrick, who departed this life in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 4th inst.

E. Fabre Tonnere, Esq., of Noakhali, Bengal, India, whose happy death occurred last month.

Mrs. Mary Boland, who met with a sudden though not unprovided death at Lewiston, Me., on the 28th of August.

John H. Grace, of Brighton, Mass., who passed away on the 3d inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Susanna Welsh, whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death at Shamokin, Pa., on the 2d inst.

Mr. John Blacke, of Gloucester, N. J.; David Doyle, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Julia Hawkes, Cambridgeport, Mass.; and Elizabeth O'Donohue, Pontiac, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Couplets.

FAVORITE NAMES.

TWO that lips divine oft uttered, many centuries ago:

MARY, sweetest name in story; and the loved disciple's, JOHN.

SWEETEST WORDS.

Those that will echo thro' heaven's broad dome,
When our exile is ended: "Home, sweet home!"

SADDEST WORDS.

The mocking cry of a cruel fate,
Forever shrieking, "Too late, too late!"

LOVE.

Love that sees in God its prize;
Love that prompts to sacrifice.

BEST OF MOTTOES.

A simple one, you will surely say:
"Love thy God, and go thy way."

The Story of a Clock.



P above the hum of the city's street, in his little attic chamber, Max Schneider worked away at his wonderful clock. That is, it was to be wonderful when it was done: not a common time-piece that would warn people when to go to bed and when to

eat their dinners, but one that would tell them when to think of the Incarnation; for it was to ring the Angelus, and at the sound a gate would open and a little figure of Our Lady was to step out and be saluted by the Angel Gabriel. Similar clocks are not so rare nowadays, and you can buy everything beautiful and curious at the great shops in the cities; but our young friends must bear in mind that this little tale is of a time long gone by, and of a far-away and struggling country.

Max was apprenticed to a silversmith, and all day long he mended clocks, or carved spoons, or fitted spectacles for the old women; but at night, when his time was his own, he would fly to his beloved work up in the garret, where the stars shone in and lent their light to his feeble candle. He was not a strong young fellow, but thin and weak; and, sad to say, he was growing thinner and weaker day by day. His mother saw this and was troubled.

"Max," she pleaded, "give up this wonderful clock. What will I care for it when you are taken to heaven?"

But Max worked on, denying himself many useful things in order to buy the candles that he might see far into the night.

Winter set in early and stayed late; and, partly because of the incessant toil, and partly from going without warm clothes and a comfortable fire, poor Max fell ill. He lay on his bed, his mind still busy with the wonderful clock that was to speak to the world of the mystery of the Annunciation.

"It is nearly done," he whispered to his mother. "I have thought of a new way to arrange the wheels. It will take but a few minutes to try. My peace is made with Heaven. Bring the clock to me and let me finish it."

She carried it in her arms, the tears dropping on the woodwork, and placed it on the bed before him.

"I think," he said, after a few minutes' work, "that I have hit upon the right thing at last. What time is it?"

She told him that it lacked five minutes of being six. He lay for a little while, his hands clasped and his lips moving.

"Listen!" he said at last; and the clock rang out clear and strong the three-times three of the Angelus; and Our Lady came out of the little gate to be saluted by the Angel. "Hail, Mary!" said Max, with great reverence; and these were the last words he ever spoke.

More than a hundred years afterward a gentleman and his daughter were strolling through a curiosity shop in a large city. "See, Emily," he said, "what a quaint old clock this is!" And he asked the price. The dealer told him, adding that it had just come from the old country, and

that he had had no time to investigate its merits. It seemed, however, to have been well taken care of, and he thought it only needed winding and some slight repairs. The gentleman, who turned out to be Colonel Blackmer, said that he himself had a taste for old clocks, and liked nothing better than to put one in order; so the price was paid, and the timepiece duly delivered at its new owner's residence.

Temptations many and great had come to Colonel Blackmer; and, as he waited for dinner to be announced, he was meditating. The faith of his childhood had long been forgotten or ignored; and other things, such as a man's honor and pledged word, were in danger. There was what politicians know as a "job" on foot. A few words from Colonel Blackmer in Congress would be worth millions to certain men, and he would be well paid if he would utter them; and he was a comparatively poor man, of expensive tastes and a growing family. Should he say "Yes" or "No?" He well knew what he *ought* to say. The shadows deepened in the room, and gathered, too, upon the face of the master of the house, as he sat there wrapped in thought and awaiting the signal for dinner.

Suddenly there rang out from the other side of the room three mellow tones of a bell, then three more, and still three more. Colonel Blackmer turned his head and saw the little figures that Max Schneider had carved so long ago—the Blessed Virgin, and the Angel, bearing a branch of lilies, kneeling before her; and then, with the long-forgotten faith of a child, he knelt, as he had at his mother's knee, and said the Angelus for the first time in twenty years.

"I wound it up, father," remarked his son Willie, a few minutes later.

"You did far more than that, my son," answered his father, turning to the desk and writing "No" to the man who had sought to bribe him. "I think you saved a soul."

FRANCESCA.

THE Wallachian peasantry have a belief that every flower has a soul, and that the water-lily is sinless as well as scentless, blossoming at the gate of Paradise, and questioning all other flowers as to what use they have made on earth of their beauty and perfume.

Nina's Trial.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

(CONCLUSION.)

The girls had copied the rules on separate slips of paper, and our Nina was reading hers over, with a scornful smile, as she was about entering her home. Suddenly her hat was shot swiftly over her eyes; somehow, somebody's else foot seemed to entangle itself in an inextricable way around hers, and the next instant found her sitting on the front door mat,—a ridiculous position surely, before the many pedestrians and occupants of vehicles who were continually passing on the crowded street. At the same moment a shout of boyish laughter attested somebody's enjoyment over the success of his trick; and Tommy, the most mischievous of her small brothers, surrounded by three urchins of his own size, stood regarding her with amazing glee from the safe position to which he had retreated.

Without one instant's hesitation, her eyes flashing with anger, Nina turned on her brother. Of course he had anticipated this, and all four made their escape with surprising alacrity. Nina followed for a block or more, but at last was forced to see that, with the advantage of their start, she could not gain on them. Very much ruffled and disordered in appearance, she returned to the house, vowing she would have Tommy well punished for what he had done.

"O Nina, your hair's all coming loose! What's the matter?" said a sweet little sister, on meeting her in the hall.

"Do move out of the way, and let me upstairs!" exclaimed Nina, crossly.

As she reached the upper landing her mother appeared with the baby in her arms.

"Hold baby a moment, dear," she said, "till nurse returns. I hear your papa calling me."

Nina would have refused if she dared. As it was, poor baby, who was unusually fretful that day, never in all his short life had received so many impatient shakes as he experienced during the next three minutes. And as each shake only increased his cries, nurse was sure he was going to have a fit when at length she appeared and claimed him.

Nina darted away to her own room, shut the door and locked it. Then she sat down and tried to spread out the slip of paper, now considerably crumpled, on the small dressing-table before her.

"Good gracious me!" she exclaimed suddenly, as her eyes fell upon the words at the head of the page, "Don't lose your temper," etc.; "but I've broken a rule already!" And poor Nina almost dropped out of her chair in her amazement. But again her eyes wandered to the paper, and again she read: "'Rule second'—and I've broken that too! But—but how *could* I help it? Oh, those horrid, horrid boys, to make me break two rules right at once!"

It certainly was very hard, and when Nina found courage to go on, and discovered that she had also broken the third—spoken so crossly to her little sister,—she, with some sort of resignation, set herself to the task of finding out how many more she had broken.

Rules four and five were "all right" she found. "'Rule sixth: Don't quarrel.' Haven't broken that yet," said Nina aloud; "but I will when I catch Tom. Gave that cross baby a dozen shakes; of course that means broke the seventh. Oh, me! oh, me! what shall I do?"

The most practical thought that suggested itself was the stringing of her black beads. She took the box out of her pocket, feeling very forlorn indeed, and proceeded to count out *five* black ones. "Though I only broke four really; still I suppose I'll break that 'Don't quarrel' one," she explained to herself. "But," she added suddenly, catching the fifth bead and pulling it off again, "no I won't. I'll make a fresh start from this minute: I'll let Tom off this time."

Then she proceeded to arrange her hair and dress before appearing down-stairs again. She had immense faith in herself even yet, and certainly she was not going to lose courage over four black beads.

At the dinner-table that evening Tommy was the last to make his appearance. When he did come in he slipped hastily into his place, glancing from under a pair of twinkling eyes at Nina. But Nina was serene and gracious to an extraordinary degree, and Tommy's courage went up like mercury suddenly brought from a cold room into one greatly heated.

"I say," he began, sidling up to his sister a little later, "Ni, want some daisy candy?"

Nina was not by any means above sweets, and accepted Tom's reparation at once.

"Good, ain't it?" said the boy, regarding her with great interest as she tasted the morsel.

"It's fine!" agreed Nina. "But where did you get it, Tom?"

"In that new store round on the avenue," was the answer. "And, guy! but it's dandy cheap: two pounds for a quarter."

"Really!" exclaimed the little girl, incredulously. "Why, Tom, it's almost as good as Huyler's second quality."

"You bet!" agreed Tommy.

"Wish I had some more," said Nina, as she finished the enticing morsel. "I never felt so much like enjoying candy as I do to-night."

"I'll go buy you some," answered her small brother, with surprising alacrity. "Get two pounds, Nina. Only a quarter, you know."

Nina opened her purse; she had just twenty-five cents remaining of her monthly allowance. A shadow suddenly darkened the dining-room window, near which the two were sitting, and a timid knock sounded at the basement door. Cook opened it, and then slammed it quickly to again, with a muttered, "Be off at once! Nothing but pestering beggars!" Then two barefoot little boys slowly repassed the window, and presently were lost to sight in the dim street.

"Jane is an old crank. She should have given those poor children something," remarked Nina, indignantly. "I shall tell mamma on her."

"Come on, give us the money," said Tommy, irrelevantly; "it's getting late."

Nina drew it forth; at the same time her paper of rules fell on the floor. She picked it up quickly, and it then flashed across her mind that she was about to break another rule: "Rule fourth: When you feel dying for a pound of candy, just conquer your hunger, and give the money to the poor." Two beggars had just appeared, and she had let them go empty-handed.

"Well, but that wasn't my fault," maintained Nina stoutly to herself: "it was that stingy old Jane's. I never thought."

And now the beggars were really gone. Tommy might as well get the candy; it wasn't likely any others would come that night. And he did get the

candy,—the wonderful candy that was going for such a bargain. Nina consoled herself by sharing it bountifully with all the children, though the consequences proved rather disastrous; for mother and nurse were up nearly all night administering medicines to the younger ones.

Poor Nina herself felt wretched the following morning. And Tommy was very sick indeed till ten minutes after nine; then he began to recover rapidly; and at fifteen minutes past, with his hand to his head, came limping down-stairs, asking in a weak voice for his breakfast. (Tommy deemed it the proper thing to limp when sick.) Appetite, at first feeble, gradually increased, and by ten minutes to ten Tommy forgot to limp. A little later Tommy found fresh air necessary, and, securing a tin can to the tail of the cat, took healthful exercise in the yard. After all, every cloud has its silver lining: Tommy, at least, didn't indulge in one hard thought against Nina.

In the meantime Nina sat in the class-room, feeling very miserable and dejected, partly the effect of the candy and the dose of medicine she had been obliged to take before starting for school, and partly from the knowledge that her string held the largest number of black beads. She had broken the rules seven times the evening before, and actually four times again before starting for school that morning. Seven and four made eleven: she was five black beads ahead of any other member of the Club.

For the first time it began to dawn upon Nina that little things had been conquering her all her life. The truth was a very disagreeable one, and yet it was staring her in the face. As each morning, on comparing strings with her companions, she found hers exceeding all the others in the number of black beads, Nina felt herself growing a very humbled, heart-broken little girl. On the morning of the fifth day her box was empty, her string was full. Then she broke down altogether.

"Never mind, dear," said Susie Newton, with her arms tightly clasped around her, while the others looked on compassionately. "We know it's harder for you because you happen to come under every one of the rules, and you never *could* see the use of thinking of the little things."

"But I tried very, very hard this week," sobbed Nina. "I didn't ever think I'd try so with little things, and now it hasn't been a bit of use."

"Yes, it has," said Sister Rose, gently, who had broken in upon the group, and to whom the secret of the Club had of course been confided. "Poor child!" she continued, softly stroking Nina's hair, "it has taught you golden lessons in humility, and the folly of trusting to your own strength even in conquering those troublesome little things. My Nina is a much better child to-day than she was a week ago."

"I never felt more wicked in my life, Sister," said Nina, lifting a very tear-stained face. "I don't think there's a worse person in the world. It doesn't seem any use to try any more." And Nina did look very much dejected.

"Courage, Nina; courage!" said Sister Rose, brightly. "Try again, and don't lose heart even if you do fail. You don't know, little girl, that it is much harder to be patient with ourselves than to be so with others."

Two weeks later Nina took her place among the snowy band about to be confirmed. Her card bore the name of Teresa. Sister Rose had insisted upon that. But it was a trembling, contrite and humble little heart that Nina Peyton offered to her great patron.

"There!" said grandma, looking round the group as she finished her story. "If any of you should be inclined to doubt the truth of what I have related, just try the effect of a C. L. T. Club."

Molière's Generosity.

The great Molière always set aside a portion of his income for the poor. One day his favorite pupil, Baron, went to him and told him that an old acquaintance, now a poor strolling player, greatly needed help, being penniless and deterred from joining his company.

"How much shall I give him?" asked Molière.

"Four pistoles would, I think, be enough for the present," answered Baron.

"Well, here are four pistoles for him," said Molière; "and here are twenty more that you can give him as coming from yourself. And you may tell him to buy himself a good suit of clothes, and I will pay for it."

That was the way Molière spent his money, and surely he might have done worse with it.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AN MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

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Vesuvius.

THE darkness of the night had just begun
To fall in gentle shadows o'er the sea
Which bathes the feet of "Bella Napoli,"
And on the purple hills the setting sun
Left golden traces of its course now run,
When first, from distant gloom, in majesty
Arose Vesuvius, and beckoned me
With flaming hand, portending worlds undone.
How ominous the sight! That fitful fire
Like breath from monster lungs doth come and go,
Suggesting thoughts of burning hells within;
And warning all who'd cling with fond desire
To joys forbid, what agonies of woe
Await the soul that weepeth not for sin.

T. A. M.

Notre Dame de Chartres.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IN that interesting work, "Les Cathédrales de France," by the Abbé Bou-rassé, we read: "When for the first time the visitor enters the Cathedral of Chartres, a feeling of indescribable emotion seizes upon him. The mind is, as it were, carried away in presence of so much majesty and grandeur; and the religious character of the edifice is so imposing, the many pious souvenirs transmitted through centuries of devotion so deeply touching, that in passing beneath its shadows one

feels that one is truly in the house of God; while the eye is, so to speak, dazzled by an apparition of celestial wonders. All blackened as it is with the dust of ages, one finds within its walls such a harmony of grace and poetry that human language fails to render an idea of its beauty. The Cathedral of Chartres is indeed a marvellous *chef-d'œuvre* of Catholic architecture."

So much for the architectural loveliness of the building, which, for the tourist, can not fail to be an endless source of attraction; while for the devout client of our Heavenly Mother few shrines throughout all the fair land of France can offer a deeper interest. If we may judge of Mary's love for a particular sanctuary by the wealth of favors she has been pleased to grant before its altar, then in truth we may deem that few are more dearly cherished by their celestial Patroness than that of Chartres. Nor does there exist any shrine of Our Lady the origin of which can be traced back to a remoter period; for in the fifteenth century Charles VII., when giving *lettres de grace*, wrote that he gladly granted them in favor of the church of Chartres, the most ancient in his kingdom, "founded, by prophecy, in honor of the glorious Virgin Mary, before the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in which the Holy Virgin was honored during her lifetime." And later the sainted M. Olier, in his autograph memoirs, spoke of Chartres as the "holy and devout city, the first devotion in the world by its antiquity, as it had been erected by prophecy."

There are some—what has not been denied?—who endeavor to veil in doubt and obscurity the venerable tradition which traces back to the time of the Druids the origin of the Virgin of

Chartres. Is it not an incontestable fact that amongst the pagan nations of antiquity there existed the hope and accepted belief in the Virgin who was to bring forth a Son? Why, therefore, refuse to the Druids a belief so widespread? Guibert, abbot of the celebrated monastery of Nogent, in his valued work "*De Vitâ Suâ*," informs us that the church belonging to his monastery had been built on the site of an ancient sacred grove, in which the Druids offered sacrifice to the future Mother of the God who was to come. Again, it is certain that when SS. Savinian, Altinus, and Potentian, the first apostles who came to preach the Gospel in the Chartrain country, arrived there, they found the inhabitants well prepared to receive the glad tidings of the Saviour, who was to be born of a Virgin; from which it is natural to conclude that their minds must have been prepared for the announcement of the joyful advent of the Redeemer.

Therefore, not alone with the *foi du charbonnier*, which believes without reasoning, but trusting to reliable documents treating on the subject, we may readily accept the tradition which tells us that, in the hundredth year before the birth of Christ, the Druids, in presence of many distinguished persons of the kingdom, placed on an altar a wooden statue, roughly carved, representing a woman, at whose feet were written the words, "*Virgini paritura*," and there offered sacrifice to the image. The rustic altar was erected in a natural grotto, which existed in the midst of a sacred grove extending along the side of a hill. The present Cathedral of Chartres is built on the site of that ancient grove, while the first name under which the Virgin of Chartres was known was that of Notre Dame de Sous-Terre, proving clearly the subterranean origin of Mary's first sanctuary on this spot. We learn, furthermore, that Priscus, King of Chartres, was so touched by the discourse of the Druid priest on the memorable occasion of the consecration (so to speak) of this primitive chapel, that he placed his kingdom under the special protection of that future Queen, of whose coming the Druid spoke with so much confidence.

And from those early days until the present time the devotion and love of the Chartrains for their Heavenly Patroness have never been known to waver, nor has her special protection

ever failed them in their hour of need. They were converted to the true faith through Mary as it was by hearing persons speak of the Virgin Mother of the Saviour that the light of grace found its way to their souls. And when, later on, the days of persecution came, she did not abandon her faithful clients, but obtained for them the strength and grace to die rather than betray their faith. A deep well beside the grotto afterward transformed into a chapel, received the name of Puits des Saints Forts, from the number of those who, thrown into it by their persecutors, found their death in its darksome waters.

Notre Dame de Sous-Terre was secretly worshipped in her underground sanctuary until the bright days which followed the conversion of Constantine. Then the wood hiding the mysterious grotto was cut down, and divine service was held with all devotion in the humble chapel. Soon Mary deigned to show by numerous miracles how dear the shrine was to her heart; and the good tidings spreading, pilgrims from far and wide came flocking to the spot. A large chapel was built, which, however, was soon burned down. Then another was constructed which, in 1020, was destroyed by a thunderbolt. In both instances the miraculous statue remained uninjured.

Bishop Fulbert, then in charge of the diocese of Chartres, lamenting the disaster, resolved to raise in Our Lady's honor a church such as had never been seen before in that part of the country. He appealed for aid to the princes of his own land and to the Christian sovereigns of Europe, all of whom responded nobly to his call. The Bishop himself set an admirable example, by making over all his earthly possessions to the accomplishment of this great undertaking; and his chapter and clergy did in like manner. Nor was this financial aid the only assistance that was offered. The humble ones of the country came, offering their time and strength to help in the work; and so numerous were the laborers that the edifice rose with astonishing rapidity.

Unhappily, Bishop Fulbert's death in 1029 cast a shadow, as it were, over the work. The zeal of the laborers slackened; the visible soul of the enterprise was gone; his inspiring eloquence was no longer heard encouraging the people, and even the most enthusiastic donors became less

munificent in their gifts. With one accord the great prelate's original, grand plan was abandoned, the expense being deemed excessive; and all agreed to follow poor human wisdom and do things economically. Could not as fervent prayers be offered in an humbler temple? Why erect so costly a church? But Heaven willed that the sanctuary of Chartres should be worthy of its patroness. In 1194 the economically built church was entirely consumed by fire. Not one wall remained standing, while amidst the smoking ruins the Druidical statue was found untouched! The saintly Bishop Fulbert's crypt also remained intact.

In order to repair all past errors, the good Chartrains resolved to build such a church as the world had never seen, and which, as old Guillaume le Breton tells us in his "Philippidos," should "have nothing more to fear from fire until the Day of Judgment." No words could express the zeal with which all labored at the new basilica, if we may judge from statements made in the chronicles of the time. Philip Augustus gave royally from his purse, and more than once came to encourage the toilers by his royal presence.

Few narratives can be more interesting to follow in detail than that which treats of the erection of this great basilica; but, unfortunately, our limited space obliges us to pass over many lifelike episodes handed down by the historians of the time. We can easily know from their writings that Mary smiled upon the work, for year after year the faith and zeal of her laborers were rewarded by well-authenticated miracles. And when on October 12, 1260, the grand structure being completed, the Bishop of Chartres blessed in presence of the King St. Louis, what a spectacle it must have been!

Then came an epoch—extending over five centuries—of almost undiminished glory for Notre Dame de Sous-Terre; and unceasing were the favors accorded to the devoted clients of Mary that loving Mother, when they sought her aid at the subterranean sanctuary. Later on another statue, Notre Dame du Pilier, existing to the present day, was placed in the basilica itself. Sometimes it is called the "Black Virgin," but is more generally known as Notre Dame du Pilier, as the Holy Virgin leans upon a pillar. The

statue is painted and gilded, and is usually very richly dressed, a short yellow veil covering the head. As far back as the year 1609, it is related by a pious author—a pilgrim to the church—that the pillar on which the Virgin rested was hollowed out, in one spot, by the loving pressure of the lips which so often rested on it. Nevertheless, Notre Dame de Sous-Terre ever remained the great object of the pilgrim's devotion.

Many Popes came to offer their prayers to Notre Dame de Chartres; and the Kings of France, both by their visits and costly gifts, testified their love of Mary and their confidence in her protection. Queen Blanche brought thither her little son Louis, destined to become one of his country's greatest regal and saintly glories. Philippe le Bel, after the battle of Mons—at which his life was saved as if by miracle, whilst all the warrior lords surrounding him were slain,—came to lay at Mary's feet the coat of armor and the helmet he wore when, in the midst of the affray, he implored the protection of the Virgin of Chartres. In 1560 the unfortunate Mary Stuart, together with her consort, Francis II., likewise visited the sanctuary. Louis XIII., when a child, accompanied his mother on a pilgrimage to the shrine; and afterward, as is attested by a bass-relief preserved in the Cathedral, he consecrated his person, crown and kingdom to Notre Dame de Sous-Terre. And Anne of Austria, his devoted Queen, who after twenty-two years of married life was still deprived of the joys of maternity, came imploring of the Virgin Mother to listen to her heartfelt petition. One year later she had the consolation of giving birth to a son—Louis XIV.

Then from over the sea came St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Thomas à Becket, during his days of exile in France, paid frequent visits to the shrine at Chartres. St. Bernard went thither on various important missions, the second Crusade being preached by the great Saint at Chartres. Later on the noble-hearted St. Vincent de Paul and the gentle St. Francis de Sales came on foot as humble pilgrims. St. Benoit Labre especially implored the protection of the Queen of Heaven in this venerable sanctuary, when on his way to Rome. Many holy priests, too, have gone there to place under the protection of Mary the apostolic work they had at heart. Thus we find Cardinal de Bérulle offering

to her the newly-founded Oratorians; Père Eudes, his Congregation of Eudists.

The saintly founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice cherished a deep and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. In his biography we read that, after his return from Rome, the holy man became a prey to extreme mental suffering, for which he could find no remedy or relief. All his prayers were apparently unavailing, when a heavenly thought inspired him to visit Notre Dame de Sous-Terre, a shrine held "in great veneration throughout France from time immemorial." In the midst of a severe winter, in the year 1631, he set out, making the journey from Paris to Chartres on foot. His faith found its reward; for scarcely had he entered the sanctuary when all his troubles vanished. Some years later he was afflicted in a similar manner, and again made a pilgrimage to the shrine, with equal success.

When his Paris Seminary was nearly completed, M. Olier went to Chartres, celebrated Mass in the chapel of Our Lady, bearing the keys of the Seminary upon him while offering the Holy Sacrifice, and then presented them to his celestial Patroness, begging her ever to watch over the future home of those who were to learn within its walls to become zealous and worthy servants of her Divine Son. Mary has been faithful to her trust; and the annual pilgrimage from St. Sulpice to Chartres has ever remained as a pious souvenir of the founder's devotion to Notre Dame de Sous-Terre.

Much might be written of the resplendent miracles which for centuries were performed before the shrine of Notre Dame de Sous-Terre, as the myriad of *ex-votos* in the chapel testify. No later than 1832, in the dreadful cholera visitation, the miraculous intervention of the Holy Virgin was evident. The terrible scourge had already made sad havoc amongst the inhabitants, when the precious veil of Our Lady, one of the chief treasures of the sanctuary, having been carried through the streets in its reliquary, accompanied by the weeping populace, the cholera not only ceased its ravages, but the greater number of those already stricken by the dire malady rose up completely cured. In remembrance of this extraordinary favor a beautiful medal was struck, and an annual procession takes place in commemoration of the event.

The Cathedral of Chartres suffered greatly at the hands of the revolutionists, and in 1806 the restoration of the injured portions was begun. But the dear old statue, *Virgini Parituræ* had completely disappeared, and Notre Dame du Pilier alone remained to receive the homage of her faithful clients. Things continued thus until 1855, when Mgr. Regnault, then Bishop of the diocese, decided that Fulbert's crypt should no longer remain without its Patroness. He caused a statue, identically the same as the Druidical Virgin, to be carved; and on September 8, 1857, the great Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, solemnly replaced Notre Dame de Sous-Terre in her time-honored sanctuary. The piety of the good Chartrains toward the Queen of Heaven received a new impulse, and from that time an intense spirit of devotion has pervaded that venerated chapel. Those who have prayed within its walls can not fail to be deeply moved as the holy recollections of the past recur to their minds; and while the dread scenes and enactments of the Revolution are recalled, they remember, with loving and grateful hearts, that Mary's worship and Mary's shrines survive them all.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

AMONG the words of sad human wisdom, written when the world was younger but not less full of misery than to-day, there are surely none that human experience can echo more than these, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." And not the heart only, but the body also, and even the soul. Who is so fortunate as not to have known the hour when words of prayer falter and almost die upon the lips from the stress of this sore sickness, this pervading anguish of hope long deferred in its fulfilment?

Such anguish was pressing upon Carmela, with a weight hard to bear, as she knelt one afternoon in the church of Ahualulco. More than a month had now passed since Lestrangle left Guadalupe, and no word from him had reached her. For a time she had been sustained by her faith

in him, and her conviction that all would be well in the end; but later, as days succeeded days without any sign of his coming, the terrible sickness of hope deferred began to weigh upon her spirit; and in the pale face lifted now so appealingly toward the altar there were piteous lines of misery,—lines to touch with pity the heart of any one who loved her. If Miriam could have seen her she would have been struck with her likeness to the picture which she had declared to be that of one preparing to tread some difficult path of sacrifice. Only in the pictured face the artist had unconsciously shown the calm of accepted renunciation, while now all the stress of pain and conflict was on the sensitive countenance.

She was alone in the silent church, praying for strength to bear with courage the disappointment that she felt sure awaited her, when a step advancing up the long nave made her turn her head with a quick motion. Perhaps, after all, he had come! But the fluttering heart which made this suggestion sank down again; for it was only Rodolfo, her cousin's oldest son, a boy of about twelve, who came toward her.

"The *diligencia* is in," he whispered when he reached her side, "and there is no one for you. I am going now for the mail. Will you wait for me here?"

"No," she answered, rising to her feet. "I will go home. It is not likely that there will be anything for me in the mail; but if—if there should be, you will find me in the *huerta*. I will wait here to hear—that there is nothing."

The boy looked at her with a sympathy beyond his years. He was a grave, manly little fellow, and full of devotion to his beautiful, gentle cousin. "I will not keep you waiting," he said. "I will come at once and let you know." He was wise enough to know that to give relief from suspense was all that he could do for her.

They parted at the church door—he going toward the post-office, she toward home. Entering the house, she passed across the flowery *patio* and through a door at the farther end, into a *huerta*, a garden full of trees and shrubs, beyond. There were no flowers here, save a luxuriant vine bearing great, purple, trumpet-shaped blossoms; which covered one side of the enclosing wall, and only trees useful for the fruits they bore. Of these, however, there was a great variety—orange-trees,

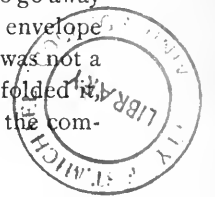
with the fragrance of their blooms mingling with the golden beauty of the fruit; limes, guavas, the tall, palm-like tree which bears the melon-sepota; and a magnificent cluster of bananas, with their broad, tropical leaves overshadowing a quaint, round well, beside which lay the red *cantaro*, or water-jar of pottery, which was used to draw the water for purposes of irrigation.

On the low stone curb of this well Carmela sat down, unconscious how charming a picture she made, with the background of drooping foliage behind her, a soft evening light filling earth and sky, and falling into this quiet spot, truly "a garden enclosed"; for the high adobe walls shut out all neighboring sights and sounds, and made its privacy inviolate. Silent and motionless she sat for some time, gazing absently down into the deep, crystal pool that reflected her image vaguely, and saying to herself again and again, "I must try to be patient if I do not hear to-day. *Madre de Dios*, help me to be patient! I feel no doubt of him—not the least; and I must have faith and courage. A thousand accidents may have happened to prevent his coming or writing. All will be explained in time. I have only to wait. I must—I will—wait with patience."

But the bravery of these resolves died away in the now familiar sickness of the heart when she heard Rodolfo's step. She hardly dared look toward him as he entered the door of the enclosure; and it was his eager, glad voice that told her first, "I have a letter for you!"

A letter! There was but one, she knew, that he would announce in that tone; and so she held out her hand with a tremulous smile, a feeling that the relief was almost too great to be borne, when she saw the foreign stamps and Lestranger's familiar writing. Rodolfo, as flushed and triumphant as if he had produced the letter himself, felt even his boy's soul thrilled by the light in her eyes as she looked at him. "You have brought me what I longed for," she answered, in a low tone. And then, before breaking the seal, she bent forward and kissed him.

He had instinctive delicacy enough to go away and leave her then. She opened the envelope and drew forth the enclosure. There was not a single misgiving in her heart as she unfolded it,—nothing whatever to prepare her for the coming blow. This is what she read:



"My beloved Carmela, how often you must have asked yourself since we parted why I have been so long silent, why I have not written to tell you what hope there is for us! The answer to this is, that I have waited from day to day, trusting to have some good news to send you; for why should I write only to tell you that you possess my whole heart, since you know that well? There has not been a day or an hour since we parted that has not been filled for me with the thought of you, and with longing for you. If I followed the impulse of my heart I would, instead of sending this poor letter, fly to you myself; but to do so would be only to give us each more pain, since it would involve another separation."

She paused a moment here, and her hand went to her heart with the unconscious motion of one who is caught in the sharp, quick grasp of that pain of which he spoke. Did he think that to her as to him it would be spared by absence? The thought dimly crossed her mind as she looked up at the distant heaven with an appealing glance. Did he realize nothing of the nature of the pang which he sent to pierce her soul? It was a minute before she could gather the forces of that soul sufficiently to read what was written next.

"For, alas, my dearest one!" the letter went on, "we have no alternative but separation—at least for a time. The necessity of telling you this has almost unmanned me. I have suffered more than words can convey any idea of to you; but there is nothing to be gained by deceiving ourselves. My parents positively refuse their consent to our marriage; and I should return to you at once, without this consent, so unreasonably withheld, if it were not for the fact that *your* parents would refuse to receive me in that case. Your mother made that clearly understood when I saw her last in Guadalajara. So our happiness is totally shipwrecked by those who should care most to secure it. I confess that I feel very bitterly toward both my parents and yours, and I would set their wishes at defiance if I could only count upon you. But I know well that you will never marry me without your mother's consent. This, you are well aware, she will never give under present circumstances, and so I see little hope for us in the future.

"Of course, if we remain constant to each other,

time may do something for us; all things come we are told, to those who know how to wait. But when I think of the consequences of such waiting—of your wearing out your youth and beauty alone, and I growing bitter under disappointment,—my soul recoils from the prospect. O my Carmela, if you were only brave enough to bid me come to you at any cost, we might bear down the opposition which threatens to divide us, and spend our lives together in happiness! But I know that you will not do this. You are bound by an obsolete superstition of duty, and you do not realize that we have a right to seek and secure our own happiness without regard to the opposition of others. Could I teach you this—but it is hopeless! I recall your beautiful face as I saw it last, and know that you love your ideal of duty better than you love me.

"And so what is left us but to suffer apart since we are forbidden to be happy together. I am too miserable even to indulge in hope for the future. All seems ended in darkness. Fate has separated us mercilessly, and it is your will that we should submit to the separation. I am sure of this. And perhaps it is best for you; since if I offended my aunt—and it is on her opposition that that of my parents is based—I should have little to offer you save undying love and the life of a poor artist.

"Therefore, unless fate relents for us, farewell my Carmela—my beautiful, dark-eyed love! The let my thoughts rest on you causes me pain beyond all expression, but I am unalterably and devotedly

"Yours,

"ARTHUR LESTRANGE."

An hour later Señora Rodriguez, hearing from Rodolfo of the letter Carmela had received, and rendered uneasy by her long absence, went into the *huerta* to seek the girl. A tender twilight rose-hued in the west where the delicate silver crescent of a new moon hung, had taken the place of day, and she hardly saw at first the figure seated motionless on the curb of the well under the dark shadow of the bananas. At her advance, however, Carmela rose and walked toward her,—a creature so pale and spirit-like in the gloaming that she scarcely seemed to belong to earth.

"You are seeking me, Andrea?" she said. "You thought perhaps some harm had come to me? No, I have only been thinking. I have had a letter, you know—and it ends everything. One needs to think a little before one quite understands such a thing as that. What has it all been for—the close knitting of our hearts, the pain of love, the agony of parting? God will perhaps make it clear some day, but now—now—"

Now suddenly a little respite of pain came to the overwrought mind and heart. The slight figure swayed, and Doña Andrea held out her arms not an instant too soon; for Carmela had fainted as she fell into them.

(To be continued.)

The Old Cathedral.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

LIKE some calm thought of God unseen, abiding

Within the precincts of a sinner's heart,
A holy lesson striving to impart,
The great Cathedral is forever hiding
Behind the ivy that is slowly creeping
Along the grayness of the western wall;
Its graceful verdure clinging like a pall
Brown on a bier where one we love is sleeping.

solemn sound of wind is gently humming
Thro' tower and tree and thro' the echoing close,
While in the churchyard a belated rose
speaking of the Junes that may be coming.
Ranges of glorious light in bright perfection,
The songs of birds, the scents from autumn's
bloom,

Cast out the earthy odor of the tomb,
Brighten its dusk and preach the resurrection.
The chilly stones grow warm with flecks of glory
Which flutter in the corners, like the wings
Of that kind angel who seraphic sings
The Angelic Brother's pictured story.

Upon the world of men, in tender pity,
Upon their crumbling vows and wasted years,
Upon the cruel griefs, too sad for tears,
That haunt the hidden places of the city,
The great Cathedral looks; and nothing sweeter

Is ever heard this side of highest heaven
Than when the surpliced priest says, "Go;
forgiven

Are all your sins." Oh! when is joy completer?
From out their stations in the sunken niches
The sculptured saints are seen, a holy band;
Of all those folded palms there is no hand
That ever felt the stain of earthly riches.

The life that is but like the gay unwinding
Of some long, golden ribbon may be fair,
But 'tis in pathways of sublime despair
That God His best beloved saints is finding.
And there they stand, asking no searching question
About the way our tired feet have known;
Each one a holy legend cut in stone,
Each one of heaven's peace the carved suggestion;
And all this quiet lesson ever teaching,

That 'tis alone thro' suffering, passion, pain,
Men climb o'er wrecks of human hope, and gain
The prize for which their eager hands are reaching.
The bells that ring up in the dusty steeple,
Baptized by bishops ere they found a voice,
Are calling to the world: "Rejoice! rejoice!
The Lord has comfort for His chosen people."

And as they cease, around each gilded column
That lifts its crest above the ivory keys
Of the great organ, rise the harmonies
Of Beethoven and Schubert, and the solemn
But sunny Felix, as if martyred maiden,
Perchance the patroness of sacred sound,
Were lingering in the organ-loft around,
And striking chords with saintly sweetness laden.

Far from the distance flows a snow-white river
Of singing-boys, each with his face alight,
Chanting about the pilgrims of the night,
And of the throng that hymns God's praise for-
ever.

O sacred building, with your memories olden,
Like birds with broken wings that seek the nest,
Wayfarers searching for the City Golden,
We stop within your hallowed walls to rest!

UNBELIEF is an unnatural state, a state of violence; and no man who *is* a man is at ease in it. The human mind, as soon as relieved of the pressure of unbelief, springs back to faith, and joys to be once more in its normal state.—*Dr. Brownson.*

The Passion Play in San Francisco.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SOME years ago in San Francisco I received an invitation to the private reading of a play by a local author. It was hinted that a surprise was in store for those who were favored with like invitations; and that the reading, to be given in one of the halls of St. Ignatius' College, was under the patronage of his Grace the Archbishop of San Francisco and the Catholic clergy.

I knew something of the author of this play—as much perhaps as any of his acquaintances; and yet how little it was! His name was Salmi Morse; he was a Jew, possibly an Oriental Jew; his bushy hair was quite gray; his complexion florid; he was a well-preserved gentleman, of uncertain age, and seemed likely to live long enough to celebrate a spirited centennial. He was a diverting conversationalist; he seemed familiar with all lands and all seas, and all languages and peoples; he strummed the guitar like a Spanish student, smoked cigarettes, skilfully rolled, at frequent intervals. The tobacco was grown upon an island which he said he owned,—an island off the Central American coast; but, being as lavish as Monte Christo, and preferring Bohemian journalism to the languors of his tropic isle, he had given his sea-girt estate into the hands of his retainers, exacting of them an annual cargo of his cherished weed. His scorn of all rival brands was supreme, and his own black and coarse-grained product was always rolled in straw paper as thick as parchment. When we became friends he kept me so well supplied with his nicotian favorites that his generosity was almost an incumbrance.

He had written scores of plays and a library of novels and tales; yet of all these we knew as little as of their prolific and enigmatical author. One fact was established beyond question: he had at last secured a hearing, and a most distinguished one. We all went, and were all charmed to find Religion, Art, and Literature so well represented; for the best spirit was thus engendered, and the author was radiant with hope.

This latest product of his pen he called a Passion Play. Certainly it was founded upon

the Passion of Our Lord; or rather it was a condensation of the Passion Play as produced in Europe, but as unlike the elaborate European spectacle as possible. There was the thinnest thread of narrative, broken repeatedly. It was rather a series of tableaux, with explanatory text, than a play; a tragedy in six scenes, and the time occupied in its representation was but three hours. For the most part, to be critical, the text was poor enough; at times nothing but the solemnity of the theme saved it from puerility. The wonder is that, after listening to a very indifferent reading of a very indifferent text, any manager could be found to undertake it; and had the author not been prepared to furnish the necessary means for its production, it would probably have been relegated to the limbus of unsuccessful authorship. The play was produced, and produced with a success that increased with each representation.

The production of a Passion Play on the boards of an American theatre marks an era in the annals of the drama; for thus at a single bound we return to the fountain-head from which has flowed all that is pure and ennobling and instructive in dramatic art. Thus we annihilate the records of a thousand years; we sweep from the stage comedy, the mistress of the mirthful, and one o'ergiven to levity, indelicacy, and licentiousness; we purge it of all that is gross or frivolous; we aim at the ideal.

In the mysteries, the miracle plays, and the moralities, we see the three earliest stages of the development of the modern drama; their history is the history of the theatre before its existence as an independent institution in society. It was in the divine service of Holy Church that the so-called mystery originated, before the nineteenth century. The mystery treated biblical subjects only, and was performed within the walls of the church by the clergy. The earliest representations were symbolical; out of these grew the complete drama—the Passion Play. Thousands assembled to witness the "Procession of the Cross" on Good Friday. The spectacle was greeted with loud lamentations. On Easter morning the sacred emblem was carried to the altar with triumphant hymns of joy. It was by these means that the spirits of the faithful were quickened and their hearts educated. The results of these representa-

tations were probably more effective and more lasting than the modern religious revival.

The growth of the sacred drama must have been in the wrong direction—probably it broadened; for in A. D. 1210 the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent III., forbade the performance of mysteries in churches by the clergy. In 1225 the Council of Treves confirmed the verdict. Alfonso X., of Aragon, enforced the prohibition in his State in 1252. Abandoned by the clergy, it was cherished by the laity, who revived it in the market-place.

The dramas of this period required as many as a thousand performers for an adequate representation. The Christ was impersonated by a priest; Satan, interpreted by a mountebank, was represented as a leper. The Spirit of God was a choral part, sung by a trio. Herod and Pilate were dressed as Turks. From the platform in the streets, where the exhibitions were gratuitous, the primitive drama was removed to a suitable house, and an entrance fee was charged to defray expenses. This led to the foundation of societies with the exclusive right to play; the first organization of the kind was the *Confrérie de la Passion*, which received a privilege at Paris in the year 1402.

It is to the recital of a play suggested by the ancient drama above referred to that the public of San Francisco was invited a dozen years ago. The announcement created a sensation: the columns of the newspapers teemed with communications, mostly protests, from Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner. People who never entered a church, who probably never breathed a prayer from year's end to year's end, were scandalized. Indeed, I find that this class of nondescripts is very easily shocked, though why so I can not imagine. The play, in spite of all opposition, was given at the Grand Opera House, and it ran for a week. Let us enter without prejudice, and judge for ourselves whether or not we are benefited by a representation of this character.

In the lobby of the Opera House our amiable usher hands us a programme; it is a card about six inches in length by three in width,—a mourning card, with a deep black border. It is printed in heavy dark type, broadly spaced, and the impressions are scrupulously clean. It reads as follows:

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

LENTEN SEASON.


Every evening, Sunday included, will be enacted, with every circumstance of solemnity and attention to historical facts,

THE PASSION.

A chorus of eighty voices. A full band of instruments. Views in the Holy Land and Jerusalem.

- I.—The Presentation in the Temple.
- II.—The Massacre of the Innocents.
- III.—The Death of John the Baptist.
- IV.—By the Brook of Kedron.
- V.—The Garden of Gethsemane.
- VI.—The Gabbatha.

"It is finished."

 Owing to the sacred character of the representation, the audience is respectfully requested to suppress all outbursts of applause until the drop of the curtain.

The Passion will be rendered on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.

Not a name appeared upon the programme: it was not known who were to assume the various *roles*, although it had been rumored that the part of the Christ would be impersonated by a gentleman well known upon the stage throughout the land.

Let it be borne in mind that this is the first night of the sacred drama, and that very few, if any, of those present have ever witnessed a Passion Play. The audience is largely composed of that element without which the world would have needed no atonement, and a play like this would never have been dreamed of. It is evident that the novel character of the representation inspires very dissimilar sentiments in the hearts of those present. There are curious people here, reverent and irreverent listeners, and even scoffers; these are scattered throughout a house that is by no means well filled. In the gallery a company of light-headed lads make their presence known by occasional "cat-calls." The orchestra renders, with admirable effect, portions of Bach's eloquent "Passion" music. It is the fitting prelude to a mystical drama of uninterrupted solemnity; one that in some respects falls little short of the sublime. The music ceases; there is a silent pause, during which it is evident the audience is more curious than reverent.

And now the play begins. The lights are turned low; the curtain rises upon an impressive tableau

—"The Presentation in the Temple." There is an altar and a high-priest, a large chorus of male singers, troops of acolytes swinging smoking censers, and a second chorus of mothers bearing their babes in their arms. The costuming is brilliant. In the *dramatis personæ* the strongly marked Jewish type prevails; the effect is realistic to a degree. From the opening of the act, where the babes are brought one after another to the high-priest, until the appearance of the Divine Mother with the Divine Child calls forth a prophecy and creates subsequent consternation, the admirable choruses sustain the dignity of the scene, and the act is brought to a close amid irrepressible bursts of applause. The act-drop falls very slowly, disclosing a view of Mount Calvary, with three crosses in relief against a lurid sky; a flight of angels brightens the sombreness of the picture. The effect produced upon the audience is doubtless favorable. A slight tendency to levity in the gallery is immediately frowned down.

During the interlude the music is again resumed, the orchestra appropriately introducing Act II. "The Massacre of the Innocents." The scene represents a wild gorge in the desolate mountains of Judea. The lights burn low; amid wailing music, the music of the wandering winds, the Holy Family descends from among the towering rocks. There are but few words exchanged; this is rather a living picture than a drama,—vivid, realistic, and by no means displeasing. The sweet dignity of the St. Joseph, the surpassing grace of the Blessed Virgin—the latter being impersonated by one fairer to look upon than the majority of the portraits of the Madonna,—tell wonderfully upon the audience. The house is hushed as if spellbound. But the music, with its ominous refrain, mingling at last with the agony and despair of the slaughter; the precipitant appearance of the pursued and the pursuers, the flight of the holy ones, and the effective grouping as the curtain descends, arouse the entire audience to something like enthusiasm, and the curtain is again raised for a moment upon the final tableau.

Act III. "The Death of John the Baptist," introduces Herod, Herodias and Salome. Herod is prevailed upon to render up the head of the Baptist; the daughter of Herodias and her at-

tendants dance before the throne of the King; harpers sit upon each hand playing wild music; multitudes of retainers gather to feast their eyes upon the sensuous beauty of Salome. It is a reminder of the sabre dance at Jericho; we miss only the clash of the small cymbals upon the thumb and finger, and, uttered at intervals, the piercing scream of the impassioned dancers.

The costuming of the chief personages in this scene is magnificent. Thus far there has been nothing repellent in the Passion Play. It is merely an historical drama possessing few good lines and many poor ones. We have heard at intervals the voice of one crying in the wilderness of canvas that environs the stage; for the innocents were not all slaughtered in the second act. But even this distraction does not move us: we are now the solemn witnesses of a solemn tragedy presented with all due solemnity.

Act IV. "By the Brook of Kedron." The test has come. The curtain rises upon a scene of surpassing beauty. It is a glimpse of Eden—the delicious grove, the still waters flowing beside green pastures, and in the foreground a group of silent figures. There is not a sound in all the vast house save only the low moan of the music, every note of which seems to throb upon sympathetic strings. What forms are these? They are silent, motionless, in the attitude of the listener. A dazzling light surrounds the central figure,—a light that follows His every movement,—a light that seems to emanate from His spotless robes and to suffuse the lovely face with heavenly radiance. It is the one face so familiar to us all: the unmistakable face, full of benignity, of compassion, of purity; the long locks, parted upon the forehead, flow in soft ringlets upon the shoulders; the beard is pointed; the expression admirable indeed, one that seems to awe the spectators and to enthrall them. This is the Christ, and these His Apostles.

The scene that follows is one of the most refined, pathetic, and thrilling in the whole range of the drama. Christ teaches His disciples; it is the lesson of wisdom and of love: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek, and they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness. Blessed are the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers. Blessed are they which are persecuted for right-

eousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake!' Never before had such a lesson been taught upon the English stage—at least not since the early dawn of the drama.

The marvellous impersonation of the Christ—I can call it nothing less—I have never seen equalled, and never again hope to see its equal. The exquisite humility, the divine humanity, the sweet dignity, the mellifluous voice, the few well-chosen gestures,—these command the almost reverential attention of the auditors; and when the curtain descends the silence is like the silence of the tomb.

Act V. "The Garden of Gethsemane." In this act we see an interior upon the right centre of the stage. Within the house is a tableau of the Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci. Upon the other hand is a garden. The action of the scene is broken; the exquisite harmony of the preceding act is dispelled. The premonition of the betrayed; the anxious inquiry, "Is it I? Is it I?" the undisguised agony of the betrayed; the scoffing soldiers who drag Our Lord from the embraces of His Apostles,—all these are vividly portrayed. Even during the representation of the sacred mysteries—the breaking of the bread, the pouring of the wine, the prayer of anguish in the garden—there is no visible evidence that the audience is in anywise scandalized.

Act VI. "The Gabbatha." Here is a stormy scene, in which Pilate is constrained to deliver the Nazarene into the hands of the Jews. This ends the Passion Play as represented in the United States. It is the most painful of all the acts; for during it the spectators' indignation is aroused to the highest pitch; not at anything which impresses us as being sacrilegious, but at the arrogance of the turbulent Jews, who are clamoring for the blood of their innocent Victim.

We have heard him deliver the word of life more impressively than it was ever our lot to hear it delivered from a pulpit; we here follow the impersonator with a depth of sympathy that no actor has ever before aroused in us. The Christ of this Passion Play is a chaste, reverential, and, in some respects, a most extraordinary impersonation. It may be said of the entire

dramatis personæ that probably never before in this country was so solemn and majestic a company gathered together under one roof to enact so exceptional a drama.

I have seen plays founded upon the story of the Prodigal Son, of Joseph and his brethren, of Samson; and in these there were biblical tableaux that excited much comment. Years ago a company of celebrated French artists posed in tableaux, Scriptural and mythological; and one of these was a reproduction of Rubens' Descent from the Cross. Protestant clergymen went to see the play because it was a Bible story, and they remained to see the tableaux because the Descent from the Cross was the talk of the day. What they thought of it, or of the propriety or impropriety of such a representation, I know not; but, as I remember it, after many years, I fear that it was not worthy to be named in the same day with the Passion Play as produced in San Francisco.

The tableau of the Crucifixion followed the drama; the Descent from the Cross and the Ascension, all of exceeding beauty, concluded the evening's entertainment. These tableaux were not given on the first night of the season, but were introduced later, when it was found that the public was willing to accept the play and to witness it in the right spirit. That it was received in the right spirit by the audiences is a fact beyond question. These continued to increase in numbers nightly, and after the first night there was no applause: any attempt at such a demonstration was promptly hushed; and as the people left the theatre their manner was markedly grave; indeed one would be more likely to think them mourners than pleasure-seekers.

The Passion Play ran one week. It might have been played for months, and with highly beneficial results, I have no doubt; but the Protestant clergy entered a protest, and compelled the city authorities to prohibit the play.

Perhaps it may not be out of place for me to mention that the chief part in the Passion Play was sustained by Mr. James O'Neil.

And Salmi Morse—what became of him? He had invested much money in costumes, properties, and scenery. With these he went to New York, re-engaged his chief actors, and attempted to produce his play at one of the leading theatres.

The New Yorkers had taken fright; he was forbidden to appear on the boards of any play-house in the metropolis. He then rented a church, and remodelling the building, erecting his stage and setting his scenery, he invited the public to come and see for themselves whether or no he was being justly dealt with by the authorities. The play was given three times only, when an injunction put an end to it, and to the ambition of his life as well. Then, impoverished, without hope, without friends, feeling himself the victim of a fanatical conspiracy, the poor heart-broken old man threw himself into the dark waters of the river. And so ends this history of a noble effort that speedily came to nought.

The Successor of a Great Prelate.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE bishop-elect of the newly created Canadian diocese of Alexandria is the namesake of a prelate who, in his day, was an heroic figure in Upper Canada; and subject to his episcopal authority will be the descendants of those Catholic Highlanders of Glengarry among whom that distinguished dignitary passed the greater portion of his priestly life.

It was in the second year of the present century that the Rev. Alexander Macdonnell led across the sea, from Scotland to Canada, the remnant of the disbanded Glengarry Fencibles, a regiment of his Catholic clansmen whom he recruited for the British Government in the memorable year of '98; with whom he then served as chaplain, and for whom, when the war was over, as a recompense for their services and a reward for their loyalty, he had secured the grant of extensive lands on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where some five hundred of their countrymen, under the leadership of another Scotch priest, the Rev. Angus Macdonald, had settled sixteen years previously.

With the exception of an odd clearing here and there, the portion of Canada to which these Catholic Caledonians came was an unbroken wilderness. Its solitude had no terrors, though, for the devoted Highlanders, who, as Bishop

Mackinnon, of Arichat, one of their descendants, said, rather than follow their recreant chiefs in their apostasy, "preferred expatriation, exile, and perpetual banishment from their hills and glens; and under the protection of Heaven, and with filial invocation of the sacred name of Mary, committed themselves to the wild ocean."

In the years that followed the arrival of these Scotch colonists in Canada, Father Macdonnell ministered as best he could to his large flock, whose numbers were constantly augmented by the accession of other immigrants. And so favorably did his zeal and labors impress his superiors that when Quebec was made an archbishopric, in 1819, and vicars-apostolic were appointed for Upper Canada, New Brunswick, including Prince Edward Island and the Magdalens, and Montreal, the churches of the first named district were confided to his episcopal care.

He was consecrated, as Bishop of Resina, *in partibus*, December 21, 1820, thus taking precedence of the vicar-apostolic of New Brunswick, whose consecration did not take place till six months subsequently; and of Mgr. Lartigue, of Montréal, who did not receive his mitre until the 21st of January the following year. It may be mentioned here that so loth was the British Government, at the time, to recognize the Catholic Church in Canada—to which, however, it afterward made grants of money,—it expressly stipulated, in the permission which it gave Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, to establish these vicariates, that the incumbents of the districts should have no legal episcopal status, but should be considered simply as his assistants.

In his "Reminiscences" Bishop Macdonnell states that when he was intrusted with the supervision of the churches in Upper Canada, there were but three places for divine worship in the whole district, with only two priests to serve them; and he naïvely remarks that one of these clergymen was a Frenchman who could not speak a word of English, and the other an Irishman, who, soon after the establishment of the vicariate, abandoned the mission and quitted the country. His province was over seven hundred miles in extent; and, as roads and bridges were few in those days, it was difficult for the Bishop to make his visitations: he was often obliged to go on foot and carry his vestments with him.

When he was "at home" he resided chiefly at Glengarry, and a gift of land which he received there was the foundation of an endowment which was subsequently applied toward the erection of a Catholic college at Kingston. He was chosen a member of the legislative council of the old province of Upper Canada, which fact gave him the title of "Honorable," and he enjoyed a pension from the Crown of £500 a year; while the money which the Government then voted for the support of the Church—some £1,000 annually—passed through his hands.

In 1826 Kingston was made a bishopric, and is said to have been the first Catholic see established after the miscalled Reformation in any British colony. At that time there were about a dozen priests in the diocese, which number was doubled in the following decade; while now in the district over which this pioneer prelate so ably presided up to the date of his death, in 1840, there are three archbishops, five bishops—including the bishop-elect of Alexandria,—and about four hundred priests, who have charge of a Catholic population approximating four hundred thousand souls; not including the vicariate of Pontiac, a portion of whose territory lies in the province of Ontario:

An heroic character assuredly was this prelate whose name the bishop-elect of Alexandria worthily wears. If his Glengarry Fencibles fought for the Crown in '98, he was prompt to defend the first Irish immigrants to Upper Canada from the charges of disloyalty that were made against them and sent to London. Bishop Macdonnell was in England that year (1823), and when the authorities there implored him to hasten home and "do something with the wild Irish," he calmly assured them that nothing was to be feared from those colonists; and, on the Government's demand, he willingly signed a bond pledging his own life for their good conduct. "He was a man," says a Canadian eulogist, "that might have gone to the first Crusades, and would have prayed and fought as seemed best to him at the time."

The Glengarry Highlanders of to-day, to whom the appointment of Bishop-elect Macdonnell is so gratifying, retain all the traits and characteristics of their ancestors. They are clansmen still, as their fathers were before them; and there is a quaint story of "two Macdonalds," who being in

Ottawa some few years ago, and wishing to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne, then the Governor-General of Canada, yet doubting if it were etiquette for any of their clan to call on a Campbell, inquired of an official, who told them that surely there could be nothing wrong in that, since the fact that Sir John Macdonald held the premiership clearly proved that the Macdonalds had forgiven and forgotten their ancient feuds with the Campbells; whereupon one of the twain exclaimed: "Forgiven the Campbells! forgotten Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that, mon: he has eight thousand a year for it; but we dinna forgie or forget!" And straightway they turned their indignant faces from the viceroial castle. Loyal children of the Church are they, nevertheless; and equally dear to them as she was to their forefathers is *Beannaichte Mairi*, under whose benign protection was founded their new Glengarry by the broad St. Lawrence, and by whose blessing it has grown and prospered apace.

One of the richest treasures of the colony is the silver crosier with which Maurice, the Abbot of Aberdeen, blessed the Bruce's army before their victory at Bannockburn, and which afterward became a heritage of the Macnabs, who intrusted it to their standard-bearers, the Mac-Indoors, by one of whom it was brought to Canada, where it is preserved in the township of Macnab. This crosier, which is made of solid silver, and contains a relic of St. Aidan, a Scotch abbot, was used on one occasion by the late Bishop de Charbonnel.

He who led the sires of these devout Highlanders across the ocean, and who loved to dwell among them, sleeps under the shadow of the Kingston Cathedral, which is dedicated to the Virgin Immaculate; but another prelate comes now to Glengarry—one who, beloved though he is for his own sake, is doubly dear to the Catholic clansmen because of the honored name he bears.

I LOOK at this universe so great, so complicated, so magnificent; and I say to myself: This could not have been produced by chance, but it is the work, for whatever end intended, of an all-powerful, unknown Being, as superior Himself to man as the universe is superior to man's noblest machines.—*Napoleon*.

To the Virgin-Mother of Sorrows.*

SWEET spirit of Poesy, mystical maiden,
 Thou solace and joy of my lengthening years!
 To Mary, my Mother, with sorrow o'erladen,
 Bear swiftly this tribute of love and of tears.

Tho' feeble the note of her age-stricken servant,
 'Twill not shame thee his song-gift to lay at her
 shrine;
 And she who ne'er frowns on petitioners fervent,
 Will grant to the singer forgiveness benign.

Near that shrine of my Mother, O would I were
 kneeling,
 To lull and to lessen her sevenfold pain;
 By sighs and by tears my compassion revealing,
 Her robe the while kissing again and again!

Her name I first lisped when in life's sunny
 morning
 I gazed with delight on her fair sculptured face,
 And, won by the sweetness her visage adorning,
 Pressed my young lips to hers in caressing em-
 brace.

How blissful my heart in that spring-time of
 gladness,
 When heaven's bright Queen was its first, only
 love!
 Now, freighted with sin and o'erburdened with
 sadness,
 It scarcely dares look to her fair throne above.

So, spirit of Song, in my stead go deliver
 My gift to the Mother whose dolours I rue;
 But should she inquire the name of the giver,
 Conceal it: 'twould only her sorrow renew.

Yet say that my heart its affection discloses
 By culling each day in the garden of prayer
 Choice blossoms to weave a coronal of roses,
 Fit wreath for the brow of the Virgin all fair.

Ah, surely my Queen, not less gracious than holy,
 Prompt pardon will grant me, and banish my
 fears;
 Sweet mercy she'll show to her suppliant lowly,
 And perchance stem the tide of his heart-riven
 tears.

Readings from Remembered Books.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY'S DOLORS.

MARCHESE, in his "Diario di Maria," mentions an old tradition, which would carry devotion to the sorrows of Our Lady up to apostolic times. Some years after her death, while St. John the Evangelist was still grieving over his loss and longing to see her face again, it pleased our Blessed Lord to appear to him in a vision, accompanied by His Mother. The sorrows of Mary, together with her frequent visits to the holy places of the Passion, were naturally a constant subject of devout contemplation to the Evangelist who had watched over the last fifteen years of her life; and, as if it were in response to these continual meditations, he heard her ask Jesus to grant some especial favor to those who should keep her dolours in remembrance. Our Lord replied that He would grant four particular graces to all those who should practise this devotion. The first was a perfect contrition for all their sins some time before death; the second was a particular protection in the hour of death; the third was to have the mysteries of the Passion deeply imprinted in their minds; and the fourth, a particular power of impetration granted to Mary's prayers on their behalf. . . .

If we may dare to use words which holy writers have used before, by her dolours she has laid our Blessed Lord under a kind of obligation, which gives her a right and power of impetration into which something of justice even enters. Yet when we think of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the immensity of His love for Mary, and of the great part of the Passion which it was to Him to see her suffer, we can not for a moment doubt, without thinking of obligation, the extreme persuasiveness to Him of devotion to her dolours,—a devotion which He Himself began, a devotion which was actually a solid part of His ever-blessed Passion. We draw Him toward us the moment we begin to think of His Mother's sorrows. He is beforehand, says St. Anselm, with those who meditate His Mother's woes.

And do we not stand in need of power in heaven? What a great work we have to do in our souls, and how little of it is already done! How

* Translation by A. B. O'N., C. S. C., of a Latin poem contributed to the *Catholic Union and Times* by the Rev. Joseph Alizeri, C. M.

slight is the impression we have made yet on our ruling passion, on our besetting sin! How superficial our spirit of prayer, how childishly timid our spirit of penance, how transitory our moments of union with God! We want vigor, determination, consistency, solidity, and a more venturesome aspiration. In short, our spiritual life wants power. And here is a devotion so solid and efficacious that it is eminently calculated to give us this power, as well by its masculine products in the soul as by its actual influence over the Heart of our Blessed Lord. Who that looks well at the saints, and sees what it has done for them, but will do his best to cultivate this devotion in himself?—"Foot of the Cross," *Faber*.

HOW ST. MARK MADE HIS FIRST CONVERT.

In the seventh year of the Emperor Nero, and the sixtieth of the Christian era, a little ship entered the harbor of Alexandria, and, after rounding the great Pharos that stood at its northern extremity, cast anchor by that granite quay, round which was grouped, as in an amphitheatre, six miles in span, a city of palaces and temples. It bore on its decks one of whom that proud city as yet knew nothing, but who had come to erect his patriarchal throne in the midst of her sea-girt walls, bringing with him his Gospel and the sovereignty of St. Peter's keys. It was St. Mark, the interpreter and spiritual son of the Prince of the Apostles, sent in his name and by his authority to plant the Church in the southern capital of the Empire.

Descending from the ship, and quietly crossing the crowded quay overshadowed by its plane-trees, the missionary made his way toward the great Moon-gate which opened into the street of the Seven Stadia. He was partially bald, and his hair and beard were sprinkled with gray; but his beautiful eyes flashed beneath their high, arched eyebrows, and there was a quickness in his step and a grace in his movements which bespoke him not yet past the middle age. So, at least, he has been described by the historian Simeon Metaphrastes, who, though writing in the tenth century, has embodied in his narrative the account of far earlier authors, who have minutely recorded the circumstances which attended the entry into Alexandria of her first patriarch. . . .

Here, then, the Blessed Peter came, in the

person of his chosen disciple, to claim for Christ the southern capital of the Empire, as he had already in his own person taken possession of East and West—of Antioch and Rome. Solitary and unknown, the Evangelist came there, bent on conquests vaster than those of Alexander; for he had but enslaved a base material world; while St. Mark, as he stood at the Mendion, or Moon-gate, that led from the harbor into the busy streets, was deliberating on the conquest of a million of souls. How was he to begin? Where should he first bear his message of good tidings? Should he bend his steps to the porticos of the Museum, or try to find a listener in the crowded exchange which met his eye through that open gate? Providence itself was to give the reply, and neither wealth nor science was to yield him his first convert.

The thong of his sandal snapped in two, and to get it mended he entered the shop of a cobbler that stood close at hand. The cobbler, whose name was Anianus, gave him hospitality that night; and questioning him as to who he was, heard in reply that he was the servant of Jesus Christ, declared in the Scriptures to be the Son of God. "Of what Scriptures do you speak?" he inquired. "I have never heard of any writings but the Iliad and the Odyssey, and other such things as are taught to the sons of the Egyptians." Then St. Mark sat down and unfolded to him the Gospel. And whilst the sun sank in a flame of splendor in the western wave, and the cool night breeze freshened among the plane-trees, and the stars came out one by one in the purple heavens, and mirrored themselves in the waters as they rippled against their marble walls,—through the long hours of the night, in the midst of that heaving world of idolatry and sin, the teacher spoke and the disciple listened. And when morning dawned the first fruits of Alexandria had been laid up in the garner of Christ.—*"Christian Schools and Scholars."*

AN IDLE TALE ABOUT COLUMBUS.

Among the festivals and honors given him [Columbus] by the grandees of Spain, we must make special mention of a solemn dinner which the Cardinal Mendoza gave in his honor, to which the first dignitaries of the court and the principal grandees of Spain were invited. We

have elsewhere spoken of the great merits and high authority of Mendoza, and will only repeat here that he had used his great influence in favor of Columbus at a time of need, and therefore could with good right be counted in some manner among his protectors. To this dinner is ascribed the famous anecdote of the "Egg of Columbus," and this is why I think it should be particularly mentioned. It is said, then, that one of the guests, to whom all this laudation of Columbus seemed out of proportion to the importance and merit of his undertaking, with an air partly ironical and partly ingenuous, asked him if he did not believe that if he had not discovered the Indies, others would have been found equal to the undertaking. Columbus made no direct reply to the question, but taking an egg, asked those at the table to try to make it stand on one end. None could succeed in doing it. Then taking the egg, he cracked one end slightly on the table, and stood it on the end he had cracked. By this, it is said, he wished to show that, after he had opened the path to the New World, nothing was easier than to follow in his tracks.

The circumstances of the time, of the place, and the persons, all unite to prove the improbability of the story. In such great favor with the people and the sovereigns, in that sort of apotheosis in which Columbus was then held, it is not at all likely that any one should seek the satisfaction, in which there was little honor, of belittling one who was at the time admired and venerated by all. Still less likely is it that such a person would have been found at that table, where the guests were all eminent by birth and rank, and, by their education, rendered incapable of doing such dishonor to Columbus; the more so, as the offence would not be so much against him as against Mendoza, who had invited them in his honor. And in the presence of Mendoza even the noblest duke held the second place. No contemporary historian makes the slightest allusion to the anecdote; the first to raise it to historical honor, picking it up from vulgar fable and chit-chat, was Benzoni, who wrote four-score years after the New World was discovered.

We may add that the same anecdote is related of Filippo Brunelleschi, who lived more than half a century before Christopher Columbus. It

is easy to see how it could have passed from the life of that celebrated architect into that of the great Genoese; with this difference, that there it is surrounded by circumstances which render the story probable, and give it the appearance of a witty invention, wonderfully serving the purpose of Brunelleschi; whilst in the case of Columbus, not only is it most improbable, but even, if true, it would have proved nothing to the point; and instead of a witty reply is only a coarse trick, unsuited to the serious character of Christopher Columbus, and one to which no educated and refined person would have descended.

Brunelleschi had exhibited a plan of his for raising that marvel of architectural art, the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore; and the Florentines were inclined to submit to the very great expense that was necessary, but were terrified at the rashness of the architect; for they could not believe it possible to shoot such a mass into the air; and before deciding they wanted to know how Brunelleschi intended to accomplish it. This the architect always refused to explain, lest some one else should make use of his secret to his loss. During this time of doubt and uncertainty Brunelleschi and some other artists, good fellows and jovial comrades like himself, were merrymaking together. Between laughing and joking, the conversation, as was natural, turned on art, and in particular on the plan of the cupola exhibited by Brunelleschi; and they all blamed him for his obstinacy in refusing the explanation asked for. They were then at their salad and hard-boiled eggs; and Brunelleschi, taking occasion from the egg he held in his hand, proposed to his companions the jest afterward ascribed to Columbus, saying that was the way with his secret: that now everyone wondered how it could be done, and when it was known all would be just as well able to do it.

Somebody must have ascribed this jest to the discovery of Columbus; the thing pleased; it became popular; little by little it came to pass as genuine history; and now it has acquired such credit that it has passed into a proverb. Let this be my excuse if I have dwelt longer on it than its importance demanded, that it was in order to show what slim basis there is for the story.—*"Life of Columbus," Tarducci. Translated by Henry F. Brownson, LL. D. (From advance sheets.)*

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Windthorst, the "grand old man" of the Catholic party in the German Reichstag, who has done and is doing so much in the interests of the Church, never misses an opportunity to give evidence of the intense love for the Old Faith that burns within his heart, and instil the same into the hearts of his followers. Recently, in his speech at the closing of the Coblenz Congress, he prefaced work with that greeting and aspiration so familiar and dear to every true German Catholic, *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*. "It was impossible," writes one who was present, "to hear without a thrill the multitudinous shout of response to the aged voice, 'Praised be Jesus Christ.'—'For evermore.' The veteran spoke with all his unspent fire, making points and rousing his audience by mere force of intention. At noon he interrupted his speech to recite the Angelus." Dr. Windthorst is a layman of whom all Christendom should be proud.

Forty thousand servants of Mary took part in the French National Pilgrimage to Lourdes last month. The occasion was signalized as usual by many sudden cures, some of which will probably prove to be incontestable miracles. The faith and fervor of those who frequent this celebrated shrine seem to increase year by year.

The more one learns about the late Cardinal Newman the more charming his personality becomes. And what a great man he was! How insignificant many others that are called great seem in comparison! All the world were his admirers, as Mr. Gladstone remarked; and few men have been more deserving of admiration. It has often been observed that true greatness inevitably engenders humility; and that if rare talent does not also produce it, it at least invariably retrenches many of those asperities which cling to the insufferable pride of mediocrity. Writing of what it calls Cardinal Newman's "naturalness," the London *Guardian* observes:

"Any one who has watched at all carefully the Cardinal's career, whether in old days or later, must have been struck with this feature of his character: his naturalness, the freshness and freedom with

which he addressed a friend or expressed an opinion, the absence of all mannerism and formality; and where he had to keep his dignity, both his loyal obedience to the authority which enjoined it, and the half-amused, half-bored impatience that he should be the person round whom all these grand doings centred. . . . Quite aware of what he was to his friends and to the things with which he was connected, and ready with a certain quickness of temper which marked him in old days to resent anything unbecoming done to his cause or those connected with it, he would not allow any homage to be paid to himself. He was by no means disposed to allow liberties to be taken, or to put up with impertinence. For all that bordered on the unreal, for all that was pompous, conceited, affected, he had little patience; but almost beyond all these was his disgust at being made the object of foolish admiration. He protested with whimsical fierceness against being made a hero or a sage. He was what he was, he said, and nothing more; and he was inclined to be rude when people tried to force him into an eminence which he had refused."

The second centenary of the death of Blessed Margaret Mary is being celebrated with much solemnity at Paray-le-Monial. A Jubilee has been accorded by his Holiness Leo XIII. The exercises began on the 7th inst., and will conclude on November 1. Eminent ecclesiastical dignitaries, pulpit orators, and a large concourse of the pious faithful, daily take part in the imposing ceremonies. The panegyric of the servant of the Sacred Heart will be delivered by Mgr. Germain, the eloquent Bishop of Coutances, on October 17, the two hundredth anniversary of her decease.

The Rev. Father Durand, one of the speakers at the Eucharistic Congress of Antwerp, emphasized the necessity of frequent Communion in colleges. The youth of to-day, he remarked, will be the society of the future; and assuredly no practice could prove more beneficial to the age than that of frequent reception of the Sacraments.

A new society, called the "Servants of St. Peter," has been organized at Grenoble, France, by Mgr. Fava, Bishop of that city. Its aim is to advance the divers interests of the Holy See orally and through the press. The Pope has authorized the establishment of the society, and has accorded several plenary indulgences to its

members. In a recently published letter in connection with this subject Bishop Fava eloquently develops the following definition of the Papacy: "Prepared by God the Father, founded by God the Son, guided by God the Holy Ghost, the Papacy is a divine institution, which guarantees religious truth to men, and labors to preserve them in the unity of celestial faith, hope, and charity."

Cardinal Newman never hesitated to admit his own mistakes—"his floors," as he called them. Replying to an address presented to him by English-speaking residents in Rome on occasion of his elevation to the dignity of the cardinalate, he spoke these memorable words: "In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints—namely, that error can not be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all I have written is this—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve Holy Church, and, through the divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself: for thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of liberalism in religion."

The *Pilot*, in concluding an appreciative and well-written review of Mr. Janvier's stimulating story, "The Aztec Treasure-House," the central character in which is a noble Franciscan friar, remarks:

"Slowly but surely the work goes on; and steadily and more and more clearly American Protestants are perceiving not only that the Catholic Faith is the best to die by, as Dr. Holmes said the other day, but that the process of living by it is beautiful exceedingly,—that the Spouse of Christ is divinely fair."

There died recently at Blackburn, in England, one of those remarkably simple and generous souls who illustrate in their own lives the sanctity of the Church, and in their quiet, retired way serve so efficaciously the interests of religion. The deceased was Mother Mary Francis Ingham, the foundress and superior of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. From her childhood days she was influenced by strong

religious feelings, and when her parents died, in 1873, she devoted herself to the care of the sick-poor. A few other good women joined her in this work, and in 1874, under the direction of the Bishop of Salford, they were formed into a community. They undertook the domestic economy of St. Joseph's Missionary College; and as their numbers increased, they cared for homes for abandoned children, and sent Sisters to labor among the Dyak and Chinese children in Borneo. Of the deceased religious the Bishop of Salford said at her obsequies:

"She was devoured by the idea of God's glory, and promoting His interests on earth. This was the explanation of the respect and reverence she had for priests; of her desire to serve them, as the holy women served Our Lord; of her desire to work for the poorest and most suffering members of the human family, and of her constant prayers for the souls in purgatory. She seemed to live with the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Francis, and the saints,—to draw herself and her children closer to their Divine Master. She was always urging on the Sisters the practice of humility, poverty, and obedience. 'Above all things,' she used constantly to say, 'get away from human respect: have nothing to do with it. Be united among yourselves, and work for God alone.'"

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Josephine Ryan, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister Mary Perpetua, O. S. F.; Sister Mary of St. Joseph and Sister Mary Bernard, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Col. B. McDermitt, of Altoona, Pa., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 17th ult.

Mrs. Deno de Noma, whose happy death occurred last month at Charlotte, Iowa.

Mrs. Sara F. Allgaier, of Reading, Pa., who departed this life on the 31st ult.

Mr. R. T. Carroll, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. A. Steward, London, Ont.; Mrs. Bernard Hannan, Seymour, Ill.; and Mrs. Rose Halton, Altoona, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



"The Little Mother."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



LISTEN, Angela! Did you ever hear of a prize of virtue?" asked Cousin Kate Raycroft, as she finished the perusal of a foreign letter which had come in the afternoon mail.

Angela, who was home from a convent boarding-school for the summer vacation, laid down her book—it was growing too dark to read—and responded, in a slightly bored tone:

"Oh, dear, yes! That is the great prize with us,—the one the nuns are always encouraging us to try for. It is awfully hard to get, though; for it is given, by the votes of all the teachers and pupils, to the best girl in the school. That does not mean a sanctimonious, namby-pamby sort of a creature, you know; but somebody who is thoroughly good. Well, for instance, Madeline Preston got it last year. You remember, she loves fun as much as any one; but she keeps the rules splendidly, is faithful to every little duty, and never says an uncharitable word. The prize of virtue is not always given to the girl who is fondest of saying her prayers or running to the chapel, but to the one who best practises what Mother E. calls the little everyday virtues,—who is amiable even when her patience is tried, never impertinent, never critical of the authorities or of her companions, and always polite and obliging."

"To deserve it, then, a girl's popularity must rest upon a pretty solid foundation," remarked Cousin Kate, very much interested.

"Yes, indeed; and it is worth all the other prizes put together," answered Angela. "I don't believe such a thing would be thought of outside a convent, though. Imagine giving a prize of virtue 'in the world,' as the nuns say!"

"True," returned Miss Raycroft. "Cleverness, under whatever guise, is frequently crowned with laurel; but we are not apt to hear of a reward

offered to simple goodness, unless called forth by a signal act of bravery or courage. I suppose you know something about the French Academy, too?" she continued, smiling.

"L'Académie Française is the bane of my existence!" declared Angela, with a serio-comic expression of despair. "It is a spectre that has haunted my school-life from the beginning; for it is perpetually popping up before me, with a French grammar in one hand, and an order to copy a hundred lines, or write out all the tenses of an irregular verb, in the other. I go to French class thinking I have learned my lesson. Sister Léonie asks a question in grammar. I rattle off the rule beautifully. '*Très bien, mademoiselle*,' she remarks. 'Now, what says l'Académie?' I start; for I thought I was all right, having once got the most important thing by heart. But, horrors! she goes on to read a whole page of exceptions, which bury the poor little rule completely. I write an exercise, paying particular attention to my rules again. But when it is returned to me it is all underscored and criss-crossed with colored ink, till it looks like a crazy-quilt; while at the end is written, in great, big, reproachful letters, '*Voyez l'Académie!*' Well, I should like to see l'Académie in reality, just to give it a piece of my mind!"

The picture of a little American school-girl standing up before that illustrious body and calling it to account struck Cousin Kate as so ludicrous that she laughed merrily.

"Of course I am aware," Angela went on, more sensibly, "that the Academy is a learned assembly, into which it is almost as hard for even a great Frenchman to get as it is to get to heaven; and when he *is* in, his word, with that of the other members—the forty Immortals, as they are called,—is law in French literature and many other things. Oh, I know all I want to about the Academy, thank you!"

"Then perhaps you do not care to hear a story which my correspondent has written out at length, thinking it might be interesting to my pupils?" (Cousin Kate was a governess.)

"Oh, yes! A story is always delightful," was the prompt reply.

"Then light the lamp, and I will read it to you." Angela readily complied.

"I will pass over the illusions to your bugbear

for the present," added her cousin; and, again unfolding the letter, she began:

"Amanda Meunier is a little Parisian girl, who lives with her parents at the Batignolles. She is only thirteen years old, but tall and strong for her age. If you met her in the street (that is, without the pack on her back, which makes her look like an old woman, and might attract your attention) you would not notice her at all; for she appears just like hundreds of little girls you would see in Paris or anywhere else. She wears a short black dress, like all the working-women of the Capital; a funny black apron with sleeves; her hair hangs down her back in two little tight braids, and she never has a hat; for it is the custom here for the poor people to go bareheaded. She is not particularly pretty, witty, or wise; has never done anything startlingly heroic, like saving a person from drowning, or rescuing any one from a burning building, for instance; has never done anything which would be considered remarkable at all; yet Amanda is a child-heroine, the most popular little girl in all France to-day; and her name and story will soon be told far and wide, as an example to all young people, and indeed to older folk, who complain that they have no opportunities for doing noble deeds because their lives run on uneventfully in the rut of prosaic, humdrum duties. She is a genuine heroine of the commonplace."

"How queer!" exclaimed Angela. "What can it mean?"

"Patience, and we shall see," said Cousin Kate, teasingly; and she continued reading.

"Amanda is the oldest of four children. Her poor mother has been ill for a long time, and therefore to this eldest daughter falls the work of the household, which she performs with the cheeriness which ministers to the happiness as well as the comfort of home. Her father was formerly a locksmith, but later labored as a street-sweeper. A year or more ago, however, his health also failed, and hopeless poverty seemed staring the family in the face. What was to be done? Should they just give up and wait, either to starve or till some charitable society found them out, and sent the parents, perhaps, to different hospitals, in different parts of the city, and the children to an asylum? If not, who was to earn for them the necessities of life? There was only Amanda,

and, poor child! what could she do to provide for so many? This was the question she asked herself over and over again. She tried to obtain employment of various kinds, but failed.

"One day a bright thought struck her. She used to see the *blanchisseuses*, or washerwomen, going through the streets bearing upon their shoulders great bundles of soiled linen, which they took to the public laundries and washed. Why could not she do so too? She spoke to her mother about it. 'Ah, *chérie*,' answered the sick woman, 'it will be too hard for you! You are too young, and have not the strength. It will break you down.' But there was no alternative between this and a lack of bread; so, happy that the idea had occurred to her, she hastened away to try her chances. She called at a great apartment hotel near by, and asked the *concierge* to obtain for her the laundry work of some of its inmates. The latter glanced disparagingly at the slight, girlish figure; but perhaps something in the expression of the grave young face appealed to her more strongly than many words would have done, and she promised to try. Her efforts were successful, and thus it was that Amanda began to earn the family living. Thus it was that day after day, week after week, in storm or shine, heat or cold, she was to be met trudging along, bending under the weight of an immense packet much too heavy for her to carry.

"The people of the neighborhood became familiar with the sight of the child struggling so bravely beneath her wearying load. That she accomplished such an amount of work was a source of wonderment to them. They christened her 'the little mother,' and pitied her for the hardships of her lot, which she bore with such bright fortitude; for she always had a pleasant word and a smile for everyone. They used to talk of it among themselves; to point her out to strangers, and tell of her devotedness to those dependent upon her scanty wages. Somehow, the tale began to be repeated, as a pretty bit of sentiment, in the *salons* of the rich. Finally, it reached the ears of a member of the Academy."

Angela listened intently, but said nothing.

"His kind heart was touched. On the next occasion when that august body was assembled, amid all the dignity and formality which characterize its meetings, he narrated the story in

its simple pathos. The picture of the exertions of the illiterate little washer-girl to gain a livelihood for those whom she loved produced a profound impression on these savants and *littérateurs*. The greatest minds, the most brilliant men of France, paid homage to the spirit which ennobles the lowliest action, and almost, as the old poet says, 'makes drudgery divine.'

"A short time afterward it was publicly announced that the Academy had decided to give prizes of virtue to eighty-seven worthy French people who had distinguished themselves in some special manner. High up on the list, to the astonishment of all Paris, was the name of 'the little mother.' Of course everybody wanted to know who 'the little mother' was; and everybody found out that this is the *sobriquet* by which Amanda Meunier is known throughout the quarter of the city in which she lives. How amazed the girl must have been when a messenger from this renowned fraternity hunted her up and stated his errand! Can we not imagine the scene?

"A prize for washing clothes!' she cries, with an incredulous laugh.

"No, but for heroic fidelity to commonplace duties,' is the reply,—an explanation which seems to her almost as odd; for what more natural than to do one's duty? Ah, little Amanda has been piously brought up, we may be sure!

"Truly she deserves it!' exclaims the sick mother, glancing lovingly toward the child who has tended her with such gentle care. A softer light gleams in the father's eyes as his gaze rests upon her also. He is proud of his daughter and of the honor conferred upon her. He is better now, and will not be idle much longer; but he is overjoyed that her self-sacrifice is to receive some reward. The younger children crowd nearer, overawed but excited. They always knew that Amanda was a splendid girl, and are not surprised that famous people have found it out.

"The prize consists,' the envoy goes on to say,—'the prize consists of a thousand francs.'

"There is a cry of astonishment. Amanda stands looking at him in a bewildered fashion. The invalid's cheeks flush, and she gasps nervously. 'A thousand francs!' repeats the father, his voice trembling with emotion. Hitherto they have supposed it merely an honorable mention, or at most a bronze or silver medal, appropri-

ately inscribed. But money, that rarest of all blessings to the poor! A fortune—that is a royal gift indeed!

"The visitor places a small bag in Amanda's hands and hastily departs. She opens it: it is filled with shining gold! Her brain seems in a whirl. Surely this can not all be real; it is too much like a fairy-tale. She will wake up presently and find it nothing but a dream. Still, what delightful visions arise before her imagination! She sees her mother surrounded by many comforts, furnished with the delicacies and medicines which will bring back health again; her father grown strong once more, because the larder can now be kept supplied with nourishing food; the children neatly and warmly clothed; herself—the generous girl has not begun to think of herself yet.

"But the first thought of the parents is for her. 'Now Amanda will not have to work so hard,' they reflect. 'A little ready money will give us a great start; we shall soon be prosperous. Above all, out of this thousand francs a sum must be safely set apart for Amanda's dowry.' In France no girl can be settled in life without a dowry; and parents will pinch and deny themselves many things to lay one up for their daughter. To feel that the future of their beloved child is thus provided for is to the Meuniers as great a happiness as the realization that their present misery will be alleviated.

"Let us thank God,' says the father, reverently; and, kneeling together, they raise their hearts in grateful prayer."

"What a sweet story!" exclaimed Angela, as Cousin Kate replaced the letter in its envelope.

"And remember, it happened only the other day," rejoined the young lady. "You see, Angela," she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "prizes of virtue are merited and given even 'in the world'; and the Academy occasionally occupies itself with something besides making trouble for school-girls who are not over-studious."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Angela, demurely. "I shall try to keep this in mind when I am studying my next French lesson. Seriously, though," she acknowledged, "you have made me want to know more about the great men who compose the assembly. I must read up about them. Why doesn't some society give

prizes of virtue in this country? Don't you think there could be found people who deserve them?"

"Yes," said Cousin Kate. "No doubt here in New York there are little girls who work as hard as Amanda did, and, let us hope, with as beautiful a spirit. How earnestly I wish that they could have a like good fortune! Yet one thing is certain: some time, in one way or another, their recompense will come.

"For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds."

"The Little Spaniard."

BY E. V. N.

One bright morning in the month of May a young artist, with a large portfolio slung across his shoulder, was sauntering along the outskirts of the city of Placentia. He stopped now and then to take a view of the picturesque region which stretched out in endless variety before his eager gaze. On his right, lofty mountains, dotted with hamlets that lay embosomed in the trees, raised their crested summits to the blue skies. To the left was Placentia, with its numerous churches, dwellings, and stately edifices, all confused; and on an elevation that dominated the whole town stood the famous Monastery of St. Just. In the foreground was a little lake, whose banks were rich in clustered foliage, while the birds skimmed lightly across its sunlit surface.

Joseph Ribera was roused from his artistic musings by the shouts of some mischievous boys, who were pursuing a spaniel. Finally the poor little animal fell exhausted on the ground, not far from the shore of the lake. Then the merciless lads began to pelt the dog with stones.

"Hello, there!" shouted the artist. "What are you doing to that poor brute? Can't you let it die in peace?"

A roar of laughter greeted these compassionate words, and one of the largest boys demanded: "What is it to you? It is not *your* dog. Mind your own affairs!"

At this the young artist unslung his knapsack, and, placing it and his portfolio against a large boulder, brandished his stick in a threatening

way, and cried: "Come now, let me see which of you dare bid me hold my tongue!"

The lads were evidently intimidated; but some of the older and bolder ones, exchanging looks, caught up the puppy and threw it violently into the lake.

As the poor frightened creature tried to swim away for life, the stranger threw off his coat, and, plunging into the water, soon brought the animal back to the shore,—swimming with one hand, and supporting the dog with the other. As he landed a tall, fine-looking man, in *quasi*-clerical costume, saluted him with, "Young man, you have a kind heart. Let me help you." Then, turning to the boys that remained (for some had run away at his approach), he asked kindly: "Have not some of you a crust of bread for this poor half-drowned dog?"

Instantly two or three wallets were opened, and soon the spaniel manifested its recovery and gratitude by constant wagging of its tail.

"Who owns it?" inquired the stranger, addressing the lads once more.

"It has run out of its kennel, sir," was the answer. "It is one of a big litter that tear up all that they can find."

"I think, sir, I may keep it, as I have saved its life," said Ribera. "Perhaps I can teach it better manners."

"By all means," replied the stranger. "Should any one object, I'll explain the matter. But come with me now to St. Just; you need dry garments and refreshment."

"Willingly, sir," said the artist. "You are very kind."

So Joseph slung his knapsack over his shoulder, and took his coat on his arm, the dog following him; and soon the great door of the monastery was opened to his kind guide. The artist observed that the porter showed great respect to his new friend; and when the latter led him through a long corridor to a suite of apartments, and ordered a valet to take care of his dripping companion, he naturally concluded that the benevolent gentleman must be the Father Superior or perchance the Abbot.

After a grateful repast had been served, the valet conducted the artist to the room of his friend. "Sit down here," said the old gentleman, pointing to a chair near his own, "and

tell me what brings you to Placentia. And if you have a story, pray let me hear it."

The youth obeyed, and began:

"My story is like my life, sir,—short and sad. My late father lived at Xativa, in the province of Valencia, and filled the office of secretary to the Alcade. The salary he thus obtained supported him, my mother, and myself very comfortably and even respectably. My father, in his spare time, taught me the more common branches of learning and the elements of drawing. He wished me to devote myself to a literary career; but as I succeeded well in sketching, I gradually neglected my other lessons, and devoted myself to the study of art. Francisco Ribalto received me as a pupil, and I was progressing rapidly, when my father suddenly died. At his funeral my poor mother lost her mind completely. I tried to sell my drawings, but they brought me only a pittance, and I found it difficult to keep up our establishment with the aid of domestics. I therefore sold it, and put my dear mother under the care of a learned physician of Valencia. His charges are very high, and I am going about trying to find subjects on which I may succeed, and thus support myself, besides paying the doctor. This accounts for the morning's adventure."

"I perceive you are a dutiful son," said the old man. "You will remain here over night, and after Holy Mass to-morrow we shall have some important business to transact. Meanwhile please let me examine the contents of your portfolio."

The kind stranger then led Ribera to the chapel. After spending some time in prayer, he commended him to his valet, who conducted him to a small but comfortable apartment.

The next morning, after assisting at Mass and the Divine Office, the mysterious old gentleman sent for Joseph Ribera. The latter was wondering what the "important business" might be, when his host asked him:

"My young friend, what favor would give you the highest satisfaction?"

"To see my beloved mother restored to reason, Reverend Father."

"Would that I were a saint to cure her!" rejoined the other. "And what next would give you great pleasure?"

"To be able to pursue my studies in Rome."

"Well, your two wishes can not be fulfilled by

me; for, not being a saint, as I said, I can not cure your dear mother; but I will make such arrangements to-day as will settle a pension on her as long as she lives. So that whether she recover or not you will be free to pursue your desired career."

Ribera, delighted, fell on his knees before his new friend.

"Be seated, my son," said the latter; "we have not finished. Here is a purse that will enable you to reach Rome; and I will arrange with a banker there, who will allow you a hundred crowns *per annum*, which may prove a resource in case of need."

The young artist was fairly bewildered at such good fortune, and tears stole into his eyes. "Thou art indeed faithful to Thy promises, O my God!" he exclaimed. "Thou dost not forsake the orphan and the miserable."

"You will pray for me," continued the other. "Life with me is nearly ended. I shall not live to enjoy the fame which, I perceive from the contents of your portfolio, awaits you."

"Stay, Reverend Father," said the artist. "One more wish remains ungratified: I should like to know the name of my liberal benefactor, and he shall never be forgotten in my prayers."

"Father I am indeed," came the response; "but I am not entitled to the prefix 'Reverend.' I am only a layman, who has retired from a troublesome position to lead a life of prayer and penance, and thus atone for my past life and prepare for the life to come. You must have heard—"

"Sire, I have!" interrupted Ribera, kneeling again. "You are our father, our Prince, Charles V. Is it not so?"

"Even so, my young friend. This suite of simply furnished rooms I prefer to a gilded palace. A secretary and my valet form my court; and I enjoy perfect peace in this holy retreat."

Early in the seventeenth century Cardinal Gieronimo observed Ribera, a ragged stripling, sketching from the frescoes on a palace façade. His Eminence was interested in the youth, gave him a suite of rooms in his palace, and tried to find a sale for his pictures. Roman artists had already bestowed on him the nickname "The Little Spaniard." His change of fortune, it is said, had led him to be indolent; but want finally obliged him to resume work. Though an excel-

lent artist, his pencil was destitute of softness; he delighted in subjects that excited terror, such as "The Vulture of Prometheus" or "The Flaying of St. Bartholomew."

Finding his paintings unpopular at the Cardinal's, Ribera withdrew, with his spaniel, which he styled his talisman, and settled in Naples. There he entered the school of Michelangelo da Caravaggio, whom he surpassed in correctness of design. Though his taste was neither delicate nor cultivated, he succeeded wonderfully in the expression of his heads. The school of Caravaggio is styled the naturalistic school, and is also called the *Tenebroso*, or "Shadow Painters," owing to the extreme contrasts of light and shade which characterize its productions. In this method of art Ribera was destined to become second only to his master, and his works will bear the test of either a distant or a scrutinizing view.

Naples, in which city Joseph Ribera (Giuseppe Ribeira) died, considers him her first painter. The viceroy gave him apartments in his palace, and the Pope created him a Knight of the Order of Christ. His most famous work, "St. Januarius Emerging from the Furnace," is in the Cathedral of Naples, and is deemed worthy of Titian. "The Descent from the Cross," in the Neapolitan Cirtosa, some consider his masterpiece. The Louvre contains twenty-five of his paintings, among which are "The Mother of Sorrows" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds." Many of his best productions are in the Escorial, in Spain. The Italians claim him, but he always signed his paintings, "Jusepe de Ribera Español." He died in Naples in 1656, at the age of sixty-eight.

Anecdotes of Irving.

The gentle author, Washington Irving, was the most modest of men, and lived in such retirement in his beautiful home of "Sunnyside," on the Hudson River, that even his nearest neighbors did not become acquainted with him.

One morning it was necessary for him, being in a hurry, to cross a field which lay near his own; but the owner, a rough old fellow, came out and called to him: "See here, you old vagabond! You get out of these premises; and if I

ever catch you round here again, I will set the dogs on you!" Irving meekly retired as fast as possible, not fancying savage dogs.

Another time he was out in his own orchard picking an apple, when a little boy—a son of one of his nearest neighbors—came running up to him and whispered: "These are not very good apples. I'll show you where there is a better tree. But we must be careful not to let Mr. Irving see us. I don't know him, but they say he is a dreadful cross man."—"Then," related Irving, laughing, "I went with the lad, and we stole about a dozen of my own apples."

We can not believe that the story ends here; for, after the fun was over, Irving, being so honest a man himself, must have told the boy that theft is theft, whether the thing stolen be an apple or a kingdom.

The Legend of the Moss-Rose.

Once upon a time an angel longed to do some work of love, and came down from the shining heights of heaven in human form. The sin and misery upon the earth distressed him, and he wandered far and wide, helping and comforting; then, being weary, he sought a place of rest, but no man offered him shelter. So he lay down under a rosebush, and the flowers lulled him to sleep, and the leaves protected him from the dews of night.

In the morning the warm rays of the sun awoke him, and he turned his grateful eyes upon the rose and said: "As thou hast given me shelter, I in return will leave with you a gift: I will bestow upon you a coat, which will protect you from the cold winds." And as he said these words the angel touched the rose, moss grew upon the buds and stems, clothing and sheltering them, and silvery dew lay in their hearts.

And then the angel took his own form again, and went home; but the rose has worn its mossy dress unto this day.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large load of valuables pass one day, exclaimed: "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
 HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXXI.

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A Mother's Prayer.

I.

ANXIOUS, as over a single pearl,
 A mother hung o'er her tender child;
 And sweet was the face of the lovely girl,
 But sweeter the spirit undefiled.
 The yearning mother had craved from Heaven
 For spells to shield her from harm or taint;
 All well—if health to the cheeks were given,—
 But the soul should be the soul of a saint.

II.

None were there near to help in her praying,
 None to appraise it or understand;
 Instead of striving, they kept on playing,
 And merrily lived in a thoughtless land.
 But she saw a hermit, with no one nearer
 Than the brush or crags in the lonesome wild;
 And she cried aloud that he might hear her,
 And pray for the weal of her gentle child.

III.

She vowed that a bond would be between them,
 The heart of the child its seal should be;
 And he raised his voice, when he had seen them,
 In long and loving litany.
 The child waxed strong, guileless and beauteous:
 Never a stain did her innocence pall;
 Full many a prayer prayed the hermit duteous,
 But the mother's prayer was strongest of all.

R. O'K.

Month of the Holy Rosary.

I.



WITH chilly autumn breezes, thickly
 falling leaves, and skies of sober
 grey, Nature ushers in October; and,
 marking time by the Church's cal-
 endar, the Catholic world extends fond welcome
 to the Month of the Holy Rosary. Although
 aught that we can say of the most popular of all
 practices of piety must necessarily be a repetition,
 still the repetition is such as is sanctioned by the
 form of the Rosary itself. We shall be brief, in
 order, as St. Gregory says in one of his homilies,
 that our explanation may be clear to those who
 are not informed, and that those who are in-
 structed may not be wearied.

One has only to consider the holy prayers com-
 posing the Rosary to understand the excellence
 of this popular devotion, to hold it in the highest
 esteem, and to become sincerely attached to its
 practice. The Rosary is in truth a divine chain
 that binds us to our Mother; it is an admirable
 ladder, every prayer being a round on which we
 mount nearer to Heaven. The beads are the
vade mecum of every true Catholic. The devo-
 tion has received such a consecration that it is
 almost a note of liberalism or impiety to neglect
 it. It is enriched with so many precious indul-
 gences, has been so often recommended to the
 faithful by the Holy See, that to praise it would
 be altogether superfluous. We have only to con-
 sider its component parts and its objects.

The Rosary is composed of the most excellent
 and sublime prayers that can issue from the heart

THE Holy Rosary is the most efficacious prayer
 to increase in the faithful devotion to the Mother
 of God.—*Pope Pius IX.*

of a Christian: the symbol of faith, or Creed, composed before their separation by the Apostles, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; the Lord's Prayer, which Christ Himself taught to His disciples when they asked Him how they should pray; the Angelical Salutation, which was Heaven's greeting, through the Archangel Gabriel, to the Blessed Virgin when announcing the Incarnation, together with St. Elizabeth's salutation, and the Church's added entreaty for Our Lady's intercession throughout our life and at the moment of death; and finally the *Gloria Patri*, of which the Church makes so frequent use in the sacred liturgy.

The Creed comprises in its twelve articles the principal mysteries of our faith; or, rather, it contains all these mysteries, since in professing allegiance to the Church as our mother and mistress, it embraces all her doctrine and all her decisions. In reciting this synopsis of our belief we make an excellent act of faith, and of submission to all revealed truths. We adore the Eternal Father as the principle of our creation, we adore the Son as the author of our redemption, and the Holy Ghost as the source of our sanctification. We are drawn to these Three Divine Persons in the unity of their essence, by a movement of pure love: we become penetrated with the mysteries of Jesus Christ in His birth, His sufferings, and His glory; we contemplate our last end—death, judgment, the punishment of the reprobate, and the reward of the elect; we animate our hope by reflecting on the assistance which the just render one to another, and by the consideration of the remedies which God has confided to His Church for the remission of sins; and finally we console ourselves in the trials and sufferings of our mortal life by the expectation of the body's resurrection and life everlasting.

The "Our Father" is the best, the most perfect of all prayers; it is the abridgment of all others. In it is found, in wonderful order, everything, whether spiritual or temporal, that can be legitimately asked for, be it relative to exemption from evil or to advancement in well-doing. It comprehends the blessings of nature, of grace, and of glory; and embraces all that regards the honor of our Heavenly Father, our own interests, and those of our neighbor. It embodies sublime acts of all the virtues—faith, humility, detachment

from the things of earth, ardent desire of eternal goods, confidence in God, resignation to His holy will and to the rulings of His providence, forgiveness of injuries, and fraternal charity. Its efficacy is marvellous; for God the Father can not reject a petition which His Divine Son has Himself put on our lips, and of which He is the author. In fine, it is the one prayer necessary to all Christians, and the model which we should imitate in all our entreaties to the Lord.

The Angelical Salutation, with its context, is the most pleasing and eloquent eulogy that we can possibly offer to the glorious Virgin-Mother of God. It manifests her grandeur and explains her perfections and her virtues; it discloses her power and credit with the Most High; it tells of her mercy and clemency for men; it emboldens us to draw near her throne and solicit her aid; it inspires us with love and unbounded confidence; in a word, it portrays the Virgin not only as God's Mother, but as our Mother, the most excellent and amiable of all who bear that gracious name.

The *Gloria Patri* is an act of faith, of adoration and of praise to the adorable and indivisible Trinity. As often as we repeat it we give expression to our belief in one only God in three Persons, perfectly equal. We proclaim that the same honor is due to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; we thank the Three Divine Persons for the graces and privileges accorded to the Blessed Virgin, recalling to mind that she is the daughter of the Father, the Mother of the Son, and the spouse of the Holy Ghost.

II.

What is known as the form of the Rosary consists in the disposition or arrangement of the different prayers mentioned above. Thus: (1) after putting ourselves in the presence of God, we devoutly kiss the crucifix attached to the beads; (2) make the Sign of the Cross, in order to preserve ourselves from temptations, to implore the assistance of the Holy Trinity, to refer this action to God's greater glory, and to awaken in our hearts the memory of Christ's Passion; (3) we recite the Apostles' Creed, as is done at the beginning of the Divine Office, that we may dispose ourselves for prayer by an act of faith, as recommended by St. Paul and St. James: according to whom, he who approaches God should believe, and ask with faith if he would be heard;

(4) we say a *Pater*, three *Aves* and a *Gloria Patri* in honor of the relations which Our Lady bears to the Three Divine Persons; (5) we recite five, or fifteen, decades of "Hail Marys," beginning each decade with an "Our Father," and concluding each with a *Gloria Patri*; (6) during the first five decades, we meditate on the Joyful Mysteries; during the five following decades, on the Sorrowful Mysteries; and during the last five decades, on the Glorious Mysteries.

To say the Rosary perfectly it is not enough to recite the fifteen decades of "Hail Marys" with devotion: we should, moreover, apply ourselves during the utterance of these vocal prayers to the meditation, or at least to the recollection and veneration, of the mysteries in honor of which they are recited. The remembrance of the mystery will suggest to everyone salutary thoughts, capable of fostering piety and fixing the attention from one decade to another. We may further make advantageous use of the reflections which so many devout writers have made on the different mysteries. The shortest and simplest considerations are the best. The essential point is to prevent the recitation from becoming a mere mechanical operation, by occupying the mind with some point suggested by the mystery; and to have in view at the beginning of each decade the attainment of some particular grace or virtue.

The Mother of God will assuredly never permit the final perdition of those who, one hundred and fifty times a day, call out to her: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." Every *Ave Maria* that we recite is a telling blow aimed at the head of the infernal serpent. In the words of Pope Gregory XVI., the Rosary is the instrument of the destruction of sin, of the recovery of grace, and of the glory of God. The Church places it in our hands as an effective antidote, also, to the poison of heresy and liberalism.

The world is ringing with marvels wrought by means of the Rosary: hardened sinners converted; obstinate heretics reclaimed; the morals of states and empires reformed; brilliant victories won; tottering kingdoms consolidated. With the beads the saints have calmed tempests, extinguished conflagrations, healed the sick, raised the dead. How many owe to their faithfulness in this devotion prosperity and peace, spiritual and

temporal benedictions manifold! Of the Rosary Christians may say, as Solomon said of Wisdom: "All good things came to me together with her."

In conclusion, we may repeat a remark made by many pious authors—namely, that the frequent repetition of the same prayer addressed to the Queen of angels and of men is a holy exercise of filial love and confidence toward our tender Mother. In this we only imitate the angels and saints in heaven, who, standing about the throne of God, unceasingly reiterate their canticles of praise, and never weary of rendering homage and glory to their sovereign Queen. Every "Hail Mary" is a rose which we, like loving children, offer to our Blessed Mother; and this rose is transformed by her into a precious pearl, which she adds to the diadem prepared for each of her faithful servants.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

"O MR. LESTRANGE, what a charming picture!" cried a girl's eager voice. "Why have you not showed us this? It is a Spanish scene, is it not? Where did you paint it, and when?"

Lestrangle turned around quickly. He was doing the honors of his studio to a group of ladies, who had come to admire his bric-a-brac and glance at his pictures. He had not anticipated that they would do more than glance at them, and therefore had put on view only such as were likely to please tastes not too severely critical. He had not reckoned on Octave Fenton's honest enthusiasm for art—probably he did not believe in it, for he was very skeptical of most things; and when she suggested looking at some of his unexhibited canvases, while the others sank into easy-chairs and talked gossip, he had assented carelessly, fancying that she wished to affect a little more interest or had a little more curiosity than the others. He had almost forgotten her as she wandered out of sight behind the large easel, and was thinking what a charmingly picturesque figure pretty, fashionable Mrs. Joyce made, in her grey-green

æsthetic gown, with the rich masses of her reddish-brown hair, when Octave's clear, high voice suddenly startled him by uttering the words recorded above.

He knew what she had found before he saw the canvas on which was painted the interior of the Santuario of Guadalajara and Carmela's kneeling figure. Months had passed since he last looked at the picture, which had been thrust away, out of sight, in a corner so obscure that it was surprising Miss Fenton found it. He had great command of countenance, but as his eye fell on it everyone noticed the change of his expression. "There is some disagreeable association connected with that picture," said one shrewd girl to herself. But if he could not control his face, Lestrangle was at least able to control his voice perfectly.

"You like that?" he remarked, carelessly. "It is a Mexican scene, which I attempted to paint in the Spanish fashion when I was in Mexico last winter. I never thought it a success, and so did not care to show it."

"Well, if I am any judge, it is by far the best painting you have in your studio," said Miss Fenton, decidedly. "The old church is admirably indicated; and as for the figure, it is beautiful. What an exquisite face! How *can* you not think it good?"

"Why, it is really charming!" cried Mrs. Joyce, putting up an eye-glass with a long handle, and strolling toward the picture, followed by the whole visiting group, and, as in duty bound, the much vexed Lestrangle.

Then ensued a chorus of admiration; for the picture, beside being to an artistic eye the best thing he had ever done, as Miriam had said during its progress, was also beautiful enough to please the popular taste. There were many comments and inquiries, but the culmination of annoyance was reached for Lestrangle when some one asked: "But who was your model? You must have had a model for that lovely face."

"A young Mexican girl whom I knew was kind enough to sit to me," he answered. And then he turned and walked away, unable to control his irritation longer. To stand and look at Carmela's face, with all the associations which it wakened, was bad enough; but to have to answer such questions—

"If you care for Mexican scenes, Mrs. Joyce, here is something that may please you," he said, in his desperation, pulling out another canvas. "It is a view in Orizaba. I tried to represent some really tropical color here."

The diversion served its purpose, and the fluttering group came like a flock of birds over to the new subject of interest. Only Octave Fenton remained as if spellbound before the picture that she had discovered. The rich, dim interior of the old church, and the exquisite, pathetic face of the kneeling girl, fascinated her. "Who would have believed he could paint like this!" she thought. "I am sure of one thing—there is some story connected with the picture, else he would be only too glad to show it."

The story connected with the picture had by this time grown to be a very old one in the mind of Lestrangle; but it was associated with the recollection of so much pain that he disliked exceedingly to revert to it even for a moment. Some natures have a much greater abhorrence of pain than others, disagreeable as it undoubtedly is to all of us. Such natures fly from it, abjure every association connected with it, and soon grow to dislike every person that, however unconsciously, has been the cause of it. So now the sight perhaps least agreeable in the world to Lestrangle was that of Carmela's face. Little as he had considered her from the beginning to the end of their brief love affair, an instinct which could not be smothered told him how great a change his conduct had wrought in her life, and how unworthily he had borne himself toward her. Worst of all pain to him was that which touched his self-love. Had he played a more heroic part, he could have borne with equanimity the thought of Carmela's suffering; and his recollection of her would have been tinged with a pleasant, sentimental regret. But now this recollection was like the touch of a scorpion; for he felt that he had acted in a manner which must rob her recollection of him of any sweetness.

At the present time he did not feel very amiably toward Miss Fenton, whose researches had roused these uncomfortable, slumbering memories; but he would have felt still less so had he known that two ladies at this moment ascending the stairs that led to his door, with the intention of paying him a visit, were his sister Miriam and

his aunt Mrs. Thorpe. There was, of course, no reason why they should not see the picture as well as others, except that he disliked intensely anything likely to lead to the subject which had been a long-forbidden one between Miriam and himself. On the appearance of the two unwelcome figures it was, however, too late to conceal the canvas, and he could only hope that if his sister saw it she would have sufficient discretion not to direct his aunt's attention to it.

Nothing was further from Miriam's thoughts than to do so, although she had not been more than a few minutes in the studio before she perceived to her great surprise the familiar picture. But Mrs. Thorpe was not at all likely to see it unless her attention was drawn to it, for she was exceedingly near-sighted; so, leaving her occupied with the others, Miriam walked alone over to the canvas, where Octave Fenton still stood.

"O Miss Lestrangle, is it you?" said the latter, turning around. "I am so glad you have come! Tell me, do you not think this the best thing your brother ever painted?"

"Yes, I have always thought so," Miriam answered. Despite herself, she could not help a sad inflection in her tone, a sad look on her face, as she gazed at the sweet, familiar countenance. "My poor Carmelita!" she thought. "I was right in believing it a dark day for you when you met a man who was capable of loving only himself."

The girl beside her looked at her shrewdly. "It is strange that Mr. Lestrangle does not like it," she observed.

"He has grown tired of it, I suppose," replied Miriam, quietly; and the words had a bitter meaning to herself.

"Tired of what?" asked a voice at her shoulder, which made her start. It was Mrs. Thorpe, who had followed, and was now peering at the picture, in her near-sighted fashion, through her glasses. "Has Arthur tired of this painting?" she repeated. "But it seems to me very well done. What is it, Miriam—a Mexican scene?"

"Yes," said Miriam, with an involuntary coldness in her tone. "It is a view of the interior of an old church in Guadalajara."

"And the girl?"

"That is a portrait of Carmela Lestrangle," Miriam replied, distinctly. And then she turned and walked away.

This time Mrs. Thorpe did not follow her. Probably she felt some curiosity to examine the face of one of whom she had heard so much. She certainly stood, looking intently at the picture for some time, unheeding Miss Fenton's remarks, until that young lady also walked away and left her alone. What did the lovely, prayerful countenance, with all its unworldly suggestions, say to her? Some deep chord it certainly touched; for, as she looked, something like a mist came over her sight. Was she thinking how ruthlessly her opposition, acting on a weak will, had cut short the happiness of the young life, or had her thoughts wandered back farther yet into the past? There was no suggestion in the beautiful Spanish face of one she had once known well; but in itself it was so full of a spiritual charm which it was strange that Arthur Lestrangle could ever have painted, so gentle and so noble, that she found herself conscious of a singular fascination as she gazed at it. She was a woman of strong feeling and strong will, and a sense of contempt suddenly rose within her for the man who had yielded all hope of setting this face as a star in his life, for the sake of a possible fortune. "If he had held to his purpose I should have been very angry, but I would have respected him more," she thought. "But perhaps, after all, this may be an idealized face, and the girl herself commonplace enough. I will ask Miriam."

She looked around. The group of ladies were gathered about a tea-table which, as if by magic, had appeared; and Lestrangle at that moment was saying to his sister, in a peremptory aside, "For Heaven's sake, Miriam, go and bring Aunt Elinor to have a cup of tea! What is she doing at that picture?"

The young girl shrugged her shoulders with the slightest gesture as she rose to go. She had no sympathy for his evident perturbation. "What difference does it make whether Aunt Elinor looks at the picture or not?" she thought. "Is he afraid that she will disapprove of his having even a shadow of Carmela?"

But she was not prepared for the question with which Mrs. Thorpe met her. "You are the very person I want," she said, before Miriam could suggest tea. "You can tell me if this is really a portrait of that girl in Mexico, or has Arthur merely used her face as the basis of an ideal

countenance? Artists often do that, you know."

Miriam shook her head. "Arthur did not do it," she answered. "In fact, I do not think any one could idealize Carmela's face. It is ideal itself. That is a very good portrait. Arthur succeeded better than I ever knew him to succeed with any subject before."

"She really looks like that?"

"It is a striking likeness."

There was a moment's pause, in which each looked silently at the tender face against its dim, rich background. Then Mrs. Thorpe said, meditatively:

"I can not understand why Arthur fell in love with her. He has always had a passion for women of the world—for those who have the stamp of fashion on their beauty,—and this girl looks like a nun."

"She did not always look so," returned Miriam. "She had many expressions, and all were charming. She is an exquisite creature altogether, and formed to fascinate any one with an artistic nature. The marvel to me is that even Arthur could forget her so soon."

Mrs. Thorpe made no comment on the last words. Perhaps they found an echo in her own mind. After a moment's longer hesitation, she said: "Do you ever hear from her?"

"Never," replied Miss Lestrangle. "I think the best thing for her is to forget that she ever saw us, and so I have not written since we parted. But suppose we drop the subject, Aunt Elinor? It is a very painful one to me. Will you not come and take a cup of tea?"

Mrs. Thorpe turned away from the picture and walked across the room to the tea-table; but as she drank her tea it was in a very absent-minded mood. Instead of the studio elaborately hung with Eastern draperies and lined with the bric-a-brac which it had been Lestrangle's delight to collect in many lands, she seemed to see before her the dim old interior of the Santuario; and instead of the gay faces of the fashionable and æsthetically attired young ladies around her, the wistful, beautiful Spanish face amid its dark draperies. She had a most unreasonable sense of irritation in listening to Lestrangle's easy flow of trivial talk. How could he be so light-hearted and frivolous, with the memory of that face in the background, as it were, of his life? For Mrs. Thorpe, to whom

for the first time Carmela had become a real personality, overlooked the fact that the reverse of this process had gone on with Lestrangle, and that to him she had become less real day by day, until now the memory of her seldom troubled him.

But that it had troubled him to-day there could be no doubt, despite the apparent light-heartedness of his manner. He had been forced to look at the face which he had not summoned even out of his recollection for months, and it haunted him in spite of a very enviable facility which he possessed for banishing disagreeable thoughts. He was, moreover, disquieted by the interest which Mrs. Thorpe had exhibited in the picture; and more disquieted still by a certain coolness in her manner when she took leave of him. Had the mere sight of Carmela's face offended her so much that she was prepared to again visit her displeasure on him for an affair which he had given up at her bidding? So important had her favor grown to him, with the increasing love of luxury and desirability of all those things which wealth can bestow, that he trembled at anything that threatened its withdrawal. That evening he appeared in the domestic circle, which was by no means his ordinary custom, and as soon as possible drew Miriam aside.

"What was Aunt Elinor saying to you this afternoon about that picture?" he asked at once.

"Nothing of any importance," his sister replied. "She asked if it was a likeness of Carmela or an ideal face with her face as a basis."

"How did she know that it was a likeness of Carmela at all?"

"I told her—when she inquired whom it represented."

"And what else did you tell her?"

"Nothing. What else was there to tell? Carmela is a subject I do not care to discuss with her—or with you."

"I have no desire to discuss it," said Lestrangle, flushing angrily. "I am well aware that you have never done me justice in this matter. Could I force the consent of Carmela's mother, who was obstinately determined against me?"

Miriam made a slight gesture of disdain. "Spare me your excuses," she said. "Unfortunately I know how shallow they are, and unfortunately also I foresaw how the whole thing would end before we left Mexico. It has not surprised

me at all. What did surprise me a little, however, was the manner in which Aunt Elinor seemed touched and interested by that picture to-day. Carmela's sweet countenance fascinated her, as it fascinates every one. I could tell by her face that she began to feel somewhat remorseful for her share in the matter. Perhaps," added the young girl, not without some malicious intent, "she might reverse her decision if you brought sufficient pressure to bear—that is, of course, taking it for granted that you would care to have it reversed."

"I was not aware," remarked Lestrangle, loftily, "that Mrs. Thorpe's decision had anything to do with my conduct—at least, not anything directly. Of course her opposition influenced my parents; and since they withheld their consent, I could not return to Mexico. It would have been useless."

"Arthur, how *can* you be such a humbug?" cried his sister, impatiently. "You know that papa and mamma would have done whatever you wished. I heard them put the matter to you plainly. 'You are old enough to decide for yourself,' papa said. 'If you are sure enough of yourself to give up a fortune in order to marry this girl, and depend on your own exertions all your life, I will give my consent; but I strongly advise you to think well what you are about.' And you did think so well that you never went back to Mexico—as I was sure you never would when we left there."

"And why should I have gone back, even from your point of view, since marrying Carmela would have meant simply the ruining of my career—for poverty would cramp my powers utterly,—and condemning her to a life of narrow means and constant struggle? It seems to me one had better be dead than deliberately embrace such a life as that."

"That is your view of the matter! One should pause, then—as I advised you to pause,—before yielding to the fancy of the moment, and drawing another into unhappiness which it is difficult to measure."

"It is quite useless for us to speak on this subject any further," said Arthur, rising from his seat. "As I said in the beginning, you have never done me justice in the affair, and I never expect that you will."

He retired from the conversation with dignity, but not without an increase of disquiet. What did Miriam mean by talking of Mrs. Thorpe having been "touched and interested" by Carmela's face? Did she really think that there might be a possibility of that lady's reconsidering her opposition to his marriage to the Mexican girl, or was such a suggestion only one of Miriam's ways of making herself disagreeable? He said to himself that it might be only the last; but if it were the first—the suggestion tore away the last shred of the illusion of sentimental regret in which it had pleased him up to this time to envelop the subject; and the young man acknowledged that, if all obstacles were removed, he would not now desire to return to Carmela or renew their severed relations.

(To be continued.)

The Power of a Mother's Prayers.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

ONE evening toward the end of April, not many years ago, a traveller who had just arrived in Rome drove up to the door of one of the best hotels and engaged a suite of rooms for several weeks. He was young, well-dressed, gentlemanlike in appearance and manner, and evidently had ample means at his command. One thing about him, however, could not fail to excite a feeling of compassion even in the most casual observer: this was the extreme pallor of his countenance and attenuation of his whole person, which denoted him to be in the last stage of decline.

The first few days of his sojourn in Rome were spent for the most part in driving about the streets, visiting the time-honored edifices and points of interest in the Eternal City. When too fatigued to go out, he would amuse himself with reading, or with drawing in pastels—an art in which he showed himself no mean proficient. But before many days had passed the little strength that this young man seemed to possess forsook him completely; so great did his debility become that it was with difficulty he could walk across the room. At his desire a physician was

called in, who, convinced after a brief examination that his patient was too far gone for hope of recovery, did not hesitate to communicate this unwelcome fact to him in the plainest terms; he added at the same time that, as medicine was powerless to cure him, it was useless for him to continue his visits.

This outspoken frankness on the part of the doctor much displeased the sick man; he complained most bitterly of it to the landlord of the hotel, who, in order to reassure him, mentioned another practitioner of greater eminence than the former, and suggested that he should be consulted. The opinion of the second physician differed in nowise from that of the first, but he refrained from expressing it until he found himself alone with the hotel-keeper. Meanwhile he buoyed up the invalid with hopes which he knew to be illusory.

Not long after this interview with the doctor, an elderly lady, attended by a maid and a manservant, arrived at the hotel and asked to see the young man. On being shown up to his apartments, she entered unannounced, hastened to the sofa on which he was lying, and threw her arms round his neck, clasping him to her bosom, and exclaiming, amid tears of emotion, "O Charles, my own dear boy!" As for the invalid himself, held captive in this warm embrace, he could only gasp out: "Why, mother! you here? Is it possible! Can it be really you!"

As soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, he asked his mother how she could have found out that he was in Rome, and in that particular hotel, and who had informed her of his illness.

"I heard it," she replied, "from my cousin, who lives here. She met you driving on the Pincio, and recognized you immediately. She discovered at what hotel you were staying, and wrote to tell me, saying she was sorry to see you looking far from well. The day before yesterday I had a telegram from her stating that you were very ill. Hearing that, could I help coming to you at once,—I who for five years have wept over your absence, and longed to see you again?"

"O mother, you have always been an angel of goodness to me!" rejoined Charles, while two large tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the hand he held clasped in his own, bearing

silent testimony to the depth of his emotion.

"Well, now that I am with you once more," continued the fond mother, "you may be sure that I shall not leave you again; at any rate, not until I see you quite restored to health."

"Say, rather, until you have closed my eyes," answered Charles. "There is not the slightest hope of recovery for me now. I am quite aware that I shall soon die."

The speaker of these words was twenty-eight years old. He was an only son, and, we may add, the child of many tears. Had he profited by the instructions of his mother—a woman of good family, high principle, and sincere piety,—had he made good use of his natural gifts and the advantages of a superior education, his lot might indeed have been an enviable one. Fortune had smiled on him at his birth; he was rich, well connected, talented; indeed, nothing that the world deems necessary for happiness was lacking to him. But he was allowed at too early an age to become his own master; bad companions, bad books, the allurements of worldly pleasures, and above all the passion of play, soon corrupted him to such an extent that he threw off all the restraints of religion and duty, causing inexpressible anxiety and grief to his parents. In order to prevent him from squandering the whole of his property, his father was obliged to send him from home, refuse to be responsible for his debts, and make him an allowance, which, though ample to supply his wants, was not sufficient for the gratification of his expensive tastes. Accordingly, when in want of money, taking advantage of his mother's weak fondness for an only child, he would appeal to her, sometimes in feigned penitence, sometimes in real despair; and she, unable to resist these entreaties, would furnish him out of her private fortune with the sums he required.

At the age of twenty-three this young spendthrift seemed as if he meant to turn over a new leaf. At any rate, he gave up gambling; and his parents, in order to encourage him in a better course of conduct, did their utmost to arrange a marriage which he was desirous of contracting. The negotiations were successful, and the marriage took place under the most favorable auspices. The mother of the bridegroom once more breathed freely, believing that her prayers had

been heard, and that she had obtained the grace she implored—a permanent reformation in her son's course of life.

The newly married pair started on a tour which was to last several months, as they intended to spend the winter in the Riveira. Unhappily, while they were first at San Remo, then at Nice, the vicinity of Monaco proved too much for Charles' principles, and he was easily induced to visit the notorious saloons of Monte Carlo. Once more the love of gambling took possession of him, and he lost large sums of money. Blinded by this fatal passion, he secretly sold his wife's jewels; and, having lost the whole of the amount procured in this manner, found himself without a penny.

When the unfortunate bride heard from her husband's lips—for he made a clean breast of it all to her—the folly of which he had been guilty, and the condition to which they were reduced, she fainted away. On recovering her senses, she immediately wrote to her parents, and Charles did the same to his. The father of the bride, however, was so incensed on hearing of what had occurred, that he went at once to Nice, and took his daughter away, after she had been married only five weeks. He lost no time in instituting proceedings for a legal separation, to which Charles consented, partly for the sake of avoiding contention, and partly with a view of regaining his liberty.

When the details of this unfortunate occurrence reached Florence, Charles' mother broke the tidings as gently as she could to his father, who was in a failing state of health. The intelligence of his son's disgraceful conduct had an unexpected effect on him. Already weakened by heart disease of several years' standing, he was unable to bear the shock: it brought on an attack of such severity that his life was despaired of. A priest was hastily summoned and the last Sacraments were administered. But the poor man never left the couch on which he had been laid; he expired a few hours after the fatal seizure, repeating with his last breath, "My God, I forgive him, but he has cost me my life!"

Remorse at having been the cause of his father's death and broken his mother's heart gave the unhappy son no rest. He wandered about like an outcast, from city to city, throughout Europe; for

he had not the courage to look his mother in the face, conscious as he was of having pierced her loving heart with so sharp a sword of sorrow. Now and again he let her know his whereabouts, and answered the letters she wrote to him; but his manner of writing was constrained, as if he tried to dissemble his feelings; although he did not conceal the affection he still cherished for her.

In the course of five years he only once revisited Florence, and then he could not bring himself to cross the threshold of the mansion where his youth had been passed, and where his mother still sorrowed in solitude over her misguided son. He only looked at it from afar; and then, in the interval between the arrival of one train and the departure of another, he visited the cemetery close by, where, kneeling beside his father's grave, his face buried in his hands, he wept long and bitterly. Foolish and erring as he was, the young man was not utterly depraved and lost to all sense of duty and affection.

The stings of conscience and the grief which preyed on his mind, united to the havoc wrought in his constitution by early excesses and the discomforts of a roving life, undermined his health and aged him prematurely. Month by month he gradually declined in strength, wasted by an insidious malady and worn by a hacking cough. More than once he hinted this in writing to his mother, who invariably urged him to return home. Her entreaties were in vain: Charles could not resolve to encounter the disgrace of re-entering, as a returning prodigal, the presence of one whom he had so deeply injured. Sometimes the thought of the suffering he had brought upon her made him think of putting an end to his life, but he was restrained from this rash act by the dread of causing the death of her whose life he had been the means of blighting.

At length the conviction forced itself upon him that he had not much longer to live. A desire to repair to Rome and end his days there,—a desire for which he could not account to himself, but which he felt powerless to resist,—took possession of his mind; he accordingly left Biarritz, where he had passed the winter, and, as we have seen, in the month of April took up his quarters in Rome.

The unexpected appearance of his mother at the hotel was not regarded by Charles with feel-

ings of unmixed satisfaction. It certainly was no small relief, after all that had passed, to get the awkwardness of the first meeting over; but when clasped in her maternal embrace his heart had not throbbed in perfect sympathy with hers, and the tears which the sight of her brought to his eyes were tears of shame and vexation more than of love and gladness. But he soon experienced the greatest consolation from the fact of having with him the only person in the world whom he could feel sure really loved him, and whom he loved perhaps more than he was aware of. Except that one remaining parent, who cared for him, who thought of him, who felt for him? Once, indeed, the thought flashed across his mind that a kind Providence intended to soothe his grief, and had sent this fond mother to console and help him. But this idea did not sink into his soul; for, alas! it was closed against the light of faith, obscured by dark clouds of incredulity and error.

The keen eye of maternal affection soon perceived that the chords of filial love still rang true in her son's heart; but of religious sentiment, of piety, of devotion, not a vestige appeared to remain. Nothing seemed more distasteful to him than any mention of God or the benefits we receive from Heaven.

"Mother," he said on one of the first days they were together, "I must beg you to do me a great kindness. Stay here with me; your society is an infinite solace to me. Talk to me of what you will, only for goodness' sake never speak a word of religion. I have entirely given up my faith. I only believe in one thing; do you know what that is?" Then taking her hand, and raising it to his lips, he continued: "I believe in your affection, nothing else. Talking about God and heaven only worries me and makes me feel ill."

"Then, my dear boy, it only worries you to hear the name of our Blessed Lady, whom when you were a child you used to say you loved better than you loved me: since I was only your mother on earth, while she was your Mother in heaven."

"That is all childish rubbish. If the Madonna were not a mere allegorical personage, a myth, she would be the only one of the denizens of the other world for whom I should have any liking. Shall I tell you why? Because she would remind me of you; and in that ideal Mother I should love you, my real mother. But I have outgrown

these follies. I am no longer a child of five years: I have attained the reasonable age of twenty-eight. And pray, dear mother, remember that I have enough to bear without discussing these annoying subjects. I have the greatest need of rest and peace. I *must* have peace of mind!"

"Peace!" re-echoed the poor mother's heart. She sighed deeply and wiped away a tear, but prudently said nothing.

Poor mother! Was this, then, the result of all the pains she had taken to bring up her boy in the fear and love of God? But she did not lose heart or give way to despair. She only trusted all the more confidently in the Mother of Mercy, whom as an infant he had called his Mother in heaven. By night and by day the sorrowing mother invoked Our Lady's intercession with prayers and tears, crying to her from the depths of her soul, "I look to thee to save him! I do not ask that the life of my only child should be spared: I offer him willingly to thy Divine Son, and with him I offer the sacrifice of my heart. But one thing I do ask: that he may pass from my embrace to thine. I relinquish him to thee; it is for thee to save him."

At no great distance from the hotel was a church in which there was a singularly beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, an object of popular veneration. At the foot of this image Charles' mother would kneel for hours, shedding bitter tears, repeating again and again the same words. She seemed to know no others, to be able to utter no others; from her inmost heart they rose spontaneously to her lips.

It was now the month of May, and the venerated statue was surrounded with fragrant bouquets, the offerings of the faithful; and by wax tapers, burning continually in honor of Mary. Many indeed were the choice flowers and numerous the candles offered by Charles' mother. Every morning during the month she heard Mass at the altar of Our Lady, received Holy Communion, and afterward knelt there, motionless as a statue, praying long and fervently. Not content with this, at her request, in all the principal churches of Rome, the preachers of the month of May commended to the prayers of the faithful a young man almost at the point of death—an obdurate unbeliever; and his unhappy mother who asked his conversion as a miracle of grace.

from the Immaculate Virgin. Moreover, she gave large sums of money to the poor, and solicited the prayers of various religious communities on behalf of her much-loved son.

"Is there anything more that I can do?" she one day asked of a priest, to whom she had confided her grief. "Is there anything more that I can do to wrest this favor from the hands of the Mother of God?"

"You can do one thing more," he replied. "Continue to hope—to hope against hope. Our Blessed Lady is said to be 'omnipotence entreating,' because what she asks she can not fail to obtain. One word from her to the Infant she holds in her arms is enough."

"And will she, do you think, say that word for me?"

"I have no doubt of it."

Now, it happened that an aged priest was living in Rome, whom Charles when a boy had known, and with whom he had been great friends. To him, therefore, the mother applied, anxious not to leave any means unemployed whereby she might hope to obtain her son's conversion. She informed him how matters stood, and begged him to fix a day when he would call to see Charles, and renew his old acquaintance with him.

"I shall be very glad to see Don Pio again," Charles answered when informed of his expected visit; "but on one condition: that he does not come officially. I will receive him as an old friend, not as a priest. You had better intimate this to him politely beforehand, for I should be sorry to appear discourteous to him. But I am so irritable, my nerves are so weak, that I can not bear so much as the buzzing of a fly. I will not be tormented about religion. You are a good, kind mother: you can bear with me; you do not force these superstitions upon me. If I am talked to about them, I feel sure I shall only say what I shall afterward regret."

"Do you know what I do, Charles? Since I must not speak to you of Our Lord and His holy Mother, I speak of you continually to them."

"What faith yours is, mother! I can not help admiring it. But that will do. Let Don Pio come to see me, if he likes; I will give him the kindest reception."

The visit passed off very well. Don Pio, having received a hint, did not touch upon any subjects

savoring of religion. The conversation flowed on in an easy, friendly strain; and Charles made himself very agreeable. When Don Pio rose to go, taking Charles' hand in both his, he said: "My boy, I am an old man now; but if I can be useful to you in any way, remember that, though Don Pio's hair has grown grey, his heart is the same as ever."

"I am truly obliged to you," replied the young man. "I know you mean what you say; but the only service I am likely to require of you is that of following my coffin, a short time hence, as far as the railway station."

"Not so, Charles; I shall do something else for you than that."

"What else can you do?" asked the patient, with some curiosity.

"I shall pray for you."

"Oh, for the matter of that—"

"I hope you do not doubt it?"

"I do not in the least doubt your kind intention, but I do not think it will be of much use."

"Why so?"

"Because, my dear Don Pio, I am no longer the young fellow you knew in former days, who loved to go with you to the churches, and to serve your Mass in the chapel of our villa. I believe nothing now. To me the Deity is an idea which does not concern me. I am a complete atheist. I am sorry to tell you this in so abrupt a manner; but it is the truth, and it is no use pretending to hold beliefs which I have long ago rejected."

"O Charles, what are you saying? You can not be in earnest."

"I am perfectly in earnest. Would you like me to repeat my *Credo*? This is it: I believe man to be the perfection of the brute creation. Like the brutes he is born; like the brutes he has sufferings or enjoyment in his life; like the brutes he comes to an end. Men and brutes are alike made of dust, and to the dust they return. Chance or fate gives them existence; chance or fate deprives them of it."

"Then you consider yourself no better than a dog or a horse?"

"If you please, Don Pio, I hate discussions. You are free to hold what opinions you think right. I have told you my opinions; we will talk no more about them. If it pleases you to pray for me, do so by all means; and I shall be very

grateful for the kind intention of an old friend."

The good priest judged it advisable to add no more. He took a kind leave of the young man and went his way. But when he saw his mother afterward, he could not refrain from saying, "Nothing short of a miracle can convert your son. He has not only lost his faith, he has lost his common-sense."

These words were a sad blow to the heart of the afflicted mother; but she prayed on, hoping against hope.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Rosary of Nature.

THE golden sheen of morning sun
 Dispelling night's deep shade,
 Its splendor, when the day is done,
 That crimsons grove and glade,
 Is nature's mystic "act of faith" sublime,
 Its *Credo* in the rosary of time.

The vast expanse of deserts drear,
 The mighty ocean's breast,
 The lonely mountain peaks that rear
 Toward heaven their snowy crest,
 Are mirrors all, wherein the soul surveys
 "Our Father" and the wisdom of His ways.

The flower-bells ring their vesper chime
 As dusk steals o'er the land,
 And soft and sweet at hour of prime,
 From east to western strand,
 The flowers of earth, as if one golden bell,
 The *Aves* of an endless rosary tell.

The roar of winds through wooded steeps,
 The rush of coursing tides,
 The cataract that onward sweeps,
 The stream that seaward glides,
 The rainbow, moon, and every steadfast star,
 Exultant nature's *Gloria Patris* are.

All things that are, in God rejoice
 And magnify His name.
 O let us join with nature's voice
 His praises to proclaim!
 That earth's "Amen" to nature's rosary
 May find us praising God eternally.

CASCIA.

An Abode of Peace and Sanctity.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE old maid," so-called, is not a person to commend herself to the vulgar sympathies; though, happily, among decently civilized people the name has ceased to be flung as a reproach; and, except in the comic operas of Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan, she herself has ceased to be a subject for ridicule. To the heart of the Church she is more like to be dear and honored, because she is often a saint, and because the charities of the world so often lie in her hands to be distributed, and on her shoulders to be borne. The poor single woman, past her work, is often enough a lonely and helpless creature; her relatives can not support her because of their own poverty: she has given her youth and her strength for a pittance which left no margin for the rainy day of old age and weakness. The workhouse remains, but to the Irish poor the Union is the forlorn hope indeed; and rather than become a unit in that vast machine, which crushes out human individuality and affection so remorselessly, they would lie in the pauper's grave at once, without the cross over them, or a name on the pauper's coffin. It was fitting that the tender heart of a great prelate of the Church Catholic should think upon and provide a shelter for such helpless and lonely ones.

St. Joseph's, in Portland Row, Dublin, appears to be an institution in love with holy poverty. It is only a few ancient and decayed houses grouped about a tiny church, in a poverty-stricken part of the city. When Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore, founded it, more than half a century ago, the Church in Ireland was only just emerging from its long death grip with the dominant heresy. There must have been so much to do, and so little means with which to do it, that a great administrator like Dr. Blake would need his greatness to pick out the most urgent of all the crying needs to be supplied. He must have been very tender-hearted, and it was a time when little tenderness to the helpless and lowly was in the hearts of men. That was a growth to come in this century, despite all its sins. However, Dr.

Blake's thoughts were not those of the world, and St. Joseph's was founded thus humbly. Our charities now begin to rear themselves proudly, and in great edifices, whose stateliness we are far from grudging, because it means more room and more comfort for the alms men and women and children of God.

Till a few years ago the house was under secular management. The matron, Miss Ellen Kerr, who died in 1888, was a woman of great holiness, and St. Joseph's was well content under her government. But she herself was not content. Her cry always was: "Oh, that we might have the nuns at St. Joseph's!" It must be that such a place loses some sweetness in the absence of nuns. The other-worldliness, which is their atmosphere, makes all the air rarefied and of the heaven heavenly, and their power is great. Because of the remoteness which hangs about them they are able to smooth away difficulties and heal sores, like beings from another sphere, and exempt from our weaknesses. Something of the beauty and holiness of the Madonna every nun has, and the Irish feel this keenly. So, after Ellen Kerr was dead, our wise Archbishop sent the nuns to St. Joseph's. They are the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, an Order founded and so beautifully named by the lamented Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

St. Joseph's meets one with a blunder. Knocking at the sun-blistered door, one is confronted with the legend "Ring the bell"; and it is only after a few minutes' waiting that one discovers for oneself a severance between the bell-pull and its continuance. Meanwhile the sparrows have been chirping on the few stunted trees in front, which this year are too well washed with rain to be sooty; the sea-wind blows in one's face from near-at-hand Clontarf; and at the foot of the hilly street looms up the great palace of Aldborough House, in pre-Union days the residence of the Earl of Aldborough, but now a barracks. So much one sees before discovering the deficiency in the bell-pull. Then a knock brings a cheery old woman, rosy-cheeked and smiling, who greets us with "Come in, my dears!" in the friendliest manner imaginable.

The hall is clean and poor; the little parlor, with its cheap sacred prints and heavy old bureau, as crowded as the rest of the house. Presently

two of the Poor Servants come in to us, their meek hands crossed under their blue scapulars. They have the dove-like eyes and transparent faces which seem the enviable privileges of the nun. They tell us something of the charity: how it shelters, here and in neighboring houses, one hundred and thirty-three old women. All the place is busy working for the bazaar, which is to help defray the cost of the new buildings, which are so sorely needed. At the back of the church they are already rising, big and warm, in red brick. By and by St. Joseph's almswomen will each have a little private room; they will have lofty refectories, day-rooms, kitchens, and laundries. The privacy is what one would love to give them. Which of us human creatures does not long for a place where at times we may be away from the eyes of our fellows? One can scarcely measure the additional happiness the old women will receive from having each her own little kingdom.

The whole house at present looks as poor as the Stable of Bethlehem. The passages are lighted by rough stable-lanterns. The tables, on which the old women were folding and addressing bazaar tickets, were old and rickety; the paint was coming off the ancient window-shutters. Despite that a window was open in every room, the air was oppressive, and one felt the overcrowding. The old are cold and can not bear much air from without, so there is all the greater need for lofty spaces within. The dormitories were full of small beds with blue check counterpanes. In the infirmary some old women were sitting up in bed, mild and bright-looking; for they seem to have no ailment at St. Joseph's except the gradual decay of old age. The bed-heads were hung profusely with holy medals, scapulars, and so forth.

This infirmary is in direct connection with the church, to the great happiness of its inmates. Behind folding-doors in the end wall is a grating overlooking the church, so that in the infirmary one can assist at Mass. It is a very beautiful little church, dim and golden; for the windows are all stained glass. The altar has its kneeling figures of angels, and there is always a human figure kneeling there also—an old woman poetized by a brown cloak and a white veil over her head. Each has her turn of watching before the Blessed Sacrament. The church is open to the

public, for whose use the central aisle is. The inmates and nuns are behind a grating in the side aisle.

Many a one comes to this church because it is associated with one whose name will always be revered in Ireland as another Curé of Ars—Father Henry Young. He was chaplain here, and we have canonized him in our hearts. Lady Georgiana Fullerton wrote his life inadequately, I have heard; but perhaps there was little to make a biography of. It was his personality, as one gathers. One always hears of him as an old man, small as a child, and emaciated almost beyond this life; with a face lighted up by eyes extraordinarily large, blue and shining. They tell marvellous stories about him: how this one, a Quaker, coming into the quiet church in the evening dusk, saw him kneeling, with a golden aureole floating above his head; and another, in broad daylight, saw him in a golden cloud, which almost wrapped him out of sight. The author of "Songs in the Night," in her story "The New Utopia" introduces Father Young's name in this fashion, with an anecdote of him which I take to be authentic. One of the people in the story, a young fellow named Grant, is speaking:

"It was a Sunday afternoon, and Harry Gibson and I were coming home from a walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door of which was open. 'Come in here,' said Harry, 'and maybe you'll see the strangest sight in Dublin.' . . .

"We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see, when there came in from the sacristy a figure such as I had never seen before,—such as, in this world, I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest's cassock, worn and threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human was gone out of them; the flesh, the body, and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nothing left but the stamp of an unutterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar, and knelt there—such a worship in the bend of that venerable head!—and after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy. And as he passed, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the soul.

"I was still full of the thought of it all, when

the sacristy door opened again, and a little serving-boy came up and whispered to me that the Father wanted to speak with me. I went in wonder, and there he sat in an old broken arm-chair, with a little kneeling place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak.

"My child," he said, 'do you want to save your soul?'

"I do indeed, Father."

"Well, then, you'll mind my words, will you?" I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.

"You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss hearing Mass on Sundays if you're within twelve miles of a church; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits; and, here now, that you'll guard your eyes.' And as he said it the good priest put his hand over my eyes; and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?'

"I do indeed," I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

"Well, then, if you do," he said, 'I'll promise *you* something,' and he spoke slow and distinct. 'I promise you you'll save your soul. And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: if riches increase, set not your heart on them. And mind this word too: we must lay down our lives for the brethren.' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel.

"Who is he?" was all I could say.

"A saint," answered my companion, 'if ever there was one on this earth. That was Father Henry Young.'

"I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him: how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board; and how, penniless as he was, thousands passed through his hands—the alms entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labor."

Father Young's little room is the sacristy now. He chose it because it was under the same roof as the church. He used to kneel some

times all night before the altar, and was always to be found there by four in the morning. He lived on a little thin gruel. The pillow of his bed was a bare board, like the bed itself. One of the old women whom we talked with, sitting in the room that was the saint's, told us how he came back from a monastery in the country, repeating to himself over and over: "I'd rather be with the holy old women. I'd rather be with the holy old women."

Very holy they are indeed, the meek, cheerful, old creatures. The beads are never out of their hands, and lie under their pillows for use in the wakeful nights. They are not prisoners by any means: they can trot about town and see their friends, or what they will, during hours that cover a great portion of the day. And they are not uniformed, happily: they generally affect sombre clothing, but may be as individual as they like; and Mary, who was five years old in '98, had the gayest purple ribbons in her bonnet, trimmed for her by "Miss Kate," the youngest representative of a dearly-beloved family with whom for a couple of generations she had dwelt. They have their tea, too, that dearest of comforts to the feminine heart; and even an individual little brown teapot is not quite unknown.

Mary, after she had wept a little at finding that Miss Kate was not one of her visitors, became very cheerful and communicative, and paid us the best compliment she was able in informing us that we might be mistaken for that peerless young lady and her sister. She told us many anecdotes of her past, and one especially of how she had laid a ghost by means of her crucifix. The ghost was that of a lady who had been on bad terms with the priest of the parish, and had forbidden his attendance on her dying father. Presently she was burned, by her ball-dress taking fire; and her uneasy spirit haunted the staircase and corridors up and down which she had fled in her extremity. Mary and her fellow-servants had small sympathy with such a ghost. "Let her burn where she burned before!" exclaimed the gardener, whom she had frequently disturbed by her nocturnal wanderings. Mary's method was more masterful. We shall let her speak for herself:

"Well, you see, ladies, I was very stiff after coming back from the mission; an' I just took the

cross in my hand, an' I says, 'I command you to give up your rantin' an' tantin,' your tatterin' an' tearin,' in this house, as long as I'm in it,' says I; 'remember, *as long as I'm in it.*' And, sure enough, for four years from that day we heard no more of her."

While Mary was telling this story another old woman, with mild blue eyes and faded fair cheeks, sat smiling half compassionately. She had been in the house twenty-three years, and was only seventy-two "or thereabouts." "Dear, dear," she kept saying, "poor Mary! She's very old, the poor thing!"—from the far-off standpoint of her own comparative youth.

Then there was another who was very happy in having had charge of the church for a long time; a smiling old dame she was. She had one curious conviction: that St. Joseph had summoned her here in his own person, standing by her bedside one winter morning. "A beautiful gentleman, with a shirt front and cuffs never starched on earth," said she, wagging her amiable old head. And he wore the costume of the nineteenth century, too, up to even the hopelessly unideal top-hat. The good old lady was very happy in this delusion of hers, and very pleased to tell her story.

While the old women chattered with the complacency of their great age, the two nuns, young and sweet-faced, stood by each, with one motherly young arm round the old shoulders. They seemed well content to give their youth to this service to the aged. One felt how dreary it must needs be if the love of God did not come in to glorify the sacrifice. His name every day works marvels: none greater and more pathetic than this sacrifice of youth and sweetness, for His sake, to those in whom, poor and afflicted, His spouses recognize the sacred members which are Christ's.

OUR Lord proclaimed not a new law, but that which had been the law from the beginning. He came not to destroy the past, but to fulfil it. The germs of the future are always in the past; and all true progress and reform consist in developing, not in destroying them. The real reformer never reproduces the past: he develops and matures the germs it contained.
—*Dr. Brownson.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SOME WORDS FOR THE SEASON.

WHEN the crimson shows in the maples, and the sumach burns with the autumn flame, the thought of the glow of the household hearth comes up very pleasantly. Everybody makes resolutions for the long winter evenings. There shall be less going out this winter, less restlessness at home; the family group shall keep together, and the home shall be made the centre of warmth and cheerfulness. Much reading and even study shall be done. In fact, there seems to be no end to the moral and mental improvement possible in the coming winter; and there is great satisfaction in the prospect. But, after all, the winter will pass away quickly, long as it is, and leave no results unless some practical plans are made.

Now is the time for young men who feel every day the need of a better education to seize the opportunity of beginning it; now is the time for the young woman who wants to acquire a more detailed knowledge of English literature to arrange her plans for doing so; and now is the time for those fathers and mothers who look forward with anxiety to the fascination of amusement that will attract their children from them, to consult together and formulate some reasonable plan for keeping the young people at home as much as possible. It may take a little money to brighten up the sitting-room, to buy a new piano perhaps, a guitar for Bob and a violin for Tom; and papa, who has never bought a book in his life except from some peddler, may groan at the prospect of paying out twenty or twenty-five dollars for new books.

But let him reflect. It may be a question whether he shall help to brighten up things at home, or awaken some morning to find that his daughter has married a well-dressed corner "loafer," or that his son has ruined himself for life by making a more disgraceful alliance. If the daughter and son could have been kept at home those horrible things would not have occurred. But the children found outside amusements and

the houses of neighbors attractive; and youth needs protection as well as infancy.

Some men fancy that their wives, unassisted, ought to give home all those graces which young people, educated in the modern taste, desire. It is true that riches are not necessary to make home beautiful in this extrinsic sense. Bright light and cheerful drapery and good books and good music are within the reach of all who are not utterly poor. But still they must be bought; and the father who forgets this, who ignores this, is unreasonable if he looks on money as wasted because it is applied to the making of a cheerful home. The father who throws the whole responsibility of home-making on the mother, without considering that his resources must supplement hers, can not throw the blame of disaster, when it does come, on her shoulders. He must accept the whole consequences.

Given good principles and a cheerful home, children will not be drawn into bad company. But good company is not always found in the finest rows of houses. If *paterfamilias* imagines that he has solved the question of association for his children by moving into a fashionable street, he is a fool, and he lives in a fool's paradise. For the sake of his children's future, he must make a *home*, not a house, and help to brighten it himself.

A Favor of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

AUNT L. is a venerable colored woman, who was born a slave on the eastern shore of Maryland. In the course of time she secured her freedom, and, after some years, became a servant in a Catholic family residing in a large city of her native State. Though scrupulously honest and a model servant, she went to no church, and seemed to have no idea of religion beyond singing Methodist hymns occasionally. Once when Aunt L. was quite ill, and one of the children asked her if she had ever been baptized, and proceeded to tell how dreadful it would be to die and appear before God to be judged, the old darky remarked emphatically that she did not want any one to say anything to her about religion. After that the family, who were really attached to their faithful old servant, prayed fre-

quently for her conversion, but refrained from mentioning again the forbidden subject.

Time passed. The daughters one by one finished their education and left the convent, where they had been trained by the Visitation nuns, till finally only the youngest girl remained at school. One of the religious took a particular interest in the conversion of the old colored woman, of whom the child often spoke. At her suggestion a novena for Aunt L., in honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel, was begun, several members of the community and the family joining in it.

It happened, about this time, that the youngest daughter showed the old colored woman a pair of scapulars one of the good nuns had made for her. After looking at them, Aunt L. asked her to have the nuns make a pair for her. In a very short time the scapulars came, accompanied with a kind note. As Aunt L. could not read, some one volunteered to read it aloud to her. Among other things, the Sister said that she hoped Aunt L. would wear the scapulars; and that in order to do so properly it would be necessary for her to become a Catholic and be invested by a priest. In conclusion, the Sister remarked that if she would go to one of the Josephite Fathers he would instruct her and tell her what to do.

One day during the novena, to the joy and surprise of the family, Aunt L. consented to go to see a priest. The zealous Josephite Fathers instructed her carefully and patiently, though this was no easy matter, as she was old and ignorant; and it was with much difficulty she learned the catechism, or rather the more important parts of it. But she persevered, was baptized in the church of the Josephite Fathers, and on the day of her baptism was invested in the scapulars. In the course of time she made her first Holy Communion, and received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Aunt L. still lives a useful life, and is a most edifying Catholic, approaching the Sacraments at regular intervals with great devotion. All her spare time is spent in saying the Rosary.

Notes and Remarks.

Even the Radical journals in Germany are praising the splendid management of the German Catholic Congress at Coblenz. The *Volkszeitung*, generally an enemy of the Church, remarks that "many another party may well envy the Ultramontanes so imposing a demonstration, which as a means of propaganda must have a high practical value." A French journal compares, with some sadness, the weakness of French Catholics collectively with the power of German Catholics. The former, in spite of splendid individual achievements, have not attained the solidity of the Germans, because they have had no leader, like Windthorst, who could divorce religion from a dynasty. "Where," asks this journal, "would Windthorst be if he had continued obstinately to champion the claims of the House of Hanover? Where would the German Catholics be if they had clung to one or the other particular hobby?"

Next year occurs the eight hundredth anniversary of the birth of that great Doctor and client of the Blessed Virgin, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose noblest monument is built of the works written in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. The Holy Father wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Bordeaux (a short time ago Bishop of Dijon), in which he heartily approves of the solemn celebration of this great anniversary, preparations for which are already in progress.

There is much rejoicing among Canadian Catholics over the formal introduction at Rome of the cause of the canonization of the Venerable Francis de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec. He died in the odor of sanctity on the 6th of May, 1708. Many miraculous favors are ascribed to his intercession.

The cholera which is now desolating some of the fairest provinces of Spain has brought to light many notable examples of heroic fortitude and charity. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent issue, makes special mention of Don Rufiano Jimenez, of whom it says: "He is worthy of a niche in the Christian pantheon of philanthropy near that of Father Damien himself." Don Rufiano is the mayor of the little village of Arges, "the Pompeii

LET us be like a bird, one instant lighted
Upon a twig that swings;
He feels it yield, but sings on, unaffrighted,
Knowing he hath his wings.

of Spain," where since the advent of the plague he has labored unceasingly in alleviating the sufferings of the community, assisted by a devoted priest and several Sisters of Charity. His family have all died of the cholera, and his colaborers have nearly all perished; the good *cura*, who had consoled him in the morning for the loss of his son, being found cold in death on his return from the funeral. Despite his own domestic affliction, this noble Christian is to be found night and day ministering to the sick or preparing a last resting-place for the dead. In this last office he is entirely alone, the only persons who could dig a grave having long since died or left the village. The Regente of Spain has presented Don Rufiano with the badge of the Legion of Honor of Spain, in recognition of his moral courage and heroic sacrifice; but only in heaven can such virtue be adequately rewarded.

What a pleasant surprise to the Catholic traveller, as he sadly wends his way through the cold Protestant University town of Heidelberg, ruminating meanwhile on the past glories of the Castle, to find in a public square, in the very heart of the city, a life-sized statue of the Madonna! The grand ruins of the famous electoral residence, the picturesque Neckar setting off the vine-clad hills of the Königstuhl and Heiligenberg are lost sight of; and, descending the narrow street and crossing the Kornmarkt, he comes upon the sculptured forms of Mother and Child. The following lines, in Latin and German, cut in the pedestal of the statue, proclaim to the Protestant world, in one of its strongholds, the true doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding the respect paid to images:

Non statuum aut saxum
Sed quos designat honora.—

Not the statue nor the stone,
Those they typify alone.

A correspondent of the *Catholic Mirror*, prompted by the repeated inquiry as to whether either House of Congress has ever elected a Catholic chaplain, has taken the trouble to investigate the matter, and has gleaned some curious bits of history in the course of his researches. It appears that during the early years of the present century it was not an unusual thing for Catholic priests to open the Senate with prayer; and that in 1839

the Rev. Charles Pise, D. D., was, at the suggestion of the Hon. Henry Clay, unanimously elected Chaplain of the Senate. After him the Rev. Father Rider, S. J., who was then President of Georgetown College, opened the sessions with prayer twice during the year 1840. Father Stonestreet performed the same office in 1859, wearing his Jesuit habit. The late Father Boyle was the last priest who officiated as chaplain in the old Senate chamber. The House of Representatives, it seems, has never elected a Catholic clergyman to its chaplaincy. The first priest to make the Sign of the Cross in the new hall of the House was the Rev. Father Aiken. Father Stonestreet did the same in 1859, before reading the "Prayers for the Authorities" prescribed by Archbishop Carroll. Every American is acquainted with the famous address delivered before Congress by the Rt. Rev. Bishop England in 1829, and with the no less remarkable discourse by Father Mathew about twenty years later. Another interesting fact is recalled by the mention of the Rev. Gabriel Richard, who was elected to Congress from the Territory of Michigan in 1823.

One of the oldest historical monuments in Bohemia, and one possessing particular interest to Christians, was destroyed by the recent terrible floods. The old stone bridge over the Moldau, whence St. John Nepomucene, the martyr of the confessional, was cast into the river in the fourteenth century, gave way under the stress and strain of the oncoming waters. The bridge was erected between 1350 and 1500, and consisted of sixteen arches, with two massive towers, one at each end.

"To the writings of Cardinal Newman," remarks a correspondent of the *London Tablet*, "I owe my own conversion and the subsequent Catholicity of forty near relations."

Prof. Arthur J. Stace, of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, died on the 25th ult., after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude and patience. He was a man of remarkable ability, gifted with rare and varied talents, and, above all, possessed of those great virtues that characterize the true Christian gentleman. It has been said of him that never was it known that an unkind word escaped his lips,

and charity seemed to influence all his actions. Prof. Stace was born in Sussex, England, in 1838, and at the age of eleven became, with his mother—a highly cultured lady,—a convert to our holy faith. In 1860 he entered the University of Notre Dame, and graduated in 1864. Since then, with the exception of a few brief intervals, he had been engaged in teaching and literary pursuits with marked success. He was distinguished also as a scientist, and honored by the appointment of U.S. Commissioner during the recent Paris Exposition. He has made himself known to our readers, through the many contributions, both in prose and verse, with which he adorned the pages of THE "AVE MARIA"; and now we bespeak for him their charitable prayers, that his soul may rest in peace.

The tender devotion which English Catholics have always professed for the Blessed Virgin is expressed by the number of churches that bear her name. Other popular titles were those of SS. Peter and Paul and St. Michael. By far the greatest number of these churches, however, were named in honor of the Queen of Heaven, to whom Protestant writers constantly assert the early English Catholics were indifferent.

Appa Row, an educated Brahmin, who was converted to the faith a few years ago, has published an autobiography, in which he gives a full account of his conversion. It is hoped that this publication will influence many of his fellow-Brahmins to embrace Christianity. Mr. Row is the first convert among them for many years.

We are in receipt of the following contributions in behalf of the suffering lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:

Mr. P. M., \$5; "Japan," \$20; "G.," \$2; a Friend, \$1; J. J. Conway, \$1; J. W., \$1.25.

To promote the cause of the venerable Curé d'Ars:

The Rev. J. Guéguen, \$5; E. Coyle, \$1; Andrew Hufime, \$1; C. M. Mangan, \$2; "The homage of grateful hearts," \$50; a Friend, \$1.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in Chili:

Mrs. Spettel, St. Paul, Minn., \$1; a Friend, \$2; a Friend, Lawrence, Mass., \$1; a Friend, \$1; J. J. Conway, \$1; J. W., \$1.25.

New Publications.

SCIENCE AND SCIENTISTS. By the Rev. John Gerard, S. J. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is not only a very clever but a very charming book. Father Gerard has what so many Catholic writers lack—style. He has even a pleasanter manner than his chief opponent, that prolific novelist, Mr. Grant Allen. And—strange other quality in a *quasi*-controversialist—he has manners. This combination of manner and manners ought to make the fortune of the book, even were it not so sound.

Paul Bert and Sir John Lubbock and Grant Allen, and even our own great botanist Asa Gray, have accounted for the origin of plants, and given the reason for the action of plants, after a formula that shows how much imagination has to do with the sciences. Paul Bert, clever as he was as an observer, used all his observation to prove that monkeys and men differed only because they belonged to different epochs in the process of evolution. Similarly, Mr. Grant Allen fits the results of his observation into the evolutionary box. If they do not go into this receptacle easily, he takes out his blade, imagination, and carves them until they do.

Parents and teachers who put modern science primers into children's hands are not, as a rule, aware how insidious for evil these apparently harmless little books may be. Popular science is dangerous when the Christian idea is eliminated, and Father Gerard has "builded better than he knew" in giving us a corrective to it in "Science and Scientists." He shows Mr. Grant Allen and the rest that they have not yet penetrated into God's secret—the reason why He tints the rose and leaves the lily unpainted.

Father Gerard's papers are principally directed against Mr. Grant Allen's imaginative articles on botany. Mr. Allen says, among other things, that the luscious cushion on which the fruit of the strawberry rests was developed by the strawberry plant itself, in order that birds might eat it. In order to propagate itself, its fruit must be distributed; but its fruit was hard, dry, indigestible. What bird would eat it? And the chances were that other plants would get ahead of it in the race for life, since its only means of survival as a species was through the birds. To save itself, it gradually developed the ruddy cushion, which we call the fruit, but which is not the fruit, but only a temporary resting-place for the real, hard, dry fruit we call the seed. This means that the strawberry plant had long ago learned the advertising dodge of offering something

attractive, in order to get rid of something less attractive. Father Gerard sweeps away this and many other bits of imaginative science.

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME. Compiled by Volney Streamer. Fourth Edition Enlarged. Chicago, 1890.

Nothing could be more complete in plan or more dainty in execution than this little book. Between two roseate covers bound with white ribbon, Mr. Streamer has gathered a number of prose extracts, poems, or parts of poems, each admirably adapted to accentuate Polonius' advice: "If thou hast a friend, grapple him to thee with hooks of steel."

Mr. Streamer is very comprehensive in his choice of extracts. From Schiller to Austin Dobson, from Shakspeare to Burdette, is a long stretch; but this very catholicity of choice adds greatly to the interest of the book. Mr. Streamer's intention is so kindly that it takes even the sting out of Schopenhauer's "When you make a new friend, think of the future enemy who is already in him." Schopenhauer meant that friendship, like everything else, was vile; but among the affectionate things in "In Friendship's Name," he seems to mean that one should so guard oneself that nothing but the best could ever be brought out of a friend.

Every page yields some famous aphorism. Here is Lavater's "He that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power or energy"; and Charles Dickens' "How can we tell what coming people are aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now from the unknown seas?" Seldom has so much that is stimulating to high thoughts been put into such a small space and elegant form.

VERY MUCH ABROAD. By F. C. Burnand, Author of "Happy Thoughts." With Illustrations from *Punch*. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.

The make-up of this book is admirable. You can open it at any page, and it will stay open without cracking; it is cleverly illustrated, and it is written by one of the cleverest men in England,—a wise and genial humorist, who sets his countrymen roaring with laughter whenever he puts pen to paper. He is to them Artemus Ward, Mark Twain at his best, Frank Stockton, all in one. He is the author, too, of the most amusing burlesque novels in existence, to which Thackeray's parodies, Bret Harte's and Justin McCarthy's are comparatively tame.

Mr. Burnand is one of the few men whose jokes we want to laugh at—but we can not. We must sadly admit that the British joke is not funny to Americans. If the English laugh at some of our serious sayings, we take an involuntary revenge by feeling solemn when they are funny. If we can not laugh

"consumedly," we can, at least, enjoy in a quiet way some of Mr. Burnand's descriptions; that, for instance, of the "battle of the flowers" at Nice. A chapter is, of course, devoted to the author's search for a tub large enough for his bath—this is inevitable in an English book of travels,—but it is not funny at all. One puts down the book, wishing for the moment that one could have the English joke thoroughly explained by a competent interpreter.

TURF-FIRE STORIES AND FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND. By Barry O'Connor. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

The folk-lore of any country has a certain charm; and these stories, although relating to the doings of banshees, ghosts, fairies, and other impossible beings, will doubtless entertain their readers, however little they may instruct or improve them. The dialect, of which there is a great deal, is well managed; which is more than can be said for the pictures that are introduced, several of them a number of times, quite regardless of the reading matter they are supposed to illustrate. It may be well to remark that the theft of a large roll of bank-notes is not a subject to be made light of in books, especially in books intended for young readers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Patrick J. Moran, C. S. C., whose happy death, after a long illness borne with edifying patience, occurred at Notre Dame, on the 25th ult.

Mr. Florence Deiber, of Chicago, Ill., who departed this life some weeks ago.

Mrs. John Gallagher, who died at Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Arthur McAvoy, of Cambridge, Mass., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 31st of August.

Miss Elizabeth Gaul, of Raymond, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Dally, Notre Dame, Ind.; Patrick O'Meara, West Bend, Wis.; Margaret Ann McGee, John Cully, Mary A. Cully, and Hugh McKeon,—all of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Luby, Lonsdale, R. I.; Mrs. E. Hussey, Good Thunder, Minn.; Mrs. Julius McGee, Roanoke, Va.; Sir D. C. Sullivan and wife, Mr. Patrick Dunlea, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. William Tobin, Chicago, Ill.; and Miss Lillie Roche, Wolfe's Cove, Que.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Holiday.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

DAY enwrapped with odors sweet,
Thou art so gracious and yet so fleet!
What stirs my heart in this soft air—
Is it a song, is it a prayer?

Oh, if a song, let it proclaim
In gentle cadence my Saviour's name,
Whose loving kindness from naught hath made
Yon cloudless heaven, this woodland shade!

Or if a prayer, may it implore
My Mother's guidance for evermore!
That, like a birdling in downy nest,
I may lie safely on Mary's breast.

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—THE COMING OF THE ORPHAN.

ROSEBRIAR was a pretty little place. It stood far back from the quiet country road; all one could see of it, through the locusts and maples, was a fat, red chimney. It was separated from the road by a beautiful, thick hedge of briar-roses, intertwined with morning-glory vines.

In the stable, which looked like an ivy-covered mound, there were two ponies,—jolly, good-natured, slow ponies. Brownie was one, Rosalind the other. Brownie was a Texan, who was so old now that he had almost forgotten his tricks of bucking and other pleasant peculiarities. But sometimes the blood of his youth boiled, and he suddenly went back to some of his old habits. There was also a Surrey in the stable,—not a very new one, but the family at Rosebriar liked it well enough.

The family consisted of the five Wests—Mr. and Mrs. West, Richard, Bernard and Rose West. Rose was eight years old; Richard was fifteen, and Bernard twelve. The children had never been away from home; they looked on Rosebriar, with its two lawns, its tennis-court, and its orchard and garden, as the loveliest place on the earth. There were no schools near; and Mr. West, who was an invalid, had undertaken to prepare Richard and Bernard for college, and they made fair progress.

One day their Uncle William came to visit them at Rosebriar. He stood on the porch watching them. Bernard was lying at full length, with Froissart's "Chronicles" under his eyes; Richard was feeding Brownie with apples; and Rose was approaching the house with an apronful of flowers for the Blessed Virgin's alcove.

"How happy they are!" said Mrs. West, with a sigh. "I hope it will last."

"They are too softly protected from all the winds of life," Uncle William answered. "They ought to have some variety—"

"Surely you would not change them, William!" interrupted Mrs. West. "They are gentle, kind. Rose is carefully picking out the finest roses for the Blessed Virgin's altar,—how thoughtful! Surely you would not change them!"

"Oh, no!" said Uncle William. "But I'd give them some interest outside of themselves. Everything is made entirely too smooth for them. It seems a pity that all this country freshness and brightness should be monopolized by three children, while the city swarms with little ones who stifle all summer long in the heat."

Mrs. West thought for a moment.

"But why shouldn't they enjoy what their father worked so hard for? He lost his health and strength in trying to make his family comfortable. Why shouldn't the children enjoy the result of his work?"

"They're having too much enjoyment. They have no interests outside of themselves. They'll become selfish."

"I don't think they are selfish, Will."

"Well—I don't know about that. They've had no experience to make them unselfish. Why don't you invite some other children to spend the summer here? Or, better still, let me get you one or two city children who never get a

breath of country air: poor children—orphans, if I can get them."

Mrs. West was silent. She looked at the velvet lawn, thought of the good order in which everything was, and shuddered at the prospect. What if these strange children had bad manners? Suppose they used their knives instead of their forks at dinner, and pointed at things they wanted, and tramped over the hall rugs with muddy shoes?

Mrs. West sighed. "I am afraid *I* am selfish," she assented, finally; "but I can't endure the thought of having rude, uncultivated children here. All my life has been given up to making our children what they should be. Did you ever notice what a soft, sweet voice Rose has? You can't imagine what pains I have taken with her. And to think of some loud-voiced child coming in here, marking my curtains with greasy fingers, disarranging everything,—oh, dear, I can't think of such a thing!"

Rose, a sweet little girl—a picture of golden hair, blue ribbon, white muslin, and dimples,—came up at this moment, and put a large bunch of white and pink roses in a blue china bowl on the porch table. She smiled very pleasantly at her Uncle Will, and then took her mother's hand and nestled close to her mother's side, as a nice little girl ought to do.

"I am thinking of bringing two little orphans to live with you for a time," said Uncle Will. "How will you like it?"

"Poor little things!" exclaimed Rose. "How I shall love them! Just think of having no father or mother! Oh, dear," and her blue eyes moistened, "I think I should die if I were an orphan!" (The mother and daughter clasped hands very tenderly.) "I'll let them have part of my doll's house and—here come the boys!"

Brownie had been taken back to his stable, and Richard and Bernard—the latter with the big Froissart under his arm—were coming up the porch steps.

"O Dick," Rose called out, "we're to have two little orphans to play with! Uncle Will is going to bring them. Isn't it lovely?"

Richard raised his sleepy-looking eyes to his uncle's face and waited. Bernard said, petulantly:

"What do we want orphans for? Strangers pottering around are a nuisance. They mix up

all the books, and these orphans will probably tear them."

"I am afraid you *are* selfish," said his mother. "Just think of the poor little children stifling in the city streets this hot weather, and compare their lot with yours. You can swing in the hammock over there, where there is always a breeze. You can jump on Brownie, and feel the breezes rush past you on the warmest day. But these unhappy children can find no relief.—Yes, Uncle Will, bring the orphans here; they will do us all good, and we'll do our best to civilize them if they are a little rough."

"Very well," Uncle William said. "I may as well be frank: I've asked them already, and one will be here to-night."

Mrs. West smiled. He had a way of doing as he pleased, and his intentions were always good; but she could not help wishing he had given her longer warning.

At dinner the sole subject of conversation was the orphans. Rose almost wept as she imagined their pale cheeks, wistful looks, and utter sorrowfulness.

Uncle William explained that one was his old friend John Harney's little girl, whose mother had died some years ago; and that the other was Alice Reed, whose parents had died about a year after her birth. He did not know Josie Harney very well; but he knew Alice—and he smiled a little,—and he hoped they would all like her.

"Like her!" exclaimed Rose. "It would be a sin not to love an orphan!"

The boys were less enthusiastic. They feared that some of their favorite amusements might be interfered with. Richard had some doubts about the attic where his chemicals were. Rose respected them, and would never dream of invading his sanctuary. Bernard trembled for his books; he could leave a precious volume on a window-seat or on the sitting-room table one day and find it there the next. The hammock on the lawn was his: nobody used it, because he liked to lounge in it and commit his lessons to memory. The boat on the lake was Richard's, and the other children always treated him as its owner. The grapes in the little arbor were never touched by anybody until Rose gave the word, and that was not until she had picked the largest bunches for her father's feast-day.

Order and peace reigned at Rosebriar; the children had been taught that order meant comfort, and they had all become almost slaves to comfort. Nobody encroached on the leisure of anybody else. Mrs. West and Rose always took the back seat in the Surrey; Richard rode on Brownie, and Bernard drove. Mr. West never went out in a carriage; he walked only within the Rosebriar grounds.

Mr. West understood Uncle Will's intention about the orphans, and laughed silently as the children discussed it.

"I am afraid we are selfish here, Will," he said. "There are no better children in the world than mine, even if I do say it; but I think the very happiness we enjoy here is a bad preparation for actual life,—I mean, of course, for the children; for I suppose I shall never see much actual life outside of Rosebriar."

"We'll see how they stand the test. I think you'll thank me for my interference in this matter. I have an idea the orphans will do them more good than they'll do the orphans."

"I shall give them some of my old dresses, shall I not, mamma?" said Rose. "The blue lawn has just a small spot in it, and the pink Grace Greenaway is only a little torn. I should think an orphan would look *sweet* in that!"

Rose paused in the act of peeling a pear and admired her own generosity. Mrs. West cast an approving glance toward her; but Uncle Will asked if St. Elizabeth gave only her old clothes to the poor.

"I don't see why she should give new clothes away," said Bernard. "Old clothes are good enough for poor people."

"I don't think St. Martin gave away his cloak to the poor man because it was old," Uncle Will replied.

Bernard was silent. He said to himself that as Uncle Will intended to be a priest, of course he had ideas nobody else could understand. For himself, he would never give away anything that he needed.

"Who was St. Martin?" asked Rose.

"The good French Saint who gave his own cloak to a shivering beggar, and shivered himself."

"How uncomfortable!" said Rose. "Why didn't he buy the beggar a new one and keep his own?"

"Because he was a saint, I suppose," answered Uncle Will. "But, for your understanding, perhaps there were no shops, and perhaps he did not have the money; and perhaps the beggar might have died of cold while St. Martin was looking for a cloak coarse enough to suit the beggar's station in life."

Richard looked keenly at his uncle. "I wish you wouldn't laugh at us, Uncle! Even in America there are different stations in life; and what might suit a beggar would not be suitable to a gentleman—"

Uncle Will sighed and interrupted: "I wish you would not always think of yourself as a gentleman, Dick,—that is, as somebody apart from the rest of the world. Let other people call you a gentleman. Be content with yourself as a Christian and a human being. I count on you to be good to the orphans."

"Are they nice, sir?" Richard asked.

"I really don't know; but they are Christians and human beings."

"I suppose they'll be dropping tears all over the place, and talking of death, and making life so gloomy that we'll be glad to be rid of them," Richard said, discontentedly. "Oh, dear, I wish they were gone!"

"I know the style," remarked his brother. "Like SMIKE in 'Nicholas Nickleby': they'll wear black gowns, and refuse to eat because their tears choke them."

"For shame!" said Mrs. West. "Do you know, I believe that these children are a trifle heartless."

"Too much comfort always makes people heartless," answered Uncle Will.

Coffee was served, with a very light cup for Rose, and the family went into the sitting-room to say the Rosary. This was an invariable custom at Rosebriar. The children, associating it with the calm twilight in winter and the glowing sunset in summer, had learned to love it. Hardly had Mr. West finished the last *Gloria* when a carriage drove up to the front door. A voice was heard, calling authoritatively and shrilly: "Don't smash my trunk!"

A minute afterward a tall girl bounded into the room, with the exclamation: "How do you do, all! I'm Alice Reed."

One of the orphans had come.

The Friday Angelus.

Brittany is a storehouse of legendary lore. The immense heaths where the broom and thyme can scarcely find sustenance, the wide plains where stray cottages are frequently hidden by colossal ruins of Druidical monuments, and above all the dreamy character of the inhabitants, have given to the province a thousand interesting stories, handed down from father to son with all the freshness and poetic charm that distinguish the fireside tales of primitive peoples. Here is a pretty story that is told in Auray, the favorite shrine of St. Anne.

The great bell of the Church of St. Gildas had just rung out the evening Angelus, and everyone in the farm-house of old Perronik had uncovered and knelt to recite the blessed salutation to the Queen of Heaven.

"Why does the sexton ring the big bell to-day, grandfather?" asked little Yvonne, as the family arose from their knees. He was a very precocious child, and the pet of the household.

The old man settled himself in his arm-chair, and called the little fellow to his side; then, applying a live coal to his pipe, he drew three or four vigorous puffs, and began:

"St. Anne is good, and the Holy Virgin loves the Bretons. Poor Thuriaf, a long time ago, was very much troubled. The Blues had killed his two sons, and grief had whitened his hair in one night. Ah! yes, indeed, Thuriaf was very unhappy,—so unhappy that the devil, one Friday, induced him to go to Gumenen to hang himself. With his coat off and the rope around his neck, Thuriaf was just going to let the knot slip, when the Angelus rang from St. Gildas. 'A greeting first to Our Lady,' said Thuriaf; 'I'll hang myself afterward.' He blessed himself devoutly, knelt down, and recited the prayer. (Never, never in his life had he omitted it; for you see, my little one, he belonged to Auray.) At each *Ave Maria* the Virgin herself—yes, surely herself, we must believe it—loosened the knot. When at the end of the prayer Thuriaf blessed himself, the rope, pulled from his neck, was on the ground. And then poor Thuriaf cried a long while, and his soul was saved. Yes, indeed; for Our Lady protected him. When dying, Thuriaf arranged that the

great bell of Auray should sound the Angelus on Fridays. On that day the devil, during all the time of the prayer, is obliged to remain on his knees, and he is powerless to tempt any one.

"Now, my dear," concluded the old man, "I have told you why we ring the big bell for the Friday Angelus. The Evil One hates that prayer, but it is very sweet to Our Lady."

The Monarch who Wished to be Loved.

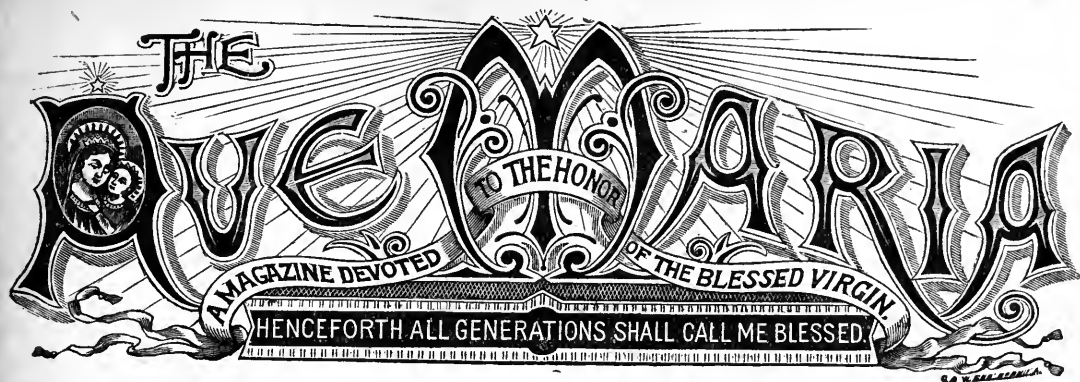
Frederic William of Prussia, father of Frederic the Great, was a most eccentric man. One of his chief pleasures was going about the streets of Berlin and chatting familiarly with everyone he met, asking all sorts of questions, and devising jokes which were not always pleasant ones to his victims. A great many nervous people in the neighborhood became quite fearful of a meeting with the King, and tried to avoid him as much as possible.

One day a poor Jew, seeing his royal sovereign approaching, took to his heels. The King followed him, and presently caught up with him and seized him by the arm. "Why did you run away from me?" he asked. The Jew was truthful. "Because I was afraid of you," he answered. At this the King took his heavy cane and struck the poor man, roaring out at the same time: "I want to be loved, not feared!" It was a very strange way, you will say, to make the Jew love him.

Truly Great.

It is the truly great and the truly virtuous who are humble. Cardinal Farnese once found Michael Angelo, then an old man, wandering about the ruins of the Coliseum. When the prelate expressed surprise at meeting him there, the painter answered, simply: "I am going to school, your Eminence. I shall never be too old to learn, and I find much food for thought in the old Coliseum."

The same famous painter, in his very last days, painted a picture of himself as a child in a go-cart, and under it he inscribed these words: "I am yet learning."



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The Rosary.

THE miser joys to count his treasure o'er,
Nor deems that earth can purer bliss afford
Than still to gloat upon his hidden hoard,
And day by day increase his garnered store
Of sterile wealth. At length unto his door
The summons comes that may not be ignored.
What boots him now the gold thro' life adored?
His treasure's lost to him for evermore.

All otherwise we hoard who day by day
Tell o'er our blessed beads, and still entreat
Our Mother's prayers both now and when Death's
sway
O'er life shall rule supreme. "Hail Marys" sweet
We garner up, each hour more and more,
And find our treasure on the eternal shore.

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

The Religious Orders and the Anti-Clericals.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

NOW that several European governments are waging war on religious associations—while, on the other hand, our own communities display greater vigor than ever, and are being established in every quarter of the republic,—one is led to wonder whether, after all, these foreign cabinets may not be in the right, and whether our people may not some day discover that they have injured

the republic and jeopardized their individual prosperity by a contrary course of conduct. Every sane and impartial mind perceives that so far American history reveals none of those dread effects which the anti-clerical press of France, Italy, and Prussia, continually parades in large type, as necessarily consequent upon the spread of the monastic, conventual, or congregational spirit. But the future of our republic is to be considered; and some of the most prominent, certainly the most clamorous, statesmen of the olden lands warn us to beware of imitating the mistakes of their Middle-Age predecessors in this matter. It was during the progress of some reflections on this subject—of our danger from the religious orders of the Catholic Church—that we met with a work by the Marquis de Mirabeau,* the father of the celebrated tribune; which work, being from anything but a "clerical" pen, astounded us by its zealous though calm defence of the religious orders, then (1755) the object of parliamentary attack and of private cupidity. The reader may be interested in a summary of some of Mirabeau's most salient arguments.

The Marquis had asserted the apparently paradoxical view that whereas most economists contend that states are depopulated by celibacy and war, the contrary is the case. He had established his paradox so far as concerned "that order of things which is the more easily abandoned to a kind of public anathema," when he entered on the more specially economical question. Accepting the principle that new inhabitants should be tolerated in a state only in proportion to the

* "L'Ami des Hommes," vol. i, p. 35. Hamburg, 1758.

means of subsistence, he concluded that "the more this subsistence is voluntarily restricted by those who occupy the land, the more of it will be left for newcomers. Religious establishments, therefore, are most useful to a numerous population. Whether it be by order of the king or by that of St. Benedict or St. Dominic that a large number of persons agree voluntarily to live on five cents a day, such institutions will always be of great help to the population, if only because they leave a margin and so much more of the means of living to the rest. I do not contend that all religious live at this rate, . . . but I do hold that the revenue and expenses of the abbey I have cited as an illustration, and those of many others I have visited, show that such houses, far from harming the population, benefit it.* . . .

"Again, everyone knows that the majority of the great monastic establishments, to-day so rich, were once mere deserts, and that we owe the redemption of more than a half of our lands to the perseverance of their first cenobites. But passing by the certainty of title, an article so sacred in sound politics and so out of fashion to-day, let us consider the present state of affairs. It is now a proverb that the Benedictines, for example, spend a hundred on their property to produce one. I know of certain causeways and other works, so useful to the state, which cost thrice the value of the abbeys which constructed them.† Private resources never suffice for these long and expensive undertakings; and they are a joyous ambition for those bodies which regard themselves as perpetual, and which are ever minors as to alienation, but always of age for preservation."

At that time more than a half of the houses in

* Mirabeau had instanced the case of an abbey in his own neighborhood, the revenue of which was only six thousand francs, and which sufficed for thirty-five subjects and four servants. "Now," demanded the Marquis, "I would ask whether a private gentleman, living on his own estate with six thousand francs a year, would be any better off? On the contrary, he, his wife and children would have found this revenue scarcely sufficient, whereas it was enough for thirty-nine by virtue of a peculiar institution."

† During the Middle Age one of the most active and beneficent religious organizations was that of the Bridge-Building Friars; *Fratres Pontifices*,—skilled engineers and mechanics, whose duty it was to attend to the construction and care of bridges.

the Faubourg St. Germain, and in several other quarters of Paris, belonged to various mendicant orders; and great was the envy felt of these landlords. But the friars had built these houses in the olden time, in places then almost worthless. "Let us suppose that the Carmelites have a hundred thousand francs of revenue. They have taken that sum from no one, and it is but right that their superfluous revenue should go to support other Carmelites." Mirabeau doubted whether the mendicants were ever allowed to beg unless as a means of subsistence while engaged in works of charity. But it is a fact, said he, that "foreseeing, like Joseph, the years of sterility to come, they made provision for regular revenues."

Just as in our day, so then the *monacophobists* alleged that Protestant states were more prosperous and populous than Catholic ones, and they ascribed this supposed superiority to the absence of religious in the former. To this Mirabeau replied that Sweden had entirely changed her government when accepting the pretended Reformation; and her banishment of the monks, etc., did not prevent the depopulation of the country and the miseries consequent on the reigns of Charles XI. and Charles XII. Holland re-established her religious orders at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but her change of policy was not the cause of her decreased commerce and her diminished importance. The celebrated Danes, said Mirabeau, "who formerly made Europe tremble, are no more; and now that two centuries have passed since the orders were expelled, it is time that the ancient nursery of heroes should be replenished," if the theory of the radicals be true. At the time the Marquis wrote those lines other publicists were complaining that England was depopulated. They endeavored to account for the fact, but without touching the real reason,—namely, that England had become wealthy, and that "riches increase consumption, while they proportionately diminish the population." Mirabeau might have added the republic of Venice to his list of illustrations. At the very period when she was the most "monk-ridden" (the fourteenth century) she was at the height of her power, prosperity, and population.*

* The population of the republic was then over 15,000,000. Besides the shore of the Adriatic, from

The reader will see that our Marquis merely touched on some of the sophisms adduced by the monk-haters of his time; nor is it our purpose at present to add to his arguments. Catholic libraries are filled with apologies for our religious orders, and probably our readers need no instruction in the premises beyond that of their own experience. Such of them as have read that incomparable work, Montalembert's "Monks of the West," are well convinced of the great services rendered by the orders in redeeming barren lands, in cultivating knowledge in half-barbarous times, and at least in preserving in their monasteries the relics of a rich antiquity. They have also witnessed with pleasure the countless peaceful triumphs of our orders throughout the breadth of our own land, from the raising of St. Vincent's out of its Pennsylvania desert to the equally wonderful development of Notre Dame. They do not believe that the property of these beneficent and laborious associations would be of more benefit to the nation if it were consigned to the hands of private individuals; and still less do they believe that legalized robbers should be allowed to play havoc with vested rights for the aggrandizement of adventurers, whether they be red-shirted mobocrats, Knights of the Bourse, or the pampered darlings of a court.

Without doubt there have been, at times, many abuses in the orders; if there had not, Luther and many other freethinkers of that ilk would

not have been tolerated as long as they were. But the devastators of to-day do not justify their frenzy by any allegation of present abuses; the secret societies have decreed that the orders must go: "*Le Roi le veut*," and that suffices. Were there any grave abuses to be reformed in our orders it would be meritorious and noble to effect the reformation; although Catholics may be pardoned for deeming the Church (the only *raison d'être* for any order's existence) the proper power to undertake the delicate task. Even Catholics sometimes go astray when ruminating on this question of abuses in the human element of the Church. Let us hearken to the words of a writer of common-sense and rare powers of penetration, who had seen much of abuses of all sorts, and of futile attempts to remedy them during the first French Revolution:

"Certainly it is a beautiful mission to eradicate abuses; all great legislators, all great rulers, have acquired durable glory only as reformers of abuses. . . . Of course there is no abuse where there is no evil. . . . The first and most dangerous of all abuses is our own pride. Undoubtedly there were abuses under the old *régime*; but we must say at once that in order to successfully destroy an abuse—that is, in order to cut at the root so that the plant may not shoot forth again—the reformer must be free from bias; and this is utterly impossible in the midst of that effervescence which is inseparable from all political

the mouth of the Po, the Lion of St. Mark stood guard over the provinces of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Crema, Vicenza, Padua, the March of Treviso, Feltre, Belluno, Rovigo, Ravenna, Gorizia, Friuli excepting Aquileja, Istria excepting Trieste, Zara, Spalatro and the islands along the line of Dalmatia and Albania, Veglia, Zante, Corfu, Lepanto, Patrasso, Neapolls, Argos, Corinth, Crete, Cyprus, and many small islands of the Archipelago. One may judge of the wealth of the republic, if, remembering the at least four times greater value of money at that time, he notes that every year the Venetian mint coined \$4,000,000. In the capital there were over a thousand nobles whose revenue was from 5,000 to 8,000 dollars; a very large income where a beautiful palace could be bought for \$3,000. When the Senate wished to make an elegant present to Louis Gonzaga, Lord of Mantua, it bought a palace for \$6,500. The mercantile marine then numbered 345 vessels of large tonnage, manned by 38,000 sailors. Thus this priest-ridden republic had developed from the little colony of the lagune of Rivo Alto, trying to hide from the

devastating Attila (y. 452); and between priests, monks, friars, nuns, *et id genus omne*, it managed to preserve an independent and ever-glorious existence for a longer period than that enjoyed even by ancient Rome. Even when Bonaparte calumniously styled the Venetians a "lazy, cowardly population, not made at all for liberty," and, by falsely declaring the republic bankrupt in money and in honor, tried to justify the greatest political crime of his life, even then (1797) Venice had on her vessels of war and in her fortifications over 5,000 cannon. She had 185 men of war in commission, and an ardent youth ready to take the field. The "Murazzi" (the colossal marble dike extending from Malamocco to Chioggia, and closing the entrance to the lagunes) would of itself prove that their Serenities had not lost their public spirit under the blighting influence of priestly dominion. This wonderful work had just been completed when the Gospel of St. Mark, the treasure guarded by her winged Lion of the Piazzetta, was replaced by the Bonnet Rouge of the Liberator.

tempests. Again, it is absurd to confound an *abuse* with the *thing* abused."*

Our reformers might also attend with profit to the profound words of Joseph de Maistre: "Every abuse is an evil, and it might therefore seem that all that causes its removal is a good; but it will not be one if a very delicate distinction is not made. In fine, an abuse being merely a bad use of a good thing, one must take care, in removing the defects which corrupt it, not to attack its substance. Here is where innovators nearly always fail. An able jockey does not break the legs of a runaway horse in order to cure him."† It would seem that the present foes of our orders, at least such of them as are not mere iconoclasts or downright thieves, were before the eyes of M. de Bonald when he wrote: "Small-minded persons see in the very best institutions only their deficiencies; and in the very worst, only their advantages. The former disposition produces revolutions; the latter prolongs them."‡

Our religious really love the poor, the weak, the sick, because they have learned to see in them the members of Jesus Christ, Himself a sufferer. Those who are put in their place can bring to their task at best a mere platonic love, which has its source not in the warmth of faith, but in a mere vague and unreliable philanthropy. At first one would not realize the difference between these two very different points of departure, but let any one of those who charge our religious with systematic misintelligence become an inmate of one of their institutions, and he will very quickly perceive it. The philanthropist will erect an imposing monument for a hospital—a vast and uniform building that will satisfy his sole object of gathering together the greatest number of sufferers, and thus make an imposing appearance. But such is not the ideal of the religious hospital. Charity will think less of a grand effect than of some way of fostering an illusion on the part of her patients, that they are at their own firesides and in the tender hands of their own kin. And it is natural that the religious should excel the secular in this work; for it was

the Catholic Church that first conceived and actuated, after her acquisition of freedom in the fourth century, the idea of systematic care of the infirm, and it was to religious confraternities that her first patients owed relief. Then for the first time the world saw what were the compensations of sickness; and, as St. Jerome attests, the poor were wont to envy the lot of the sick.

Speaking of the abolition of the educational orders by the Emperor Joseph—the "sacristy-sweep," as Frederick of Prussia styled him,—the eminent Italian historian, Cantù, thus writes: "This was a despotic act, by which was destroyed the precious right of everyone to select for himself such tenor of life as he may deem most conducive to his welfare. It subverted the established and legitimate rights of property; for the religious had acquired their property either by their own industry, or had received it by voluntary donation, for the purpose of exercising charity or for expiatory devotions; that is, in plain words, they had acquired their goods just as any private individual rightly acquires his own. The people loved the religious because of their charity and the instruction given by them; and when it was asserted that these friars, etc., contributed nothing to the public well-being, they retorted by asking how much the lazy and demoralized rich afforded. Education was attacked at the very root. Mathematics and physics were lauded as of more value than any knowledge of the beautiful and good: with those attainments the happiness of mankind was to be secured; for man is a body, and when the needs of the body are satisfied everything is gained. These religious had prated too much about the soul: now let the soul be relegated behind matter. Behold, then, that while the world ought ever to advance, these philosophists tried to destroy Christianity,—that is, to thrust the world back eighteen centuries, even to set it in the days of Epicurus or of Plato."*

We may well say of all the loud-mouthed agitators of the present European radical school, and pronounce it *a priori*—even though the results of their late course in regard to the educational and hospital orders in Italy and France had not already shown their bad faith,—what

* Beffray de Rigny (Cousin James), in his "Dictionnaire Neologique des Hommes et des Choses," vol. i, art. *Abus*. Paris, 1820.

† "Lettres et Opuscules," vol. ii, p. 489. Paris, 1851.

‡ "Pensées Diverses et Opinions Politiques."

* "Storia Universale," b. xvii, ch. 37.

De Maistre too sweepingly declared of reformers in general: "Whenever you hear any person denouncing an abuse, be sure that he is about to put a still greater one in its place." The shortcomings, to put it mildly, of the system introduced in school and hospital in place of the rule of the religious, already justify the Savoyard philosopher. No good Catholic, no true lover of his fellows, will desire to see that system ever adopted in our land. Voltaire, the champion falsifier, was wont to say that monks, friars, nuns, etc., ought to have no place in history.* It may be questioned whether, humanly speaking, modern civilization would have had any such place without them.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

IN all Guadalajara, filled as it is with beautiful churches, there is no church more quaintly beautiful without or interesting within than the ancient Church of Santa Monica, once part of a great convent foundation. The nuns are gone from their picturesque cloisters and courts, and what was once their secluded garden is now a public square; but their lovely old church remains, dedicated still to the worship of God. Its great doors, surrounded by the most elaborate stone carving, lead into one of those noble naves, rich in stately altars, gilding, metal-work and inlaid wood, which delight every church-going wanderer in Mexico.

Such a wanderer entered one day when the Adoration of the Forty Hours was going on. She was an elderly lady, of striking appearance,—a foreigner and no Catholic; for as she advanced slowly up the nave, having entered at the lower door, she did not bend her knee to the Sacred Presence, throned upon the high altar, amid velvet draperies, golden lights, and silver lilies. But presently, perceiving a dark old bench of polished wood against one of the walls, she sat down on it and gazed deliberately around her. Many people were kneeling upon the pavement of the church,

but these she did not notice until she had fully observed every detail of architecture and decoration. Then her attention turned for a moment to the human objects about her; and as her glance wandered over them, she suddenly started, and her expression of indifference changed to one of keenest interest; for not more than a few paces from her knelt a girl whose attitude and face were alike familiar. It was as if the figure in Arthur LeStrange's picture had been quickened into life. Here was the unconscious grace of position, the slender, harmonious lines of the form outlined under the dark drapery which shrouded it; and the tender, beautiful face, with its delicate features and tints, its dark, liquid eyes and expression of absorbed devotion, uplifted toward the altar.

"There can be no mistake—this is the original of that picture!" thought the lady. "It is as if the picture itself were before me. Miriam was right in saying it was not flattered. What a lovely face!"

She found the fascination of its gentle beauty so great that she could hardly withdraw her eyes from it; but not even the magnetism of her steady gaze attracted the attention of the kneeling girl. Her own gaze did not waver for an instant from the altar, where it was fixed upon the Sacred Host, with a look so intense in its faith and adoration that at length the lady watching her grew almost nervous.

"It is almost as if she *saw* something supernatural," she said to herself. "It is a wonderful doctrine, that of the Real Presence. I almost wish that I believed in it. What a comfort it would be to enter a church and find God Himself there to hear one—but, of course, it is all superstition and not to be thought of!"

Nevertheless, the atmosphere of the sanctuary had its effect upon her; perhaps, too, the silent force of example, the respect and reverence of the people who came and went; for when she rose she hesitated a moment, and then, kneeling down, prayed for a short time; after which she slowly walked, as if reluctant, from the beautiful church, with its atmosphere of infinite calm, and its radiant altar bearing the throne of its Sacramental King.

When Carmela ended her devotions and came out, a little later, she observed a lady, evidently a foreigner from her dress, standing in the shade

* Because, forsooth, the ancient writers say very little concerning the priests of Cybele and Juno.

of the deep, arched doorway, gazing out on the sunlit street. It was the swiftest glance which the girl bestowed as she was about to pass by, when, to her great surprise, the stranger spoke.

"You are Carmela Lestrangle," she ventured to say. "Is it not so?"

"That is my name," Carmela answered, pausing. "Can I do anything for you, señora?"

"I once knew your father very well," continued the stranger; "so perhaps you will think that I have a claim to your acquaintance. You have probably heard Arthur Lestrangle speak of me. I am his aunt, Mrs. Thorpe."

She looked at the girl keenly as she uttered the last words, but there was little to reward her scrutiny in the calm face. Had she known Carmela before, she would have recognized a great change in that face during the past year. Something had gone from it, never to return; but much had also come into it. Sorrow, the great teacher of human hearts and chiseller of human countenances, had wrought its work there. The dark eyes had lost their dreamy, wistful look, and faced life with a soft, steady gaze; the sensitive lips had learned to set themselves firmly; and even the very lines of the features seemed to have indefinitely changed. The sound of Arthur Lestrangle's name did indeed strike her like an unexpected blow; but she had learned in a hard school how to bear such blows; and there was only the look of surprise and slight withdrawal on her face, which was very natural under the circumstances.

"I have heard of you, señora," she answered, with quiet dignity, and then stood waiting for Mrs. Thorpe to proceed.

This was a little more difficult than that lady had reckoned upon. She hesitated for a moment, and those who knew her best would have been astonished at the tone in which she finally said:

"I can imagine that my name has not a pleasant sound to you, and no doubt you wonder why I approach you at all. The reason is that I would like to know you—if you have no objection to knowing me."

"Why should I object?" asked Carmela, with a slight accent of delicate pride. "But, if I may also ask, why should you wish to know me?"

"For one reason, because, as I have already told you, I knew your father well in days long

gone by. Also, if I have helped to do you any harm—to cause you any pain—I should like to learn how best to remedy that."

"There is no remedy," said the girl, calmly and coldly. "Since you knew my father, señora, I am quite willing to do anything that I can for you; but if we are to become acquaintances, I must ask one favor—that the name of Señor Lestrangle may never be mentioned between us. I hope that he is well and happy, but beyond that I have no interest in anything concerning him."

The dignity of this condition pleased Mrs. Thorpe. Her respect for the young girl increased momentarily; and, in proportion to the apparent difficulty of knowing her, interest in her seemed to wax greater.

"That shall be as you wish," she answered. "I assure you that my desire to know you is now quite independent of anything relating to Arthur Lestrangle. Only let me say before we dismiss the subject that I am heartily sorry for the opposition which caused you no doubt much suffering. The thought of it has preyed upon me, and I have at last come to Mexico for no other purpose than to see you."

"That is very kind of you," observed Carmela, gently. "But do not think any more of my suffering. God permitted it, and that is enough. As for your opposition, it was surely natural; for what did you know of a stranger and foreigner? That also God permitted, and what He permits is the expression of His will. Now we will say no more of it. My home is yonder in sight. Will you come and meet my mother?"

Mrs. Thorpe assented, and accompanied the girl across the street, feeling somewhat like one in a dream. For it was one thing to seek the acquaintance of Henry Lestrangle's daughter, and another to meet the woman whom he had married when, after he had parted from her with a lover's quarrel, he had wandered down into Mexico, and returned no more. She had never forgiven him for taking her at her word, and going so far away that no other, softer word could reach him; and it had been that flame of resentment, surviving through half a lifetime, which had dictated her opposition to Arthur Lestrangle's proposed marriage. But the sight of Carmela's pictured face had caused a change of sentiment which astonished herself. It suddenly seemed a

very poor and contemptible thing to visit on this girl the fault committed a quarter of a century before, by two quick-tempered people,—the fault which she now acknowledged had been chiefly her own. It was as Miriam had been acute enough to perceive: remorse was roused; and, since her nature was at bottom a just and generous one, she could not banish the thoughts which presented themselves. It is almost unnecessary to say that she felt no concern about Lestrangle; he had accepted the matter as she had known that he would, and was evidently in no need of consolation. But Carmela's face, expressing such possibilities of passion and suffering, haunted her, do what she would to banish it. The matter ended in her going to Southern California for the winter, in search of climate and health; and then suddenly, without communicating her intentions to her relatives at home, journeying down into Mexico. "I must see that girl for myself," she thought; "discover what she really is, and decide what it is best to do."

Such had been her intention in coming; but now she had a curious feeling of there being nothing for her to do—of all decision being taken out of her hands,—as she followed Carmela into the bright, pretty dwelling, with its plant-filled *patio*, its classic arches and shining tiled floors, which pleased her eyes much as it had a year before pleased those of Arthur Lestrangle, when he came with shrinking reluctance to meet his unknown cousin.

A lovely, dark-eyed little girl, of five or six years old, met them as they entered; and to her Carmela spoke in the caressing terms which the Spanish language holds above all others, bidding her go at once and tell her mother that a visitor wished to see her.

"Does your mother know—anything of me?" asked Mrs. Thorpe as they entered the *sala*; for it suddenly occurred to her that Señora Echeveria might possibly receive coldly one who had played such a part in preventing her daughter's marriage. She had heard of no opposition on the other side, and had supposed that Arthur Lestrangle had been accepted by all concerned without demur.

"I do not think that my mother has ever heard of you," answered Carmela, truthfully. "I never thought it necessary to tell her all I knew; nor

is it necessary now," she added, quietly. "Your claim upon me is as a friend of my father. I will present you to her as such."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thorpe, meekly, her usual imperiousness altogether subdued by the strange and unlooked-for position in which she found herself.

And when the large, good-natured presence of Señora Echeveria entered, the past seemed to recede away into immeasurable distance. How could she connect this middle-aged, matronly woman with the young lover who had left her? One thing was certain: to such a woman as this Henry Lestrangle had never given what he had taken from *her*; and there was a strange consolation in the thought. It was as if something of the past had been given back to her even at this late day.

Señora Echeveria, who had indeed never heard Mrs. Thorpe's name from the Lestranges, nor had the least reason to connect her with them, met the stranger with the charming Mexican courtesy which leaves nothing to be desired. Hearing that she was alone in the city, with only her maid for companion, she begged her to consider the house in which she was her own, and readily acceded to her request that Carmela might be permitted to visit her.

"I hope that you will come very soon," Mrs. Thorpe said to the girl when she presently rose to take leave. "I know that there is not apparently much inducement for you to do so; but I think from your appearance that you like works of charity, and it will be a work of charity to let me see something of you. I do not think," she added, "that I ever said as much as that to any one in the world before. I am usually a very self-sufficing person; but I have now a strong desire to know more of you."

"I will come," said Carmela, touched by a wistful look in the grey eyes fastened on her as Mrs. Thorpe made this (for her) truly remarkable speech. "I think you will find that there is nothing very much to know about me; but since you are a stranger here, I may be of use to you."

"Of very much use," was the reply; "for I do not speak a word of Spanish, and I detest the idea of employing a guide and interpreter; so I have been wandering about for a day or two, seeing things at random, and no doubt missing

much more than I saw. It was by the merest accident that I chanced to-day into the beautiful old church over yonder. I fell in love with its exterior yesterday, but it was closed; so I came back to-day to see if I could enter."

"All strangers admire Santa Monica," said Carmela, thinking how she had first seen Arthur Lestrangle standing in rapt contemplation of its richly carved façade. "But you have not told me how you knew *me*," she added, with a surprised recollection of this stranger's recognition.

"I will wait to tell you that until you come to see me," answered Mrs. Thorpe, who did not care to mention Lestrangle's picture. "If you have a little curiosity, the prospect of its gratification may serve to bring you more quickly."

(To be continued.)

Ut Quid Domine.

(Psalm x.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

WHY standest Thou from us afar,
O Lord? Why hidest Thy face?
In need and sore trouble we are.
Why standest Thou from us afar,
When the wicked the poor doth debar
From his right, and debase?
Why standest Thou from us afar,
O Lord? Why hidest Thy face?

The wicked hath said in his heart
That his glory shall never be less.
"With defeat I shall never have part,"
The wicked hath said in his heart;
So the poor he maketh to smart,
And seeketh his goods to possess.
The wicked hath said in his heart
That his glory shall never be less.

"For God hath forgotten," he cries;
"The Lord hath forgotten the poor!"
With his tongue he uttereth lies:
"For God hath forgotten," he cries.
He lieth in wait in disguise
That his deeds may be secret and sure.
"For God hath forgotten," he cries;
"The Lord hath forgotten the poor!"

Most surely, O Lord, hast Thou known;
For Thou seest all sorrow and wrong;
The friendless Thou helpest alone.
Most surely, O Lord, hast Thou known
That the wicked so mighty are grown;
And to Thee we lift up our song.
Most surely, O Lord, hast Thou known;
For Thou seest all sorrow and wrong.

O Lord, Thou hast heard our desire,—
Incline Thou Thine ear to our prayer:
Let the wicked no longer conspire.
O Lord, Thou hast heard our desire,—
Lift us up from the clay and the mire,
And our hearts in Thy mercy prepare.
O Lord, Thou hast heard our desire,—
Incline Thou Thine ear to our prayer.

The Power of a Mother's Prayers.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

MEANWHILE the invalid was gradually growing weaker. Difficulty in breathing often prevented him from lying down; he used consequently to recline upon a couch, propped up by pillows, with a small table at his side, on which he liked to have a vase of freshly-cut flowers; for of these he was very fond. He also expressed a wish to have a canary,—a wish which his mother hastened to gratify; and it gave him pleasure to watch the merry little bird and listen to its song. When well enough he would also run his eye over the daily papers, or amuse himself by drawing the flowers by his side. The physicians, when his mother begged them to tell her the truth about her son, gave it as their opinion that his life might be prolonged until the middle of June, but that it might be cut off before the end of May.

Three days after his first visit, Don Pio called again to inquire after Charles. He was admitted into his room. The invalid was sitting up, but on his countenance there was a scowl that portended no good. He said little and his manner was curt. His visitor, whose judgment was not equal to his zeal, thought the opportunity had come to attack him about the Sacraments. He

could have done nothing more ill advised. The patient became furious and began to utter the most fearful blasphemies. Don Pio tried in vain to pacify him; taking up a revolver, mounted in silver, which had been concealed among the cushions of his couch, Charles brandished it before the eyes of his visitor, threatening to blow his own brains out if another word was said to him on the subject of religion.

The grief and dismay felt by Charles' mother when she heard what had occurred may be imagined. What could she do? Nothing but betake herself to the nearest church and pour out her trouble at the feet of her who, after God, is the sole refuge of the sorrowful.

The next morning Charles seemed much more cheerful, almost merry; and his devoted mother, finding him in this mood, brought her knitting and sat with him the whole morning, doing all she could to divert him. She had set her heart on getting away from him that terrible revolver; she had made this her special intention when she approached the Holy Table, and had earnestly entreated the aid of the Blessed Virgin to enable her to carry her point. In the course of conversation she said to her son: "Tell me, Charles, could you find it in your heart to refuse me anything that it was in your power to do for me?"

"What a question!" he rejoined. "You have always been the best of mothers to me,—too kind, more than kind. If I am to speak the truth, you have carried indulgence to the verge of weakness. I am sure I must have had many thousands of pounds from you. While my father lived I was always applying to you, and never was your purse closed against me."

"O my dear boy, all that I have given you is nothing! You are welcome to everything I have. But now I want you to make me a present."

"What is that?"

Slipping her hand beneath the cushions on which her son's shoulders were resting, his mother drew out the pistol, saying, "This is what I want you to give me."

"What ever do you want that for?"

"I mean to keep it as a remembrancer of you."

"A charming keepsake, upon my word! But if you like it, mother, take it by all means. I must unload it first, however."

"What! you do not mean to say it is loaded?"

"Of course it is," answered Charles. He took the pistol from his mother and proceeded to withdraw the charges, turning it round in his hand as he did so to admire the elegant mountings of chased silver. Then he handed it back to her.

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear boy!" exclaimed his mother, kissing his cheek fondly in her delight. "It will be a most valued keepsake to me. Now will you let me give you something in return?"

"I do not want anything, my dear mother; for I carry you always in my heart."

"But would you not like some little object that will remind you of your mother?"

"It is quite unnecessary. I have very little longer to live. If it is true that there is another life after this, I shall need nothing to remind me of you. Where my heart is, there my mother's image will be. And if all ends with this life—"

"O Charles, pray do not talk like that!"

"Well, well! I did not mean to vex you. Give me whatever you like."

"This is the little souvenir I want you to accept, and to wear always round your neck." So saying she placed in his hand a pretty little gold medal of the Immaculate Conception, fastened to a silk cord.

Charles eyed it with a supercilious smile. "Don't be vexed, mother," he replied, "if I ask you to wear this medal instead of me. It would be a mockery for me to wear it. You believe in Our Lady, I do not. You can tell her that you are wearing it for me. If ever I should have the faith in her that you have, I give you my word that I will love her as you do, and will stamp her image on my breast."

The good mother would fain have pressed her point, but she wisely abstained from saying anything further. However, she ventured upon making the Sign of the Cross over her son with the medal, observing that he must at least let her bless him in the name of his Mother in heaven. To this Charles submitted, and she left the room in exultation at having obtained possession of the revolver without further difficulty. That very same day the grateful mother hung up her first trophy of victory as an *ex-voto* at the shrine of the gracious Queen by whose intercession it had been gained.

The 17th of May was Charles' birthday, and as the day approached his mother renewed her supplications on his behalf with redoubled fervor. On the evening of the 16th, while she was praying before the altar of Mary, a thought suddenly struck her, which seemed to come from the image itself, as if it were one of the rays of light represented as proceeding from its outspread hands. Knowing her son's fondness for flowers, she ordered for the following morning a large bouquet of the finest and most beautiful roses that could be procured. When this bouquet was brought she carefully inserted among the petals of a half-opened bud the medal which Charles had refused to take; and, though she fastened it in its place with a narrow ribbon, so skilfully did she accomplish this that the medal remained completely concealed by the leaves of the rose. The bouquet was then carried to the church and placed on the steps of the altar of the Blessed Virgin, while two Masses were said for her intention. Who can describe the fervor of the prayers that rose from that mother's heart on this last birthday that her darling son would see on earth?

On returning to the hotel she hastened at once to Charles' room. He was already dressed and sitting on his bed. "Good-morning! A happy birthday!" she said, embracing him fondly. Then, showing him the splendid roses, "Look," she continued, "here is my present to you. Twenty-eight years ago, when for the first time I held you in my arms, you were such a pretty baby that I called you my little May rosebud. Now I give you these May roses, and my whole heart goes with them."

A sudden emotion brought the tears to her son's eyes. He took the roses, and with them his mother's hand, which he covered with kisses. Then, touching the fragrant flowers lightly with his lips, "These represent to me your heart, mother," he said. "Where in the world could one find a better, kinder heart than yours?" For a few moments he remained silent, feasting his eyes on the beauty of the roses, inhaling their delicious perfume; then he went on: "These flowers, your last gift to me, must be carefully preserved. This souvenir I accept from you most gratefully. They shall be buried with me."

"Ah, then, you will accept my gift?" she asked.

"Can you doubt it? I am delighted with these

roses. How very beautiful they are! Where do they come from?—from Florence, perhaps?"

"I think, dear, that they come from Paradise."

"From Paradise! Well, if there is such a place, such flowers as these will certainly blossom there."

Some hours later Charles, refreshed by a cordial, was reclining, half asleep, upon the sofa, whither he had been removed from his bed. As he lay there, his eyes rested upon one and another of the roses standing by his side; he admired their perfect form, their varied tints, the contrast formed by the dark leaves and shining stalks. All of a sudden he noticed something of a different hue in one of the half-opened buds. It was the tiny band of ribbon which kept the medal in its place. The sick man's curiosity was aroused; he examined it more closely, and, as he gently parted the petals with his wasted fingers, the medal fell out into his hand. He gazed fixedly at it. "What a beautiful Madonna!" he said to himself. Then, hardly knowing what he did, he put the medal to his lips and kissed it affectionately. As he did so a change for which he could not account to himself passed over him. From that moment he felt he was an altered man. His heart was touched by grace: the scales fell from his eyes, the shadows of unbelief fled away, the light of faith once more illumined his soul; while in the depths of his inmost being he heard a soft voice whisper, Behold your celestial Mother!

Tears sweeter than any he had shed for a long time flowed from his eyes. Touching his bell, he bade the servant who answered it tell his mother he wanted her. She came immediately. What was her astonishment when Charles, holding out the medal to her, exclaimed: "See, mother, I would not take it from you: now it has come to me in a rose! Oh, you were right to say these flowers came from Paradise! Here is Our Lady. Oh, how good she is! Yes, indeed, my faith has come back to me. I believe in her firmly; I love her fondly as you do." He could say no more. His mother, putting her arms around his neck, wept with joy and gratitude.

The conversation that followed need not be narrated. The mother, whose patient, persevering prayers were at length rewarded, gave utterance in words to her thankful gladness; while her son eagerly protested that he believed with his whole heart all the truths taught him in his childhood.

That same day the good priest who, only a week before, had told Charles' mother to hope always—to hope against hope, was to be seen seated at her son's side; on the table stood the bouquet of roses, beside it a silver crucifix and an image of Mary Immaculate. Charles lay pale and exhausted on the bed, wearing round his neck the miraculous medal. No one else was present; for the sick man had just made, with deep humility and contrition, a full confession of his past life.

When the absolution had been pronounced Charles took the hand of the minister of God in both of his, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to his heart. "Father," he said, "this is indeed the happiest day of my life. I feel sure God has forgiven me. I can not tell you how happy I am. To-morrow I shall receive Our Lord in Holy Communion; and very soon I shall die in peace."

On the morrow, a portable altar having been arranged in the *salon* adjoining Charles' room, the good priest said Mass there, and administered to him the Holy Eucharist as Viaticum. Charles received It with tears of penitence and joy. All that day he was constant in prayer to the Mother of God, entreating her to come for him without delay, now that his soul was transformed by grace.

But that was not to be yet. His sojourn on earth was to be prolonged for two weeks more,—two weeks of peace for him, in which he had the opportunity of gaining much merit; of happiness for his mother, entirely resigned as she was to the will of God; of edification for all who witnessed the love and devotion of both mother and son to the Queen of Heaven. As for Charles, he had no thoughts, no words for anything else than our Blessed Lady and what referred to her. His only pleasure was to contemplate the crucifix, the image of the Madonna, and the bouquet of roses. What delight those flowers gave him! When they began to fall, he gave orders that they should be carefully kept and dried, as they were to go with him to the grave.

The two nursing Sisters, who, by his desire, watched day and night by his side, were in admiration of his piety. They were at a loss to understand how it was possible that one who was inflamed with a love so devoted to the Mother of God could but a few days before, not only have been incredulous of her power, but have denied her existence.

"Do not imagine," Charles said one day to his nurse, "that I ever entirely lost my faith. I pretended that it was so; I tried to persuade myself of it, but I never fully succeeded. A Catholic brought up as I was can not divest himself of his faith at pleasure. It was never banished from the inmost recesses of my heart, and now and again it made itself felt; but it was obscured by a dense cloud of sin, error, and vice. Believe me, a man can not become an atheist when he chooses. The so-called freethinkers are the most foolish and despicable of mankind. Rather than submit to the teaching of the Church, they accept blindly theories the most absurd. They think great things of themselves because they will not bend the knee to Jesus Christ and His Church; and at the same time they are imposed upon by charlatans. They are neither *free* nor *thinkers*: they are simply fools. I have a right to speak, for I know all this by experience."

He acknowledged that he used to be a prey to agonizing remorse, especially when he thought of death; and that the atheistic principles he professed were merely skin-deep; for at heart he had always believed, and his belief had made him tremble. His greatest wish now was to be carried into the church, to the altar of Mary Immaculate, where his mother had, by her prayers, obtained for him the signal favor of conversion, and on the steps of which had been placed the flowers which Mary chose to be instrumental in working that miracle of grace. But this project had to be given up, on account of the doctors' strict prohibition; for they considered that it would be attended with great danger to his life. He was obliged, consequently, to content himself with a photograph of the venerated statue, which he kept constantly within sight, together with the crucifix, and a portrait of his fond mother. These he called the three objects of his affection.

Thus more than two weeks passed by in the practice of piety and virtue, and the 2d of June dawned. It was the sixteenth day from that on which the sudden revolution in his feelings had taken place; since then he had three times been fortified by the Bread of Angels, and had also received Extreme Unction. It was about midday; Charles, who shortly before had made his confession, was lying on his bed, while his mother

and the Sisters were reciting the Rosary by his side. All at once he was heard to draw a few short sighs, and his head dropped to one side on the pillow. The moment of his departure had come. His mother sprang to her feet, raised his head, supported him in her arms, and, pressing her cheek to his, whispered softly in his ear the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. While she thus held him the soul of her much-loved son winged its gentle flight from the embrace of his mother on earth to the embrace of his Mother in heaven.

In the family vault, where his ancestors repose, a slab of marble marks the spot where Charles' remains are laid. On this is sculptured in bass-relief the figure of Mary Immaculate, encircled by these words in letters of blue enamel:

QUOD DEUS IMPERIO, TU PRECE, VIRGO, POTES.

In front of this slab hangs a bronze casket, richly gilt, through the glass sides of which may be seen a bunch of roses, skilfully dried and gracefully arranged; while on a crimson ribbon may be read, in letters of gold, the date May 17, with the year.

About a week before his death Charles said to the priest who heard his confession: "When I am dead, as soon as you think fit, I should like the story of my conversion to be made public, without, of course, divulging names. I think it ought to be known for the honor and glory of our Immaculate Mother; besides, it may do good to some erring young men, who may perhaps profit by my example."

The priest promised that his wish should be fulfilled. When he thought a suitable time had elapsed, he wrote to ask the consent of Charles' mother. In reply she said that she rejoiced that an account of the miracle of mercy should be published, not only for the reasons above mentioned, but also as an encouragement to sorrowing mothers, mourning as she had mourned over a wayward son, whom they had striven to bring up in the right way. "It may," she wrote, "teach these unhappy parents not to grow weary of praying and hoping. May they continue, as you, Rev. Father, in your wisdom, exhorted me to do—to hope against hope! And, sooner or later, they too will find by experience that the supplication of the Immaculate Mother of God is in deed and truth the supplication of omnipotence."

Marvels at Lourdes during the National Pilgrimage.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LOURDES was not able to contain the crowds that flocked thither this year on occasion of the National Pilgrimage. The pilgrims numbered forty thousand, besides sixteen hundred sick. They came from Bosnia, America, Spain, England. There was at least one from Russia—an officer who purposes translating the "History of Our Lady of Lourdes" into his native tongue; also a Hungarian—a poor woman who made the journey entirely on foot.

Some five months before, Maria Puszlai left her village of Amod, several leagues distant from Budapest, and made her way to Rome, Loreto, and Lourdes, which last place she reached just in time to join the great pilgrimage. She is a woman of small stature; her brown face, of a decided Slavonic cast, reflects uncommon energy and deep piety. At Lourdes she spent her nights in the Basilica, where, her eyes riveted upon Our Lady's statue, she prayed for hours with touching devotion. She scarcely understood or spoke a word of French; besides her own language, she knew only a little German and Italian. Withal, she was neither sad nor complaining. After a fortnight's sojourn, she took up her staff and set out homeward, having performed one of those pilgrimages which form a most touching chapter in the history of Lourdes.

What sublime things might be told of the old-fashioned pilgrims, as they are called—those that travel on foot! Six years ago a poor Irishman named Murphy made his way through France in the same primitive fashion; and while at the Grotto took no other sustenance than dry bread, with water from the miraculous spring.

A noticeable feature of this year's National Pilgrimage was the return of a number of the favored sick of last year. They came in thanksgiving; also to minister as infirmarians to their infirm brethren, and above all to reanimate their faith in the power of Our Lady. One of these privileged clients was Pierre Delannoy, whom the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" may re-

member. He was cured last year of ataxy, which had rendered him a hopeless cripple for six long years. He is now in the service of the Marquis de Villeneuve, as gardener; and feels nothing of his past infirmity—except an involuntary impulse to search, as of old, for his crutches when about to stand up. The crutches were left at the Grotto, and his activity in carrying the sick this year proved how completely he has recovered health and strength. Another *miraculée* of 1889 was Mlle. Charron-Gallot. Her disease—a malignant tumor—has left no trace behind; since last August twelvemonth she has not experienced a single day's illness. And she also expressed her gratitude to Our Lady by her devotion in ministering to the poor sick.

Two cures took place at Poitiers, where the pilgrims always stop for a night; the more striking being that of a poor workman of St. Quentin, named Machuelle, who could no longer earn his livelihood, and had been obliged to leave the hospital, as his malady—ataxy—was declared incurable. His only resource was to beg at the door of the Cathedral of St. Quentin. On the 13th of August, Feast of Ste. Radegonde, a Mass was celebrated in that church for the sick about to set out a few days later for Lourdes. After Mass the lady president of the committee of Notre Dame de Salut (for pilgrimages) was addressed by a member of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul: "It is this poor man at the church door that you ought to take to Lourdes, he is so ill and miserable."—"But the lists are full this long time."—"Well, he may hope to go next year."—"Let me see," replied the lady. "A year hence he will have acquired an inveterate habit of begging; we must prevent this. Just a minute ago I received an alms of fifty francs, which will pay for his ticket."

Machuelle, overjoyed at the good news, went as fast as he could to inform his wife of his unexpected journey, for which he prepared himself by a good confession. Having reached Poitiers, the poor cripple knelt upon the tomb of Ste. Radegonde for a short time and prayed fervently to be restored to health. Suddenly he stood up, threw aside his crutches, and, rushing out in an ecstasy of joy, jumped and danced before the people, crying out, "See, I am cured! I am cured!" The crowd cheered vigorously, "*Vive Ste. Rade-*

gonde!" It may be imagined how joyously Machuelle continued his journey to the shrine of his heavenly Benefactress.

Mlle. Marie Lebourlior, of Passy (Paris), was, according to the medical certificate, affected with specific bronchitis. Seventeen blisters and over a hundred *pointes de feu* had been applied to combat the constant cough, hemorrhages, etc. In this sad condition, the journey was most painful and much increased the patient's sufferings. Mlle. Lebourlior spent the first two days at Lourdes in terrible pain; but on the third (Saturday, August 23), as she was immersed in the piscina, she felt a strange sensation through her body. The Petites Sœurs Gardes Malades told her, with faith, to rise out of the water; she obeyed, and dressed herself without assistance,—she who for so long could hardly crawl about her room, holding on to the furniture. The same evening she followed the torchlight procession, sang with all her might, and prayed with outstretched arms. She went up to the Calvary with such speed that the nurse could hardly keep pace with her. Her food for several months had been a little bread and black coffee: she is now able to eat like a person in perfect health.

Mlle. Galiardy, of Gannat (Allier), became quite deaf when five years old, in consequence of scarlatina; and ever since—that is, during seventeen years—she has suffered acute and incessant pains in her head, and an abscess gathered every four or five days in her ear. She could not bear the slightest contact with the air, and had to keep her head warmly wrapped up in all seasons. A bath in the piscina renewed her sufferings; but on arriving at the Grotto, she removed her bandages and wraps, and was delightfully astonished to hear distinctly everything that was being said around her. She is quite free from pain and can hear the ticking of a watch.

Mlle. Augustine Fortin, aged sixteen, lives with her parents at Vire (Calvados). In January she had a severe attack of influenza, and, owing to a relapse, she remained in a lamentable state of debility. Her legs became dead, as it were, so that she had to be carried from her bed to her arm-chair; the insensibility of her limbs was such that even electric shocks had no effect on them. Consecutively treated by the six doctors of Vire, they all gave up her case as hopeless, declaring that

she was condemned to a slow death; and all their prescriptions tended merely to furnish the poor invalid with any diversion she could enjoy. Still, the girl herself had other thoughts, and consoled her weeping mother by saying that she would go to Lourdes; nothing could dissuade her from it. "I will go," she used to repeat; "and I shall be cured!"

But the journey was no easy matter, for Augustine's parents were very poor; their little savings and more had been spent upon doctors' fees, apothecaries' bills, etc. Besides, the physicians declared that she could not travel farther than Le Mans. Unable to absorb any food, frightfully emaciated, subject to frequent hemorrhages, and fainting five or six times a day,—such was Augustine Fortin's condition when she set out for Lourdes. As a culminating trial, the ticket she hoped to obtain from the committee was refused. Nothing daunted by this apparently insurmountable obstacle, she persuaded a devoted friend, Mlle. Briant, to accompany her to the train, where a collection was made in her favor. By this means Augustine was enabled to set out on her journey, and arrived at Lourdes on the 21st of August. As she did not belong properly to the pilgrimage, she had no number; the hospitals were crowded, and she found room nowhere. But the God of the poor took pity on the courageous child; she was conveyed to the Grotto by her faithful companion, and on entering the piscina was instantaneously freed from pain. A strange feeling pervaded her whole being. The water seemed to her full of reviving warmth; she rose out of it unaided, and exclaimed: "I knew well I should be cured!" Her joy is exuberant.

Alphonse Grandon, of St. Quentin (Aisne), about thirty-five years of age, was reduced to the last stage of pulmonary decline, and confined to his bed since last February until the day he started on the pilgrimage; the most alarming symptoms appeared in his exhausted frame, and his voice was inaudible. The first bath in the piscina relieved him somewhat, but after the second he felt well enough to climb up the steep height to the Calvary, singing all the while, with startling energy, "*Ave Maria!*" The doctors, upon examination, found the cure wonderful in the extreme. Grandon is now able to resume his daily occupation.

Mme. Vigouroux, of Paris (10 Passage Kracher, Clignancourt), was especially favored during the pilgrimage to Lourdes. She is thirty-five, and has been ill four years. Her medical certificate states that she was suffering from hypertrophy of the heart and from a tumor in the abdomen. Shortly before going to Lourdes, the most eminent surgeons of the Hôpital Bichat, where she was under treatment, wished to operate on the tumor; she would not consent, and returned to her poor home. She wrote to obtain admission among the sick of the National Pilgrimage; her request was not granted, as funds were wanting; however, she began the preparatory novena, and in her heart felt sure of going to Lourdes. The novena was made with great fervor by the patient, who, in spite of her suffering state, always rose from her bed and prayed on bended knees, surrounded by her husband and children.

Mme. Vigouroux had unlimited confidence in Our Lady's power and goodness. Some years previous her little boy met with a serious accident, and the doctor declared that one of his limbs should be amputated; the mother would not hear of it, and implored, with great faith, the aid of the Blessed Virgin. The child grew better without any other help; and the doctor, seeing him later, was astounded, and eagerly inquired of Mme. Vigouroux what had been done. He smiled at her answer; and, patting the little fellow on the cheek, told him he was lucky to have a mother whose prayers were so powerful.

On the Feast of the Assumption Mme. Vigouroux received another letter from the Pilgrimage committee, informing her that she might prepare to join the pilgrims on the 18th of August. The fatigue of the journey was borne with great patience. She was plunged into the piscina twice, suffering such acute pain as to become almost insensible. Sunday, August 24, she was praying at the Basilica; and, perceiving a deformed child in the arms of his mother, who looked spent with fatigue, Mme. Vigouroux asked God for strength to hold the child and relieve his tired mother. She took the cripple in her arms, and by a supreme effort carried him to the piscina, where she said to his mother: "While you bathe him I will pray."

During the prayer she was seized with such a violent commotion that she thought her last

hour was come. When her turn came to be bathed for the third time in the miraculous waters, she heroically offered the sacrifice of her life to God, and begged His divine protection for her poor husband and children. It was her last sacrifice, for with it came life and renewed health. The tumor burst open; and, on being taken out of the icy waters, though shivering, she was able to bend and move, and exclaimed, in a paroxysm of joy: "I am cured!—my tumor is gone!" She was at once led to the medical bureau, where her cure was pronounced radical.

These are only a few of the wondrous cures wrought during the National Pilgrimage. Praise to Our Lady of Lourdes! Who shall tell of the more extraordinary cures of sin-sick hearts,—of manifold wonders greater even than the raising of the dead to life? Glory be to God!

The Mystery about Some Milk.

BY THE REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

ONE of the prominent characteristics of St. Joseph's thoughtful care for those who commit themselves to his protection is his attention to their wants in matters of detail, that those less acquainted with the ways of the saints would judge unworthy of his notice. He often fulfils their requests in matters not only of necessity, but of pure convenience; he even gratifies the whims of many of his clients. Witness the following story, for the truth of which I can vouch, after careful inquiries personally made upon the spot:

In a convent not a hundred miles from London was a good, simple lay-Sister from the North of Ireland, who was entrusted with the care of the dairy,—an employment for which her early life on her father's farm made her specially suited. One day last March the convent had occasion to receive for a week a large number of visitors. The consumption of milk, cream, and butter was thereby not a little increased. The convent, indeed, had several cows feeding on its rich pastures; but the inmates were numerous, and this strain upon its resources was more than the dairy could bear. The Sister accordingly presented herself before the dispenser of the convent.

"Please, Sister, I have not milk enough this week to supply the visitors. What am I to do?"

"How much more do you want?"

"Well, if you will order eight quarts more for to-morrow and eight for Thursday, that will do nicely; or sixteen to-morrow will do equally well."

"No, I can't get any more milk; you must use the milk that is standing in the pans, and then we will buy butter if we need it."

"Ah, Sister dear, don't refuse me! I can't spoil those beautiful pans, with the cream rising on them quite thick."

"Use the milk you have, and we can buy some butter afterward."

"Well, Sister, if *you* won't give me the milk, I must ask St. Joseph for it. *He* won't refuse me."

"Very well, ask St. Joseph."

So back the Sister went, nothing disconcerted, to her dairy. There, just over the place where the pans were set, was a little picture of St. Joseph, that her pious hands had nailed to the wall to guard the milk from all mishaps. Turning her eyes to the picture, "Now, St. Joseph," she said, "Sister won't buy me any milk, so you must get it for me." And then she went about her ordinary business as usual.

The next morning it happened that the Sister dispenser, who had refused the milk, was acting in her turn, according to the custom of the convent, as portress. A ring at the bell was heard, and a respectable young man presented himself.

"I have brought the milk, Sister, for the dairy."

The portress was a little surprised. "That persevering Sister," she said to herself, "has been to the procuratrix, and got her to order the milk! She shall have it this time, but I must ask the procuratrix not to indulge her whims again." So the man was sent to the dairy.

"Here, Sister, I have brought you the milk."

The Sister was surprised, but thought that the Sister dispenser must have changed her mind.

"How much is there?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly. I think about fifteen or sixteen quarts."

When the can had been returned to the messenger, and he had gone his way, it occurred to the Sister to measure the milk. "I wonder if the Sister dispenser thought to save a little out of the sixteen quarts?" No: on measuring there were exactly sixteen quarts to a teaspoonful! So the

pans of milk were undisturbed, and the convent butter made as usual.

In the afternoon the Sister dispenser had occasion to see the procuratrix.

"Sister, would you mind buying butter another time, and not milk? It will save trouble, and the cost will be no more."

"I have not bought any milk."

"Yes: Sister M. asked you, did she not, for sixteen quarts? You ordered them for her, and they came this morning. She had asked me already and I refused her."

"My dear Sister, no milk at all has been ordered, so far as I know; and Sister M. never said a word to me on the subject."

"Why, it must have been ordered; for a young man brought it to-day."

Sister M. was summoned, and related her story. Not a word had she said to any one except St. Joseph after she had been refused by the dispenser. She had concluded that the dispenser had changed her mind and granted her request. Otherwise, how was it possible to account for the milk having come? Some one *must* have ordered it; perhaps the gardener. So he was sent for from his little cottage. He knew nothing about the affair—had not heard that any milk was needed.

Of course the story was duly reported to the Reverend Mother, who wisely remarked that before the end of the week the bill would be sent in, and then perhaps the mystery would be solved. Meanwhile everyone was asked who could by any possibility have ordered the milk, but not a soul knew anything about it.

When the end of the week came no demand for payment was made. Weeks passed and months passed, and still no account of that mysterious milk. Up to the present day no possible explanation. No one knew that the milk was needed, save only the dairy Sister and the dispenser, and neither of them breathed a word on the subject before the advent of the messenger with the sixteen quarts in his can.

Who it was that brought the milk or whence it came I do not pretend to say. But whoever it was, did not the good Sister rightly turn her eyes in heartfelt gratitude to the little picture of St. Joseph guarding her pans and say, "O dear, good St. Joseph, I thought you would get me the milk, even though the Sister dispenser refused me!"

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

HITHERTO there has been much lamenting among Catholics over the failure of efforts to organize young men into societies which should help them to the securing of a higher mental and social status. The literary society—in which, as a rule, there was no literature—"bounced" its director at the usual interval, and was, as usual, denounced from the altar. The "bouncing" and denouncing followed the birth of the young literary society, as measles and other infantile ills follow the birth of a little human being. But, in the case of the literary society, these ills were always fatal. There seemed to be an irrepressible conflict sure to develop between the pastor of the parish and the young clubmen; for the society became as soon as possible merely a social club.

A change has begun to take place; and this change is in a great measure due to the tact, the sympathy, and discretion of the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the united young men's Catholic associations of the United States. Father Lavelle's position gave him the opportunity of seeing both sides of the shield,—which, although painted black on one side and white on the other, was only one thing, after all. The difficulty was that, as a rule, the young men saw it only from their side, while the pastor saw it only from his. Father Lavelle has helped to make both parties more tolerant. Besides, he has recognized a truth which needs to be recognized: that young men with good intentions require to be treated sympathetically. If a rebel sometimes makes an autocrat, an autocrat always makes a rebel. The old literary society was rebellious and the old-fashioned director autocratic.

Father Lavelle seems to understand—this is written by one who looks at his work from a distance—that after the young man has become a good Christian he must be civilized; he must be taught the *minutiae* of his social duties, and filled with the ambition to equal and excel other men. Dr. Barry recently raised a storm by his

use of the phrase, "First civilize, and then Christianize." With us the necessity takes a different form. Our young men are generally good Christians; but a man may be a hermit and a good Christian; he may be a modern Diogenes, and come out of his tub only to go to Mass on Sundays and to confession once a month. But a modern Diogenes would not fulfil Father Lavelle's ideal of what a young Catholic ought to be in our times. A man may be a good Christian and be a very ignorant man; a good Christian and take little interest in the vital social questions of the day; a good Christian and never vote.

It seems to be, so far as the present writer understands the programme of the October convention of Catholic young men, Father Lavelle's intention that they shall be civilized and cultivated to the highest point, and that their views of their duties to themselves and others shall be broadened as much as possible, and that they shall take part in every practical movement that makes for good. The time has gone by when a "literary" society whose library consisted of "Willy Reilly," "The Strawcutter's Daughter," and Webster's Dictionary,—whose "exercises" consisted of wrangling according to Parliamentary rules and the working of billiard cues,—could exist with decency. The standard of intelligence is too high for that now; and the united movement, of which the convention in Washington marks an epoch, is tending to make it higher; for earnestness has taken the place of that frivolity and indecision which marked the days when our young men were without central direction.

Catholic public opinion has never been thoroughly aroused to the great need of providing attractive meeting places for young men. That vulgar sentiment of caste that used to divide the college man from men less liberally educated, and keep him aloof from the work of his parish, is passing away with other provincial failings. The example of the young men's "Christian Associations," whose establishments are everywhere, and whose social advantages have attracted many Catholics, has been a stimulus. Our young men are many-sided; they are eager and earnest; they thirst for opportunities of improvement; and never in the history of the Church in this country was the outlook for them so hopeful.

Notes and Remarks.

The cures officially reported at Lourdes during the National Pilgrimage number forty-two. Our excellent French correspondent gives an account this week of some of the more striking cases. Consumptive patients were favored in a remarkable degree this year. Most of the cures took place at the piscina, rather progressively than suddenly, it was noticed.

A recent letter from Molokai informs us that his Majesty the King of Hawaii and the representative of the English Government visited the leper settlement on the 27th of August, to select a site for the proposed monument to Father Damien. The high point at the crater was considered the most suitable place, one from which the monument can be seen by passing vessels.

The distinguished visitors were enthusiastic in their praise of all that is being done so unostentatiously at the Catholic missions, and congratulated the successors of Father Damien in cordial terms.

Van Humbuck, Minister of Public Instruction under the late Liberal Government in Belgium, the author of the unjust and impious law of godless education, who declared he would dig the grave wherein to bury the corpse of Catholicism, called for a priest during his late illness. But the brother Masons of the wretched man, who surrounded his death-bed, took care that no priest should come near, and treated his request as an insane raving. Von Lutz, the late Premier of Bavaria, was more fortunate, owing to the charity and devotion of his non-Catholic wife, who went herself to bring a priest, and exhorted her husband to seek reconciliation with the Church which he had persecuted in many ways. He made his submission in the hands of the Archbishop of Munich, and died in the sentiments of a true penitent.

Last week we published an account, summarized from the Washington correspondence of the *Catholic Mirror*, of the sermons and addresses delivered before Congress by prelates and priests of the Church. A famous sermon by Archbishop Hughes, in the old Hall of Representatives, in

1847, was not mentioned. The invitation to deliver it was signed by the most distinguished members of both Houses. The Hall was filled to overflowing, and the great prelate was never more eloquent. He spoke on the mission of the Church. The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O. S. A., also addressed the first Evangelical Alliance formed in this country, which met in the Capitol in Washington in 1844, John Quincy Adams presiding. Dr. Moriarty had induced a brother priest to accompany him to the meeting, that they might learn what was going on. After a bigoted speech by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, on the diffusion of the Bible, in the course of which Catholics, especially Irish Catholics, were grossly insulted, Dr. Moriarty stood up and asked if he might be allowed to address the assembly. Permission being given, he made a reply so able and eloquent that the minister made an ample apology for his calumnies and insults. This impromptu speech by Dr. Moriarty is spoken of as one of the greatest efforts of his life.

A national church consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the heights of Pichincha, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, will soon realize the pious project of Ecuador's martyr-ruler, Garcia Moreno. In the Republic of Venezuela, where in 1876 the legislature suppressed the liberty of the pulpit and forbade religious education, the President has lately subscribed 28,000 bolivars for the construction of a Church of the Sacred Heart; and in the Argentine Republic, a hotbed of Freemasonry, the Apostleship of Prayer is extending its ranks on every side.

The London *Tablet* has been publishing some interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Newman. One of these relates to "the absorbing earnestness of his Mass." It is said of him that he agreed with the eloquent Willis (in his own life-like "Loss and Gain") that the Mass should proceed rapidly. "Quickly as Dr. Newman's Mass went, it was none the less—nay, partly by very reason of its speed—an inspiring spectacle. He would sway forwards and sideways as he hurriedly recited the opening psalm *Judica me Deus*, and the balanced cadences of the succeeding *Gloria in excelsis* became a sort of exultant chant. Most noticeable, also, were the audible whisperings at

the words of consecration, inclusive of a lingering emphasis and an unearthly tone at *mysterium fidei*. And then came the *Pater Noster*, recited with lovely devotion; each section of its first half being very feelingly dwelt upon, and divided off from its immediate neighbors by truly speaking pauses, yet without any sense of broken continuity. And then that tender petition for daily bread, *Panem nostrum quotidianum*, in the second part, became as the trustful cry of a loving child to its father; and was fittingly sustained, too, by the solemn, heartfelt supplication at the *ne nos inducas in tentationem*. Surely," continues the writer, who mentions that he often served the Cardinal's Mass,—“surely the meaning of our Blessed Lord's prayer was borne in upon our young souls as it had never been before, as it never will be again; while scarcely to be wondered at was a London Oratorian Father letting fall the comment that he quite expected one day to see an aureole shining round the Padre's head as he stood at the holy altar.”

The fourth German Catholic Congress, recently held at Pittsburg, was an edifying and harmonious assembly. As many as 12,000 men walked in the torchlight procession on the opening night, after which a preliminary session was held. Among the distinguished guests of the Congress present was Dr. Ernest Lieber, of the German Landtag, who delivered an eloquent address. The Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn., celebrated Pontifical High Mass on the first morning of the convention; and the Very Rev. Father Wall, V. G., of Pittsburg, welcomed the delegates to "the City of the Hills." The Right Rev. Bishops Katzer, Haid, O. S. B., and Flasch were present at some of the meetings.

Brother Cassian, who was Superior-General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Mercy for the last thirteen years, died recently at the mother-house, Malines. He joined the Congregation in 1849, when only eighteen years of age. Brother Cassian was a man of many talents and of many virtues—a model in every respect for the religious family he so well governed. *R. I. P.*

A recent number of *La Revista Popular* announces that a band of twenty-five Sisters of St. Anne, who had voluntarily offered their services

to the wretched lepers at Providencia, lately left Lerida for Barcelona, whence they sailed to the leper settlement. Providencia is an island off the coast of Venezuela. These holy women were not allowed to depart without a demonstration on the part of the pious inhabitants, who flocked from all sides to bid them farewell, and to pray for the success of their mission. On the way to Barcelona the Sisters stopped at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Montserrat, under whose auspices they had undertaken the work. They assisted at the solemn services held in the monastery church, after which they repaired to the Cave of St. Ignatius, where the Holy Sacrifice was again offered in their behalf.

A notable illustration of the charity of wealthy Parisians is furnished by the will of the late Madame Boucicaut, proprietress of the "Bon Marché." That large-hearted lady left ten million francs for the foundation of a hospital for the poor of the metropolis, and an equal sum to charities in the provinces, and in legacies to the numerous employees of her establishment. Paris is looked upon as a sort of modern Babylon, whereas there is no city in the world more like the Rome of the Popes; and it is but doing simple justice to the people of the gay Capital to say that the great mass of them are inspired by noble and generous instincts, which impel them to help the unfortunate, succor the destitute, and champion the wronged.

The Hall of Christian Antiquities at the Louvre contains many interesting treasures. Among the additions lately made, the most curious and important is an inscription recently discovered in Algeria. It was found in a ruin of ancient Mauritania, and consists of the dedication of a memorial church, consecrated September 7, 359, in honor of the martyrs Victorinus and Miggins. Divers relics deposited in the *memoria* are enumerated; among others, wood of the True Cross, earth from Bethlehem, and souvenirs of SS. Peter and Paul. As regards the relics from Bethlehem and Rome, this inscription furnishes the oldest testimony of the first Christians' custom of collecting them and carrying them to a distance. Concerning the True Cross, St. Cyril, in a homily delivered in 347 (only twelve years previous to the date of the inscrip-

tion), says that portions of the sacred wood are scattered over the whole world. This document found in Africa is an excellent commentary of his words.

The Bombay Mission has lost a zealous and devoted member in the recent death of the Rev. Father Boeselager, of Xavier's College. He belonged to a noble family in Westphalia, and, after graduating at Osnabrück, served in the King's Hussars throughout the whole of the war with France. He afterward studied law at Bonn and Heidelberg, and became one of the leaders of the Mainzer Catholic Union, employing all the social influence he possessed to further its praiseworthy ends. Having renounced his ancestral property and large fortune, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1873, and in 1884 was sent to Bombay, where he labored with characteristic devotedness up to the time of his death. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—IIEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. de Pazzi, of the Sisters of Charity, Jersey City, N. J.; Sister Mary Constantia, O. S. F., Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sister Mary Auxilia, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, New York city, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Thomas J. Delany, whose happy death occurred at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 8th ult.

Mrs. Ellen Hoover, of Newry, Pa., who peacefully departed this life on the 11th of July.

Mrs. Mary Carroll, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death at St. Paul, Minn., on the 19th ult.

Miss Anne Melvin, of Buffalo, N. Y., who calmly breathed her last on the 27th ult.

The Rev. John Barry, of Staten Island, N. Y.; Mother Magdalen (Arnold), Superior of St. Colman's Industrial School, West Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Allen, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Charles Mahaffy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. P. Leahey, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Hogan, Lonsdale, R. I.; Ellen Heffell, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Catherine McNulty, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Mr. John Doherty, Ballymahon, Co. Longford, Ireland; and Mrs. Elizabeth Hagan, Valley Falls, R. I.

May they rest in peace!



The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.—THE NEWCOMER.

KIND-HEARTED as Mrs. West was, she grew sad when she looked at the newcomer. Uncle Will had got into the habit of ruling the household at Rosebriar—for its own good, of course. Mr. West rather liked it, because, as he was never quite well, it relieved him of responsibility; and Mrs. West always held that whatever her brother-in-law did was right. Occasionally the boys had rebelled; but they were so plainly in the wrong at those times, and Uncle Will so plainly in the right, that their opposition only made his rule the stronger.

Looking at Alice Reed as she advanced into the lamp-light, Mrs. West felt that she ought to have insisted on knowing more about the newcomer before permitting her to come into the house; and for the first time she felt somewhat indignant at Uncle Will's high-handed way of providing her with guests.

Alice was a tall girl, with bright hazel eyes, that were never still. She wore a big straw-hat with a trailing feather, and a long plaid ulster, into the pockets of which her hands were thrust.

"Well, Uncle Will," she said, "I'm here!"

Uncle Will shook hands with her. "But I did not expect you until ten o'clock. You know I told you to take the—"

"Oh, I took the other road!" Alice interrupted coolly. "It tired me to wait."

She held her cheek toward Mrs. West to be kissed, and smiled condescendingly at Rose, who approached timidly.

Uncle Will introduced the rest of the family. Alice went through this ceremony with great self-possession. She certainly was not much over thirteen years of age, but she made the young people feel that she was the oldest person present.

Divested of her hat and wrap, she appeared in an elaborately trimmed frock. Her forehead was decorated with a yellow fringe of hair, through which she passed her hand—on which sparkled two rings—with easy grace.

"Dear me," she said, "I am hardly presentable! I really ought to change my gown."

Rose blushed as she heard these majestic words. "This was the person to whom she had thought of giving her cast-off dresses!"

Mrs. West asked Rose to take Alice to her room, suggesting that it was too late to change her dress. Alice, after some discussion, concluded to have a cup of tea as she was. Mrs. West sent for tea and cake; and Alice, taking the large arm-chair usually reserved for Mr. West, proceeded to refresh herself.

Richard watched her with interest. He had never before seen anybody like her. She glanced about the room with undisguised curiosity. The Wests held that this room was the prettiest in the world. Its big windows looked toward the west; its polished floor was covered with Turkish rugs; and the walls were stained so that the water-colors, tastefully bound books, brass shields and candlesticks, showed to the best advantage. Richard watched her looks with satisfaction: she must admire this room!

"How do you get on without gas, Mrs. West? Nobody in the city thinks of such a thing. At Madame Régence's, where I go to school, there are both gas and electric lights."

"We have always used lamps," said Mrs. West.

Rose looked in astonishment at this bold young person, who did not admire their beautiful silver lamp.

"How old-fashioned! And rugs too! You know they've quite gone out. Madame Régence has her floors waxed so that you can see yourself in them, and not a rug anywhere. The rugs—and she had some lovely ones—have been sent to the servants' rooms. But I suppose country people always are a little behind in the styles. Madame says that everything is Louis Seize now."

Richard's jaw fell. "Louis Seize"! What was "Louis Seize"?

Fancying from the silence around her that she was in deeper water than suited her acquaintances, she condescended to give a few words of explanation:

"Louis Seize means Louis the Sixteenth,—the King that beheaded Marie Antoinette, you know, and married Anne Boleyn."

Richard forgot his manners and laughed. Alice's color rose; she looked at Mrs. West's pained face. Mrs. West had never known Richard to be so rude before.

"What is that boy laughing at?" Alice asked, setting down her teacup.

"I was laughing because it seems to me you know more about fashion than history," said the boy, disregarding his mother's shocked "Hush!"

"Louis the Sixteenth did cut off Marie Antoinette's head."

"Why, Marie Antoinette was his wife; and the mob beheaded both her and him!"

"They didn't!"

"They did!"

"I say they didn't!"

Mr. West interfered; he gravely asked Richard to leave the room. Richard was in disgrace, and he could scarcely believe it possible. Bernard and Rose were aghast. Richard ordered out of the room,—Richard, the pink of propriety! Whose turn would it be next? Bernard, moved by the awfulness of this event, could only murmur as his brother passed out: "I'd like to club that orphan!"

Unhappily, his mother heard him; the pained look on her face made life a burden to him for the rest of the evening. The orphan had not been in the house half an hour, and her work had begun: their pleasant circle was already broken.

Mr. West went over to the lounge and took up a book. Alice sipped her tea and was silent until she saw the rosary.

"Oh, you're all Catholics here, I suppose?" she remarked, suddenly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. West. "Is not that a pretty rosary?"

"Garnets and pearls,—yes, very pretty; but I don't have to bother about religion. You see, papa was a Catholic and mamma an Episcopalian. That lets me out."

Uncle Will dared not meet Mrs. West's eyes as Alice made this announcement. He felt that he had made a mistake, and he wished with all his heart that he had not taken advantage of the gentleness of the Wests to force this pert young lady upon them.

The guest yawned, politely covering her mouth with her hand. Rose was wishing all the time that she would let papa have his arm-chair, for he was falling asleep on the lounge; and the rest of the family knew that if he slept now he would lie awake all night, and be ill in the morning. Rose drew a long folding-chair into the light, piled up the pine-scented cushions as high as possible, and asked Alice if she would not take it.

"Thank you; I'm quite comfortable," was the answer, with another yawn.

Mrs. West saw with horror that Mr. West was closing his eyes. It was felt as a family calamity when Mr. West lost a night's sleep. If he could only be got into his chair!

"Have you ever seen the moon?" asked Bernard, nervously, in the hope that she would change her seat. "I mean, have you ever seen the moon through our bay-window?"

"Of course not," answered Alice; "but I fancy the moon looks the same through your bay-windows as through other bay-windows!"

Bernard was crushed. He looked angrily at the guest.

Rose felt that she must do something.

"Papa!" she said.

No answer, but a slight snore.

"Papa!"

Still no answer.

"Papa!!"

Mr. West jumped from his recumbent position, with a feeling that the house was a-fire, at least. His head struck a little ebony cabinet on the wall, and the cabinet and a cherished Dresden cup and saucer fell to the floor. The cup was uninjured, but the saucer flew into a dozen pieces.

Rose, with tears in her eyes, ran to pick up the fragments. "Oh, I didn't mean to do it! I really didn't mean to do it!" she said, beginning to cry.

Mr. West looked with amazed eyes at the scene. "Rose," he said, "I wish you were more considerate. Your screaming awakened me so suddenly that I have a splitting headache. You used to be more thoughtful."

Rose, who had never been rebuked by her father before this, dropped the fragments of china, with the cup, which at once went to pieces, and ran sobbing out of the room.

Bernard sat glowering at the orphan, who

seemed a little tired of the people around her, but entirely satisfied with herself.

"What do you do in the evenings? Don't you find them tiresome? At Madame Régence's there is always something going on. We smaller girls don't get much chance to go out, but we can look on when the others go, and hear all about it when they come back."

Rose stole in quietly, very pale and sad, and went over to the lounge beside her father, who had gone to sleep again. Alice immediately addressed her talk to her.

"You should have seen the gown Georgina Stanhope wore at Madame's reception the other night. Oh, it was lovely! It had three panels of Cluny lace over heliotrope brocade; the side was caught up with stephanotis; there was something like a Watteau train, only it wasn't; and—"

"Rose does not understand such things, Miss Reed!" interposed Mrs. West, overwhelmed by the volubility of this young creature, who was scarcely fourteen, but who seemed to be twenty. "Rose and I have no concern with those elaborate fashions."

"Dear me!" answered Alice, pityingly. "I must show you my tea-gown to-morrow. It's quite Japanese, I believe, in style. But of course, as I am an orphan, I have always had the best of everything, and people have given in to me a great deal. As I don't have to go back to Madame Régence's for two weeks, I can lend you some of my things to pattern by. I hope you'll not mind my saying that Rose's frock might have a little more style."

Rose blushed, and looked down at her pretty white dress, which she had admired very much.

Mrs. West was seriously uneasy. She could understand that Alice Reed, left without father and mother, should have become precocious, vain, and frivolous; and she could feel sorry for her. But she was seriously alarmed for the effect that such precocity and frivolity might produce in the quiet household at Rosebriar. She knew that her own children were not as unselfish as they might be. They were too much wrapped up in one another; they had little care for those who lived outside their own comfortable domain. She hoped that this selfishness might be corrected, yet Uncle Will's remedy seemed to her worse than the disease. Suppose Rose

should grow to be fond of dress; suppose Richard should get into the habit of keeping away from the family group at night; suppose Bernard should continue to develop the ill feelings that showed plainly in his eyes to-night? In the course of one short hour Alice Reed had managed to bring confusion into the pleasantest household in the country. Oh, why had Uncle Will been so officious? Why had he not talked the matter over? And Alice had announced that she was free from her fashionable New York school for two weeks! What evil might not be done in two weeks?

Uncle Will pretended to be buried in a book. He wondered how he could remedy the mischief he had done. He began to understand that Alice would bring out all the worst qualities in the young Wests, instead of developing their good ones. Uncle Will had spent several years in China; the first thing he did was to call on the child of his old friend, Philip Reed, and to ask Madame Régence's permission to have her visit Rosebriar. Then he had gone to the convent where little Josie Harney lived, and had, with her father's permission, done the same thing. Three months had gone by, and Alice had arrived. He did not know exactly when Josie Harney would come. Now he regretted his impulsiveness; he realized that a family circle is a very sacred thing; and that an outsider, no matter how privileged, must be very careful as to whom he introduces into it.

After an uncomfortable silence, Mrs. West sent for candles and the party broke up. Alice condescended to be pleased with her room, which had been carefully decorated by Rose for the use of her guests; and quiet fell—but not sleep. Mr. West groaned all night, Mrs. West thought anxiously, and Uncle Will wondered what he would do with the other orphan.

(To be continued.)

A Disappointment.

MAMMA: "Well, Edith, how did you like the Kindergarten?"

EDITH: "I didn't like it a bit! The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."—*The School Gazette*.

Charlemagne and His Friend.

BY MRS. FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Learning, under the fierce sway of the Danes, was perishing in Saxon England. The religious houses, which were the pride and glory of the island scholars, were demolished, and their inmates scattered like leaves before the wind. But in France—ah, there matters were different! Schools were multiplying and houses of holy men increasing in number. It was left for the great Charles, known as Charlemagne, to bring all the buds, tended and watered by others, into full flowering perfection, and in his famous Palace School to gather together the chief learned men in his Empire.

Yet one he lacked—a quiet Anglo-Saxon scholar, who taught in beautiful York, in the north of England. None other than Alcuin did he wish for; none other would he have to be the head of his great palatine school. So the gentle teacher was approached with the request from the great Emperor. He hesitated, then yielded, and ended by leaving his beloved island, where the hawthorn bloomed and the larks sang, to become an exile among strangers. He never ceased to long, during all the slow years which followed, for the quiet home far away; but we fancy that he bore his homesickness with a smiling face, as many another, perhaps not so great or good, has done.

And so the new professor, as we would call him to-day, took charge of the Palace School, with the great Charles as head boy, and the princes and princesses and the rest of the royal family in his classes. It was a freak of Charlemagne's to be known in school as "David," and the others changed their names likewise; Alcuin, not to be outdone, calling himself Flaccus. As to the school itself, there was nothing too great to be hoped for it. As Christ was greater than Plato, so should this Christian school, declared Charlemagne, be greater than that at Athens. But there should be, he added, no learning for learning's sake alone. Religion was to be the chief aim of all the efforts of the scholars who studied with the Emperor. Grammar should be taught only that the Holy Scriptures might be

better understood and transcribed, and all the musical knowledge should go to adorn the Church's psalmody.

Charlemagne was, in every sense, the "head boy" in the school. He who was known as "King of Europe" did not disdain to bother his head with Latin verbs, and to work like any plodding student at the dryest rules of logic. His favorite study, however, was music; and he loved to revise the written chants and to take part in the Divine Office.

The Franks, it must be admitted, made sad work of the florid Italian music, having neither sweet voices nor much training. Writers of that period compared their tones to the grating of carts on a rough road, and said they distracted instead of delighting the ears of their unfortunate hearers. One day a certain clerk, ignorant of the ways and music of the royal choir, was commanded to take part in its performance. He shook his head most painfully, and, opening a prodigious mouth, gave utterance to sounds which made the other singers titter in spite of themselves. When the office was over, Charlemagne called the poor man to him and gave him a handsome present for bravely doing his best.

Some have said that the great Emperor never learned to write, but others tell us that he always had at hand little tablets upon which to jot down, at any hour of the day or night, whatever he fancied worth remembering. And how did he keep up that famous correspondence with Alcuin unless he had learned to wield a pen as well as a sword? The truth is, no doubt, that, like many another wise man, he had no knack of making pretty letters.

The Palace School was truly a school for all, the children of the common people being admitted as well as the young nobles; and it was Charlemagne's delight to watch over the youths in after years, to see that they profited by their instruction. The obscure scholars were usually the better ones; and we have preserved for us a pretty picture of the monarch, after hearing all recite, placing the clever poor boys on his right hand, and the dull young noblemen, with a reproof, on his left.

We think of that period as one of ignorance, but even the farmers must have learned something in those far-off days of Charlemagne; for

among his laws one survives which required the peasants to sing sacred canticles as they drove their cattle to and from the pasture, so that all who heard might know they were Christians.

But, although all seemed so prosperous in the land of his exile, the master Alcuin pined for his own green England, for his quiet cell at York, to which came no sound louder than the murmuring of bees or the sighing of the wind. In sweet and plaintive verses he has told us of his weariness of soul, and his longing for the garden of his childhood and the voices of his people. But, except for one visit, he was never to see the garden and hear the voices again. "I am yours in life and death," he writes his English brethren; "and it may be that God will have pity on me, and suffer that you should bury in his old age him whom in his infancy you brought up and nourished."

The latter part of his life was spent at Tours, at the head of the Abbey of St. Martin, where he gathered about him English scholars and books, and, we may hope, some transplanted flowers and trees from the garden he loved so well. "The old Saxon," the Franks called him; and some of the jealous ones among them complained that the swarms of British students gathered around the old master like bees.

At Tours he died. "I have," he wrote toward the last, "made all things over into the hands of my sons; and, laying down the burden of pastoral care, I wait quietly at St. Martin's until my change shall come." The "change" found him ready. He died the next Whitsuntide; and his royal scholar "David" ten years later followed him "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

The Deed of a Heroine.

It is always interesting and profitable to read of the instances of heroism brought to light by an epidemic.

In 1827, at a little town near Dieppe, in France, a strange fever, resembling typhus, broke out in a humble household, and six of the members died of it. The father and four children were left, but were seriously ill with the frightful malady. The neighbors kept away, excusing themselves on the ground that there was danger of spreading the

disease. They said that it would be murder if they should carry it to their own families, and used many more arguments of the sort people are wont to employ when they wish to shirk duties.

A young woman in the next parish went to the mayor of the infected town, and offered her assistance in behalf of the unfortunate family.

"You run a great risk," said the mayor, as he, nevertheless, accepted her offer.

"I should run a greater one," she nobly answered, "if I allowed five human beings to die for want of care."

She thereupon took a supply of disinfectants, and shut herself up in the house with the stricken inmates. One of the little ones died; and, no one daring to come near, Mlle. Détrumont herself dug the grave and put the child in it. The rest of the children, with their father, were spared; and they always declared that they owed their lives, under God, to the brave girl for whom death had no terrors when she was doing her duty.

A Poet's Unselfishness.

Béranger, the lyric poet, was sometimes called the French Burns, sometimes the "poet of the people," and often given even the proud title of the "real King of France." Among his characteristics a love of independence was prominent; and although often, in his varied career, very poor, he would never accept a pecuniary kindness from any one.

He went one day to see General Sebastiani, who was on his death-bed. "Oh, my dear old friend," said the dying General, "I want to do something for you! I can not die in peace if I leave you so wretchedly poor. My children are provided for. Listen: In that desk are my savings—two hundred thousand francs. Let us divide them. It is your old friend, an old soldier, who asks this; and I swear on my Cross (referring to the Cross of Honor which he had won) that no one shall ever know of the pleasure you will have given me in accepting this trifling present."

History does not tell us what became of the General's francs, put away so carefully in his desk; but Béranger did not accept them. He gently and firmly refused them, in spite of the entreaties of his friend.



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The Trouvère.*

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

I MAKE not songs, but only find:—

Love, following still the circling sun,
His carols cast on every wind,
And other singer is there none!

I follow Love, though far he flies;
I sing his song, at random found,
Like plume some bird of Paradise
Drops, passing, on our dusky bound.

In some, methinks, at times there glows
The passion of a heavenlier sphere:
These, too, I sing,—but sweeter those
I dare not sing, and faintly hear.

Some Advantages of the Rosary.

IN our initial article for the present month we briefly considered the matter and form of the Rosary, its component parts and their disposition. While such consideration should of itself suffice to demonstrate the excellence of this beautiful devotion, and manifest the fitness with which we may apply to the Holy Rosary the words of the sage, "He that honoreth his mother

is as one that layeth up a treasure,"* a rapid review of the advantages to be derived from the exercise can scarcely fail to quicken our fervor and intensify our desire worthily to acquit ourselves of the duties incumbent, especially during these October days, on all devout children of Mary.

Among the personal advantages resulting from devotion to the Rosary there is, first of all, the merit of the virtues which are exercised by the recitation of the four vocal prayers of which it is composed. Of the virtue of faith, without which it is impossible to please God, we make profession by the recitation of the Apostles' Creed. The three principal mysteries, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for salvation, are therein expressly formulated; and all other articles of our belief are implicitly contained in that abridged act of faith, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." The two objects of hope—grace in this world and glory in the next—are found in the last articles of the same Creed: "I believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

Charity, as a theological virtue, having God for its object, is exercised in the "Our Father." This prayer is an act of perfect charity, since we solicit above all the extension of God's glory, the advent of His kingdom, and the entire conformity of our will with His own. So also with the charity we owe to our neighbor. We can not intelligently pronounce the words "*Our Father*" without repudiating all egoism, without embracing all mankind in the entreaties addressed to the common

* The Greeks called the poet "the Maker." In the Middle Ages some of the best poets took a more modest title—that of "the Finder."

* Eccclus., iii, 5.

Father of all; and we put in practice the perfection of fraternal charity when we sincerely ask God to "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Furthermore, by the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the *Gloria Patri* we give to God the supreme worship due to Him alone; and by the "Hail Mary" we honor all the angels and saints in the person of their Queen. The angelic choirs and the hosts of the elect smile upon our efforts, and the magnificent homage of the heavenly court becomes the complement of the feeble tribute that we waft from earth.

Besides affording us an occasion of making express acts of these great virtues, the Holy Rosary is a fruitful source of graces indispensable to the accomplishment of our other obligations. These graces have been positively promised to us on the sole condition that we ask for them. How better implore them than by repeating the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"? The Father can refuse nothing to the prayer that is peculiarly His Son's; nor can the Son reject the petition that we address to His Mother. Through these prayers we can assuredly obtain everything,—that is, everything conducive to our sanctification; for when we solicit temporal favors which God foresees would be detrimental to our interests, we no longer fulfil the conditions of Christ's promise: we no longer ask of the Father in the name of the Saviour; and in such a case God loves us too tenderly not to compassionate our ignorance. Precious among all graces for which we pray, pre-eminently inestimable where all are priceless, is the grace that shall fix us permanently in the friendship of God and assure us the possession of eternal bliss. What better guarantee of its attainment can be given to us than that afforded by the Holy Rosary, since it puts in our mouths, one hundred and fifty times, an appeal for Mary's all-powerful intervention at that supreme moment of death?

Another considerable advantage results to us from the meditation of the mysteries. It is, unfortunately, incontestable that many Christians live in indifference to their eternal interests. Listening to their conversations, noting the affairs in which they are absorbed and the interests that call forth their ceaseless activity, one is tempted to ask whether they really have faith, whether

they are practically conscious that they have an immortal soul, nourished by divine adoption, consecrated a temple of the Holy Ghost, and made a co-heir of Jesus Christ. Were they well convinced of the present dignity and the sublime destiny of their soul, would they not hold it in higher esteem? Would they not be more assiduous in purifying it, in nourishing it with spiritual food, in decorating it with the ornaments of virtue? Did they value it only as much as they do the body, which is merely its prison of clay, they would not allow it to languish for want of spiritual food, or become filthy with the corruption of sin. All such deplorable carelessness is impossible when one meditates, if only for a brief space, on the great mysteries of the life, death, and resurrection of our Saviour. In this great school we learn the value of our soul; we see how highly it is prized by God, who made it unto His own image, and who, to redeem it, descended from the throne of His glory, led a poverty-stricken, laborious life on earth, suffered the sorrows and ignominies of His Passion, and shed, even to the last drop, His adorable Blood.

In the mysteries of joy, of sorrow, and of glory, our Divine Saviour not only reveals to us the value of our soul—not only irradiates us with the pure light of faith, that no longer allows us to abandon ourselves to depraved instincts, to barter our eternal happiness for vile and fleeting pleasures,—but He teaches us by His example how to vanquish the three enemies of our salvation: Satan, the flesh, and the world. Are we tempted by the demon, the spirit of pride, who by his perfidious suggestions impels us to egotism, to unbridled luxury, to insubordination, and finally to the hatred of God? Jesus in His Joyful Mysteries says to us, 'I have given you the example; learn of Me how to triumph over all these attacks.' And He shows Himself to us humble in the Incarnation, charitable in the Visitation, poor in the Nativity, obedient in the Presentation, and zealous for His Father's glory in the midst of the doctors.

Have we to struggle against the flesh and its love of ease, against the desire for sensual pleasures, and a horror of suffering? Jesus repeats, 'I have given you the example.' And during the consideration of the Sorrowful Mysteries we see Him always resigned, suffering with admirable

patience, allowing His flesh to be torn from His scourging until His last sigh on the cross. Is it the world that seeks to seduce us with its fleeting joys, with the intoxication of its festivities, with its love of the material, its thirst for gold, its attention to the present life and its neglect of the future that awaits us beyond the tomb? Jesus fortifies our faith and our hope by showing us, in the mysteries of His own glory and of that which crowns His holy Mother, the magnificent reward promised to our perseverance.

It would be easy to show how in the Holy Rosary we have further an excellent means of accomplishing well many other duties of Christian piety. How admirably it is adapted to aid us in mental prayer, in the hearing of Mass and other divine offices, in our preparation for confession and Communion, and in our subsequent thanksgiving! How the recitation of our beads, too, lightens the tedium of a journey, lessening its hardships while protecting us from accidents! In the long, tiresome weeks of languorous illness, the slow-dragging days and sleepless nights, what a boon to the sufferer is not the beads! And how the aged turn to the Rosary for comfort and for peace! Decade after decade they count with fervor, forgetful the while of their infirmities and sorrows, mindful only of the gracious Mother whose tender heart is moved by every prayer, whose radiant smile of welcome they soon may hope to see.

Nor are these fruits of the Holy Rosary applicable only to ourselves—merely personal: the pious reciter of the beads may very easily acquit himself of a portion of the great debt of fraternal charity that weighs upon us all. The majority of Christians, it is to be feared, do not sufficiently consider the rigorous obligation and the universality of this debt, which we may ever pay, but from which we are never free. Yet it is very certain that the neighbor whom God commands us to love as ourselves is not simply the number, great or small, of relatives, friends, benefactors, and fellow-countrymen, that nature or social laws have grouped about us. Our neighbor is mankind at large—all who resemble us in their origin and their destiny, created like us to the image of God, redeemed like us by the Blood of the Divine Saviour, and like us called to eternal happiness, irrespective of race, color,

language, or nationality. It is equally certain that, with respect to our neighbor, God commands not only our freedom from hatred or indifference, but a positive sentiment of supernatural affection,—an affection, says St. John, which should not be restricted to words, but should be evinced in deeds. Where find a treasury vast enough to supply so many and so varied needs? Had we millions, our generosity could never suffice for all the indigent; and even were corporal needs attended to, we should still be obliged to come to the spiritual succor of blinded, tempted, and sin-sick souls.

Fortunately, we have prayer, the expression of a charity that is truly efficacious. By its means we oblige God, in virtue of His promises, to grant to our brethren all the assistance of which they have need, and which we of ourselves are powerless to procure them. To secure for our petitions a favorable hearing, we interpose between ourselves and the common Father the Virgin blessed amongst all women, the Mother of Jesus, who is now Queen of Heaven, treasurer and dispensator of the riches of God. In the Holy Rosary we greet her one hundred and fifty times in the plenitude of her grace, and implore her aid for ourselves and our neighbor. Is that neighbor a prey to temptation? Mary is his succor and invincible protection, even as “an army in battle-array.” Is he exposed to a tempestuous sea? Mary is the Star that will guide him to port. Is he tried by sickness? She is the Health of the weak. Is he overwhelmed with misfortune? She is the Comforter of the afflicted. Is he even an unworthy sinner, no longer daring to raise a suppliant glance to the heaven he has outraged? Mary is still his advocate and his sure refuge.

Thus, from north to south, from east to west, the *Ave Maria* flies from mouth to mouth among the numberless children of our Heavenly Queen; thus, like an unbroken electric current, it establishes perpetual communication between heaven and earth. Blessed beads, that unlock the treasure-house of celestial benedictions! Holy Rosary, that girdles Christendom in one loving circle! May our devotion to thee grow intenser with the years, till faith and hope merge into love, and our prayers seek only others' welfare, our own being secured for evermore!

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVII.

IT was certainly a singular association which followed between Carmela and the woman who was the direct cause of all that she had suffered in parting from her lover. The remembrance of this fact made the girl at first conscious of an intense reluctance to see more of one who had so strangely intruded into her life, and whose mere name was fraught with the most painful associations; but it did not take long for her to say to herself that because the thing was difficult and altogether opposed to her inclination was the more reason for doing it. And since it was to be done, she did it with the grace which characterized her in all things. Perhaps it was the reward of the really heroic effort which she had to make that her repugnance faded away, and she found in Mrs. Thorpe much that was sympathetic and companionable.

There is probably no more agreeable person in the world than a cultivated elderly woman of original character. The crudity of youth has gone, the enriching experiences of life have come, and from the independent position of middle age she looks upon the world with a pleasant philosophy born of knowledge. Such a woman was Mrs. Thorpe. When she had quarrelled in her imperious youth with Henry Lestrangle, and he had gone away in anger hot as her own, she married a man who was the choice of her family, — a wealthy suitor, who lived only a few years, and, dying, left her in unfettered possession of his large fortune. Having no children, she was free as air, and there were few parts of the civilized world in which she had not travelled or lived. A clever woman always, she became under this educational process a very cultivated one; a woman exceedingly popular in society where society is not given up to the reign of immature girls and boys, but whose immediate family did not derive as much gratification as they might otherwise have done from her association, owing to the same imperiousness of nature which had made shipwreck of her life's one love affair.

Such a woman was a new and altogether attrac-

tive personality to Carmela; and in the attraction, in the charm of the strong character and varied experience, the worldly knowledge and intellectual culture, she at last forgot the repugnance which in the beginning she had so hard a struggle to overcome. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Thorpe put forth all her powers to charm; for she was too shrewd not to imagine, if she did not discern, the reluctance with which Carmela yielded to her request for acquaintance. It was this reluctance which stimulated her desire to know the girl, as men are sometimes said to be stimulated in passion by a like cause. Had there been on Carmela's side the least eagerness to know or propitiate *her*, had her advances even been met half way, her interest would probably have died very soon; but as it was she found a positive fascination in this nature, so simple, so direct, so unswervingly true to the highest ideals, and so absolutely untouched by the world. Accustomed to girls whose worldliness almost shamed her own, and in whom intellectual gifts took the form of the cleverness which the world values, this gentle creature, with her purity of heart, her poetic mind, and her intense spiritual life, was a revelation, over which her wonder daily grew. And so it came about that for the second time Carmela found herself, much to her own surprise, acting as companion and guide for a stranger among the scenes of her beautiful native city.

At first the pain was great; for many associations recalled vividly those days of the year past when she had accompanied Miriam and Arthur Lestrangle to these same places. But months of struggle and prayer had done their work; and she found that many things which she had avoided, many scenes and many recollections, when she faced them had lost their power to wound. God had come to the aid of the heart that had striven to submit itself to His will, and had asked that no alien influence might be permitted to draw it from Him. When the first sharp agony was past, and something of calmness returned to her soul, she had recognized that what she had suffered was the inevitable result of yielding to a passion which had sought no warrant or blessing from God; and even in the midst of suffering she had begged that He would grant, *not* that which the undisciplined heart desired,

but that which would be best in His sight. When the soul is able to rise to this height the worst sting is taken from pain. And so Carmela found it. Submission came like a healing balm; and it was less the thought of his unworthy conduct to herself which made her put Arthur Lestrangle with an act of final renunciation out of her life, than the realization—now first strongly borne to her—that one who denied and ignored God could surely be no fitting mate for one who loved and served Him.

With this fixed conclusion in her mind, it cost her no effort to refrain from ever mentioning his name in her association with his aunt. She knew by an instinct how often that name was on Mrs. Thorpe's lips, but she gave no encouragement for its utterance. There was nothing from which she shrank so much as from any discussion of that past, which seemed still fresh and living when touched upon; and, aware that what the elder lady desired most to learn was whether she could be allowed to undo the consequences of her opposition, she hoped that the irrevocable character of these consequences might be made plain to her without words.

It was surely a strange and unexpected reversal of things, and sometimes struck Mrs. Thorpe in a light that was almost ludicrous. She had journeyed down into Mexico expecting to find a lovelorn girl, who would eagerly welcome her advances and gladly receive again the lover who had been taken from her. But instead she found herself barred from even touching the subject by a dignity and reticence which it was impossible not to respect. "I must be patient," she thought, "and win her confidence by degrees. It is not strange that she should not trust me,—not strange that she should be too proud to allow me to make things right at once. I must gain her liking before I can be allowed to do anything."

This was, however, a longer process than she had anticipated, and a result which she had not reckoned upon occurred in the course of it. She began to ask herself whether Arthur Lestrangle was worthy of the girl whose character unfolded before her; and more and more the conclusion was pressed upon her that he was not. "But what difference does that make?" she asked herself, impatiently. "Why should I trouble myself about it? Are not such things occurring every day—

women loving and marrying men unworthy of them, and *vice versa*? But I never realized until he was tried by this affair how weak, how untrustworthy and how mercenary Arthur is; and this girl, with her ideal nature, deserves a better fate than to marry him. That, however, is her own affair. The question for me is simply, does she still love him and will she forgive his desertion? I almost hope not; but if she will, she shall have him back. Perhaps if she loves him very much she may never find out how pitiful he is. Women are sometimes made like that."

Whether or not Carmela was made like that remained for some time an open question in Mrs. Thorpe's mind. Meanwhile these two became good friends, strange as the friendship of two such diverse natures seemed. But there was more in common between them than appeared on the surface; and one result of their association would have most surprised those who knew Mrs. Thorpe best, or supposed that they knew her best. She developed an interest in the churches which was apart from their beauty of architecture and decoration, or their historical associations; she liked to go with Carmela to visit the many institutions of charity which survive the wreck of the religious foundations; and she evinced a curiosity with regard to Catholic ceremonials and doctrines which often astonished her companion.

"Religion is something in which I have never before taken any interest," she frankly said one day. "The fact is that it has never before showed me a face in which I could feel interest. The faith I was brought up in has not at any time had any hold upon my mind or my taste. Of course I have seen something of your faith in the years I have spent abroad; but I was absorbed in social life, and rarely entered a church for a religious purpose. Here I find something that has touched me very much. Perhaps it is the remarkable faith and devotion of the people; or perhaps the thought that the Church which could so wonderfully convert a whole nation and render it as intensely Catholic as any country of the Old World, must have a divine principle of life."

"The promise of Our Lord to be with His Church 'all days, even to the consummation of the world,' was given in special connection with the command to teach all nations," replied Car-

mela; "so why should it not succeed in teaching them? Indeed, how could it fail?"

"Other religious systems fail so utterly," said Mrs. Thorpe. "I have been about the world with eyes sufficiently open to see that, even if it were not a notorious fact. And with such utter failure—with the contempt and repugnance with which Protestantism seems to inspire a heathen people—a success like this stands out in wonderful contrast. To enter these churches is almost enough to make one a Catholic at once."

"Why not *altogether*, instead of *almost*?" asked Carmela, smiling gently.

But, although she asked the question, she had little idea that Mrs. Thorpe would ever do more than abstractly admire the wonderful power of the Church, as Miriam and Arthur Lestrangle had admired its poetry and beauty. She did not comprehend how entirely the elder woman was of a different nature from her two cousins. Outwardly the least likely to be impressed by spiritual influences, she possessed in reality a nature sincere to the core and seeking verity in all things. Never before, as she said, had any spiritual influence appealed to her which she could respect. Heretofore she had passed by the portals of the great Church of all ages, thinking of it as something altogether alien,—something with which she had nothing to do; while Christianity, as it appeared to her in the fragmentary forms with which she was familiar, had seemed to merit much of the scorn of unbelievers. That she had not herself belonged to this class was solely owing to the fact that she had never given the subject sufficient consideration—never, as she said, taken sufficient interest in it—to formulate into definite opinions her half-unconscious thoughts.

But now the nature that had scorned the unreal was seized by the vital strength of the real, which for the first time appealed to it directly. For the first time she saw clearly before her eyes the power of the great, living organization which alone on earth represents and wields the power of God; and saw it, as it strikes most an observant and thoughtful mind, in its amazing work of converting and ruling the diverse nations of men. Whence had been drawn the marvellous skill to adapt one creed to all races, and—as she saw here in Mexico—to imprint it so deeply on the minds and hearts of a people who only

yesterday were practising a savage idolatry, that to-day no efforts of false teachers or persecution of government can shake their faith?

These were the questions she asked herself, and then asked Carmela,—not because she expected an answer from the latter, but because their utterance had become necessary. She was more than surprised that Carmela answered them so readily,—that things which had seemed insoluble problems to her trained intellect were simplest of questions to the girl who had the knowledge and gift of divine faith. And this was one of the people whom she had arrogantly despised as ignorant and superstitious! She had the grace to blush when in the light of her present experience she recalled her past opinions.

(To be continued.)

Devotion to Mary in Modern German Poetry.*

I.

FROM the very beginning of the Christian era Mary, the Mother of Christ, jewel of heaven and pride of earth, Virgin without spot or stain, has enjoyed not only the entire love and admiration of the Church, but has also been the radiant sun of Christian art, shedding her fructifying, life-giving beams upon its different phases and conditions. Painting and architecture, sculpture and poetry, have all attained the highest degree of excellence through devotion to Mary. Through her unequalled position as Mother of God, through her perfection, her beauty and purity, the Christian poets, above all others, have gleaned rich material for their lyrical themes. How rich and glowing are the Greek, Latin and Syriac hymns composed in her honor! How beautiful and clear the poetic founts from which the ancient and medieval High German poets have drawn draughts of inspiration in honor of the Blessed Virgin! It may truly be said that the Germans have laid at her feet a poetic garland more fragrant and beautiful than any other nation can show. The history of modern German hymns to Our Lady, from the sixteenth century to the present time, corroborates this statement.

* *Der Katholik*. Translated by M. E. M.

The epoch of schisms in the Church, especially during the Thirty-Years' War, brought but few poetical aspirations to maturity in Germany. Fiery hatred and bitterness universally enslaved the German mind, while the furies of war tirelessly swung the murderous steel or the torch of conflagration over the land. The combatants strayed farther and farther away from their first noble purpose, as was demonstrated by furious and useless slaughter and devastation. Germany became the arena of gross warfare, carried on by merciless hordes of paid soldiery. Its fruitful fields were converted into desolate wastes; its flourishing cities and towns were impoverished. Religion lay dormant, as it were, while passion and vice held their mad orgies unrestrained.

That no living flowers of poetry could spring from such an overthrow of all spiritual and material conditions is obvious. The flickering light of song could hardly burn in such an atmosphere. Bitter satire and polemical poems thrived indeed upon the ruin and devastation that had been wrought. But they did not ennoble and gladden sorrowing hearts; on the contrary, their shafts wounded and tore without mercy. Few indeed were the tender germs of lyrical poetry, which requires for its growth revivifying love and the gentle benison of peace.

The poetry of the Blessed Virgin did not, however, entirely perish, and from time to time flowers of song in her honor blossomed and sent forth sweet odors. Many a hymn of the sixteenth century, full of power and beauty, commands our entire admiration.

These songs were especially written for the festivals of Mary, and celebrate the principal events of her life. They are permeated by a deeply religious sentiment, a childlike trust, and a pleasing simplicity of style. In an old book printed at Würzburg, and entitled "A Collection of Old and New Catholic Songs," we find the following:

THE BIRTH OF MARY.

The Holy Virgin Mary
Was born of royal blood,
Her blessed name was chosen
From patriarchs great and good.

She sprang from Abraham's lineage,
The noble, tender Maid;
And David's line unto her
Illustrious debt has paid.

Who longs to trace the story,
In Matthew let him read,
Whose faithful Gospel pages
Have named her line indeed.

Of all earth's favored flowers,
She is the purest rose;
The sparkling disc of heaven
No brighter planet shows.

Among all precious jewels
Most beautiful and rare,
As gold 'mid baser metals
Gleams radiant and fair.

As she is Queen of Heaven,
So over all the world
One day her spotless banner
Shall surely be unfurled.

And we, poor Eva's children,
Forever cry to thee,
O Mary Queen, have mercy,
Unworthy though we be!

The songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are accompanied by woodcuts from celebrated paintings of the Blessed Virgin. Picture and poem agree perfectly in the conception and execution of their idea. The former is exalted and fervent; the latter (as is apt to be the case when natural inspiration has not animated the verse) is somewhat stiff and cold.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, during the time of heresies in the Church and of the Thirty-Years' War, many translations of excellent Latin hymns were woven into the garland of German poetry. The singers of the day, full of devoted love for the Virgin-Mother of God, desired to share with their brethren the rapture with which the beautiful hymns of the Latin tongue inspired them. Their own hearts glowed with the sacred fire—with the joy and bliss, which gushed forth in songs of praise and thanksgiving. They portrayed especially the nameless grief of the sorrowing Mother of Christ, bowed to earth at the foot of the cross. Such noble endeavor could not fail to win the crown of success. Many of these imitations approach very near to the originals in expression and depth of feeling.

Beside the cross the Mother stood,
Weeping beneath the fated wood;
As hanging there she saw her Son,
Her breast with grief was all undone.
Filled with woe in every part,
Sorrow's sword had pierced her heart.

O Virgin, of all men the pride,
Do not spurn me from thy side!
Let me, sorrowing with thee,
Mourn my Lord who died for me,
Bearing to my latest breath
All His bitterness of death.

The seventeenth century was not entirely wanting in the poetic spirit. As the declining orb of day often clothes tree top and mountain peak with its brilliant, gleaming purple, while slope and valley lie in darkness and shade, so amid the ruin and devastation of the seventeenth century poetry found a peaceful refuge in Germany, with such singers as Frederick Spee, Jacob Balde, and Angelus Silesius (Johann Scheffler). Who does not know these noble spirits? What lips have not reverently named those who first dared to oppose the horrors of witchcraft?

Worthy companion of the nightingale, Spee sang beautiful songs of praise and adoration to God. There is a whole orchestra of forest songsters in his charming poems, clear and pure as a bell. Now the loving "Spouse" (the soul) unburdens all her heart, turning to Jesus as she finds Him again, in the sweet echo of the forest or the silvery notes of the tiny bird. Again she is weeping, sharing in the sorrow and anguish of the bridegroom. At another time, at the break of day,

"When the tender morning light
Maketh mount and forest bright,"

the sad recollection of innocent days causes tears to flow. And again,

"When grey Night upon her breast
Soothes the weary Day to rest,"

peace is once more triumphant.

In his portrayal of the spiritual life of Christ Spee is unsurpassed, and one may well believe that a poet who extols the Son so fervently could not well forget the Mother. How delicately is their intimate union and perfect love expressed when Jesus calls upon her in the anguish of death:

O Mother dear, didst thou but hear
My plaint of desolation,
Thy tender heart would burst apart
With grief of separation!

I am not stone, yet all alone
I hush My soul's outcrying,—
Alone to tread the wine-press red,
To bear the pain of dying.

My lips are dumb, the night has come;
Ah! solace I might borrow
Had I but thee to bide with Me
In this wild waste of sorrow.

Mary does not turn a deaf ear to the anguish of her Son. There is a world of agony in her answer:

O most oppressed of all oppressed,
Heart of my heart, my all, my Son!
Grief's keenest sword doth pierce my breast:
I die with Thee, my only one!
Alas! the pain is all too great,
Since, living, still I share Thy fate.

Yes, mine Thou wert to bear and rear
Through life and light, and pain and loss;
And now, ten thousand times more dear,
I yield Thee to the cruel cross!

Again, after the death of our Saviour, the sorrowing Mother speaks:

"Gentle moon and stars of midnight,
Day's fierce orb, and brooklets fair,
Golden apples born of sunshine,
Precious pearls and jewels rare,—
All things glorious, all things shining,"
Thus the sorrowing Mother spake;
"E'en ye bright, transfigured faces,
Mourn with me for Jesus' sake.

"Sparkle, gleam, and glow no longer:
Only moan and mourn for Him.
Shine not, shine not, weep forever,
Till your thousand eyes are dim;
For the mighty One has fallen,
And my Beautiful is slain;
In the dense wood pierced, my Shepherd,—
Weep ye, weep ye for my pain!"

Johann Scheffler (1624), who was at first a physician, afterward became a priest, and died in the Monastery of St. Matthew, in Breslau. This poet wrote the purest German. The extreme beauty of his poetry won for him the title of "Angelus Silesius." All his creations bespeak intense longing after Christ. Who is not familiar with the ardent outpouring of love in "I will love Thee, my Strength," or "Love who hath Fashioned me in Thy Divine Image"? Where in all church literature can be found more beautiful hymns of praise than "Jesus is the Sweetest Name," etc.?

These odes resemble the sweet strains of the meadow-lark—now loud and joyous, now soft and filled with yearning. Like all true religious

poets, Scheffler also turns to Our Lady, his lyre attuned to its sweetest strains. We give three stanzas from his "Song of Praise to Mary," one of his best efforts:

Thee, O Mary, will I praise,
Love and serve thee all my days.
O thou clearest Morning Star,
I will sing thee near and far;
For through thee to us was given
Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven!

Like the dazzling sun at morn,
Light and splendor thee adorn;
Or as moon and stars endure,
Gentle, holy, chaste and pure.
Yet art thou a host, we know,
To protect us from the foe.

Radiant chariot of gold,
Bearing us into the fold;
Of true Solomon the throne,
Fleece of Gideon, peerless one;
Chosen vessel of the Lord,
Dwelling of the Almighty Word.
O thou brightest Morning Star,
I will sing thee near and far;
Thee, O Mary, will I praise,
Love and serve thee all my days!

(Conclusion in our next number.)

My Aunt Rosalie.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

IT had been settled that "la tante Rosalie" should go to live with a cousin in a distant city, and earn all she could by work in a factory. She found it hard to leave home in the lovely May weather. How she grieved that evening before her departure! I, a child, had followed her through the garden paths, where she seemed to say farewell to everything—the roses and the marguerites and the pinks, which she herself had tended. At the postern gate, in the brick wall, she stood and cried as if her heart would break. Indoors it was the same. At supper she choked over every morsel of the wine, fruit, and black bread.

"Poor Rosalie, it is sad!" said Marcelle. "And yet it will be a brave life in the great city, where

there are beautiful churches and an archbishop. People are always well dressed there, and the bread is always white."

"When there *is* any," chuckled grandfather, who had been a soldier. "*Ma foi*, there are days when one does not ask the color of bread. It is a fine place, *fillette*, for the rich; but for the poor! Well, I love the country best."

To me it seemed a glorious thing, this going to seek one's fortune, as in the fairy tales, in a great city, where no doubt gold was to be found in the streets.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" hummed the bee, as he dived into the heart of the roses climbing over the window-sill. "Chirp, chirp, chirp!" twittered the swallow from the boughs of a walnut tree. The voice of the kine, too, and the barking of our dog Neron, at war with his perpetual enemy the goat, broke the stillness. And shortly set the sun of Rosalie's last day at home.

Morning brought the hour of departure. It has remained a picture impressed upon my mind ever since: the old grey house with latticed windows, and that little one above, whence Rosalie used to peep shyly should a stranger come up the road; the grey roofs, and the chimney where Rosalie's white pigeon used to warm himself in the morning sun; the cherry-trees, in blossom, bending over the wall; and our neighbor Michel's cart, which was to bear Rosalie away.

Upon the step stood grandfather, in his clean linen blouse, leaning upon his stick, half smiling, half sorrowful. There was Marcelle, who had been rather a mother than an elder sister to Rosalie. She wore the black dress and white apron in which I always remembered her. As she stooped to embrace Rosalie for the last time, I heard her whispering request that Rosalie should stop at the house of M. le Curé and take his blessing with her into the wide world. In my short frock and pinafore I stood, hugging my doll, and looking up into Rosalie's face, with a wonder untinged by sorrow as yet. Lastly, there was Michel in his cart, looking downcast; for all the neighbors loved "la tante Rosalie," and some said that Michel loved her better than the others.

What weeks of preparation there had been! Rosalie's dress, her broad hat, the contents of her little bundle, had all been the work of Marcelle's hands. Such a little store, and yet what it had cost!

When the cart was lost to sight in the trees bordering the road which approached our dwelling, I remained the only thing of youth and life about the place. Marcelle's youth was only a memory to her, and grandfather lived altogether in the past. His old soldiering days were his world; or at least they formed the wide horizon to this narrow village life into which he had contentedly shut himself.

Once she was gone, I began to miss Rosalie in a thousand ways. I missed her light song which used to cheer me, and the daily expedition with her to the hennery or the sheepfold, or even the piggery. I roamed the lanes and garden paths alone. The dresses she used to make for my doll were a thing of the past. The last she had put upon it remained there indefinitely. But still Rosalie continued to be the chief element of brightness in my life, a kind of fairy godmother. Her letters brought joy to us all. Marcelle's face was wreathed in smiles upon the arrival of one of these missives; and grandfather, returning to the actual present for a time, would cry out: "Aha! the little Rosalie! the good girl! the good child!" Soon the letters began to be accompanied by more substantial benefits. I kept for a whole year a silver shilling which was sent to me. Little trinkets, too, I received; and a New Year's doll—oh, so much finer than that other one which had consoled me for Rosalie's departure!

"Yes, yes, Rosalie is prospering," said Marcelle to the curé, one evening as we passed his cottage. The good priest, with cassock caught up to save it from dust, and his thumb marking the place in the breviary, stood to listen on the greensward before his door.

"That is well," he replied, slowly. "Prosperity, like adversity, is a gift of God. But tell Rosalie from me that when the world smiles upon us we have most need of prayer."

"Rosalie is a good child," said Marcelle, somewhat offended. "But I will tell her what you say."

"She had a light heart, a guileless, happy soul," mused the old curé; "and she prayed well. But, for all that, she was, it may be, a little weak. And the city is full of snares and pitfalls. There one desires to grow rich and one forgets the poor. For me, I wish she had not gone."

"But what, then, should we have done, Monsieur le Curé?" asked Marcelle. "The *bon Dieu*

did not show us any other way, and the house would have been sold over our heads."

"Yes, I know, I know," said the venerable priest, hastily; "and she was right to go. But I wish there had been some other way."

II.

Time passed. Spring broke upon chilly winter, with a thousand odors fresh from the violet and rose fields in the neighborhood, whence the perfume-makers extracted their essences. The trees burst into a glorious beauty, so that the faint, far-off presence of decay showed itself in their very luxuriance. Still, Rosalie came not.

Meanwhile as gently as spring into summer glided my childhood, each year as it passed cheered by gifts and messages from the absent Rosalie. She had prospered, and finally she had married. Her husband, it was said, was wealthy and powerful. And soon my fairy dreams were to be realized to the utmost. I was to visit Rosalie in her splendid home, in that distant city, whence her steps had never turned homeward.

My journey was made up of alternate fear and pleasure. Excitement kept me in a species of nervous tremor. The church bells, as I went, seemed to speak in strange tones. Sometimes I fancied that they warned me of I knew not what. Again they rang out, as if rejoicing in the pleasures which awaited me. I was haunted by Marcelle's lonely figure upon the doorstep. Did it reproach me with her lost, wasted life, given up for others? And grandfather, already grown more feeble than on that morning which witnessed Rosalie's departure, muttered, as I crossed the threshold: "It is a brave thing for the young to go out into life."

A servant had been sent to meet me,—an elderly woman, respectful, ceremonious, but how cold! The great hotel in the heart of Paris dazzled me,—its soft, warm rooms glittering and glowing with all that luxury and refinement could suggest. I feared to step upon the gorgeous Eastern rugs; I was in constant dread of upsetting the elegant trifles of Sevres, Limousin or Dresden, which lay so carelessly about.

As for Rosalie herself, she must have been, indeed, a fairy, or she must have met with some good genius. She had grown taller and more slender, or she seemed so, since I had last seen her in the short dress of homespun, with its

flouncings, which we had so admired. Handsome I had always thought her, but now! Her dark hair was arranged with the consummate art of a Parisian *coiffeur*. Her feet appeared several inches smaller than when encased in stout village-made shoes and woolen stockings. Now the hosiery was silken, and the slippers dainty and delicate, set off with ribbon, and a tiny buckle which contained, though I knew it not then, a diamond of price. The gown was so rich and exquisitely fitted, though plain, that it might have been worn by a queen. So I thought in my rustic simplicity.

Rosalie stood tapping a dainty foot upon the hearth-rug, and leaning her arm, with so careless a grace, upon the sandal-wood mantelpiece. Opposite to her and seated in a luxurious arm-chair was a man, elderly if not positively old, wearing a faultless evening dress, which was quite new to me. The man's face might have been called handsome, but there was something in the smile which repelled even while it charmed me.

"*Mon ami*," remarked Rosalie, carelessly, "this is the young girl, my niece."

"*Vraiment!*" The exclamation might have been supercilious, amused, or merely friendly. I felt the keen eyes scanning my frock and shoes (they were such as Rosalie had worn once).

"My niece," repeated Rosalie. "But what is your name, child?"

"Adrienne," I answered, surprised that she should have forgotten it.

"A pretty name," murmured the man, fingering a gold-rimmed *lorgnette*.

"When I left home she was, I think, about five years. Were you not, Adrienne?"

I nodded.

"The manners of a *perroquet!*" said Rosalie, lightly. "But I was about to say that since then she has done me the honor to consider me in the light of a fairy godmother."

"In which *role* you are most charming, my dear wife," said the occupant of the easy-chair. "Continue it, I beg of you." Then, rising wearily, he added, with a bow including us both: "Will you permit me now to leave you, if *Figaro* and a quarter of an hour in my study are sufficient excuse? *Au revoir*, dear little Adrienne!"

Scarcely had the door closed upon him, with his insufferable patronage, if not mockery, when

Rosalie seized me in her arms with a warmth which I could not have supposed existed under so much finery. I saw again the sweet, gentle look in the dark eyes as she began to question me about the old home. Did the roses still invade the windows, and the pinks stand in prim array? Did the children still hunt in summer time for the gold-white Virgin's-love, to be dried for winter decoration? Did Neron still wage war upon the goat? Did grandfather still talk of the wars? And was Marcelle always as straight and trim and as kind and thoughtful?

"And M. le Curé still lives." I volunteered this information, for Rosalie did not ask. "He sent you many messages; and—would you believe it?—he bade me ask if you always prayed well."

"Enough, child!" she said, impatiently. "You shall tell me more another time." But never again did she question me about our village and its folk.

At dinner—we dined alone that night, which, as I afterward found, was rather a rare event—I could see that my simple toilet was regarded with wonder by the servants; while it, together with my simple manners, amused the host no little.

"So you have taught the catechism?" he said, having drawn me out to the extent of making this admission. "Dry work for a charming girl!"

Rosalie looked somewhat uncomfortable, despite her impassive manner.

"Did M. le Curé exact it of you? Ah, he is too severe! He is old and—*bete*, or he would not have kept you imprisoned upon the Sunday, which is a time for freedom, for pleasure, for roaming at will in the haunts of nature."

"Sunday is the Lord's Day," I said, earnestly and a little angrily.

"So they tell us; but, my pretty Puritan, do you not think that the Being—if such exists—who made the universe, should much rather that one enjoyed its beauties than remain shut up between four walls?"

I was speechless with trouble and amazement. Rosalie looked pale, and raised a glass of claret to her lips with a hand which trembled.

"In any case," continued M. Menard, "we shall not condemn thee, my charming Rosalie and I, to church-going and such dull work. You shall have fine costumes and pretty things and plenty of amusement. Your friend, M. le Curé, is too far

off to scold you for any peccadilloes. You will learn at last that you are young and beautiful, and made to enjoy life."

After this the conversation reverted no more, that evening, to religion or any kindred subject. M. Menard, who could be charming when he chose, made me laugh and cry alternately, with the brilliancy of his wit, his command of humor and of pathos. A little later, when we were alone together, I was warned by my aunt to avoid all topics likely to displease my uncle, who, she said, meant to adopt me, if I proved to his taste.

For the first few Sundays I went to church unopposed, though I observed that no one else in the house did so, except the elderly servant who had met me on my arrival, and who accompanied me as a matter of propriety. After that it was a struggle every time, though I carried my point and heard Mass, occasionally even approaching the Sacraments.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Parable.

I WATCHED, at eve, by the ocean—

The crowd was passing near,—
But I gazed on its bosom, heaving,
With feelings akin to fear;
The day was dying, westward,
In a glory of crimson and gold,
And the flush of the sky and water
Was a poem of God untold.

I looked at the high waves rushing,
All crested, upon the shore;
I heard, far out on the billows,
The ocean's muffled roar;
I thought of the silent thousands
Under the water's sheen,
And I seemed to hear them moaning,
Like phantoms in a dream.

My soul went out to help them
In pitiful, earnest prayer,
As I pictured those depths, all jewelled
With the treasures lying there,—
When a rush of the billows brought me,
And laid at my frightened feet,
A half-dead, beaten lily,
Helpless and drenched and—sweet.

It lay there mute and broken,

But I fancied it seemed to say:
"For the sake of the sweet Christ, lift me
Ere the next wave bear me away!"
Quickly I stooped and raised it,
I washed it from weeds and slime;
I carried it home and placed it
In a slender vase of mine.

I poured in crystal water,
I braced up the fragile form,
And saw, indeed, it was lovely
Before it had met the storm.
But I sighed as I turned and left it,
And thought, had I passed it by,
A poor, wrecked flower on the sea-shore,
I might not see it die.

Time passed. The days wore slowly
Ere back to my room I went,
But I stopped on the very threshold,
Wondering what it meant.
There in its vase of crystal
Stood the lily, erect and fair,
And a fragrance sweet as heaven
Was floating out on the air!

I gazed and gazed in my gladness
At the pure brow lifted high,
When the sunlight touched its glory—
And lingered in passing by.
The tears uprose to my eyelids,
I held them in no control—
Need I say it?—my storm-tossed flower
Was a beautiful human soul!

And ye who read between the lines
Of the parable written here,
Ah! learn that the touch of gentleness
To the Saviour is most dear;
That a soul thus won to the Sacred Heart
Rejoices the choirs above,
And the angels bring such spoils to the King
In a rapturous burst of love.

MERCEDES.

DISTRACTIONS in prayer are never imputed to us as faults unless when they are voluntary, and when, after having perceived them, we continue in them, without respecting God, in whose presence we are.—*St. Basil.*

On Bells.

THE use of bells in the service of religion is very ancient. In the divine commands given to Moses concerning the vestments of the high-priest, as narrated in the Bible, we find that Aaron was to wear small gold bells as ornaments upon the hem of his purple robe. The tinkling of these bells served to admonish the people of his entrance into the sanctuary, that they might unite with him in prayer. "And Aaron shall be vested with it in the office of his ministry, that the sound may be heard when he goeth in and cometh out of the sanctuary, in the sight of the Lord." (Exodus, xxviii, 35.)

For many centuries after the establishment of Christianity only little bells were in use, as they continue to be inside the church. During the ages of persecution it was dangerous to call the faithful together for the sacred mysteries by any signal that would attract public notice and betray the time and place of meeting. In those days they were summoned to their oratories and chapels by men of probity and diligence, called *cursores*, or messengers. Sometimes deacons were appointed to this delicate office; and St. Ignatius, in an epistle to St. Polycarp, calls them "messengers of God." As the number of Christians increased, and it became difficult or impossible to go around to everyone, the bishop or celebrant was careful after each meeting to announce where and when the next one would be held. Even after the conversion of Constantine monastic communities, for a long time, used to signify the hours of common prayer by the sound of plates of brass or of a trumpet—a reminiscence of which remains in the silver trumpets sounded at the coronation of a Pope; or of a wooden instrument struck with a mallet or shaken in the hand, and called "clappers" or "rattles." This custom still continues during the last three days of Holy Week, when church bells are not rung.

The large bells now hung in churches are sometimes attributed to St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania. However that may be, they are of Italian origin; and the Campanian brass and the skill of the artificers of that part of the peninsula doubtless caused the name of that ancient province to be commonly given to them

in Latin, and in some modern languages derived from the Latin. Their use became general about the seventh century, when they are mentioned by Venerable Bede in his ecclesiastical history. As their size was enlarged, towers were built for them; and this is the origin of the graceful *campanili* which adorn many churches of Europe.

A fact which shows that then and for a long time afterward they were considered strange and wonderful things, and were only gradually being introduced, is that the gravest old writers are careful to mention a donation or setting up of bells. Thus Pope Leo IV. caused a large one of beaten iron, with a gilded cross at the top, to be made for the Church of St. Andrew, in Rome, in the year 847; we read that a few years later the Doge of Venice sent as a present to the Emperor Michael twelve bells, in honor of the twelve Apostles, which were set up in a great bell-tower which was erected for the purpose, and was attached to the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. About the same time the Abbot of Croyland, in England, gave to his monastery a very large bell, which he called Guthlac; and Baronius informs us in his Annals that Pope John XIII., in the year 968, consecrated a new cast bell of great size in the Lateran Church at Rome, and gave it his own name of John.

The rite of blessing bells—or baptizing them, as it was popularly called,—as well as of giving a name to each, seems in the tenth century to have become firmly established. Bells are solemnly blessed, with many expressive ceremonies and prayers, by the bishop, or by some one in higher ecclesiastical dignity delegated by him for this purpose. The form prescribed is found in the Roman Pontifical. The bell is washed with holy water (whence the people speak of the baptism of a bell); it is signed with holy oils, and the thurible with fuming incense is held beneath it. A number of psalms are recited, full of religious meaning, and tending to invoke God's mercy upon us and His protection upon all things devoted to His service. We ask that the ringing of these now consecrated bells may summon the faithful to prayer, may excite their devotion, may disperse the storm clouds and drive away the dangers of the air, may terrify evil spirits, and may assure us health and happiness and peace: such effects being due to the power of the Church, not

of course to any efficacy in the bells themselves.

In the symbolism of the Church the bell signifies the pastor, always visible, whose voice is always to be heard, and who must always be obeyed, when he speaks as the minister of Christ. "Cry, cease not," says Isaiah; "lift up thy voice like a trumpet" (lviii, 1). The washing of the bell inside and out signifies the purity of life and the soundness of doctrine which should be found in both priest and people. The single sign of the cross made by the Bishop signifies that Christ is the leader, the priest the standard-bearer of Christ, to whom he must look for protection for himself and flock. It is employed frequently during the ceremony, because it is the visible mark of Christians, and our hope of salvation. "In the cross is life, in the cross is salvation," says the devout Thomas à Kempis. The sign of the cross is made seven times, to represent the seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and also the seven Sacraments of Christ; and again four times, to signify the four quarters of the universe in which the doctrine of Christ, His name, His law, and His promises, must be taught by His priests. The burning perfumes indicate the prayers of the faithful, whose representative the priest is at the altar of Christ and in the public offices of the Church. The Gospel sung at the end of the ceremony signifies that the priest should frequently call the people, to hear from him the religion of Christ; and that they ought to heed his call; for the one thing necessary is the Word of God, it being life eternal to those who receive it, and corresponding loss to those who despise it.

These old English rhymes and verses describe, at least in part, the benefits conferred by blessed bells:

On Sabbath all
To church I call.
The sleepy head
I raise from bed.
Lightning and thunder
I break asunder.
Dangers fell
I do dispel.
Men's death I tell
By doleful knell.

For in these christened bells, we think doth lie such
power and might,
As able is the devils all, and hell to vanquish quite.

R. S.

The Castle-Home of St. Frances de Chantal.

AN old man who died some time ago in Paris, Baron de Chantal, carried with him to the tomb the name of a woman who has many titles to fame. For, though one half of the life of Frances de Chantal belongs to the cloister, in which she was a model of every virtue peculiar to the religious state, she was a wife and widow before taking the veil, and lived amid the ordinary environment of the ladies of her time,—a time bordering closely on that of our grandmothers. Her story is not lost in the night of shadowy traditions. This Saint, the last Frenchwoman canonized, is almost a contemporary—a woman of yesterday. This figure remains among us as the type of duty gracefully and simply fulfilled in the household. The Baroness de Chantal is the patron of the French home.

Between Avallon and Semur, in a narrow valley of the Morvan, on the banks of a picturesque stream named the Sairin, rose, and still rises, the Chateau of Bourbilly, in which the Baron and Baroness de Chantal resided. It has been magnificently restored in our days by the piety of Madame Erard. In her artistic hands the old castle, with its sharp-pointed towers, has risen from its ruins, not only to delight the eye, but to honor the memory of the Saint whose connection with it has made it glorious. Madame de Chantal will always live now in this house that has been so splendidly renewed.

The ancient court, the moats, the hall covered with its coats-of-arms, the memorial staircase with its balustrade of halberds, the rooms with their antique furniture, and above all the chapel with its carved organ-loft, over which the figure of the kneeling chatelaine so often appeared,—all live again in their full reality; and when lately the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, and the Papal Nuncio, preceded and followed by thousands of others, were visiting the old castle, it seemed almost as if its beautiful and saintly mistress had reappeared, smiling, within these reconstructed walls.

As a wife, she loved tenderly the Baron de Chantal. Graceful, cheerful, and dressed as became her rank when he was at the chateau, she

was clad in coarse serge and led a mortified, solitary life when he was on military service. As a mother, she was charming and devoted. She educated her son and three daughters herself,—watching over them, dressing them, teaching them, accustoming them to labor, and above all to acts of charity. As a great lady, she received the friends of her husband with admirable grace and tact; and on these occasions the chateau rang with merriment. But, while performing the necessary duties of her station, she was most at home in ministering to the lepers, whom her own chaplain shrank from coming near; and nursing the poor peasants when sick, making their beds, and rendering them the most laborious services.

At Bourbilly we can follow, step by step, hour by hour, the life of the amiable and saintly Baroness, for these walls, founded on the granite of Morvan, are to a great extent the same that witnessed her happiness as a wife and the first tears of her bitter widowhood. It was in one of these vast fireplaces of other days that she burned all the romances of the chateau, in order to read again and again the History of France and the Lives of the Saints, and these alone. This "oven of the poor," as it was called, was the witness of her charity, that fed and kept alive a whole district in spite of the failure of the harvest. That vaulted crypt, whose arches rest on a central column, was the jail of the manor, the door of which she opened secretly every night in order to offer a good bed to the poor prisoners. Those shaded avenues that run parallel to the little river are the same she followed on horseback, with her daughters behind her, bringing food and medicine to the poor of the valley. This little wood of Vic is the place where the Baron de Chantal fell, slain by his relative and friend, M. d'Aulezy de Chazelle, who fired on him accidentally. In a word, everything around speaks of the active, wise and devoted wife, who shed the perfume of her virtues on the world before bearing them into the cloister.

It appears to me that a rude symbol is often more efficient than a refined one in touching the heart; and that as pictures rise in rank as works of art, they are regarded with less devotion and more curiosity.—*Ruskin*.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A CONTRAST.

THERE is no doubt about the truth of Bishop Spalding's recent assertion that the balance of cultivation in America is, particularly among Catholics, in favor of the women. This statement—the Bishop worded it differently—has been received rather aggressively. Nevertheless, it is true. And what is the reason?

Let us take any Catholic parish, and compare the young men who have finished their education with the young women. The advantage is, as a rule, on the side of the latter. The young men read the newspaper, especially the Sunday newspaper, but seldom a book, unless there is some popular and unmeaning "craze" for it. They have not the intelligent interest in life that the young women have. Art and literature and music are to them almost unmeaning terms. As to those graces of life, to which the worldly Lord Chesterfield so piteously begged his son to sacrifice, they leave them to their sisters.

It is very easy to make the old-fashioned, coarse, vulgar fling at all the fineness of life; to say, "Oh, if a young man earns a good living and is ordinarily religious, he doesn't need anything more!" But he does, particularly in our time; and indeed in any time the more a man's thoughts were turned to things above the mere animal needs of everyday life, the more secure he was against animal temptations. Cultivation without religion does not prevent ruin: history teaches us that; but are we not continually crying out that it is to the Catholic Faith we owe a perfect union of religion and cultivation? Good taste is, after all, in young people, a great preservation of morality. If some of our young men had the taste for music and books that their sisters have there would be fewer fathers and mothers with broken hearts. Why is it that in many Catholic neighborhoods the social circle created by the girls is greatly above that in which the boys delight? And why is it that so many Catholic girls remain unmarried because they must, if they do not marry beneath them, marry a non-Catholic?

The truth is that we have got into the habit of considering anything in the way of education good enough for the boys. The girls have the Sisters, and nobody from the outside can imagine how carefully the Sisters have developed their methods of refining the young people in their charge. Or if it should happen that the young girl has not the Sisters, she is encouraged to take pleasure in things appropriate to the higher civilization. Her companions are looked after by every decent parent; but the boy,—“Oh, he'll make his way!”

Perhaps I have not found the true reason for the superiority of Catholic young women over Catholic young men in many things that make life pleasant and endurable. This carelessness about the boy's education is the way by which the automatic voter is made; by which the Catholic without interest outside of his own petty aims is made; by which the uncouth, loud-laughing, vacant-minded, whiskey-smelling youth is made. If you bring him up with no resources except those he can find outside of his own home, what can you expect?

We read in every Catholic paper and magazine loud pæans to the wisdom of the Church in encouraging the fine arts in all ages, and Catholic orators never tire of the subject. But how slightly do we seem to value influences in our day which we boast of as the Church's glory in times gone by? If “anything is good enough for the boys,”—if we agree that they are naturally rough and must remain so, and that the finer things of life ought to be as nothing to them,—then we show that we attach no importance whatever to the work of the Church in saving the world from relapsing into barbarous indifference to those aspirations and practices that bring man nearer to that beauty which is a reflection of the halo of God.

THAT wonderful prayer, the *Pater Noster*, will be found, if analyzed, to contain, simple and brief as it is, the sum of Christian doctrine, of Christian prayer, of Christian virtue, and Christian piety. Its brevity, simplicity, and comprehensiveness prove its more than human origin,—that it never could have been composed without divine inspiration.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Treasure of the Sanctuary of Chartres.

THE miraculous statue is not the only treasure of which the sanctuary of Chartres can boast. It possesses also a veil of Our Lady. It is one of those long veils, half silk, half flax, with which the women of the East used to cover their head, and, crossing it on the bosom, envelop the upper part of the body. How this cherished relic came to Chartres long remained a mystery, but it is generally believed that, having fallen into the hands of a Jew, it was purchased from him by two Christians, Candidus and Galbious, while on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These good brothers brought it back to Constantinople, intending to keep their treasure a secret; but, miracles having been wrought by it, they confided it to Leo the Great, who had a temple built in which to deposit the venerable relic. There it remained until the eighth century, when the Empress Irene sent it, during the course of an important negotiation, as a gift to Charlemagne. From him it passed down to his grandson, Charles the Bald, who, on leaving Aix-la-Chapelle to reign over France, undoubtedly carried away the precious veil; and as no shrine of Mary then enjoyed such celebrity as that of Chartres, the King rightly concluded that no place was so fitting to receive the sacred relic.

The holy veil was preserved intact until the stormy days of the Revolution, when, in 1793, some of the Government officials came to Chartres demanding to see the treasures of the Cathedral. By a miraculous intervention the veil was spared; but some members of the chapter, fearing for its future, deemed it would be in greater security if it were cut up. Yielding to this mistaken idea, the relic, measuring four ells and a half, was divided into several pieces. One was carried to the celebrated shrine of Ste. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany; another found its way to Canada, whilst yet another was taken to England. After the Revolution Mgr. de Lubersac, Bishop of Chartres, collected all the pieces scattered here and there, except the three we have mentioned, and replaced them in a splendid silver reliquary, which he offered to the impoverished treasures of the Cathedral.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most attractive features of the United States Mint in Philadelphia is what is called the "widow's mite." It is an irregular-shaped piece of copper, about the size of a gold dollar, with a deviation to roundness, worn smooth on one side, and bearing an undecipherable symbol that has been likened to an x . It was found among the remains of the Temple in Jerusalem. The *lepton* (freely translated "mite") was the smallest piece coined in Syria and Greece; and although its current value is only about one-fifth of a cent, its purchasing power at the time of its coinage was about a cent. The widow spoken of in Holy Writ cast two *leptons* into the treasury, which our Blessed Lord said was more than all the others who gave of their abundance. And it is the "mite" of the poor of to-day that contributes so effectually to the interests of religion, when the rich give so little in proportion to the wealth they enjoy.

In an appreciative review of M. Nemours Godré's historical work, "O'Connell, sa Vie, son Œuvre," Abbé G. de Pascal says that this Life of the great Irishman contains a lesson for Frenchmen. "In this nineteenth century, in this land of France which is ours, are not we Catholics pariahs, despoiled of our most sacred liberties? I await an O'Connell; but even an O'Connell will be powerless without a Christian and well-organized people marching behind him."

It seems that in 1884 the Jesuit scientist, Father Deschevereus, the founder and director of the Zi-ka-wei Observatory (China), published a notice of an anemometrograph, which he had invented. As usual, this notice, with the other publications of the Chinese Observatory, was sent to all the principal meteorological stations of the world. During the construction of the Eiffel Tower, it was decided to place on its summit meteorological instruments for the purpose of observing aerial currents. A French engineer offered an apparatus which he claimed to be of his own invention, and which was not only accepted for the Tower, but officially recommended for all the meteorological posts of France and all

her colonies. Father Deschevereus was obliged to visit Europe during the course of 1889, and while at Jersey he read in a newspaper a description of the Eiffel Tower anemometrograph. Recognizing his own invention, he went to Paris and summoned the engineer before the Astronomical Congress then assembled on the occasion of the Exposition. The learned Jesuit demonstrated to the Congress the identity of the instrument on the Tower with his of Zi-ka-wei, and pointed out some slight variations introduced, not by the engineer, but by the builders. He added that some details mentioned in his published description had been neglected; that the instrument was badly placed, and consequently gave inexact indications.

The Congress decided to go to the Tower to verify the assertions of the scientific missionary. They made the ascension, recognized at once the truth of Father Deschevereus' statement, congratulated the real inventor, and left the dishonest engineer to the shame of his detection. Thus the Eiffel Tower served as a mast on which to hoist, at the greatest altitude attained by a human construction, the banner of clerical science, and in the name, too, the most abhorrent of all names to revolutionary scientists—that of Jesuit.

A correspondent of the *Lyceum* suggests that the writer of an able and timely article in a recent number of that excellent review, on "Some Catholic Organizations for the Working Classes," furnish *in extenso* the rules of the organizations of which he gives so interesting an account. Similar associations might be started with advantage to the working classes in many large towns; and no doubt active and zealous priests would not be wanting who would place themselves at their head, guide and control them.

In response to an invitation from Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, several Eudist Fathers from France have taken charge of two Acadian parishes in Nova Scotia. The intention is to open at once a college for the Acadian youth of the province. If the proposed institution succeeds in accomplishing, during the next few decades, a moiety of the good effected during the past quarter of a century by St. Joseph's College, in New Brunswick, the Nova Scotians and Canadians

generally will have reason to bless the undertaking. Rarely has it been the lot of a college to exercise so potent an influence in the social regeneration of a people as that wielded since 1864 by St. Joseph's College and its able president.

There is in the possession of Mr. George H. Witherie, of Castine, Maine, an old copper-plate found on the site of the first Catholic chapel built in Penobscot (now Castine), within the walls of the old French fort. It bears a Latin inscription, which translated reads: "1648, June 8. I, Friar Leo of Paris, Capuchin missionary, laid this foundation in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope." This chapel is supposed to be the one referred to in the account of the surrender of Fort Pentagoet, in Acadia, by Captain Richard Walker to the Chevalier de Grand-Pontaine, August 6, 1670.

The London *Tablet*, noticing a new edition of the "Parvum Missale" and "Officium Parvum," offers some suggestions which we can not too highly endorse:—

"It is a thousand pities that our men, with the advantages that their college training bestows upon them, should allow their devotions to sink to the level of the ordinary English prayer-book. We should be the last to disparage such books. They are admirably intended for those for whom they are compiled, and Mass can be heard as devoutly as any Christian can desire with the aid of a penny prayer-book; but those who are able to follow the liturgy of the Church and to appreciate her offices ought surely not to be content with anything less. Such worship any man trained at a Catholic college must understand and ought to practise. It is singular that we should need to press the point. Protestants, whose bald and frigid prayer-book lacks what we have at hand, are daily breaking the law in their eagerness to recover the *Introit*, *Graduale*, *Offertorium*, and *Communio*; and Vespers are these many years familiar among them. It seems hardly as it ought to be that the children of the Church should neglect the expressive, instructive and devotional liturgy and offices which are their own by inheritance and right."

The history of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, who suffered nineteen years' captivity as an enemy of Elizabeth, and was finally beheaded at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, has long been the theme of compassionate writing on the part of

the fair-minded historian. Interest has been revived in this subject through the discovery of the last resting-place of one of Mary's confidential servants. Mr. Villiers Sankey writes from La Hulpe, in Belgium: "Through M. Dricot, a master builder, I have made an interesting discovery in the churchyard here—namely, the tomb of Charles Baillie, secretary to Mary Queen of Scots. Over it is a stone cross between two feet and three feet high, bearing the following inscription: 'Cy-gist Sr. Char. Baillie, secretaire de la Reine d'Ecosse, decapitée en Angleterre pour la foy Catholique, qui trepassa le 27 Xbre, 1624, age de 84.'"

A solution to the Social Question, and a distinct remedy for its evils, is to be found in the letter which Cardinal Manning addressed to the Catholic Congress at Leige. His words can not be too seriously considered, and they should be repeated until they have had a hearing everywhere. The Cardinal contends for State regulation of the working day, and of the sex and age of the workers; and he favors, in disputes between employer and workman, the reference of their contentions to councils of arbitration freely appointed by both parties. He said: "I believe it will be forever impossible to establish securely harmonious relations between employers and workmen until there shall be publicly recognized, fixed and settled, a proper and just rule of profits and salaries,—a law for the regulation of all free contracts between capital and labor. Further, inasmuch as values are subject, in commerce, to fluctuations, all free contracts should be submitted to periodical revision, in order to preserve the original reciprocal agreement. And this condition should be inserted into the contract itself."

The young people of the Oratory of Castiglione della Stiviere, who have for their principal devotion the veneration of the holy prince and confessor, Aloysius Gonzaga, have resolved, by way of preparation for the third centenary of his happy passage from earth to heaven, to set apart in his honor some memorable days in the life of the Saint. (1) The 22d of July, when he received for the first time the Bread of Angels, from the hands of St. Charles Borromeo; (2) the 2d of November, 1585, when he renounced his princi-

pality; and the 25th of the same month and year, the date of his admission to the Society of Jesus; (3) the 9th of March, when he made the vow of perpetual chastity at Fiorenza, in 1577; and finally, the 21st of May, on which, in 1605, he was beatified by Paul V.

In order to worthily celebrate these anniversaries, it has been decided to precede them by a triduum of prayer, and by some mortifications without fast, and to receive Holy Communion either on the anniversary itself or the following Sunday. The pious intentions for the fulfilment of which the intercession of St. Aloysius is to be implored are as follows: Extraordinary favors and graces for the Church and its august head; peace and unity of faith among nations; the return of poor misguided youth now on the way to perdition; the grace to preserve untarnished that virtue which caused St. Aloysius to be called the angelic youth; concluding with an appeal to all young people belonging to oratories, societies and confraternities, who recognize St. Aloysius as their patron, that they may be united by the spirit of fraternal charity in prayer, practices of devotion, and Holy Communion, to the end of final perseverance.

An English lady, not a Catholic, writes as follows concerning Cardinal Newman, in *Harpers' Bazar*:

"He revived in this busy, material, stirring age, in his beautiful personality and serenely ordered life, what seemed a dead-and-gone ideal. He retired within himself, seeking to realize the truths of which, as he himself said, his 'whole being was full.' And so the Birmingham Oratory came to fill the place in our fancy of the hermit's cave of early Christian days. And as with his spiritual so with his intellectual influence. He likened his inner life to a journey, the object of which was to find a final goal and place of rest. . . . To no man, I think, living in any age, has it been given so finely and fully to grasp his intellectual ideas—to be always in sight of the 'kindly light' that led him o'er 'moor and fen,' o'er 'crag and torrent,'—and to realize them in a more beautiful and consistent life."

On Tuesday, September 30, after an active business life, Mr. Charles D. Elder, a well-known and highly respected citizen of New Orleans, departed this life, in the sixty-ninth year of his

age. There were few men more widely esteemed than the deceased, and his long career as a merchant was marked by such integrity and purity that his reputation was unblemished by a single flaw. He was the brother of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, and of the venerable Sister Helena, residing at Emmitsburg, Md., who has been a Sister of Charity for sixty-eight years. May he rest in peace!

It will doubtless be an accommodation to many of our readers to state that durable, hand-made rosaries, of every description, chained on various kinds of wire, may be had of Mr. Louis J. Lamy, Jr., 248 Clinton Ave., W. Hoboken, N. J. Mr. Lamy also repairs rosaries.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rév. R. J. Sullivan, of the Diocese of Providence, rector of St. Mary's Church in that city, whose happy death occurred on the 27th ult.

Mr. Denis Mernan, who departed this life last month, at Grass Lake, Mich., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Ellen Durick, who passed away on the 13th ult., at Charlotte, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Cody, of Louisville, Ky., who breathed her last on the 30th ult.

Mr. James J. Marren, who yielded his soul to God on the 7th ult., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Margaret Long, deceased on the 11th ult., in New York city.

Mrs. Martin Conroy, of Jeffersonville, Ind., who died suddenly on the 30th of August.

Charles Miller, of Schenectady, N. Y.; John Reilly, W. Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur E. Burns, Mrs. Lizzie W. Burns, Mrs. Johanna Clowry, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, Mrs. Mary Clarke, Mr. Bernard Printy, Mr. John Blackman, Mr. Simon Hopkins,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Michael Gleason, Washington, Ind.; Loretto Gorman, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Josephine Kerr and Mrs. Henry Gourley, of Patterson, N. J.; and Mrs. Bridget McGinnis, Bath, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



What Our Lady of Lourdes Did for Little Rufina.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

RUFINA was a dear little girl of nine years and a few months. When I made her acquaintance she lived in the new city of La Plata—a very handsome city about thirty miles south of Buenos Ayres. But she was born in the United States, her parents being both Americans.

I first saw her about three weeks before her death. It was my first visit to the house. She was then ill with scarlet fever. She made her confession—a thing she had done several times before coming to this country; and I found her not only very innocent, but singularly bright and original. Indeed, her mother told me some of her sayings, which would, I am sure, amuse you very much. Perhaps, if I can get them written down, I may send them to THE "AVE MARIA" one of these days.

Well, Rufina recovered from the scarlet fever itself, and came downstairs for a few days; but she must have caught cold while the effects of the fever were still on her, for she soon had to take to her bed again with an attack of what the doctor declared to be inflammation of the heart. And of this she died, in spite of all that medical skill could do to save her. What, then, you will ask, did Our Lady of Lourdes do for her, since she died instead of getting well? You shall see.

When Mrs. C. wrote me word of her child's second illness, she did not know how serious it was, or she would have asked me to come at once; for she had expressed an anxious wish that Rufina might not die without making her First Communion. And, although there is an excellent priest in charge of the parish church of La Plata—a Franciscan, and a friend of the family,—Mrs. C. wished Rufina to be prepared for First Communion by one of our English-speaking Fathers,

because she knew very little Spanish. But when I say prepared (the word her mother used) I do not mean instructed; for she had been remarkably well instructed in the catechism by some Sisters of Notre Dame, whose school she had attended in her native land.

Now, as it happened, a letter sent to summon me for the day before she died failed to reach me till the following morning; and a subsequent telegram did not reach me at all (such provoking mishaps being only too common in this promising country); so that I arrived at the house too late to find the dear child alive. But great was my consolation on learning that she *had* made her First Communion. So now for what her mother had to tell me.

Mrs. C. attributed, and very justly, to our Blessed Lady of Lourdes two precious favors shown to Rufina, but especially the second.

1. Rufina died on a Thursday morning—the Blessed Sacrament's day of the week, you know; and the wonder was that she lived through Wednesday night. She had suffered a good deal Tuesday night; and the only thing that had given her relief was some Lourdes water, of which her mother had but a very small quantity, brought from the United States. This only lasted that night, and all the next day I was expected with some more—according to the message which I did not get in time. Alas, no Father Edmund and no Lourdes water! And with night, of course, Rufina grew worse again: so much worse, and with such difficulty of breathing, that her mother resigned herself to see her die at any minute. But the child held in her hand all night a little image of Our Lady of Lourdes, and in moments of more intense suffering would kiss it fervently. And her mother has no doubt, neither have I, that it was in answer to Rufina's perfect *faith* that the Blessed Virgin kept her alive.

This, then, was the first signal favor which Rufina owed to Our Lady of Lourdes. But the second was greater still.

2. At eight o'clock Thursday morning, perceiving that the child was fast sinking, Mrs. C. sent for the good Franciscan Father, with the request, too, that *he* would bring some Lourdes water. He came at once, but without the water,—having had, in turn, to send to some Sisters for it. He was told of Rufina's desire to make her First Com-

munion; but the child's mind had begun to wander, and a sort of stupor had come over her; so that he shook his head sadly as he looked at her, and said: "Impossible, poor little thing!" Then added: "But I will anoint her." Accordingly, he left the room to send word to the sacristan and have what was necessary brought from the church, when in came his messenger from the Sisters' with a bottle of the miraculous water.

Now, the very presence of the water in the room seemed to revive Rufina. It was like a visit from Our Lady herself. When the child heard her mother say, "Here is the water of Lourdes!" she opened her eyes and awoke out of the stupor, and her mind regained its proper state. Was not this wonderful? Then Mrs. C. asked the priest: "Shall I give her the water first?"—meaning before the Extreme Unction. "Yes," he replied. "Tell her to say an *Ave Maria*." Rufina said the "Hail Mary" and took the water, and immediately such a look of intelligence came into her face that her mother said: "I believe she *can* make her First Communion after all!"—"Ask *her*," said the friar. And the child answered: "Oh, how happy I shall be! But you will have to help me, mamma: I am very weak."

Here the Father went to fetch the Blessed Sacrament, and Mrs. C. left the room with him. On re-entering she found her child trying to sit up, and heard her say, "I feel *so much* better!" And then she perceived that her child "had suddenly grown in years," as she expressed it,—such brightness and intelligence were in her face. Indeed, both Mrs. C. herself and the other persons in the room thought, for the moment, that she was *cured*. But Rufina's one thought was "Our Lord is coming," as she said, after asking to have the bed cleared of some things that were hanging upon it in an unsightly manner.

Our Lord did come; and while, in accordance with the Spanish ritual, the priest demanded a profession of faith before administering Viaticum and Extreme Unction, the intense effort which the child made to follow all in Spanish, and the quick intelligence of her replies, greatly surprised the good friar himself, as he afterward declared.

Rufina had no difficulty in swallowing the Blessed Sacrament, and received It with the de-

votion of an older person. Then the Father said: "Ask her if she wishes to be anointed now."—"You know what the Sacrament of Extreme Unction is?" added her mother.—"Yes, mamma. But when?"—"The Father says shall it be now or later?"—"Now, mamma." And when she had been fortified with this soothing Sacrament, her mother, kneeling at her side, asked her: "Are you not the happiest little girl in La Plata?"—"Yes, mamma," was the answer: "because I have Our Lord in my heart."

These were her last words, except "Mamma, mamma!" just before she expired. She lived but twenty minutes after receiving the rites of the Church; a fact which makes it the more evident that our Blessed Lady held her back at the very gate of death, and assisted her with strength and intelligence altogether above the powers of nature, in order that she might receive her so much desired First Communion. This was, surely, a reward for the child's singular faith—I may add for her mother's faith too.

And will any one say it was a small matter that so young a child should receive Holy Communion before death? The consequences of it reach into eternity. Rufina's soul has a beauty, a glory, and a happiness now in heaven far beyond what would have been hers had she died without making her First Communion. We see, then, what very great things Our Lady of Lourdes did for little Rufina.

BUENOS AYRES, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—TWO YOUNG LADIES OF FASHION.

The next morning everybody came down to breakfast, without the usual feeling of pleasure,—that is, everybody except Alice, who requested that her coffee might be sent up to her. Mrs. West consented to this, as Alice had the excuse of her journey the night before; but she resolved that it should not be a regular thing.

Mr. West looked pale and worn, and Uncle Will rather downcast. After breakfast the latter went into the study and busied himself with his

books of Latin philosophy. Generally he took a long walk with the young Wests. Richard and Bernard went out on the porch to compare notes until lesson time. Rose walked toward the stable to give the ponies their lumps of sugar—gifts she bestowed every morning.

After a time Alice came down, attired in a gorgeous morning robe, and proposed lawn tennis. Such a thing had never been heard of at that hour in the morning; the Wests always worked or studied until noon; and Richard and Bernard were astonished at such a new idea. But it would not do to refuse the first request made by a visitor. Rose was called, and there were no lessons that morning. The rackets moved rapidly on either side of the net until the luncheon bell rang.

Mr. West insisted that the lessons should be recited in the afternoon. The boys were dissatisfied. *They* had never worked after luncheon before. Richard wanted to find out in his attic whether there was an acid that would separate gold from the rock in which it was embedded. Bernard had made an engagement with Rose to search for colored leaves. But Mr. West was firm: the lessons must go on. Never had the two students been so listless and tired. Every now and then Alice came to the window and asked frivolous questions, until she found an old sidesaddle and went off for a canter on Rosalind.

When she came back the poor pony was white with sweat; and Tom, who took care of him, and who had been with the Wests for many years, was very indignant. Alice did not care. She wanted to try Brownie, but Tom would not allow it.

After that she devoted herself to Rose. She held the little girl spellbound with her description of the gay events that made city life so delightful. She criticised Rose's stout walking-shoes and made fun of her simple frocks until she almost cried with vexation.

"I should think you'd want to go to the city sometimes; it is so humdrum here,—I don't see how you live!"

"This is our home," answered Rose, in amazement. "Why should I not love it?"

"But it is such a small place. If you were rich it would be endurable. If you had a village cart instead of that old Surrey, and there was some society, one might stand it."

Rose opened her eyes.

"I *love* Rosebriar, and are not Dick and Bernard and papa and mamma—"

"Yes; but there's no fun with one's own relations. Of course I haven't any, only my guardian who keeps my money; but I am sure I couldn't live in a quiet place like this any way."

For the first time Rose began to have doubts. Was not Rosebriar the sweetest place on earth? The lawn was green, with a russet pine cone here and there; the geraniums were blazing in scarlet, and the dahlias and chrysanthemums were dazzling in their colors. The house was small—but it was *home*. She sighed; perhaps everything was not as nice as she thought it was.

When the lessons were over, Mrs. West called the young folk to the porch and showed a box of candy she had just received. It was a thing of beauty inside; among artistically arranged chocolate bonbons and Portuguese almonds was a luscious circle of candied pineapple. Everyone at Rosebriar liked candied pineapple, so Mr. West took out his little silver knife to divide it. It occurred to him, however, that it would be the proper thing to offer the box first to the guest. That young lady coolly took the pineapple and then spent some time in choosing her special favorites. You can imagine how disgusted the young Wests were.

"I did not mind losing the pineapple," said Bernard afterward; "but it looked so selfish."

"I was ashamed to see her do it," Richard answered; "but it ought to be a lesson to us. I began to understand why people insist so much on little things in manners. If people outside in the world are like that, I want to stay at home."

What Bernard had said was true. It was not the loss of the pineapple, but the selfishness of the act that had shocked him. After that Alice could have no more influence over the boys. They had been so well brought up that her descriptions of great palaces and gay assemblies did not move them; for, as Bernard expressed it, he did 'not want to live among fashionable people who grabbed all the pineapple.'

Rose was more impressionable. She followed Alice to her room, and permitted that young lady to help dress her for the evening. Alice heated an iron over a little taper she had brought with her, and adorned Rose's forehead with a number of corkscrew curls, which Alice declared

to be "quite stylish." She looped up poor Rose's frock in various ways, and then remarked that she was too pale. Having rubbed geranium petals over Rose's cheeks until they blazed, she dusted her face over with pearl-powder.

"Really," the young lady of fashion exclaimed, "you'd almost do at Madame Régence's! Your own people will not know you."

And indeed Rose looked very much like an overgrown and badly painted doll.

"You will see what an effect you will make when you go downstairs. If the boys do laugh, don't mind; they'll have to get used to city ways. And Victoria Harding, Madame's great favorite, says men like girls to be stylish."

Alice thus instructed Rose while she powdered and colored her own face. She put on a puffed and trimmed frock, hung a large silver *bonbonnière* at her waist, and sat down before the mirror to wait for the dinner bell to ring.

Rose was delighted with her appearance, and yet rather afraid to go down. Would the rest of the family be pleased with her dress? She was not quite certain of it, in spite of Alice's assurance.

"When you enter a room you must smile this way," said Alice, distending her mouth into a very artificial grin. "Madame always does it."

Rose dutifully tried to imitate her.

They went down into the hall, Rose growing more and more doubtful, and keeping behind her leader. They stood in the hall and looked into the dining-room. It was lit by the great silver lamp, that stood in a heap of white asters, to which the red shade gave a tender glow. Mrs. West, with soft white lace about her throat, sat with the soup tureen in front of her. The girls were a little late. Scarcely knowing whether she was flying or walking, Rose followed Alice into the room.

Silence,—a silence of amazement! What creatures were these? Uncle Will opened his mouth in utter astonishment. Mrs. West rose from the table. The boys laughed loudly—and then said they could not help it. In a moment Rose felt a hand on her arm; she was dragged out into the hall; Alice accompanied her in the same way; and Mrs. West slapped not only Rose but Alice. "How dare you strike an orphan?" demanded that young lady, much subdued. A succession of quick slaps followed, and Alice and Rose found themselves in their rooms, with the keys turned

outside, and tears washing away the geranium stain and the pearl-powder.

The rest of the Wests had a very dreary dinner, although Richard and Bernard could not repress an occasional giggle, as they thought of the appearance of the two fashionable young ladies. Mr. West said nothing until the boys had excused themselves and gone out upon the porch.

"Will," he began, "I must confess your orphan is not quite what we expected. She seems not to need our protection. I thought you said she was poor and in need of charity?"

"To tell the truth, I didn't know much about her, and I am heartily sorry I brought her here. All I knew about her was that she was the daughter of an old friend, and that she was of an energetic character. I thought she would give the children a new interest in life."

Mrs. West sighed.

"I suppose she will stay?" asked Mr. West, doubtfully.

"She will have to," answered Uncle Will. "Madame Régence does not expect her yet, and I don't think you'd care to turn her out."

"Of course not," Mrs. West said; "but I wish I knew what to do with her."

Uncle Will groaned to himself. And he devoutly hoped that Josie Harney might do something to neutralize the effect of Alice Reed's peculiar ways.

Mr. West was very tired. He feared that one of his attacks was coming on again. These attacks were violent pains in the side, which afflicted him whenever he spent a sleepless night or whenever he experienced any excitement. He lay down on the lounge, feeling unusually depressed. There was no pleasant evening in prospect. Richard and Bernard had gone out, Rose was in disgrace, and Mrs. West had just left the room to go to Alice Reed.

Alice was sitting on a stool in the middle of the floor, pouting, when Mrs. West turned the key of the door and entered. She arose and her eyes flashed.

"I should think you would be ashamed to strike an orphan, Mrs. West!" she exclaimed, rising from her seat.

"The orphan had made herself look so much like a monkey that I feel I was justified in doing what her mother would have done under the

circumstances. You are a little girl, Alice; and when you do wrong, under my roof, you shall be punished as any other little girl should be punished."

"Madame Régence never *dared* to touch me, you must remember."

And Alice threw herself on the bed and began to cry out aloud. These tears decided Mrs. West. After all, Alice was only a spoiled little girl, and there must be some good in her. In spite of her trouble, Mrs. West could hardly help smiling at the object before her. Tears and pearl-powder and geranium stain made her face resemble a painter's palette, on which the colors had become mixed. Her "bang" had been pushed back; it stood on end like the bristles of a brush, and helped to make her look very funny. Nevertheless, Mrs. West went up to Alice and put her arm around her.

"Come, my dear," she said, "let us talk the whole matter over. I want Rose to grow up a gentle, sweet woman, not a lady of fashion; and here you come and try to teach her to be affected and not nice at all."

Alice tried to push Mrs. West's arm away, but at last submitted.

"I should like to see you simple and kind, too; for nobody really cares for little girls who try to be young ladies. And, if you let me, I shall teach you some things your mother would have taught you,—things you do not learn at Madame Régence's, I am afraid."

Alice listened. Nobody had ever talked in this way to her. She felt for the first time a longing to be a little girl and to have a mother. Her anger against Mrs. West suddenly disappeared. And that good lady, surprised by the earnest look that had come into her eyes, bent down and kissed her.

"I will try to do what you want me to—but I don't know what it is yet," she said.

At this moment rapid steps were heard on the stairs, and calls for Mrs. West, who hurried down at once, followed by Alice. Mrs. West knew what was the matter. Her husband lay on the lounge, groaning as if a dagger were entering his side; the pains he suffered were even sharper than dagger thrusts.

Tom was sent for at once; he must saddle Rosalind immediately, and ride three miles for

the doctor. Tom was willing enough, though a great black cloud hung over the west and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the landscape. Rosalind must be taken, because Brownie was not a safe horse to ride in a storm. Quiet enough in daylight, he swerved and stumbled at night, and seemed to lose his instinct.

Tom returned from the stable, indignation written on his face.

"Rosalind isn't fit to move, ma'am; that young lady lamed her to-day," he said, pointing to Alice.

Alice hung her head and ran from the room.

Mr. West's groans were louder; poultices were applied to him without effect.

"We *must* have a doctor!" Richard said. "I'll take Brownie and risk it."

His mother nodded. She could not say No; she trusted that God would keep the boy safe, since he was going forth to save his father's life.

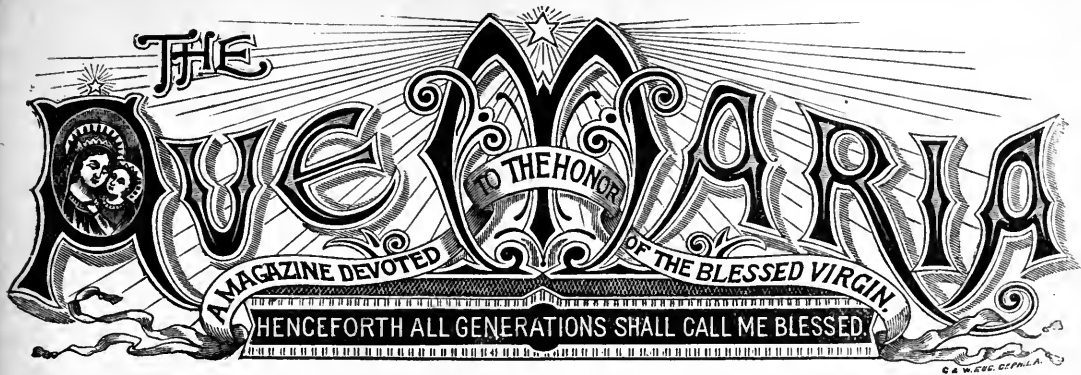
But Richard came back to the house in a few moments, dripping with rain; for the storm had broken at last. Brownie was gone,—the stable door was open; and Alice, too, had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

Preaching and Practising.

Steele relates, in one of his essays, how the people of Athens had assembled one night to see a play which was given in honor of the commonwealth. An old man entered, and stood hesitating and embarrassed as he found that all the seats were occupied. Some of the young noblemen motioned to him to have a seat among them; and he, taking them at their word, pushed forward and sat down; upon which they began to make sport of him, crying, "See the old fellow! He thinks he is fine enough for the best seats." At this everyone laughed, and the old man hastily fled from his tormentors, taking refuge with the Lacedemonians, who were sitting on the benches set apart for foreigners.

They received him with great respect, rising and proffering him the very best seat. At that the Athenians, being heartily ashamed of themselves, gave thunders of applause; and the old man called out: "The Athenians understand what is right, but it is the Lacedemonians who practise it."



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Queen of Angels.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN to the making of the human-kind
Was moved, Almighty Lord, Thy plastic hand,
A little lower than angels then were planned
The creatures whom Thy potent will designed.

But there was one exception, and but one;
For higher than the highest seraph she
Was framed and fashioned, whom Thou made
to be
The Virgin Mother of Thy only Son.

Our Lady of the Thorn.

AT the time when Christianity underwent that extraordinary disturbance which, under the title of the Great Western Schism, gave to the Church two heads, and seemed to falsify the promise of unity made by her divine Founder, France was ruled by Charles VI. All her fair provinces experienced the misfortunes of war, but none so deeply as Champagne. On all sides were combats, incendiarism, and famine; her fields lay fallow, and the victims that escaped war and famine were destroyed by epidemics. As St. Augustine has said, "New wounds broke out ere the old were healed."

It was in the midst of such dire calamities that God granted His people a distant glimpse of their deliverance. On the 24th of March, 1400,

the eve of the Annunciation, some shepherds, who were tending their flocks on a hillside about two leagues from Châlons, perceived a bright light issuing from a rustic oratory dedicated to St. John the Baptist. On approaching it, they saw a luminous bush, whose branches, leaves, and thorns burned without being consumed; and in the midst of the flames stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Illusion was impossible: the miracle continued all that night and the next day.

The news of the wonderful occurrence quickly spread, and people hastened to the spot from every direction. Charles of Poitiers, who was then Bishop of Châlons, came, at the head of his chapter and clergy, to view the burning bush. As if the misfortunes of the French people were similar to those of the Hebrews under Pharaoh, here might be seen exactly the same prodigy which Moses witnessed at the foot of Mount Horeb. It was of a character even more touching than that former miracle; for here, in the midst of the flames, shone the image of the Mother of the Redeemer. The Bishop of Châlons, with evidences of the most ardent faith, carried the image with his own hands and deposited it in the Oratory of St. John. And it was this identical statue which was solemnly crowned by order of the Pope only a few months ago.

The devotion of the people soon found expression in the construction of a magnificent church, erected on the spot where the miracle occurred, and destined to receive, on its completion, the miraculous statue. In twenty-four years the principal parts of the structure were finished. The new edifice did not resemble in architectural design the Byzantine style, which imitates the

dome of heaven, and of which St. Sophia's of Constantinople and St. Mark's of Venice are examples. Nor did it suggest the style preferred by the ancient Romans—the semicircular arch, which recalls, in its austerity and its subdued light, the catacombs of Rome. It was rather of Gothic design, which has been inspired by Nature herself; its nave and columns are the boles of venerable trees, whose branches, stretching ever upward, meet to form those inflexed arches whence the style derives its name.

On viewing the Church of the Thorn, the majority of the delighted people would fain believe that their prayers took wings to waft them to heaven. Its vault, like the inverted keel of a ship, served only to remind them still more of a Christian's hope of immortal joys. The grandeur of God, and the duties of adoration and obedience which we owe Him, penetrated their souls when they beheld the altar where the presence of the Eucharist was indicated by majesty of outline and richness of decoration. At various intervals were beautiful stained-glass windows, depicting sacred scenes from the Old and the New Testament—the Bible of the people.

The rustics, who were less familiar with art than their neighbors of the town, were so charmed with the beauty of the work and the rapidity of its construction, that they adopted a charming legend, to the effect that the work of building had never been interrupted by night or by day; for when, at the approach of evening, the laborers quitted their workshops and went to rest, angels took their places and worked until the first faint rays of the sun appeared in the eastern sky.

Such is the church where the miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin was deposited, and where it received the homage of all generations until the French Revolution. If during that troublous epoch the revolutionists destroyed in one hour that which was the result of centuries of labor, it is but due to them to say that they had the grace to spare the Church of the Thorn. On December 6, 1793, however, the venerable statue was put in a place of greater security by M. Bertin, the curé of the parish. Seven years later he himself brought it from its hiding-place and replaced it on the altar.

Only Heaven could have inspired the faith and piety which led people, sovereigns, and clergy

in such numbers to the feet of Our Lady of the Thorn. That there has been a popular stream of confidence, the very stones of the church suffice to prove,—the fact that this imposing pile should have been raised so far from any city. That crowds of pious pilgrims have visited the spot is also attested by the numerous miracles which have been worked at l'Epine. Among others we may mention the resuscitation of a still-born infant, brought from Cernon-sur-Coole, which took place on the 15th of August, 1641; the cure of a paralytic (May 9, 1642), who was carried from St. Julien de Courtilsols: she left her crutches in the church as an *ex-voto* offering; the cure of a blind man of Mairy-sur-Marne (August 15, 1661), who recovered his sight at the feet of Our Lady of the Thorn; also, in September, 1788, the restoration to life of a child from Vanault-le-Châtel, who had died without baptism.

Our own century has had a share in the miracles of l'Epine. In 1852 a young man afflicted with leprosy—a disease with which science has combated in vain—left Verdun and came to implore relief at this sanctuary. He was suddenly cured of his horrible malady; and sixteen years later he attested that he had never felt the slightest symptoms of its return. On the 12th of May, 1873, another cure—that of a young girl—which was pronounced supernatural by the deposition of the attending physician, gave evidence that Providence still continues to show forth Its mercies at this favored shrine.

One can not judge of the wealth of its votaries, nor of the abundance of the graces they received, from the archives of the church; for the Huguenots, and later the malefactors of '93, completely sacked the sacred edifice. But the missing documents have an equivalent in the universal traditions of the province.

Of all the surviving forms of devotion to Our Lady of the Thorn, the most touching is that of the presentation of little children on many principal feasts of Mary. At sight of them, clothed in white and pressing eagerly about her venerated image, the heart of a Christian must be filled with holy joy. But it must ache, also, at the thought of so many others, in less favored lands, who grow up without having learned either to know, to love, or to honor our Blessed Lady.

After the people, we must recall the princes

and sovereigns of France who have visited this shrine: Charles VI., who favored the construction of the church and the immunity of its receipts; Charles VII., who twice visited the sanctuary; Margaret of Scotland, the Dauphiness, who made the pilgrimage from Châlons to l'Epine on foot; Louis XI., who came thither to fulfil the vow he had made in the prison of Péronne;* the Duchess of Orleans, Princess Palatine, in the seventeenth century; Queen Marie Leczinska, in the eighteenth; Napoleon, in 1812; Charles X., in 1828; and finally Louis Philippe, in 1831.

In speaking of the august pilgrims of l'Epine we must mention the name of Joan of Arc; for we shall see that history follows the footsteps of that heaven-sent liberator from the moment when she touched the soil of Châlons. L'Epine!—the name must have suggested to her pleasant memories of her childhood. She had passed many happy days in its vicinity; for she had resided for some time with a maternal uncle at Sermaize, which is only a few leagues from l'Epine. It was about the time when the miracle of the burning bush had attained its greatest publicity; when people came thither from long distances, filled with enthusiastic faith. There is little doubt that Joan was among the number. In 1429 she was again at Châlons, only a short distance from the spot which had thrilled her youthful heart; but under what different circumstances! She was on her way to raise the siege of Orleans, to take part in the consecration of the King at Rheims.

This beautiful sanctuary of Our Lady of the Thorn has not been ignored by the Holy See, and several Popes have encouraged its frequentation by signal favors, particularly Calixtus III., Pius II., and Gregory XV. Leo XIII., having heard the origin and the history of the devotion; and an account of the benefits derived from the pilgrimages, said with emotion, when the solemn coronation of the venerable statue was proposed: "Yes, Our Lady of the Thorn shall be crowned, and in my name. Prepare for her a diadem worthy of the Mother of God, of the people whom she protects, and of French art."

* In 1471 he gave 200 crowns to the church of l'Epine. The year following he published an edict commanding the striking of the clock at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of each day, whence comes the custom of reciting the Angelus.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

"CARMELA," asked Mrs. Thorpe one day, somewhat abruptly, "have you ever been to the city of Mexico?"

"Never," replied Carmela.

"And would you like to go?"

"Yes," the girl answered—not as she would have answered a year before, with a quick flash of interest, but quietly, almost indifferently,—“I should like very well to go, if it were possible; but since it is not, I never think of it.”

"It is entirely possible if you will do me the favor of accompanying me," said Mrs. Thorpe. "I have not been there yet; and it will never do for one to come to the country and go away without seeing the famous city that constitutes Mexico to most of the world. So I have decided to go—if you will go with me. If not, I shall not go at all; for sight-seeing alone is dull work. I am not enough of what the English call a globe-trotter to enjoy it."

"You wish me to accompany you?" observed Carmela, with a look of surprise. "You are very kind, and I should like it; but I fear that my parents will not think it possible for me to do so."

"I hope that they will," continued Mrs. Thorpe. "I shall explain to them that I wish you to go, not only as my companion but as my guest,—in other words, all the expense of the journey will be my affair; and I will engage to take the best possible care of you. Do you think your mother will trust you to me?"

"I do not think she would hesitate to trust you," said Carmela; "but whether or not she will think it well for me to go I can not tell."

"We will ask her at once," said Mrs. Thorpe.

Within an hour Señora Echeveria's consent had been asked and gained. She had learned to like Mrs. Thorpe, though without at all understanding her; and she was glad to give Carmela a little pleasure. The great change in the girl had not escaped her observation,—although Carmela was, if anything, more gentle, more docile, more altogether lovable in her home than before. The

mother's heart had ached over her, however; and she had said more than once to her husband, "If it were only possible to give her a little diversion!" It is an old remedy in such cases; but the family was large, and the means of Señor Echeveria by no means large in proportion; so Carmela, who desired diversion as little as possible, was spared the suggestion. It almost seemed a direct interposition of Providence that sent Mrs. Thorpe to provide it; and so the señora gave her consent without consideration or delay.

Thanking her warmly, Mrs. Thorpe took leave; and, bidding Carmela remember that she would wish to start in a day or two, passed out into the streets, where a rosy after-glow still lingered, filling all the beautiful vistas with color, although the sun had gone down some time before. Across the way rose the lovely old sculptured front of Santa Monica; and in the corner of its walls, looking directly down upon her, stood an ancient and curiously quaint statue of St. Christopher bearing the Divine Child upon his shoulders. Often as she had seen the statue before, Mrs. Thorpe paused now to regard it: moved perhaps by its picturesque aspect in the soft twilight, or perhaps by a remembrance of the medieval legend which tells how the kindly giant would serve none but the strongest; and how he was rewarded for his untiring search, his disdain of kingly power and infernal might, by bearing the Lord of all across the raging waters. Her eye fell on the lights that burned at the foot of the statue—placed there by the devotion of the people; and she who longed, too, to serve only the strongest, who had unconsciously disdained all creeds of men, felt her heart warm to the great and simple seeker who became the Christ-bearer. She almost said, "St. Christopher, pray for me!" then, with a faint smile, turned and went away.

That night she wrote to Arthur Lestrangle for the first time since leaving California. And this is what she said:

"I am sure that you will be very much surprised by the date of this letter,—very much surprised to see that I am in Guadalajara, the city which you know so well. Perhaps the name will suggest to you why I am here. If not, let me tell you. After you yielded to the opposition I expressed to your proposed marriage last

winter, I began to think that perhaps I had acted in a very arbitrary manner, and had used in an ungenerous way the power which my money gave me (for do not imagine that I think you would have given the slightest heed to my wishes if I had not been able to enforce them in a manner very disagreeable to you); but these feelings were not strong enough to influence my conduct until I saw in your studio the picture of Carmela Lestrangle. This picture made a deep impression upon me. It changed into a real personality what had before been a mere name to me, and forced me to realize how deeply my conduct had affected another beside yourself,—another who, your picture showed, possessed a capability of feeling much greater than your own.

"I left your studio that day a much disquieted woman, feeling that I had taken upon myself a responsibility which I could not justify, and which your compliant weakness—forgive me that I speak plainly—could not excuse. I tried to forget the matter, saying to myself that what was done was done; that the separation was an accomplished fact; and that, so far as you were concerned, there was certainly not the least need to reconsider anything. But the face you had painted—the sensitive, delicate face, showing a nature formed to feel and suffer in every fibre—haunted me; and, do what I would, I could not put away the thought that this girl might be suffering in consequence of my action. The idea grew so insistent that I determined to come here and see for myself,—see what manner of person she really was, and what I could do to repair any injury I had inflicted upon her.

"What I have found I suppose I hardly need tell you; for it can not be that in so short a space of time you have forgotten the peculiar charm of nature, even more than of person, which seems to set Carmela Lestrangle apart from other girls. I have seen much of her since I have been here, and there is no exaggeration in saying that she has altogether charmed me—and this without the least effort on her part; for I had difficulty in winning her toleration, and I am by no means sure even yet that I have won her liking. What her feeling for yourself may be I have not the least means of discovering. Her one condition to our acquaintance was that your

name should not be mentioned to her, and this is a condition which I have faithfully observed. Therefore, I do not know what her feeling may be; but I do not think she is a person to forget lightly, and if she loved you once it is more than likely that she loves you still. This is my opinion.

"And now I come to the point of this letter, the reason why I write it. We are both well aware that it was my opposition which prevented your marriage to Carmela. I now withdraw this opposition. If you still desire to win a woman who is one of the loveliest I have ever seen, come and do so. You will think it hard, perhaps, that the necessity to approach her under a disadvantage—the disadvantage of having once given her up—should have been laid upon you. I can only repeat again that I regret exceedingly my share in the matter; and, to atone as far as possible, I will by every means in my power make the path of return easy for you. I shall in a few days take Carmela to the city of Mexico. If you wish to do so, come and meet us there. This will be easier than to go to her own home."

There was more in the letter; but it was at this point that Arthur Lestrangle threw it down, with something closely resembling an imprecation on the caprices of women in general and of Mrs. Thorpe in particular. And certainly, from his point of view, he had some excuse for the outraged sense of impatience which possessed him. Had he not given up Carmela at her bidding, thereby playing a very pitiful part, from which he had suffered in his vanity as much as in his heart? Had it not cost him a struggle which he disliked to recall, before he was able to forget? And now—now when he *had* forgotten, and when even the name of Mexico had become distasteful to him—this woman bade him go back, take up an outworn romance, and humble himself to ask pardon for a desertion which had been dictated by her! He said to himself that nothing should induce him to do so. What was done was done indeed. He had resigned Carmela because she had desired him to do so, but it was too much to expect that he would return because she now chose to desire him to do that.

"The request is an insult!" he thought, angrily. "Does she think that I am a toy, a tool, to be placed in any humiliating position that may suit her caprice? I will not return to Mexico.

Carmela would scorn me if I did, and I should scorn myself. Besides, I have no desire to return. Who can revive the ashes of an extinct passion? There is nothing more dead than the love of yesterday; and my love for Carmela was merely a poetic fancy, inspired by the charm of a rare nature and a rare beauty. It had no foundation in any real sympathy between us. Of a different country, a different religion, an altogether different and provincial social environment, she is certainly not a woman my cooler judgment would choose to marry."

Presently, having expressed these sentiments several times to himself, he began to feel the necessity of expressing them to somebody else; for sympathy was always one of the most urgent needs of his nature. Now there was only one person to whom he could speak with freedom on the subject, and that person was his sister Miriam—although her sympathy was most imperfect. He was well aware that she would say many disagreeable things; but even to listen to these was better than to contain his indignation within his own breast.

The first sentiment which Miriam expressed on hearing his grievance was one of unmixed satisfaction at her own penetration. "How well I read Aunt Elinor that day in the studio!" she said. "It is really a little singular that I should have divined so correctly what was in her mind. I told you, if you remember, almost exactly what she says of the effect Carmela's picture produced upon her."

"I remember that you made some suggestion of the kind," replied Lestrangle; "but the question is, not whether you were right or wrong in a mere guess, but what I can possibly reply to such a letter as that."

"Remembering some things which you said in Mexico," observed Miriam, dryly, "I should think you would be overjoyed at the prospect of returning to Carmela with Aunt Elinor's consent and blessing, not to speak of her fortune."

"Your sarcasm is altogether unnecessary," answered her brother. "To recall the things a man has said when he was in love is like quoting Philip drunk against Philip sober. I have no doubt I uttered a great many foolish speeches in Mexico. I was drunk then; I am sober now. It cost me a severe struggle, whether you believe

it or not, to give up Carmela; but I could not think of dragging her down to poverty, not to speak of dragging down myself. So I *did* give her up; and, not desiring to cherish a thing which would only make me miserable, I forced myself to forget her. And now that I have succeeded—now that she is no more than a memory to me, and a memory associated chiefly with pain,—Mrs. Thorpe writes and graciously invites me to return, revive an extinct passion, and fill the humiliating position of a man who comes to sue for the favor of a woman whom he has once voluntarily resigned.”

“It *is* hard on you,” said Miriam, sympathetically. “The position in which Aunt Elinor places you is certainly a very difficult and disagreeable one. But, however disagreeable, there can be no doubt that your course is clear. If you have ceased to love Carmela, and no longer wish to marry her, you can only write and frankly say so. If Aunt Elinor is disappointed, she can blame no one but herself. With all her caprices, she is too just to blame you.”

“I am not at all sure of that. A woman made up of caprices, as she is, will always blame some one beside herself.”

“She may think that a passion which could be forgotten so easily certainly amounted to little in the first instance,” said Miriam, with unpleasant frankness; “but it is impossible that she could wish you to return under the circumstances. Why should she? Evidently her desire is to gratify you by acceding to what she supposes to be your wishes; and since those wishes have altogether changed, that is an end of the matter.”

“Do you read this letter no better than that?” asked Arthur, striking it sharply with his forefinger. “Does she say a word here about consideration of *my* wishes? Does she not plainly intimate, on the contrary, that they need no consideration? Her whole thought is of Carmela. From the time she saw that picture—which I wish I had cut into shreds and destroyed!—she was constantly considering *her*. Did anything else take her to Mexico? And now, in writing this letter, do you suppose she gives a thought to me? If so, the penetration on which you flatter yourself amounts to very little. Read it over, and you will perceive that she is thinking entirely of Carmela. She went there to discover how Carmela

was affected, and she wishes me to return solely on Carmela’s account.”

“Well—what then?”

“This then: that on Carmela’s account also she will resent my refusal to do so. Evidently she has taken a violent fancy to this girl,—a fancy as violent as her prejudice was a year ago. By the bye, did you ever hear the reason of that prejudice? No?”—as Miriam shook her head—“Well, my mother told me, as a reason why it was hopeless to think of overcoming her opposition. There was once a love affair between herself and Henry Lestrangle. They quarrelled, and he left her and went to Mexico. She never forgave the desertion, and that made her violently opposed to my marriage to Carmela. But observe how the same cause can produce different effects in the mind of a capricious woman. *Now* the halo of the old love affair is evidently about Carmela; and the chances are even that—filled with the idea that she has done the young girl an injury in preventing her marriage to me—she may, if I decline to return, decide to leave her a fortune by way of compensation.”

“O Arthur, what an absurd idea!”

“Do you think it absurd? Then you do not know Mrs. Thorpe as well as I do. I tell you that she is fully capable of it. And the question is, therefore, what is it best for me to do?”

“There can be but one thing for you to do,” said Miriam, decidedly; “and that is to tell the truth. I assure you that Aunt Elinor is neither so unreasonable nor so capricious as you think. If she is disappointed, she will recognize that it is her own fault; and if she has learned to care for Carmela, she will certainly not wish that she should marry a man who could forget her in a few months.”

“There is no question of marrying Carmela as far as I am concerned, you understand,” answered Lestrangle. “But it has occurred to me that perhaps it might be well for me to go to Mexico to see Mrs. Thorpe.”

“What could be gained by that? She would think that you came with the object she desires, and she would have a right to be disappointed and angry when she found that instead you had only come to look after your possible interest in her fortune. No, Arthur: some things a man of honor must not do. After the manner of your

separation, one thing which you must not do is to voluntarily go where you will meet Carmela again. Your masculine vanity tells you, I am sure, that she still cares for you; and this being so, and you having ceased to care for her, it is positively incumbent on you to stay away and let her forget you as soon as possible."

"I was certain of one thing before speaking to you on this subject, and that was that you would be as disagreeable as possible," said Arthur, with exasperation; "but I find that I did not in the least do justice to your ability in that line. It is the last time that we shall discuss the matter."

"That must be as you like," replied Miriam. "It is certainly not a subject which it affords me any pleasure to discuss; but I wish you to remember that if you think of going to Mexico under these circumstances, your conduct will be inexcusable, and you will certainly regret it."

"I am the best judge of my conduct," observed Lestrangle, with dignity. "As for regretting it, I certainly regret that I ever went to Mexico at all, so it is likely enough that I may regret this also; but at least Mrs. Thorpe will have no reason to complain because I comply with her request."

"Her request is that you will go to Mexico to renew, if possible, your engagement with Carmela. That you should go for any other purpose is, I am sure, very far from her desire."

It was, as we are well aware, very far from the desire or intention of Lestrangle himself when he first read Mrs. Thorpe's letter; but further consideration, by suggesting the alarming thought that his aunt might be led by the memory of her old romance to make Carmela her heiress, inclined him to compromise and go to Mexico, in order to see for himself how matters stood. Excuses for this course were not wanting, but they had by no means satisfied him; and he needed the final spur of Miriam's opposition to make his partial inclination take the form of resolution.

(To be continued.)

I GROW rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called "Society," but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood. Home life is the sweetest and noblest in enjoyment and production.—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Devotion to Mary in Modern German Poetry.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

THE Marian poetry of the early modern and very recent period is proportionately richer than that of earlier times. This change has been especially noticeable during the past fifty years. The voices of our Catholic poets have often been raised in honor of the Mother of God; a large number of them have dedicated whole cycles of song to her, a few only have contented themselves with a slight offering.

Great tenderness and purity of feeling must of necessity lie in the outpouring of songs to the Blessed Virgin. These characteristics may be found in all poetry in her honor, but more distinctively in such as has been the production of female writers. Their reverence for the noblest and most exalted of their sex has been clothed in words which might be compared to the misty, fleecy cloud in the pure, blue sky of a spring morning.

Flower princess, Rosa mild,
Shed thy perfume sweet and rare;
Scatter sweetness everywhere
For thy Queen so high and fair.

Of earth's blossoms sweetest child,
Pride and glory of the spring,
Now thy fragrant garlands fling
At her feet whose praise I sing.

So warbles the tender poetess, Louisa Hensel, as to the purest of women she pours out her sorrowing heart wounded by sharp thorns. She has woven whole garlands of roses into her offerings; and through these chaste blossoms she reveals to her Queen the deep grief of her own soul, and implores a healing balm. The singer flies to Mary in every need,—to Mary, her delight and consolation. Sweet to her ear is the name of that Mother for whom her soul unceasingly yearns. How full of meaning is her greeting to the Immaculate Virgin:

As we greet the meadow blossom
And the violet of the vale,
As the lamb upon the hillside,
As the songsters of the dale,
Sporting in the golden sunshine

Where the brook flows wild and free,
Where the children weave bright garlands,
So our hearts are greeting thee!

Our fervent poetess seems to take delight in following the footsteps of Mary whithersoever she bent her way. She accompanies her over the flowery meadows to her cousin Elizabeth; she weeps with her at the foot of the cross,—deep love and compassion permeating every line of those compositions, which, for want of space, we must here omit.

Ludovica, Baroness Bordes, *née* Brentano (born 1787, deceased at Würzburg, 1854), published a little volume of religious poems. This poetess bears four supreme pictures of Mary in her heart, which form the constantly recurring theme of her verses. She sees her transfigured, floating above the earth, the Mother of God, her foot crushing the serpent's head; again, as she folds her Babe to her bosom; again, as sorrowing Mother, bearing the sevenfold sword in her heart; and then she sees her wrapped in a voluminous, all-sheltering garment, mercifully concealing the faults of the sinner as he is brought before the tribunal:

O thou Maid, by sin untainted,
Mary, intercede for me;
Virgin, God's own spotless Mother,
Hear thy child imploring thee!
O thou purest Rose of heaven,
Heaven's blossom as thou art,
Let the roots of thy sweet virtues
Pierce my poor, unworthy heart!
Dazzling Star in arc cerulean,
Jewel from all tarnish free,
Thou hast drawn me to thy beauty,
Let me never stray from thee.
Queen above all other women,
Jesus, whom we all adore,
Bids us in thy gracious shadow
Linger, sheltered evermore.

A host of other German poets have, during the last few decades, lifted their voices in praise of Mary. Maria Arndts (born in Munich, 1823) has paid homage to the Blessed Virgin in many beautiful verses, worthily taking rank with her first husband, G. Görres. The Baroness Josephine von Knorr (born at Vienna, 1827) has brought to Mary many a fair flower of poesy. Charming lines might be quoted from "Amara George" (Matilda Kaufmann). That fine novelist and

writer of romances, Ferdinand von Brakel, has not been remiss in laying musical gems at the feet of his "spotless Queen."

Many beautiful poems have been written in honor of "Mary Queen of the May." These May-songs are justly held in great favor on all festive occasions, especially during that month which pious Christians in all lands have dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin:

Life and joy and light and vigor,—

How they animate all things!

Fragrance, color, beauty, music,

Rise from sleep on airy wings.

O the May month, the bright May month,

What sweet thoughts its advent brings!

Once more to the garden bowers

I turn my eager feet,

The Queen of all the flowers

In her own May month to greet.

Then if to earth 'tis given

That springtime is so fair,

O Mary, Mistress of Heaven,

How bright it must be there!

Alexander Baumgartner offers the Queen of May most fervent greeting in his "Beautiful World of Spring." The hymn "Mary Mother of Mercy," by Cardinal von Geissel, is very melodious and full of love for the Blessed Virgin:

Wonderful, beautiful,

Tender and dutiful,

Holiest Maid;

Joyfully, gratefully,

All that belongs to me,

Body and soul, at thy feet I have laid.

All things about me,

Within and without me,

Forever shall be

Thine and thine only; joyfully, eagerly,

Mary, my Mother, I give them to thee.

What a joyful outpouring of the heart, what an inward consecration, what a generous offering to the most holy Mother of God!

Here is an extract from Franz Muth:

Like a lily blossom

In a garden bower,

Bearing on thy bosom

The semblance of the flower.

As bee on lily blossom,

I fix my eyes on thee,—

Thou who by thy sweetness

Hast opened heaven to me.

Purest of all mortals!
 The bee and I may roam;
 But from our fragrant blossoms
 We bear sweet honey home.

Those poets who have been converts to the Catholic faith seem to cling especially to the Mother of God. George Frederick Daumer is one of these, from whose heart and pen we have the following beautiful verses:

As fair as snow, as pure and white,
 Thou art, O Mary!
 Like blooming rose or lily bright
 Thou art, O Mary!
 Like to the glorious light of stars
 Thy brilliancy;
 Thy face, through heaven's golden bars,
 I think I see.
 The fount of every joy on earth
 Art thou, O Mary!
 Heaven's glory too, by right of birth,
 Art thou, O Mary!
 Through fleeting time all hail to thee,
 Sweet Mother Mary;
 And through a blest eternity,
 Sweet Mother Mary!

What has been said of Daumer may also be applied to George Freiherrn von Dyhern, who, also a convert, is a true child of Mary. As a third I may mention Lebrecht Dreyes, who thus sup-
 plicates the Virgin Mother:

Light of heaven's symphony,
 Mary, Star of earth and sea;
 Blossom sweet of humblest word,
 "I am the handmaid of the Lord."

Snatch the spirit not yet free
 From sin's hateful tyranny;
 Teach it that earth's loveliest guise
 Is but hint of Paradise.

Gabriel's salutation to the Blessed Virgin, comprising within itself a heaven of mercy and benediction, has found a response in the heart of every devout client among Mary's poet children. Having for their key-note the salutation of the Angel to Our Lady, numberless poems have been written in commemoration of that sublime event. They are as different in kind as they are noble in conception and execution.

The *Ave Maria* by Frederick Bausback is a typical production. He died in the flower of his youth, at the age of twenty-five. This poem to

Mary is so beautiful, so replete with simplicity, tenderness, and purity of form and sentiment, that it ought to be universally known. It speaks for itself, though somewhat hampered and shorn of its most delicate beauties, as all such gems must necessarily be by translation. We give the first three stanzas:

Not like the rose, with haughty mien,
 Her sister blossoms scorning,
 No tender smile or loving look
 Her queenly brow adorning;
 But as the lily buds at eve
 In purity reposing,
 So droopest thou thy gentle eyes,
 Their white lids chastely closing,—
Ave Maria!

Proud flowers in the twilight's glow
 With every zephyr playing;
 Only the lily bows her head
 In silence, softly praying.
 Sweet dreams of heaven are in her heart,
 God's glory is upon her,
 While reverently the Angel speaks
 ('Tis earth's supremest honor),—
Ave Maria!

The lily bud is open now,
 And swift to heaven ascending
 The Angel turns, his errand done,
 Wonder and rapture blending
 In his clear eyes, and breathes once more
 While his bright journey wending,—
Ave Maria!

In contrast with the radiant *Ave Maria* of Smets is that of Joseph Henry Meurer: a breath of the subdued peace and quiet of evening. Softly twilight broods over the valley; all things seek repose. The little bell in the neighboring chapel sweetly rings out the evening hour, and the pious pilgrim tenderly salutes the Blessed Mother of God. Once more the mountain top glows with the last beam of the setting sun, and night settles peacefully over the vale.

Then there is the *Ave Maria* of Johann Wilhelm Wolf, familiar alike to the greyhaired man and the golden-haired child, the fisher in his little boat or the miner in the caverns of the earth:

O Mother sweet,
 Incline thine ear;
 Thy name we greet,
 Maiden most dear,—
Ave Maria!

O Virgin mild,
 For thee we yearn;
 Unto thy child
 With blessings turn,—
Ave Maria!

Each trusting heart
 Beats all for thee;
 O where thou art
 Soon may we be,—
Ave Maria!

Many and various are the themes on which the poets of later times have based their songs of Mary. By most of them she is addressed as consolatrix and mediator with Christ, as a protector against the sorrow and suffering of life. The poet's harp strikes many a chord of bitter woe at the anguish of the Saviour's cruel passion and death. Then there are the cradle songs,—the sweet, joyous cradle songs. There are also legends in great number, which refresh and delight us no less by their earnestness than by their loveliness and simplicity. The entire life of our religious poets is purified and sweetened by these constantly recurring offerings to the holiest of women.

In the forest, where the sparkling brook murmurs by, at the base of tall trees, and where the tiny woodland blossom perfumes the air, the singer's fancy erects an image of the Blessed Virgin, to which Nature and the birds, her tiny ministers, pay homage. The nightingale sings Mary's praise in ravishing notes, while the happy lark sends its piercing strains far into the blue of heaven. On the wayside also the poets have placed shrines to Mary, that the traveller may pause a while for rest and recollection in the light of her gentle presence. Here, too, the weary heart, discouraged with the battle of life, may find peace and refuge for at least a little space:

Come, soul, for a little while
 Pause here;
 Thy Mother dear
 Waits with her tender smile.
 Wait, soul, for an instant's rest;
 Pray if you will,
 Or weep your fill;
 Lean on her gentle breast.
 Pass, now, lest some timid heart
 May not abide,
 And be thus denied
 A like solace. Soul, depart!

Hundreds of illustrations might be given to further demonstrate the devotion of our German poets to the Mother of God. But the limited space of a magazine article will not admit of longer dwelling on this pleasant and congenial theme. We will close by quoting some lines of a quaint old poet who lived in the fifteenth century, and whose rhymes, unlike his name, are still remembered:

Mother of mothers,
 Mother of God!
 Blossoms upsprang
 Where thy feet trod,—
 Blossoms of virtue,
 Blossoms of love;
 Reaching in garlands
 To heaven above.
 From soul unto soul,
 From pole unto pole,
 Thy praise shall be silent
 Never, O never!
 For earth shall be singing
 And Paradise ringing
 With *Ave Marias* forever and ever.

My Aunt Rosalie.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

THREE years went by, in the midst of a splendor and luxury, a wealth both of intellectual and material resources, which bewildered me. Rosalie's husband had been a rich manufacturer, her first employer in fact—the patron of the factory wherein she had worked. He had been made a deputy, and had attached himself to the extreme infidel left. At his house fiery politics were talked; denunciations of monarchy, too violent for perfect sincerity; above all, sarcasms against the Church and against all who practised their religion. The key-note of that brilliant and polished, if somewhat Bohemian, society which met in my aunt's beautiful drawing-room was "Clericalism the enemy." The changes were constantly rung upon it in the coarse guttural of the Quartier Latin, as in the musical intonation of the Faubourg St. Germain.

I observed that Rosalie joined in all this to

the extent of a smile at some peculiarly pungent witticism, or a graceful shrug of deprecation did any one accuse her of being religious. Of practical religion she had none. She never set her foot inside a church, even as a sight-seer upon grand occasions. God knows how I escaped the contagion of such an atmosphere even as well as I did. A special grace must have been given me to enable me to withstand sneers, taunts, even veiled threats from my uncle, to the extent that, as I have already remarked, I resolutely went to church and approached the Sacraments, and as resolutely defended our holy religion upon all occasions.

Nevertheless, my quickly developing intelligence delighted in a *salon* where the greatest literary and artistic names of France were represented. Many a breast there wore its decoration for a successful picture, novel or poem. I had a certain share of success at these assemblies, which flattered me. I was considered both pretty and clever, with a *verve* all my own. Admirers swarmed around me; for I was to inherit my uncle's large fortune did I marry to please him. He had already chosen a husband for me—an impoverished young Vicomte, of qualities likely to be serviceable to the party, and with a highly accommodating lack of religious principle, if not of belief.

"I believe," my amiable suitor said to me, on one occasion,—“oh, yes, Mademoiselle, I believe, you know, when the stream of politics or of money is not against me! But what would you have? My elder brother is devout; he is also wealthy. I have nothing, and must make my way through life.”

His polished manners and really fine parts touched my fancy no little by the time the affair had been several weeks in progress. The Vicomte's deportment toward me was deference itself, and indeed our interviews were very ceremonious. Madame la Marquise was kind enough to call upon us, and she graciously intimated her consent that I should enrich her impecunious younger son.

When matters were at this stage I sat in my dressing-room one evening, thinking over the strange chances of my life, which had all grown out of that still stranger good fortune of “la tante Rosalie.” Curiously enough, my mind was

haunted by that picture of her departure from home, which I, a child, had witnessed, as I stood hugging my doll. The village and the old home seemed now very fair, viewed from a distance. All at once the door opened, the rustle of a silken wrapper was heard upon the threshold, and Rosalie advanced to my side.

“Adrienne,” she said tremblingly, and her hand as it touched mine was cold as ice, “go back to the village. Marry Michel—no, what do I say? Michel is too old; but marry some one, any one, there; only go back, dear child; go back, go back without delay!”

Putting her finger to her lips, she listened intently, and then began to speak rapidly, with her eyes upon the ground:

“You desire, it may be, to imitate me: to secure wealth, power, perhaps a noble name or a brilliant and accomplished husband. But I tell you, spacious as are these mansions, there is no room here for a living heart. All is cold cynicism, heartless mockery, weariness ill-concealed by gayety. I have given up home, friends, love, faith, conscience, and with them all I have purchased nothing but misery.”

“And your husband?” I faltered; for I had fancied them a devoted couple.

“Listen to me, Adrienne. No man can ever make you happy, whatever his qualifications, who is an unbeliever. To one who has once believed it is a daily and hourly torture. Marry a good Christian, or bury yourself among *les Carmes*—”

“So, Madame,” cried a sneering and evil voice upon the threshold, “I have discovered you! I have listened to your interesting discourse, and have become aware at last of your base hypocrisy. At heart, all these years, you have been the canting bigot, who learns from the priest to despise her husband. Like a snake you have glided in among us; but I shall settle all scores with you yet, my charming Rosalie!”

The diabolical rage which transformed that man's face I shall never forget. My blood ran cold with terror. Oh, it was a terrible, a merciful warning to me, who had been rushing blindly toward an abyss!

Rosalie, drawing herself up, said coldly: “I have practised no deceit upon you, Monsieur. All my deceit and treachery have been toward myself and my own soul. Rest satisfied, sir, I

have never been guilty of a single religious act since that unfortunate hour when I sold my conscience to you."

The stinging contempt, sharpened by remorse, silenced the husband for a moment. The next he had broken into blasphemies so terrible that, involuntarily, I sank upon my knees, covering my face with my hands. Need I say that after that frightful scene my one desire was to follow Rosalie's advice, and return to my peaceful country home as soon as possible?

But life has its swift vicissitudes, and that nemesis, the to-morrow, trembling with incalculable possibilities. The next day, at a public dinner, M. Menard was stricken with a fatal illness. The physicians thought it was concussion of the brain. A strange scene was now enacted in the darkened room, where was laid the man lately so strong, so confident in himself. In his intervals of consciousness, and even throughout his incoherent ravings, he who had but yesterday blasphemed and defied God, now called in accents of despair for a priest. Beside the pillow sat Rosalie, silent and overcome.

"How shall I send for a priest," she cried, despairingly,—“I who have never prayed, have never entered a church these long years of wedded life,—I who have deliberately helped to lose this soul!"

I shall never forget the despair upon my aunt's face as she said these last words. I touched her softly on the arm. “I have sent for a priest,” I said; “he may be here any minute.”

“But they wait out there to prevent him,” she said, anxiously.

“We shall see. Have courage!” I answered.

At this moment M. Menard suddenly grew conscious. “So you are there, little *bigote*?” he said, smiling at me. “And always praying! But you are right. You have been stronger than all of us, while Rosalie was so weak. Had she been stronger,” he continued, pitilessly, in his feeble and wandering voice, “it might have been different. A woman's silent influence is so strong. But now if the priest delays an hour longer I shall be lost: I shall be in hell for all eternity. And there *is* a hell, there *is* a hell,—do you hear, comrades?”

His voice rose into a shriek, penetrating to the hall, where were half a dozen or more of the

most advanced “liberals,” who had come, as was the wont amongst the infidel fraternity, to deprive a dying man, if they could, of the freedom of making his peace with God. I had, however, sent an urgent message to the neighboring curé to effect an entrance into the Hotel Menard, despite all opposition; saying that his presence was desired there both by M. Menard and his wife. I had prevailed upon the servants, though they had received contrary instructions from the deputies, to bring the priest upstairs as soon as he arrived.

Presently we heard an authoritative voice in the corridor.

“Stand back, messieurs,” it said, “and permit me to enter that room!”

This they evidently declined to do.

“As you hope for the mercy of God at your own dying hour, I command you!”

A brief, awed silence, then the murmur of sneering, expostulating voices. At this moment Rosalie arose and threw open the door.

“Gentlemen,” she said, imperiously, “retire. M. le Curé comes at my own and my husband's urgent request.”

Involuntarily the men drew back, and the priest passed into the room. A short ten minutes was all that remained of life to the man who had spent years in defying God. But it sufficed.

A month later a travelling carriage drove along the road over which Michel had once driven Rosalie. It contained my aunt and myself. At sight of the brick wall and the cherry blossoms, the grey roofs and the doorstep, Rosalie, handsome and stately in her widow's weeds, broke down and sobbed bitterly—for there stood grandfather. How old and infirm he had grown! And Marcelle was there, ready to clasp Rosalie to her faithful heart. I stood by, no longer the child with her doll. And, looking, I wondered not; for I knew that Rosalie's tears of joy at her return were no less sincere than were the tears of sorrow at her departure.

In course of time I followed Rosalie's advice and married, not Michel nor any of his descendants, but a man of education and refinement, who had settled amongst us as a doctor, and who loved our village life, and attended our village chapel with reverent faith. My Vicomte, appalled

by that terrible death-cry of his former associate, retired to La Trappe forever.

And Rosalie—"la tante Rosalie"?

"Rosalie is like me," chuckled grandfather: "she loves country life best."

"And she has seen the great world," echoed Marcelle.

"I always knew, dear friends," chimed in the curé, "that Rosalie would come back. She prayed so well as a girl. And if she was weak, she had a warm heart. Her motherly kindness to the little Adrienne was rewarded by her conversion and that of her husband."

Rosalie made her home thenceforth at the old house. Of the large fortune which M. Menard had amassed, she made various donations to the charitable institutes of Paris, retaining only what was sufficient to keep all dear to her in comfort, and to enable her to promote many works of charity and zeal. She beautified the little church, aided the school, and made the good old curé's life happy by providing him with a liberal charity fund.

Our little house, with its garden and brick wall, was pointed at, in time, as an abode of benediction; and while "la tante Rosalie" continued to play the part of fairy godmother to me, she became at last a fairy godmother to the whole village.

Ancona.

(As painted by Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke.)

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

BROAD in the sunshine stands the old façade,
 Broad lie the steps around the ancient fane,
 Where Ankôn from its promontory leans
 An elbow on the Adriatic main.

Bearing the pillars of its portico
 Red lions couch, peering through half-shut eyes
 At the far tableland, the olive groves,
 The summer glory of Italian skies.

The old Greek town, with its cathedral, basks
 In ages of tranced calm, dear friend, to me,
 As through thy picture's atmosphere I trace
 That one resplendent line of sapphire sea.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

IT is probable that Bishop Spalding's new book, "Education and the Higher Life," just printed at Chicago, by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., may excite the usual sneers from people who neither read for themselves nor think for themselves. It is as easy to sneer as to call a man a heretic, and both are often the last resorts of vulgarity and inefficiency. The utterances of this volume are set to a music which must strike the best chords in human life. They represent the highest aspirations of Christian civilization, and they are rich with the sonorousness of truth.

It is not the first time that a representative Catholic in this country has tried to make the world understand that the highest Christianity means the highest civilization; that there is no annulment of the old union of the Church and the most beneficent forces in literature, the fine arts and the purest intellectual life.

There is no doubt that there is a certain stimulus to young Americans in the prose writings of Emerson. But Emerson is not Christian. There is not a little encouragement in the constant idealism of Matthew Arnold. But there is no motive for it all; it is as arid in its object, while as fascinating in its process, as the wisdom of Marcus Aurelius. In "Education and the Higher Life" Bishop Spalding offers Americans the stimulus of Emerson with more definite aspirations than Matthew Arnold's. He is not a dark oracle, like Emerson; or a prophet without a God, like Arnold; yet he has the best qualities that most attract us in these mistaken men. He understood the needs of the time when he gave us these essays; and he understood how needful it was that a Christian should state them at a time when the young are beginning to join in their minds Christianity with Philistinism, and when the pioneer work of the Church in this country must begin to be mingled with that which makes for the highest civilization. Americans are coming from the chrysalis state; they will not stand still. Much of the future of Christianity in this

country depends on whether the Church, as they emerge from this state, shall be represented to them as the Church whose foundation lies in brick and mortar or in broad minds and deep hearts.

What man could have told this truth with more restrained power than Bishop Spalding? There is money everywhere in this rich country; but to what end?

"We are beset," the Bishop says, "by all manner of temptations to turn aside from a high and noble way of living. The line of least resistance for us is the common highway of money-getters and place-winners; and the moment a man gives evidence of ability, the whole world urges him to put it to immediate use. *Our public opinion identifies the good with the useful; all else is visionary and unreal.* To turn away from material good in order to gain spiritual and intellectual benefit is held to be evidence of a feeble or perverted understanding. . . . No one asks himself, What shall I do to gain virtue, wisdom, strength, completeness of life? But the universal question is, How shall I make a living, get money, position, notoriety? In our hearts we should rather have the riches of a Rothschild than the mind of a Plato, the imagination of Shakspeare than the soul of St. Teresa. . . . Instead of boasting of our civilization, because we have industrial and commercial prosperity, wealth and liberty, churches, schools, and newspapers, we ought to ask ourselves whether civilization does not imply something more than this,—what kind of soul lives and loves and thinks in this environment?"

It is not, let us remember, a Positivist who is speaking, with no God-Man born of the Immaculate Virgin to point to, but a prelate who represents the only form of Christianity that can live through the ages to come. The infidel has laughed and said that such words could not come from the "lips of Christians, who seem to hold that, if they said the Apostles' Creed, they need not concern themselves with the intellectual life"; and that Christianity, in our time, "has divorced itself from intellectual cultivation." How clearly and powerfully the Bishop gives the lie to this! And hear him utter this truth, which is becoming more apparent every day:

"Every city points to its successful men who have millions, but are themselves poor and unintelligent; to its writers who, having sold their

talents to newspapers and magazines, sink to the level of those they address, dealing only with what is of momentary interest; or if the question be deep, they move on the surface, lest the many-eyed crowd lose sight of them. The preacher gets an audience and pay on condition that he stoop to the gossip which centres around new theories, startling events, and mechanical schemes for the improvement of the country. If to get money be the end of writing and preaching, then must we seek to please the multitude, who are willing to pay those who entertain and amuse them."

These extracts show dimly the spirit of a book which every young American should read, re-read, and impart the teaching of to others. It is at once a stimulus and a tonic; it is Christian and modern; it is true and alluring; it is adequate. What more can be said?

Readings from Remembered Books.

ON DISTRACTIONS IN THE ROSARY.

HOW many in the United States have said to us: "I never say the Rosary; I can't!" "Why not?" we asked. "Oh, I respect it, and I believe in it," was the answer; "but I always have so many distractions. And you know the Rosary badly said is so far from being an honor to the Blessed Virgin, that it is an offence to God; the mere recital of the Rosary is not a devotion: it is a superstition."

No wonder, poor people! if such are their ideas, that they are afraid to say the Rosary. But if we wait to say it until we can do so perfectly, there will be only a few favored souls who can profit by Our Lady's revelation to St. Dominic; and the capability of doing so might prove a temptation to spiritual pride. How do we know, if we say the Rosary with distractions, that we are really saying it badly? Perhaps we need just that humiliation: perhaps we have pride of intellect; we fancy our imagination to be so brilliant, and lo! it can not place before us one scene from the life and passion of Our Lord! Our deductive faculties are so excellent—behold, we have not been able to deduce one practical application from the mysteries! We try again and again, and find that, instead of a powerful intellect at our

command, we have a weak, ill-disciplined mind, and a foolish imagination, quite beyond our control. Is not that a useful lesson for us to learn?

Again, the fault may not be in the indevout saying of the Rosary, but in our daily habits of thought, in the continuous state of our affections; and this Rosary with distractions may be the revelation to us of the true condition of our interior. We can not but have a strong suspicion that our heart is far from God and heaven, if again and again we take the beads in our hands only to find ourselves incapable of aught save the mere recital of the prayers. In this case are not our very distractions monitors? And if for them we lay aside the Rosary, are we not merely stifling the warning voice of grace calling out to us that our treasure is on earth, and where our treasure is there also is our heart?

Ah, let us not for these troublesome, vain imaginations lay aside our Rosary! Let us rather profit by the humiliating lessons, and continue, in the repentant spirit of the Psalmist: "I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me" (Ps., l, 5). "Create a clean heart in me, O God: and renew a right spirit within me" (Ibid., 12). And if we come twenty-five times to the end of the chaplet thoroughly humbled at our seeming want of success in saying it, and we make an act of contrition and say one "Hail Mary" in confusion of humiliation and repentance each time, have we not at least twenty-five acts of contrition and twenty-five "Hail Marys" unsullied by self-complacency?...

But those who tell us that we must say the Rosary thus and so, or we lose the indulgences and commit sin, fail to tell us how these distractions may be overcome. We once heard a priest of St. Sulpice preach in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, on this subject. He recommended the invocation, repeated once, twice, or thrice: "Vessel of singular devotion, pray for us!" He placed before us in a very strong light the prayerfulness and recollection of the Blessed Virgin, from the first moment of her Immaculate Conception to the close of her holy life; reminding us that it was while, in the silence of the midnight hour, she was ardently praying for the coming of the Messiah, that the Angel Gabriel was sent to her and the sublime mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished.

It is this profound fervor and recollection which the Church reverences in the invocation, "Vessel of *singular* devotion"; and when we find the wellsprings of prayer dried up within us we can cease a moment our litany or chaplet to cry, "Vessel of singular devotion, come to our aid!" Surely the Virgin most clement, most pious, most sweet, will not refuse to hearken to our supplications, even though at the time we may not know it. So if we continue to suffer from those distractions, at least let us not be too frightened or discouraged; let us rather accept them with humility, remembering St. Teresa, who during thirty years was tormented with distractions in prayer. Had she yielded to the temptation that mere recital of prayers is a superstition and a sin, where would now be our great St. Teresa? — "*The Festival of the Most Holy Rosary at the Tomb of St. Dominic*," Rose Howe.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

If before his conversion Père Lacordaire had said of himself that he had "loved glory and nothing else," we may say of him after his conversion that he feared glory and nothing else. A touching incident will show how great this terror was. His Lenten station at Lyons in 1845 was one of those which obtained the most extraordinary success. Nothing like it had ever been seen there before; it was a perfect delirium. At the very time when the Chambers and the press were blowing up the flame of anti-religious passions, and seeking to stifle every attempt at monastic restoration under their contempt, a friar in his medieval garb was fascinating by his eloquence a chosen audience among the population at Lyons, and renewing in the nineteenth century those marvels that had been wrought by the great preachers of the ages of faith. From five in the morning an immense crowd besieged the doors of the cathedral. Hardly were they opened before the waves of this impatient crowd burst into the church, and purchased the happiness of enjoying an hour of Christian eloquence by seven or eight hours of waiting. And when this immense assembly, excited by the accent of the speaker, trembled under his words, respect for the sacred character of the place alone, and with difficulty, repressed the murmurs of their enthusiastic applause.

One evening, after one of the finest of these conferences, the dinner hour had passed, and the Father did not appear in his place. They waited for some time, but not seeing him come (he who was generally so punctual), an ecclesiastic went up to his chamber. He knocked, but no one replied. He entered and perceived Père Lacordaire kneeling before his crucifix, with his head in his hands, absorbed in prayer, which was interrupted by his sobs. He approached, and, folding him in his arms, "My dear Father," he said, "what is the matter?"—"I am afraid," replied the Father, lifting his face, bathed in tears.—"Afraid! Of what?"—"I am afraid," was his reply, "of all this success."—"The Inner Life of Père Lacordaire," *Chocarne*.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH FRAY ANTONIO.

We turned off from the Calle Principal by the little old Church of La Cruz, and passed onward across the market-place, where buying and selling went on languidly, and where a drowsy hum of talk made a rhythmic setting to a scene that seemed to my unaccustomed eyes less a bit of real life than a bit lifted bodily from an opera. Facing the market-place was the ancient church; and the change was a pleasant one, from the vivid sunlight and warmth of the streets to its cool, shadowy interior: where the only sign of life was a single old woman praying her way along the Stations of the Cross. For more than two hundred and fifty years had prayer been made and praise been offered here; and . . . it seemed to me that some portion of the subtle essence of all the soul-longings for heavenly help and guidance that here had been breathed forth, by men and women truly struggling against the sinful forces at work in the world, had entered into the very fabric of that ancient church, and so had sanctified it.

We crossed to the eastern end of the church, where was a low doorway, closed by a heavy wooden door that was studded with rough iron nails and ornamented with rudely finished iron-work; pushing which door open briskly, as one having the assured right of entry there, Don Rafael courteously stood aside and motioned to me to enter the sacristy.

From the shadowy church I passed at a step into a small vaulted room, brilliant with the sunlight that poured into it through a broad window

that faced the south. Just where this flood of sunshine fell upon the flagged floor, rising from a base of stone steps built up in pyramidal form, was a large cross of some dark wood, on which was the life-size figure of the crucified Christ; and there, on the bare stone pavement, before this emblem of his faith, his face, on which the sunlight fell full, turned upward toward the holy image, and his arms raised in supplication, clad in his Franciscan habit, of which the hood had fallen back, knelt Fray Antonio; and upon his pale, holy face, that the rich sunlight glorified, was an expression so seraphic, so entranced, that it seemed as though to his fervent gaze the very gates of heaven must be open, and all the splendors and glories and majesties of Paradise revealed.

It is as I thus first saw Fray Antonio—verily a saint kneeling before the cross—that I strive to think of him always. Yet even when that other and darker, but surely more glorious, picture of him rises before my mind I am not disconsolate; for at such times the thought possesses me—coming to me clearly and vehemently, as though from a strongly impelled force without myself—that what he prayed for when I beheld him was that which God granted to him in the end.

Some men, being thus broken in upon while in the very act of communing with Heaven, would have been distressed and ill at ease—as I assuredly was because I had so interrupted him. But to Fray Antonio, as I truly believe, communion with Heaven was so entirely a part of his daily life that our sudden entry in nowise ruffled him. After a moment, that he might recall his thoughts within himself and so to earth again, he arose from his knees, and with a grave, simple grace came forward to greet us. He was not more than eight-and-twenty years old, and he was slightly built and thin—not emaciated, but lean with the wholesome leanness of one who strove to keep his body in the careful order of a machine of which much work was required. His face still had in it the soft roundness and tenderness of youth, that accorded well with its expression of gracious sweetness; but there was a firmness about the fine, strong chin, and in the set of the delicate lips, that showed a reserve of masterful strength.

And most of all did this strength shine forth from his eyes, which truly—though at this first

sight of him I did not perceive it fully—were the most wonderful eyes that ever I have seen. As I then beheld them I thought them black; but they really were a dark blue, and so were in keeping with his fair skin and hair. Yet that which gave them so strong an individuality was less their changing color than the marvellous way in which their expression changed with every change of feeling of the soul that animated them. When I first saw them, turned up toward heaven, they seemed to speak a heavenly language full of love; and when I saw them last, stern, but shining with the exultant light of joy triumphant, they fairly hurled the wrath of outraged Heaven against the conquered powers of hell. And I can give no adequate conception of the love that shone forth from them when pitying sympathy for human sorrow, or even for the pain which brute beasts suffered, touched that most tender heart, for which they spoke in tones richer and fuller than the tones of words.—“*The Aztec Treasure-House*,” Thomas A. Janvier.

AN UNNAMED SENSE.

Apart from the imagination,*there are certain temperaments which receive impressions from causes altogether beyond the ken of sense—or, at any rate, from those five faculties to which we are wont to limit the term. For that there are other senses than those well-known five, we hold to be a truth indisputable. Science has not yet assigned them a nomenclature, but they surely exist. One of these is that singular sweetness of which certain souls become conscious when they enter any locality which is made sacred by the prayers habitually offered within it.

Prayer, as we know, is compared to incense; and just as the incense cloud does not at once disperse, but hangs in the atmosphere and thence diffuses its prolonged sweetness, so it may be thought that from the prayers that arise to Heaven in a much frequented sanctuary, a something emanates which hangs about the very air, giving it a kind of consecration. That air which, day after day and hour after hour, vibrates with the sound of chanted psalms, retains possibly some traces of their delicate undulations, which reach, if not the outer ear, yet that more spiritual organ, which we call the heart.—“*Aroer, The Story of a Vocation*,” the Author of “*Uriel*,” etc.

Notes and Remarks.

Our charitable readers, especially clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and of St. Teresa, will be pleased to have their attention called to a way in which they can perform at the same time an act of devotion and of great charity. We know of a community of discalced Carmelite nuns in urgent need of funds to make a new foundation in a place where it can not fail to be of inestimable benefit to the Church. Those who contribute to this undertaking are promised a share in the prayers and good works of these austere religious, for themselves and their intentions. Any offerings entrusted to us will be acknowledged in this column and duly forwarded to the humble petitioners. It is a case when to give quickly is to give twice. The humblest contributions will be welcome, and will entitle the givers to a share in prayers which who would not value and wish to secure?

A meeting was held in the rooms of the Columbus Club at Chicago, Ill., on the 8th inst., to arrange for the Catholic exhibit at the World's Fair in 1892. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding presided, Archbishop Ireland and other eminent ecclesiastics and laymen being present. Many of the educational institutions of the country were represented. A large Board of Directors and a small central committee were appointed. The latter will soon issue a pamphlet containing preliminary explanations and instructions.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was held in Washington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 8, 9. The proceedings were fittingly opened with Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, celebrated by the Rev. J. A. Walter, the zealous rector, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Donahue and Sullivan as deacon and subdeacon. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane delivered a beautiful sermon. After Mass the delegates met in Carroll Hall, where the sessions of the Convention were held. In his opening address the President, Rev. Father Lavelle, gave the key-note of the Union when he said: “We are not politicians, but are one in our devotion to the cause of our young men. We know no Saxon nor Dane, no Tudor

nor Celt, but are one in our determination to advance the interests of the National Union and the young men of our country." The delegates were also addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, the Rev. Father Slattery, the Rev. Dr. Chapelle, Commissioner Douglas, and others. Resolutions were passed expressing loyalty to the Holy See and the Hierarchy of America; on the necessity of Catholic schools, and proper support of the Catholic press; and in opposition to intemperance. The foundation in every diocese of local unions whose object should be to bring young men into closer and more helpful relationship; devotedness to Catholic works in behalf of education, the benefit of colored youth, and Indian civilization, were earnestly recommended. The report of the secretary showed the National Union to be in a prosperous condition, both numerically and financially.

The Convention was one of the most successful in the history of the Union. The large attendance of delegates and the interest manifested in the proceedings gave a happy presage of the continued success and increasing prosperity of the organization.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Stonor has written to Father Wolsely, O. P., conveying the Apostolic Benediction of the Holy Father to him and to all who assist in furthering the process of the beatification of the sainted Curé d'Ars, who was declared Venerable on the 3d of October, 1872,

A spacious reading-hall has been prepared by order of Pope Leo for the use of students in the Vatican Archives. It will greatly facilitate their work.

The revival of Gluck's opera of "Orfeo" has also revived interest in the composer himself, who owed his earliest inspiration and his later encouragement to Catholics. He received a thorough education from the Jesuits at their college at Kommotau; and in 1755 he was given the Order of the Golden Spur by the Holy Father for his two operas performed at Rome, entitled "Il Trionfo di Camillo" and "Antigono." Gluck had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he recited the Rosary faithfully every day, and to this we may ascribe his preservation from the irreligious spirit that pervaded the society in which he

was constantly obliged to move during his long and brilliant career. When dying he held his beloved rosary in his fingers.

Professor Peter Gagliardi, who died not long since at Frascati, was one of the most famous artists of the modern Roman school. He always painted with a religious motive, and had many of the characteristics of the old masters. His greatest works are the frescoes of the Churches of S. Agostino and S. Girolamo degli Schiavoni. These paintings should not be lost sight of by visitors to Rome, though they are not mentioned in the guide books. Giovanni Gagliardi, a brother of the deceased Professor, who died comparatively young, gave promise of great success as an artist.

A writer in *The Book-Buyer* thinks that the value of absolute repose has never been more forcibly expressed than in the following epitaph, which he copied from the tombstone of an old lady in a Norfolk (England) churchyard. She was certainly foggy in her ideas of the blessedness of heaven, but she expressed her notion of its perfect quiescence in a way to console the overworked:

"Here lies an old woman who always was tired;
Who lived in a world where too much was required!
'O weep not,' said she, 'my good friends; where I'm
going
There'll neither be reading nor writing nor sewing!
So weep not for me, for if death do us sever—
I'm going to do nothing forever and ever!"

The Rev. Bernard de Florencourt, formerly editor of the *Germania* of Berlin and of the *Vaterland* of Vienna, died recently, much lamented by his colleagues. May he rest in peace!

Friday, the 10th inst., marked the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the great apostle of temperance, the Rev. Theobald Mathew. It was a day well deserving the attention which it received throughout the English-speaking world. Born October 10, 1790, ordained a priest on Easter Saturday, 1814, it was on April 10, 1838, in the city of Cork, that Father Mathew began the great work of his life. Moved by the evils which intemperance had wrought among his fellow-countrymen, he took himself the total

abstinence pledge till the day of his death. He then entered upon his apostolic mission, laboring night and day for the cause of temperance among the people. God blessed his labors and crowned them with success. He preached this holy crusade against drink in Ireland, England, Scotland, and the United States; and by his earnest, enthusiastic zeal thousands and hundreds of thousands—whose good example was productive of the most happy results for others—were converted to total abstinence. And the effects of his work still continue in the numerous organizations whose object is the advancement of the noble cause, and which form the most enduring and most glorious monument to his memory. May the spirit and power of Father Mathew's example long remain to work its ennobling influence among the people of our fair land, until intemperance, the enemy of moral and social progress, be unknown amongst us.

The golden jubilee of the priesthood of the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, first Bishop of Brooklyn, was celebrated last week with much solemnity. He was ordained by Bishop Hughes in 1840, and after thirteen years spent in efficient missionary work was appointed Bishop of Brooklyn. His episcopal career has been especially marked by saintlike zeal for the erection of churches and the support of charitable institutions. The progress which Catholicity has made in the Diocese of Brooklyn since its erection, thirty-seven years ago, is almost unprecedented in the United States. Its venerable Bishop is one of the few surviving prelates who attended the three plenary councils of Baltimore.

A writer in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* states that the Reformers burned candles before Luther's picture, "as before the shrine of a saint." This is a nice question for antiquaries to decide.

Mgr. Henri Joseph Faraud, O. M. I., titular Bishop of Anemour, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Athabasca-Mackenzie Territory, who died recently at St. Boniface, Manitoba, was known as the Bishop of the North Pole. Some time ago he retired from active duty, the arduous labors and painful privations of a long missionary life among the Indians having completely exhausted

his vital energies. A more devoted life has not been lived in our day. Its fruits remain and are abundant. Mgr. Faraud was born in France, where he was consecrated bishop more than a quarter of a century ago.

On the 15th inst. the Carmelite nuns, the first order of religious women established in the United States, celebrated the centenary of their foundation in Maryland. The date of their arrival in this country was July 11, 1790; but the celebration was transferred to the Feast of St. Teresa. It was preceded by a novena, to which the Holy Father granted special indulgences. There are but three other convents of Carmelite nuns in this country—namely, in St. Louis, New Orleans, and Boston; the latter being a recent foundation.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Francis Martelet, whose happy death occurred on the 5th of August, at Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Mary A. Lettus, whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death on the 10th inst., at West Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Peter Vauthier, of Louisville, Ky., who died on the 7th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Mary F. Ryan, who peacefully breathed her last on the 10th inst., at Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Martin Dolan, of Wilmington, Del., who met with a sudden though not unprovided death on the 7th inst.

Mr. Denis Doyle, who died a holy death on the 4th inst., at Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Marie Hennon, who piously yielded her soul to God on the same day, at Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Margaret Riordan, of Menekaune, Wis., who passed away on the 1st inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Stafford McKenna, of Fairfield, Ky.; Mrs. Frances Donnelly, Richard Nagle, Edward O'Regan, and Hannah Sweeny, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Sarah McLelellan, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Bridget Quinlan, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Mrs. Joanna Hefernan, New Brunswick, N. J.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Philomena's Story.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.



None of the coast islands of New Jersey is St. Joseph's little grey church. It stands on the seaward edge of the great salt-marshes; and between it and the sea there are but a few houses, a few wind-twisted pines, and the sand beach.

Southward, westward, and northward stretch the beautiful marshes. The thoroughfare lies low between its low bank and the mainland, and the sails of its fleet glide ghostlike along the wind-billowed grass. Little flowers blossom thickly in those billows,—pale pink stars, delicate white cups, close-clustered purple heads under velvet green hoods. They come close to the church walls, and wave around its tiny porch, as though seeking a loving entrance through the storm-door.

Within that door all is of a simple beauty, which accords well with the blossoms of the marshes and the pure winds of the sea. With their best the people have served and ministered, and God finds it "good." The latticed windows stand open at Mass and Vespers in summer time; and, looking from them, the blessing of Our Lord's tenderest love seems brooding over the land from the altar.

St. Joseph's stood just so peacefully under the stormiest sky and in the midst of a raging flood. Built upon the sands, as it seems, it has been proved "founded upon a rock," and has been indeed the refuge of which it is always the type.

Philomena Berger can tell a story worth hearing. She was there. Philomena is seven years old, and is one of many children, which makes her more observant and quicker of speech than otherwise. She likes to talk, if one cares to hear her; but she is a wise little maiden and knows when to keep silent. She is always pleasant company, and

we liked to hear her tell of "last year's flood."

The Bergers are also known as "the happy family." It is a collective noun which solves a difficulty for newcomers, who always require some time to learn their individual names. The list sounds like the roll-call of the saints; for they are good, practical Catholics, with a name-day and a patron saint for each, whose history all are proud to know. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked and smiling, they crop up all over the island in the course of every day: Mary and Joseph, and Aloysius and Philomena, and Louis and Margaret, and Gertrude and Francis, and—and—I can not remember any more. But not one of them was lost in the flood. Philomena always repeats "*Not one!*" with serious devoutness.

The "flood" began with a wind, nothing remarkable at first, and blowing out of the mellow brightness of a warm September day. The little Bergers thought nothing evil of it, but raced and ran through its salt brushings and spray dashings, in the highest glee. Philomena says she "just hated to go in and practise, and did wish something would happen to the old piano." But her mother never breaks any of the little rules for such reasons, so the practising went on, and she missed the beginning of it. By the time she had finished the others were all straying home, very much subdued. The wind was "getting awful," they said; as indeed it was. There was something very solemn and subduing in the power and rush of wind and waves; but, as yet, no one thought of fear, far less of cause for it.

Then it began to rain. "Just an everyday rain, you know," says Philomena. "But it did not stay that way. It got black and black and blacker than that, and then it *did* rain!" The rain fell in great sheets and whirls of water, this way, that way, every way at once. The roar of the wind, the lashing of the rain, the dash and swish and heavy, pounding blows of the dreadful waves all grew louder and louder very rapidly. The Bergers' cottage stood on the Board Walk on the sea, and occasionally, before this storm, a very high tide had come near enough to send its spray over the railing of the porch. Then the little ones had been allowed to run out toward it and get its fine, salt drops and mist on their faces. But not this time,—not even Mary and Joseph, who are the elder children, were allowed

to open the front door; and soon all the windows were closed and bolted, while the splash and gurgle of the water were heard through them. All together and all night long the roaring and rushing and thundering blows went on without, while within the houseful of helpless people sat and waited for they knew not what. In the dreadful darkness they could only wait, fearing for themselves and for their neighbors.

"The children," says Philomena, with her little old-womanly air,—“well, *they* slept, but we could not. Mamma didn't even try to go to bed; and she held baby, 'cause Delia cried so it frightened her. But the next morning there was daylight, and *that* was good,” she finishes, earnestly. She makes you feel as she says it how they must have “longed for day.”

But, beside the light, there was nothing favorable for their safety. They could see around them, through the thick rain mist, that the town seemed to be standing with no gaps in its ranks; but the sea was level with the Board Walk, and still rising and sweeping back into the streets. Higher and higher the waves came leaping in from the black deep, dashing themselves into spray and foam, like lace, on wall and walk and building. Presently a wave went over the top of the electric pole before the Bergers, and the pole quivered. They could see it from the upstairs windows. Over the top again, and the pole fell. The next wave carried it away like a straw—lamp, wires and all,—and swept the Board Walk clear of planks the whole width of their house. Then there came a giant wave full against the front of the house. The house shook and trembled.

“And if we hadn't been a prayin’,” says Philomena, with a strong reminder of Delia in her words, now that she is excited with her story, “we'd a hollered, I know. But mamma didn't stop. She prayed right on. She *couldn't* do anything else, you know; for papa hadn't come with the boats he'd been out lookin' for ever so long. I tell you we were *glad* to pray; even Gertrude, and she don't like it much mostly. But she's little. She ain't as old as I am.”

“Well, go on, Philomena! What next? It is very interesting.”

“Well, papa *did* come. But it wasn't very soon, I think. It didn't seem so. The house kept shaking and shaking after that first big knock, and

then all of a sudden down rocked one corner of it,—the corner where mamma's bed stood; just like the bureau when Francis knocked the caster off one day. We were upstairs, you know. We hadn't been downstairs that morning,—not all of us; Delia and Joseph went down and carried up some bread out of the stair closet, and that was all we had to eat.”

“But when the corner rocked, as you said?”

“Oh, it made the floor all slanty, and everything tumbled a little. But it rocked back a little bit. Then mamma said: ‘Children, keep close to me, and don't look toward the windows. Take hold of hands and stand round me and baby, and say this prayer after me’—I can't say it now, you know, 'cause I never heard it but that once. It wasn't everyday prayers. And mamma's voice sounded so soft and queer, but pretty too; like it does when baby's sick, and mamma's putting her to bed and feeling sorry over her. Then all of a sudden something went bump, bump; and we heard papa calling ever so loud: ‘Mary! Mary! come quick! The back windows! the back windows!’ So we scrambled up the slanty floor—it was awful slanty again,—and there was papa and some men outside in boats. I don't know how we got into the boats. Baby went first and mamma last, after Delia. She helped push Delia, and then she and papa just seemed to tumble in together; and everybody hollered, and there was the greatest grinding and rocking; and then the old house doubled up in a queer way, and there wasn't a sign of it anywhere. The great big breakers came in all over everything.”

All was not well with them when they got out of the house in the boat. There was no place to go. The wind and the waves, driving into the thoroughfare through the inlets, forced the water up there as well. The salt-marshes were covered, and the thoroughfare and the ocean met in the streets. All the houses were threatened, but as yet stood firm. Night was coming on,—a night more dreadful than the last. How they wandered about, seeking room and shelter, to which they were gladly welcomed wherever they could find it; how they were hungry and cold and tired and frightened; how the night passed and the daylight came again on the third day of the storm; and how things gradually grew a little and a little and then a great deal better, Philomena tells very

prettily. Perhaps some day she will tell it herself better than I am telling it here.

At last a wonderful thing happened. When it was at the very worst, the great and awful tide stood still an hour earlier than its set time. Then it rolled slowly back into its usual place, and rose no more. The flood was over!

"Then we got to the church," concludes Philomena. "It was all right. There was a good bit of water yet—enough for us to get into a boat to go over to the cars from the steps. But things were different. The sun was coming out a little bit, and everybody was talking again, you know; not so quiet, like people in *such* trouble. It was all water between us and off shore, but quiet water. So we went right across the marshes. And papa said to mamma: 'Mary, did you notice where we found refuge?' And mamma looked at him so happy. I know that was what he said, for I did not understand it and I asked. I always do. And mamma said he meant, did she notice that in such danger and fear we had found rest and safety in the church, and what a beautiful and blessed thought it was that we would begin life anew from its very door. Mamma explained it very carefully to me. And I learned it all by heart; for I think it is 'beautiful and blessed.' Don't you?"

I said I did indeed. When Philomena grows older still, and has had her questions answered many times, she will know many things that were "beautiful and blessed" on the island in that storm, where no lives were lost and very little damage done that could not be repaired. In the fulness of their glad and grateful hearts, the people laid bare to one another some holy secrets. Now, in calm moments of safety, they look back to that season of danger, and see their homes guarded and shielded by angels,—angels of prayer, bearers of many offerings, witnesses of acts of hope and faith and resignation, messengers to and fro from their "beleaguered city" to the throne of Him who holdeth the seas "in the hollow of His hand." For when the fountains of the great deep were broken up hearts melted and overflowed toward their Father and their Helper.

Grateful offerings are still laid upon St. Joseph's shrine. May such love-pledges make beautiful forever the simplicity and harmony of the little grey church! St. Joseph, keep us ever mindful!

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.—ANOTHER ARRIVAL.

There was consternation at Rosebriar. Brownie was gone; Alice was gone. Even if Uncle Will or one of the boys should venture out in the storm, the doctor could not reach Rosebriar in time to relieve Mr. West. Mrs. West, usually so ready in emergencies, could do nothing. Another trouble had come upon her. Suppose Alice should meet her death in the storm?

"I believe that in a fit of anger she has run away with Brownie," Richard said. "She is a detestable creature!"

"I am afraid you are right," Uncle Will replied.

But Rose would not hear of it. She defended Alice with all her might.

"I'm sure she means well. I know that she has gone for the doctor—I know she has!"

"I fancy Rose is right," Mrs. West said. "She was not angry. I fear that this foolish act may end in her death and that of Brownie."

The Wests were silent. They knew well that Brownie always became utterly unmanageable in a storm. It was more than Richard could do to hold him at such a time. Mr. West's groans diverted them for a moment from this new cause of fear. Uncle Will could only walk up and down the floor, in a very unenviable frame of mind. What if Alice Reed should be killed? What if she should attempt, wet to the skin, thinly clad, to go back to the city? He went to the window and looked out into the deep darkness, broken now and then by blinding flashes of lightning. The boys plainly expressed their indignation against Alice. Mrs. West hushed them.

"The poor child probably realized that she had caused us some trouble and tried to remedy it. Do not blame her. I am sure she meant well."

"Meant well!" exclaimed Richard, curling his lip. "She might have known that she could only add to our difficulties. She has simply cut off all chance of our helping papa to bear this awful pain. Her selfishness was bad enough without this."

"Be charitable," said Mrs. West, softly. "The poor child acts from impulse, not principle. She

has never had the advantage of a good training. Be charitable. It will not help your poor father's pain to blame her."

Time passed. Never had the people at Rosebriar known such moments of suffering. Rose and Uncle Will said the Rosary at Mr. West's side. The sound of their praying seemed to quiet him.

In one of the lulls of the storm there was a sound of galloping hoofs on the sandy road. Then there followed a noise as of one jumping on the porch—hurried steps across the hall, and Alice Reed, wet and bedraggled, with splashes of mud on her face, threw open the door.

"The doctor will be here in a moment," she said; and while she spoke the water dripped from her and made a pool on the carpet. The astonished group looked at her in silence. Then Mrs. West went up to her and kissed her on the forehead, saying, "Come with me; you must change your clothes."

Alice was about to obey her, when she caught sight of what seemed to be a look of defiance on Richard's face.

"No," she said, drawing back from Mrs. West. "I'll go away just as I am. Those boys don't like me—I can see that. I know I've been the cause of a great deal of trouble, but I won't be looked at that way—I *won't!* Now, there!"

"Come!" Mrs. West said, with more authority.

Alice stood for a moment in the doorway and flung a parting dart at Richard.

"If I couldn't ride Brownie in a little rain I'd be ashamed of myself!"

Having thus relieved her mind, she permitted Mrs. West to look after her toilet.

The doctor came, in spite of the rain and lightning. He was a special friend of Mr. West's; and he concluded, from Alice's abrupt and startling appearance, that his patient must be dying. He knew exactly what to do, and in half an hour Mr. West was quietly sleeping. His duty done, the doctor went into the study to smoke a cigar with Uncle Will.

"What a strange little girl that is!" he said. "She knocked at the door with a stick of wood, and kept on battering away until I appeared. Who is she? And how did she come to be sent, while the boys were at home?"

"She wasn't sent," answered Uncle Will. "She went herself, without asking permission. She is a

daughter of an old friend of mine and an orphan. When I came from China I went to see her, imagining that she was more or less dependent on the charity of strangers. But she turns out to be rich, spoiled, and altogether unmanageable. I should not have asked her to come here; but, to tell you the truth, I did not give the matter much thought."

"She must have a good heart, or she would never have risked her life on that obstinate little beast, Brownie."

"She's impulsive."

"But her impulses must be good."

"Sometimes; but you know, Doctor, that good impulses indulged without a regard to obedience or the fitness of the occasion do more harm than good. She has never learned to obey. Suppose, now, I had followed my first impulse and given my brother the anodyne you prescribed in such delicate quantities? I might have killed him."

"You probably would have done so," assented the doctor. "Of course, a good-hearted person who disregards rules may often do a great deal of harm."

"This little Alice has given us so much anxiety. I wish she were safe out of the house."

"That sounds unkind," remarked the doctor, with a smile.

"And there is another orphan coming, too," said Uncle Will, with a sigh.

The doctor laughed. "I fancy Mrs. West will find a way to touch your present orphan's good heart. The rain has stopped—I must go."

And the doctor left Uncle Will to his thoughts.

In the meantime Mrs. West had a stormy scene with Alice. But it was a scene that gave her hope for the little girl.

"I like you," Alice exclaimed, as Mrs. West combed out her tangled hair,—*"I like you, but I hate that boy of yours. I could kill him! He had no business to look at me that way. I did a brave thing to go out in the storm, and he ought to be grateful to me."*

"You frightened us all so," Mrs. West said. "We were afraid you would be killed."

"But I wasn't. I kept Brownie's head well up; and when he seemed frightened I let the reins go loose, and we dashed along like the wind. That boy of yours couldn't have done it as well. I know it was my fault, but Richard had no

right to look at me that way. He wouldn't dare to do it if I wasn't an orphan!"

"Never mind—forget all about it. You meant well. Another time you must not be so impulsive."

Alice's eyes flashed. "Meant well!" she said. "Why don't you call me good-hearted at once?—and that of course means that I am a fool. Oh, don't mind me!" she continued, seeing that Mrs. West was shocked. "I am an orphan, you know; and you must expect me to have a worse temper than other people. Don't go, please; I'll be good. I liked you the moment I saw you."

"You ought to try to do what I tell you, then."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Say your prayers and go to bed."

"I can't say my prayers, because I don't like Richard; but I'll go to bed."

Mrs. West said nothing. She moved the crucifix and the statue of the Blessed Virgin into the circle of light on the table, and left the room. She said to herself that this outbreak was better than the fashionable affectations Alice had at first indulged. An impulsive girl may be trained; an artificial girl is generally too shallow to be permanently influenced for good.

The next day rose brilliantly. Mr. West slept until noon, and arose much better in health. The young folk made the luncheon table bright with leaves and late flowers in his honor. Alice was quite subdued. She took no notice of Richard—except to tell him across the table that if she had hurt Rosalind she would give him a better horse. Richard had grown very red at this.

"No money could buy a better pony than Rosalind!" he growled. "I would rather have her, lame even, than any horse that money could buy. Money can't do *everything*."

Alice looked at Richard—but the entrance of Mr. West doubtless prevented a storm of words.

In the afternoon the young people drove to church; it was Friday, their day for going to confession. Alice was at first inclined to be critical about the plainness of the little church. But when she entered its soft stillness, rich with the perfume of flowers, she knelt like the rest. The light before the Tabernacle burned like a big ruby; the silence was so intense that Alice was affected by it, in spite of herself. She watched the movements of her enemy with interest min-

gled with contempt. He knelt very devoutly and prepared himself for confession.

"Much good his religion does him," she thought; "for I know he hates me. But, then," she added, following her usual habits of self-pity or self-gratulation, "everybody hates an orphan."

Rose said her Rosary fervently. The only sounds heard in the chapel were the low murmur of the priest's voice in the green-curtained box and the wind rustling through the dry leaves outside.

Richard rose from his knees, walked back to the pew in which Alice sat, hesitated an instant, and whispered softly: "I hope you will forgive me. I was wrong to be so—unpleasant."

Alice was too much surprised to answer him. He did not wait: he turned the knob of the green-curtained box and entered it.

Alice was indignant at first. She liked to be able to quarrel with her enemies, to keep up constant warfare with them. And she felt as if one for whom she would have liked to make life disagreeable had escaped her. On reflection, she asked herself what had made him speak to her. She said that she would have permitted wild horses to tear her to pieces before acknowledging that she was in the wrong.

Rose and Bernard went into the little box, and came out evidently very much relieved. There was less pride in Richard's face, and the other two seemed as if an inner light were shining through them.

What did it mean? Alice felt oppressed. God seemed very near, but she was afraid of Him. She wished she knew what made the young Wests look so serene—even that haughty Richard.

It was time to go homeward. Rose left a pretty little basket, filled with home-made delicacies, at the door of the priest's house; and they started off, drawn by Brownie, who seemed none the worse for his ride of the night before.

The young people were very gay on the way home. Alice wondered greatly. Religion seemed to make them more cheerful. The dignified Richard stopped to look for chestnuts, and actually found a large handful for Alice.

The dinner bell was ringing when they reached Rosebriar. On the porch stood a small, girlish figure, with her back to the road.

"The new orphan has come!" Rose exclaimed.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Sole Witness.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Humanly speaking, Mary is the only witness to the Mystery of the Incarnation. The Apostles, unaided by revelation, could have learned from Mary alone of the Angel's visit and salutation, of the Most High overshadowing her: that, therefore, what was born of her was holy, the Son of God. The greatest mystery of the Christian religion rests, then, historically, on the testimony of Mary."*

○ VANQUISHER of hell and heresy!

Immortal in thy loveliness and youth!—

O fair, strong Witness! Morning-star of truth!
Archangel and Apostle hail in thee

The voucher for God's greatest mystery;

For on thy word, thy simple word alone,

Rests for all time, rests for eternity,

The Incarnation's grand foundation-stone.

What tongue save thine could tell the Angel's story,

Grave Gabriel's message to thy virgin ear?

Could shed o'er rapt Evangelist the glory

Of secret words not given men to hear?

O Mary, whoso' seeks to cast thee from thy throne,

Seeks, from its mighty base, to hurl Faith's corner-stone!

The Queen of Purgatory.

NOVEMBER is the golden harvest-time of the souls in purgatory. In this month especially do the faithful departed reap the blessed fruits of that ever-beautiful and inexpressibly consoling doctrine, the Communion of Saints. True, the Church opens the month with a joyous festal day, given up to the glorious memory of those

multitudes of her heroic children, who, having valiantly fought and nobly vanquished, are now "standing before the Throne, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands"; but on the very next day she calls on us to mourn with her the sad exile of our departed brethren, whose entrance into eternal bliss is being preceded by a preparation of cruel pain. To the fervent Christian, whose mind is in touch with that of mother Church, the depressing aspect of the physical world at this season is typical of the dreary probation of the suffering souls; and, borne to his ear on each sighing, bleak November wind, comes the wailing cry that purgatory is ever sending up to earth: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

In paying our debt of grateful love to relatives and friends whose earthly pilgrimage is over, we can not do better than to interest peculiarly in their behalf her whose interest is their sweetest consolation, whose favor is their dearest hope—Mary Queen of Purgatory. Although this is a title infrequently applied to the Blessed Virgin, the justice of its application can not be questioned. Mary is Queen of All Saints. Sanctity is an attribute that is attained only on earth. The fires of purgatory do not transform sinners into saints: they merely purge of imperfections souls already holy, saints who have won life's victory but are yet uncrowned. The sovereignty of the Virgin Mother of Jesus extends over the whole

* From a discourse delivered by the Very Rev. Daniel I. McDermott, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Church — triumphant, suffering, and militant. Nay, she is peculiarly the sovereign of the suffering souls, since she is pre-eminently the consoler of the afflicted, the comforter of the sorrowful, and the gate of heaven.

How powerful a motive to stimulate our devotion to our Heavenly Mother should we not find in this knowledge that her provident care of our destinies is not only unceasing during life and redoubled at the moment of our last agony, but follows us beyond the tomb, diminishing the intensity and lessening the duration of the pains that await us in the purgatorial crucible! From the conviction that Mary's care is thus lavished on those who strive to be her faithful subjects sprang the devotion to Our Lady of Suffrages. The Church, which, since apostolic times, has always manifested tender solicitude for the dead "who have died in the Lord," but have not acquitted themselves of the debt of temporal punishment still due for forgiven sins, has approved of this and similar devotions, enriching with indulgences confraternities erected under the patronage of Our Lady with the view of liberating the souls in purgatory.

It is, then, a "holy and wholesome thought" not only to pray for the dead, but to strive to obtain for them the special favor of their Queen. What is there, indeed, sweeter to the Christian heart than this pious worship, which perpetuates in us the memory of our dear departed! To believe that prayer and good works are efficacious for the solace of those whom we have lost; that, while we mourn their death, the grief we feel may help them; that even in the invisible world which they inhabit our love may reach them, and surround them with fairer blessings than aught we could bestow when they trod life's path beside us,—can more soothing consolation be found to ease the grief-laden heart that throbs above a lifeless form, or check the tears that still bedew the dreary mould of new-made graves? And how the consolation is deepened by the thought that our Mother in heaven is joined with us in prayer, adding her suffrages to ours, interceding from her throne of glory for those whom death has "torn from the arms of love," and never abandoning her beneficent mission till the souls for whom we pray are admitted to the refulgent splendor of the beatific vision!

This is the doctrine of many of the Fathers of the Church, and of spiritual writers whose authority challenges respect. "Mary," observes St. Bernardine of Sienna, "is not only Queen of angels and men: her domain extends even to purgatory." To the Blessed Virgin this same Saint applies these words of Ecclesiasticus: "I have walked on the waves of the sea." Purgatory is a sea of bitterness. Its pains, though temporary, are intense, unspeakable: differing from those of hell only in duration. These pains are torments far more terrible than any that were endured by the holy martyrs. Mary, the Mother of Mercy, allows the rays of her goodness and power to penetrate to this unhappy region, visiting and succoring those of her servants who are there tormented. St. Ephrem goes so far as to say that on the day of judgment Mary delivers her children not only from perdition, but from every tribulation. What is this but to declare that she has the power to withdraw her friends from the fires of purgatory, or at least to shorten their trials? "Yes," exclaims the great St. Bernard, "your mercy, O Mary, compasses the redemption of those who languish in the shades of death! Your power and tenderness lead you to commiserate their sufferings and to succor them: you are their liberator."

Is not this what the Church would have us understand when in the Office of the Dead she asks God to grant them participation in eternal felicity, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints? Happy, then, are they who repose their confidence in this Mother of Mercy. If they have the misfortune to fall into purgatory, they will still find her, even in that sorrowful prison, a powerful protectress, who will diminish and abridge their sufferings. There is not one soul, according to St. Bridget, whose torments she does not mitigate.

This illustrious servant of God, as we are told in her "Revelations," heard Jesus Christ addressing His Mother in these words: "Be thou blessed, O my Mother! I will grant all thy petitions; and all who seek mercy through thee will obtain pardon; for as heat comes from the sun, so will all mercy come from thee. Thou art as an immense fountain, from which mercy is poured on the unfortunate. Ask what thou wilt, and it shall be granted."—"My Son," answered Mary, "I ask

mercy for the miserable. First, for the souls in purgatory, who need a triple mercy, since they are afflicted in a threefold manner: they suffer by the hearing, in the midst of continual shrieks of sorrowful affliction; by the sight, since they perceive on all sides only lamentable spectacles; and by the touch, for they are forever enduring the action of the fire which proves them. Grant them mercy, my Lord and my Son, in consideration of my prayers."—"Yes," rejoined Jesus, "for thy sake I will accord them a triple grace: their hearing shall be solaced, their sight alleviated, their sufferings lessened and abridged." On another occasion the Blessed Virgin said to St. Bridget: "I am the Mother of those who are in purgatory. It has pleased God that, by my prayers, the punishment due to their sins be every hour mitigated and diminished."

"As the souls of purgatory," says St. Alphonsus Liguori, "have more need of Mary's intervention than others, since they suffer torments and are powerless to help themselves, this compassionate Mother applies herself all the more zealously to aid them. The name alone of Mary," he assures us in another place, "when it resounds in that temporal prison, becomes a solace such as a sick person receives from words of consolation; and the Virgin's prayers for these suffering souls are as a blessed dew which descends into the flames and tempers their ardor."

"See how important it is," says Narin, "faithfully to serve this great Lady, since she does not forget her own even in flames!" Although Mary succors all the souls of purgatory, she nevertheless lends special assistance to those who were during their lifetime most devoted to her service. According to several authors, she is accustomed to choose those of her festivals which are most fervently celebrated, as days on which to visit purgatory and deliver the souls that are most dear to her maternal heart. Gerson records a pious tradition, which is confirmed by another eminent author, to the effect that on the day of her Assumption the Blessed Virgin solicited and obtained from her Divine Son permission to be accompanied in her entry into heaven by all the souls then detained in the place of expiation.

In reciting the Creed we daily express our belief in the Communion of Saints. Let us not

forget that if, in virtue of this sweet communion, we share in the prayers and good works of our brethren on earth, and are entitled to the assistance of the elect in heaven, the members of the Church suffering are not less entitled to our suffrages in their behalf. During this month, set apart peculiarly for them, we may best acquit ourselves of the debt of fraternal charity by renewing our fervor in soliciting for these poor sufferers the all-potent intercession of their advocate and Queen. In so doing we shall serve our own interests not less than theirs; for when we in turn are undergoing the expiation to which they are now submitted, we shall realize the full meaning of those words: "The measure of mercy you deal unto others, that same shall be dealt unto you."

The Pupil of Fénelon.

I.

AS in an overcrowded picture-gallery there are gems of art which can never be displayed in such a light as to gain the appreciation they deserve, so there are epochs in history too full of great men to enable each individual of the splendid group to receive his full share of attention. This was particularly true of the time of the Duke of Burgundy, who is commonly known as the "pupil of Fénelon" and the favorite grandson of Louis le Grand. In turning over the leaves of an old and somewhat wordy French writer, the history of this young prince seemed such a beautiful portrait of manly virtue, unaffected piety, and fidelity, that we could not resist the desire of giving in our native tongue a brief sketch of his short but eventful career.

Louis Duke of Burgundy was the eldest son of Louis (only son of Louis XIV.) and Mary Anne of Bavaria. He was born at Versailles on the 16th of August, 1682, and the whole Parisian world went mad with joy on the occasion. The etiquette of the court was disregarded, and the King found himself buried in the embraces of his subjects. Bonfires were lit in the various courts of the palace, and all the wood that came to hand—including the sedan chairs of the ladies, and costly material destined for the adornment of the great gallery—was consumed in the general ex-

citement. The shops of Paris were closed for three days; and, to complete this universal rejoicing, wine tables were placed in all the streets and everyone was invited to drink *gratis*.

Being thus ushered into life amid popular ovation, the cradle of the little prince was surrounded by flattery and adulation, till he had learned perfectly the lesson that he was born to rule, that his cries were commands, and that he was of more importance than any one else in the world. Fortunately for him, the custom of the House of France demanded that at the age of seven he should be taken from the charge of the ladies of the household. His education was then confided to the Duke de Beauvilliers, a man of high character and exemplary life; and to the celebrated Abbé Fénelon, who was then in his thirty-eighth year. The two sub-tutors were the Abbés Fleury and de Beaumont.

Bossuet and the Duke de Montausier had exerted themselves to the utmost in the education of the Dauphin, the father of the young Duke of Burgundy; but were bitterly disappointed at their total want of success. The child was by nature lacking in energy, as well as idle and obstinate. And his preceptor does not seem to have made himself all in all to him, in order to inspire him with ardor and docility. The way in which the boy was compelled to study so disgusted him with learning that he resolved, when he was his own master, never to open a book; and he kept his word.

The little Duke of Burgundy was far happier in the preceptor that had been chosen for him. Fénelon seems to have set before him in the fulfilment of his task, the model of that divine "Wisdom who reaches from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly; who plays throughout the universe, and whose delights are to be with the children of men." Nothing was left undone which could benefit his pupil. And Fénelon's task was by no means an easy one. The Duke de St. Simon, in his picturesque but uncultivated style, draws a portrait of what, in lower ranks of life, would be called a "dreadful boy":—

"He was born *terrible*. His earliest years made one tremble for him;... he could not bear the slightest contradiction, even from time or the elements, without going into rages, which made one afraid he would burst every vein in his body;

very obstinate, passionately fond of pleasure, good eating, and play (in which he could not endure to be conquered), inclined to cruelty;... looking down from the skies on other men as atoms with whom he had nothing in common. Yet power of mind and penetration shone even through his violence; his repartees were astonishing; his replies always indicated a sense of what was true and deep; he seemed to play with the most abstract ideas. The quickness and versatility of his mind prevented him from fixing it on one thing at a time, and made him incapable of study."

This was the child whose education was entrusted to Fénelon; this the task in which he obtained such complete success. The victory, however, was not won without many struggles. On one occasion, when Fénelon had given some command with firmness, the little prince replied: "No, no, sir! I'm not going to let myself be ordered about by you. I know what I am and what you are." The preceptor only answered this ebullition by a grave, displeased silence; but next morning he sent for him and explained that though, by the accident of birth, the boy's rank was higher, he had full and entire authority over him by the express will of the King; and, moreover, that he was far superior to him both in knowledge and wisdom. He ended by saying that he had only accepted the office of tutor at the request of the King, and that he found the post so difficult and painful he intended to send in his resignation. This brought the young prince to his senses at once; he begged Fénelon to forgive him and to remain with him. He was kept a whole day in suspense, Fénelon appearing to yield at last to the sincerity of his regrets and the intercession of Madame de Maintenon.

One day his tutor gave the little Duke a theme to translate, headed "*Le Fantastique*":—"What misfortune can have happened to Melanthus? Nothing exteriorly, *everything* interiorly. His affairs are all going on well; everyone tries to make him happy. What, then, can be the matter? Only that he is in the sulks.* On rising, the wrinkle of a sock has put him out, and the whole day will be stormy; and everyone has to suffer for it. People are afraid of him, and they pity

* Sa rate fume.

him. He cries like a baby, he roars like a lion. A malignant vapor blackens his imagination, as his fingers are blackened by the ink from his inkstand. Do not speak to him of the things he liked best only a few minutes ago: he can not bear to hear of them. He contradicts, he complains; he tries to provoke others, and is irritated if they will not be made angry. . . . In his most senseless passions he can be eloquent and witty, and invent subtle excuses when he has not a shadow of reason. But take good care not to say a word which is not precise and exact; for he will take advantage of it in a moment, and become reasonable for the sole pleasure of proving that you are in fault," etc., etc. Louis, at the age of eight, recognized this as his own portrait.

The perfect harmony which existed between all who were charged with the prince's education contributed greatly to its success. Fénelon had breathed his own spirit into them all, and the prince was surrounded by one mind in many bodies. The violent "rages" which St. Simon so graphically describes were naturally Fénelon's first object to correct. On one occasion, when the boy had been in a passion, all his attendants had orders to ask him if he was not ill. He thought, of course, that he must be so. The doctor was sent for; he felt his pulse, seemed to be reflecting on the cause of his malady, and then said: "Tell me the truth, Prince: have you not been in a rage?"—"You have guessed right," replied the child. "Could that have made me ill?" Thereupon the doctor launched out into an eloquent description of the tragical effects of violent anger, which he said sometimes ended in sudden death. He prescribed a regimen for several days; and, as a preservative, advised him when he felt the risings of anger to keep very quiet, without speaking or gesticulating; and not to allow himself to dwell on what had disturbed him. This made a deep impression on the prince, who sincerely wished to correct his faults; and he would often stay with his face buried in his hands when his anger had been roused, till he felt calm enough to listen to reason, and yield to the will of others.

But he had to go through many a struggle, poor boy! before the haughty capriciousness of his natural character was overcome; and his punishment after outbreaks was often renewed

by seeing all his attendants, with grave, sad faces, approaching him in perfect silence. Touching little papers signed with his name are still preserved, in which he promises amendment:—"I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. Fénelon to obey him at once; and if I fail, I accept all kinds of punishments and humiliations. Versailles, Nov. 29, 1689. Louis."

He had the greatest confidence in his tutor and laid bare to him every thought of his soul. "I am so ashamed of myself!" he said once. "It came into my head that I would not learn anything, in order that the King might think you a bad tutor." Fénelon used to ask him at night what had given him most pain or pleasure during the day. "What gave me most pleasure," he said one night, "was to hear the bell for going to bed; because I felt so angry with my brother of Anjou, who was teasing me."

He had been told that tears were a weakness, and that a prince should be able to suffer without complaint, and he made a resolution not to cry. One day the funeral oration of his mother, the Dauphiness, who died when he was eight years old, was being read to him, when he suddenly fell under the table. On being raised, it was found he was choking with repressed grief. When it was explained to him that such tears were only an honor to his filial heart, he wept long and bitterly.

One of his gentlemen in waiting noticed that Louis always avoided a young nobleman of his own age, who was often in his company. When asked the reason, he said he had none, but that, somehow, he disliked everything about the youth. The injustice of antipathies was then explained to him, whereupon he immediately made efforts to overcome himself, and the disagreeable youth was thenceforth loaded with favors.

He was the very soul of truth and honor. One day he had made an insincere reply to Madame de Maintenon. Next morning he said to her: "Madame, I was weak enough to deceive you yesterday. I could not sleep all night for self-reproach on account of this want of candor. I come to tell you both my fault and the truth."

In order to accustom the young prince to public speaking, he was taught to learn little discourses by heart, and recite them before a select circle. One day, seeing some strangers in

the assembly, Louis showed a repugnance to speak. "You are right, sir," said Fénelon; "an orator should never come forward if he is afraid of his audience."—"You think, reverend sir, that I am afraid!" replied the child. "Let a hundred more persons come in, and I will show you that you are mistaken." The doors were thrown open, and all who presented themselves were admitted without distinction of rank. The young prince surpassed himself, and the applause he received on that occasion gave him perfect confidence in public speaking.

The habit in which Louis was trained of overcoming himself became in time the source of heroic virtue. In contrasting the failure of Bosuet in teaching the Dauphin with the splendid success of Fénelon's education of the Duke of Burgundy, it must be borne in mind that while the character of the one was irredeemably commonplace and weak, there was in the character of the other a fund of moral force and nobility, which was capable of an heroic response to the care that was lavished on him.

The radical change in Louis came about the time of his First Communion, which he made at the age of twelve, and for which Fénelon prepared him with the utmost diligence. The love of God came to sweeten the fountain at its very source, and from that time it gave forth sweet waters to the end. He had long concentrated his whole thoughts on preparing for this first visit of Our Lord: had given in alms the pocket-money destined for his pleasures during the next three months; had asked the prayers of all the religious communities in Paris; and still feared not being well enough disposed, and regretted not having earlier known the happiness to be found in the practice of virtue. After his First Communion he was congratulated by a person in his confidence on the power he had gained of repressing the sallies of his quick temper. "How could I do otherwise," he replied, "after having received a God who wills that I should become like unto Him? It is His infinite meekness that has corrected the sharpness of my temper. Pray, then, that He may keep me as I ought to be in order to be pleasing to Him."

From this time the tie between him and his devoted master was as close a one as could be found on earth. His richly gifted mind only

wanted such a guide to advance rapidly in learning. There was nothing he could not master, and the only difficulty of his preceptors was to keep him from scattering his strength by embracing too wide an extent of knowledge. Fénelon, whose dream of hope was to see his beloved pupil a king after God's own Heart, poured out all the treasures of his genius in fitting him for his future task; counting his life well employed if he could make a nation happy.

II.

The education of the Duke of Burgundy was not yet finished when state affairs brought about his marriage. He was betrothed to Adelaide, eldest daughter of the Duke of Savoy, in 1696. The royal exiles of the House of Stuart, James II. and Mary of Modena, were then receiving hospitality in the Palace of St. Germain, and probably an alliance with the heir of the crown of France had entered into the dreams of ardent Jacobites and been discussed before the royal children. The little Princess Louisa must have often seen the young Duke of Burgundy at Versailles; and when the rumor reached St. Germain that he was to be affianced to the Princess of Savoy, she wept bitterly and refused to be comforted. She said she had always imagined *she* was to wed the Duke of Burgundy; and if he was really going to marry Adelaide of Savoy, she would never marry any one, but would go into a convent. Alas! what a fleeting dream all royalty would have seemed to her, could she but have foreseen the day of woe, when her mother would go to Versailles to attend the obsequies of the young Duke and Duchess, with their eldest child, and return to St. Germain to find herself sickening of small-pox, of which she was to die within a month! This was in April, 1712, only sixteen years after the betrothal of the prince.

The nuptials of Louis with Adelaide of Savoy were celebrated with extraordinary splendor in December, 1697. The young Duchess was confided to the care of Madame de Maintenon for the completion of her education; and that of the Duke would have been continued by Fénelon, but for unfortunate complications which ended in Fénelon's complete disgrace at court. He had been appointed Archbishop of Cambrai in 1695. He became involved, through the affair of

Madame Guyon and semi-quietism, in a contest with Bossuet, who persuaded Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon that his influence was dangerous to the young prince. His appointment as tutor was cancelled and he was banished from the palace, in spite of the entreaties and tears of Louis, who flung himself at his grandfather's feet to implore a revocation, or at least a suspension, of the order.

Fénelon's admirable conduct when his book, "Maxims of the Saints," was condemned at Rome raised him in the estimation of everyone, and his friends hoped he would be restored to favor. The treason of a friend, to whom he had entrusted his "Telemachus" in order to have it copied, scattered these fair hopes to the winds. The book was published without the knowledge or consent of the author, and caused the direst offence at court, where it was represented as a cutting satire on the King and all around him. It had the most extraordinary success, and ran like wildfire into multiplied editions in every European tongue. But it appears that Fénelon was never forgiven by Louis XIV., and after this event the Duke of Burgundy was more strictly forbidden than ever to have any communication with his former tutor.

As was natural in so chivalrous and noble a soul, the persecution which his beloved master was enduring only increased his devotion to him. It seemed as though the separation he felt so bitterly urged him forward into manhood; and perhaps Fénelon did more for him, in the rare interchange of letters that now took place between them, than he could have done at Versailles. "At last, my dear Archbishop," Louis writes, "I find an opportunity of breaking the silence in which I have spent the last four years. I have had many troubles; but one of the greatest has been my inability to tell you how much I felt for you, and how greatly my esteem and affection for you have been increased instead of lessened by your trials. I think with delight of the time when I shall see you again; but I fear that time is as yet very far distant. I am indignant at all that has been done against you; but we must submit to the divine will, and believe that all that has happened is for our good. Do not show this letter to any one except the Abbé Langerou. I am sure of his secrecy."

Fénelon responded at rare intervals, in letters in which the counsels of the statesman were penetrated with the unction of paternal tenderness. "I speak to you only of God and of yourself," he says; "there is no question about me. Thanks be to God, my heart is at peace. My heaviest cross is to be separated from you; but I bear you unceasingly before God in a presence far more intimate than that of the senses. I would give a thousand lives like a drop of water to see you such as God wills you to become."

In 1708 the Duke of Burgundy, when he went to take the command of the army in Flanders, had necessarily to pass through Cambrai. This could not be avoided without too great an appearance of severity; but the King issued the strictest orders to prevent any private communication between the friends. The Archbishop was waiting for the Duke at the outpost, where he was to rest his horses and dine; and, in spite of the constraint with which he was surrounded, the transport of joy which seized the prince when he once more beheld his beloved preceptor melted the bystanders to tears.

The two conversed in public for an hour on the approaching campaign as if they had never met in their lives before. When the dinner was over, and courtiers withdrew, Louis flung himself into Fénelon's arms, bathed in tears, saying, "Never in my life have I had to put such painful constraint upon myself! Adieu, my beloved friend! I feel all I owe you. You know what I am to you." There was no time for a word more: but what more was needed? The King's orders had been strictly obeyed, but the eloquence of words and looks and embraces such as these could not be interdicted; and the reunion of these two great souls, after a long and cruel separation, was complete.

As general of the army, and away from the court, Louis felt himself sufficiently his own master to keep up a sustained correspondence with his old tutor. It is touching to see the candor with which a young prince of twenty-five opens his heart to his friend and guide, and with what noble liberty and absence of flattery Fénelon tells him of his faults and reminds him of his duties. At his earnest request Fénelon wrote for him a treatise "On the Duties of a King,"—a paper which it was feared would so enrage Louis

XIV. that it was quietly abstracted by Fénelon's friends from amongst the Duke of Burgundy's papers after his premature and almost sudden death.

No one can read this correspondence without feeling that Fénelon, purified by humiliation and adversity, had been lifted into a higher sphere, and was thence infusing into his pupil light and strength far more elevating than anything he could have done for him in the antechambers of Versailles; and, unconsciously to both, making perfect preparation for reigning in a more glorious kingdom and wearing an unfading crown. "My thoughts are not as your thoughts," saith the Lord Omnipotent; "nor are your ways My ways."

(To be continued.)

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIX.

"AND now, Carmela, where shall we go first—what shall we see first of the many things of interest to be seen in this wonderful city?" asked Mrs. Thorpe, with a smile.

It was the morning after their arrival in Mexico, and they were standing in the brilliant sunshine on the upper gallery of the Hotel del Jardín, overlooking the beautiful garden from which the hotel takes its name, and which was for three centuries the garden of the greatest and most venerated monastery in all New Spain. It is the eternal shame and condemnation of the "Liberal" party that the first shrine on which their blows fell and which their cupidity robbed was one which every sentiment of gratitude and patriotism should have induced them to spare. "The history of this foundation," says a Protestant writer,* "may almost be said to be the history of Mexico; for contained in it, or linked with it, is every event of importance in the colonial or national life. From this centre radiated the commanding influence of the Franciscan Order,—the strong power that kept what was won by military force, and that by its own peace-

ful methods greatly extended the territorial limits of New Spain. Here Masses were heard by Cortés, and here for a time his bones were laid. Here, through three centuries, the great festivals of the Church were taken part in by the Spanish viceroys. Here was sung the first *Te Deum* in celebration of Mexican Independence.... Around no other building in Mexico cluster such associations as are gathered here."

It is indeed worth while to recall, as one stands upon this spot, that here the little band of saintly monks who are lovingly called the Twelve Apostles of Mexico laid their first foundation, on ground that had been the garden and wild-beast house of the Kings of Tenochtitlan, and from hence sent forth in all directions the missionaries who won a nation to God; and that here Pedro de Gante—one of the greatest and purest Franciscans who ever toiled in the New World—erected the first parish church of the Indians, which formed one of the "Seven Churches of San Francisco," that, clustered around the central monastery, were famous throughout Mexico for their antiquity, their beauty, and their associations of holiness.

Yet on this magnificent group of sanctuaries, rooted so deep in the national life and endeared by so many claims to the national heart, iconoclastic rage has spent itself in destruction and desecration. As no other shrine in Mexico had such title to veneration, so on no other has such heart-sickening desolation fallen. For here, amid the ruins of this most ancient and famous sanctuary, the sects of Protestantism have made their home. The majestic central church, stripped of all ornaments, its altars gone, itself a sad and piteous picture of desolation, is dishonored by the so-called worship of one group, while others assemble in what is left of the surrounding chapels. Streets have been cut through the ancient monastery, and the Hotel del Jardín is formed of the cloisters, the offices of the commissioners-general of the Order, the infirmary, and the beautiful chapel of San Antonio—now converted into the hotel kitchen! The refectory, "in which was room for five hundred Brothers to sit together at meat," is now a stable, the picturesque old wall of which bounds the garden on the eastern side. Never was the lesson written more impressively for all the world to read that

* T. A. Janvier.

the godless Revolution, in its rage against religion, will play the part of worse than Goth and Vandal, dishonoring its own past, and destroying what is of inestimable value to the scholar, the antiquarian and the artist; for the most historically interesting spot in Mexico—the very cradle of the national life—perished when the barbarous hand of the destroyer fell upon the monastery and churches of San Francisco.

Some of these thoughts were in Carmela's mind; for her eyes had gathered their wistful look as she gazed at the beautiful garden, with its ancient spreading trees, and thought of the brown-robed sons of St. Francis whose footsteps had made it hallowed ground. But at Mrs. Thorpe's words her face brightened, although she hesitated a little in her reply.

"If I might choose," she said, "the place to which I would first wish to go would be to our great national shrine, Guadalupe. But probably there are other places that you wish to see first."

"No," replied Mrs. Thorpe; "there is no place to which I prefer to go. It is true that I know nothing of Guadalupe—or at least very little,—but I shall like to see a place so famous. Therefore we will go there at once."

They immediately descended; Mrs. Thorpe ordered a carriage, and they were soon rolling through the city streets toward the great northern causeway. Once outside the gates, here again vandalism met them—in this instance the vandalism of neglect. The magnificent causeway, erected by the Viceroy and Archbishop, Don Fray Payo de Rivera, as a fitting approach to the great shrine, was once adorned by fifteen beautiful, altar-like structures of stone, richly sculptured, and dedicated to the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. These were set along the road at regular intervals, so that the pilgrims going to Guadalupe and telling their beads by the way could pause before each to say the prayers of the mystery. Almost all of these altars are in ruins; several have totally disappeared; and, worst of all, the railway to Vera Cruz has been suffered to utilize the noble causeway for its track. Nevertheless, it is still a beautiful drive; and spreading far on each side are the green, fertile fields of the Valley of Mexico,—fields which in the days of the Conquest were covered with the now shrunken waters of the great lakes.

It is a short distance—only two and a half miles—from Mexico to the hill of Tepeyácac, where in the early morning of December 9, 1531, the Blessed Virgin appeared to the pious Indian, Juan Diego, as he was on his way to Mass. All the world—at least all the Catholic world—knows the touching story; a story partially repeated many times before and since. But not even Lourdes, with all its marvels, shows more strikingly the tender solicitude of the Mother of God for the humblest of the souls that her Son has saved than this apparition of Guadalupe. And when was a more gracious miracle ever wrought than that which imprinted the likeness of the Queen of Heaven on the blanket of a poor Indian, for the conversion of his race?

The great basilica in which it has been long shrined is now in process of being remodelled and rebuilt on such a grand scale that it will be, when completed, one of the most magnificent churches in the New World. Meanwhile the picture is placed in the little chapel on the hill, erected to mark the spot where Juan Diego gathered roses at the command of the Blessed Lady who there appeared to him. This hill, like that of Chapultepec, is a volcanic formation, rising abruptly out of the level plain. A broad, graded way, paved and provided with steps, leads from the base of the hill to its summit, and ends in a wide platform before the door of the church. Here, covered with stone, stand the mast and yards of a vessel, which, in fulfilment of a vow to Our Lady should she save them from destruction, the crew carried on their shoulders from Vera Cruz, climbing up through rugged mountain passes, higher and higher, until they planted their burden upon the hill of Guadalupe, where it has stood in silent yet eloquent witness of their faith and gratitude for many a long year.

The Capilla del Cerrito (Chapel of the Little Hill) is a small but very charming sanctuary, placed upon the crest of the hill; and over its altar now hangs the famous and holy picture. It has already been said in these pages that the beauty of this picture appeals alike to the eye of faith and the eye of artistic appreciation. The figure has an incomparable dignity in its pose; the face is full of tenderness, and the harmonious colors are softened by time only enough to make all copies seem a little crude.

To Carmela the moment when she could kneel before this venerated shrine was one of keenest emotion. Her heart dilated as she looked up at the gentle, bending face, and thought of the miracle which had given it to the world. Nor was hers the only heart touched at this moment. To Mrs. Thorpe the miraculous picture of Guadalupe had been for some time a stumbling-block. She had never for one instant believed it to be miraculous; and her taste, as well as her sense of veracity, shrank from what she thought a mere device to secure the conversion of the Indians. She had finally said to herself that perhaps it was allowable under the circumstances; or that, at least, she would not suffer herself to sit in judgment on a thing of which she knew so little; but of belief in the supernatural origin of the picture she had not a particle, until she stood before it. Then—who can say how or why?—faith came to her like a flash of light. All doubt left her mind. She forgot, indeed, that she had ever entertained any.

As she looked at the image a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that which had created it took place in her soul. The Mother of Mercy, here on her own chosen hill of Guadalupe, spoke to a mind already open to conviction, a heart which needed only that light of faith which is a pure gift of God. Of what passed in her soul while she knelt in the little chapel, upon the very spot which Mary's feet had pressed, Mrs. Thorpe never spoke; but when in after days people asked where she had been converted, she always replied, "At Guadalupe." Much process of thought and reasoning and somewhat of partial belief had gone before, but here the divine spark was given, the final irradiating touch of the grace of God.

How long they remained in the chapel neither knew; but when at length they came out, leaving their tall wax tapers burning before Mary's shrine, the beautiful view, second only to that of Chapultepec, burst upon them in all its glory of distance and changing tint. The platform in front of the church is guarded by a stone parapet, which bounds the steep descent of the precipitous hill; and here the two ladies paused to admire the vast outspread picture. Immediately below lay the little town of Guadalupe, with the great basilica dominating it. Around spread far

and wide the smiling plain, in the midst of which lay the wonderful city of the Aztec and the Spaniard, worthy of its romantic history, with its myriad shining domes and splendid towers; while bounding the valley on all sides were the superb mountain chains, which culminated northward in the great volcanoes, crowned with their eternal snows. What words can describe the marvellous loveliness of this wide scene—the tender green of the spreading valley, the ethereal azure of the distant heights, the gleaming Oriental-like city, the shining waters of the lakes, which in the days of the Conquest encircled its walls, and the luminous, dazzling sky?

Carmela gazed speechless, but Mrs. Thorpe uttered an exclamation of delight. "I have been all over the world," she said, "and I have never seen anything so entrancing!"

The sound of her voice and the English words attracted the attention of a man who, standing at a little distance, was leaning over the parapet, with his gaze fixed upon the scene. He turned quickly and looked around, showing a distinctly foreign face. The Mexican sun had indeed tanned it, but the underlying skin was fair, the hair and beard a soft brown; and frank hazel eyes redeemed from plainness a countenance not otherwise handsome, though eminently pleasant and strikingly intelligent. He glanced at the two ladies, and the next moment strode over quickly to them.

"My dear Mrs. Thorpe!" he said, doffing his hat and holding out his hand. "What an unexpected pleasure this is! You are a great traveller I know, yet I should hardly have looked to meet you in Mexico."

"What!—Mr. Fenwick!" said Mrs. Thorpe, brightening as people do when they meet some one whom they really like. "I am delighted to see you. I think I saw you last in the Champs-Élysées. What a wonderful age this is, when one parts with people one day in Paris and meets them the next day at the antipodes. And how long have you been in Mexico?"

"For a few weeks only. I came for a brief tourist's run, but I should not be surprised if it lengthened into a much longer stay; for the country enchants me. Why have I been wandering over Europe for years, and neglecting all the picturesqueness and poetry that is here?"

"I have asked myself the same question. Because of ignorance is the only answer. You are in the city, of course?"

"For the present. And you?"

"I arrived only last night, and shall probably be here for some time. We do not mean to hurry away—eh, Carmela? My dear, let me present an old friend to you. Mr. Fenwick and I have known each other a long time."

Mr. Fenwick bowed to the beautiful girl, who gave him so sweet a smile, and wondered within himself who she could possibly be. Even as the thought formed in his mind Mrs. Thorpe went on:

"I do not know whether to introduce this young lady as Miss Lestrangle or the Señorita Doña Carmela Lestrangle y Garcia. Either mode would be correct and either somewhat misleading; but she may decide for herself what it shall be."

"Oh, the last, I think," answered Carmela, in her sweet, liquid tones—and Fenwick at once decided that English spoken with a Spanish accent was quite the most charming thing he had ever heard;—"for, since I am a Mexican, I should surely be introduced as a Mexican."

"She is half American in blood, however," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Well, the señorita and myself having just arrived, we have everything before us to enjoy. You can come to see us at the Hotel del Jardin and give us some hints from your experience."

"I am lodging at the Jardin myself, and shall be very happy to do so," returned the gentleman. "Meanwhile can I be of any service at the present time?"

"Thank you, but our carriage waits for us below. This is the first place we have visited. Carmela wished it to be the first."

"Most naturally," said Fenwick. "To a Mexican what spot is more sacred? Indeed, to any Catholic it is as interesting as it is holy. This is my third visit here since I have been in Mexico."

"But you," replied Mrs. Thorpe, surveying him with astonishment,—“you are not—”

"A Catholic?" he said, smiling. "Yes: strange as it may seem to you, I am a Catholic."

For those who do not remember the details of the miracle of Guadalupe, it may be well to give the history of it here, in the words of the chron-

icler, Fray Agustin de Vetancourt (*tempo* 1672), who thus describes it:

Juan Diego, a native of Cuauhtitlan, who lived with his wife, Lucia Maria, in the town of Tlpetlac, went to hear Mass in the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco on the morning of Saturday, December 9, 1531. As he was near the hill called Tepeyácac he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he, amid splendors, a Lady who spoke to him, directing him to go to the Bishop and tell that it was her will that in that place should be built to her a temple. Upon his knees he listened to her bidding, and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the Bishop with the message that she had given him.

But while the Bishop, Don Juan Zumárraga, heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy. With this disconsolate answer he returned, finding there again the Lady, who heard what he had to tell, and bade him come to her again. Therefore on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside when she appeared for the third time, and repeated her order that he should convey to the Bishop her command that the temple should be built. The Bishop heard the message still incredulously, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which might be shown that what he told was true. And when the Indian departed the Bishop sent two of his servants to watch him secretly; yet as he neared the holy hill he disappeared from the sight of these watchers. Unseen, then, of these he met the Lady, and told her that he had been required to bring some sure sign of her appearance; and she told him to come again the next day and he should have that sign.

But when he came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernardino, lying very ill with fever. Through the next day he was busied in attendance upon the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12 he went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by the Lady's importunity, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But as he passed the hill he saw the Lady coming down to him and heard her calling him. He told her of his errand and of its urgent need for quickness, whereupon she replied that he need not feel further trouble, as already his

uncle's illness was cured. Then ordered she him to cut some flowers in that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the Bishop as the sign that he had requested; and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to no other until they were seen of the Bishop's eyes. Therefore he wrapped them in his *tilma*, or blanket, and hastened away. And then from the spot where most holy Mary stood there gushed forth a spring of water, which now is venerated and is an antidote to infirmities.

Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the Bishop's house until he should come out; and when he appeared, and the flowers were shown him, there was seen the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's *tilma*! The Bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego returned to his home with two servants of the Bishop, where he found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in the very hour that the Lady declared that he was well.

As quickly as possible the Bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared, and where the miraculous roses had sprung up from the barren rock; and here he placed the holy image on the 7th of February, 1532, and here it has been venerated unto the present time.

(To be continued.)

The Great Cloud of Witnesses.

Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—*St. Paul.*

GONE for them the time of sorrow, passed forever toil and pain,
Weeping eyes and weary spirits, stumbling feet, or
bruise or stain;
No more death nor sin can touch them: they are
safely folded now;
Great the guerdon of their patience, bright the
crowns upon their brow.

Once, like us, they knew of weakness, of temptation's power and shame;
But their God was near to help them, for they
trusted in His name.

So victoriously they triumphed, though, like us,
in war they strove;
Now they gaze upon His beauty, who, like them,
we strive to love.

But, though rapt in ceaseless worship round the
Lamb's high throne in light;
Though impassible, exultant, bathed in fathomless
delight;
Still from out the golden bulwarks, where the
angels throng around,
Mark they well our faltering footsteps as we
march through hostile ground.

Mindful are they of our victories when from sin
we turn away;
When, our burdens laid aside, we walk as children
of the day.
Yes, they yearn with love for sinners, long to greet
those exiles dear,
And to share with them the laurels when the
fight is ended here.

Ask we, then, their prayers to aid us—know they
not the gifts we need,
Who on earth full strong to battle, still are strong
to intercede?
Filled while here with love's compassion, pity
now for each they know;
Seek we, then, their willing succor,—help to
triumph o'er the foe.

He will hear them who has promised, "What ye
ask ye shall receive";
And His grace shall flow upon us, who in His sure
word believe;
Bound and bonded in communion with each
other and the Trine,
Where the light is ever lustrous and the peace is
all divine.

Authoress of "THE DEPARTED AND OTHER VERSES."

NEARLY all good women grow by time into a
kind of nobility or instinctive greatness of soul.
But few women grow great in youth. Greatness is
individuality,—the opposite of the conventional.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

SYMPATHY is a balm even for acute pain. The
mourner takes part of the pain. "So are we bound
by gold chains," not only "to the feet of God,"
but to one another.—*B.*

Our Lady of Grœninghe.

THE town of Courtray, in the southeast corner of the Belgian province of West Flanders, is of considerable importance; though, we believe, not much visited by tourists. Such Catholic visitors, however, as may stray so far from the beaten paths of Belgian tours will not fail to visit the shrine of Our Lady of Grœninghe, and venerate the little statue, but a foot high, which was found in a shrubbery without the walls of Rome six centuries ago.

It is related that angelic melodies were heard by night in this shrubbery, and that the Pope became acquainted with the fact, and ordered a rigorous investigation. The result was that he was convinced that angels sang in honor of a statue which was found in the shrubbery, though no one knew who had placed it there. He went in person, accompanied by a number of cardinals, and removed the statue to his palace, where he placed it in his own apartment. Martin IV. died in 1285, and was succeeded by Honorius IV., who gave the statue to Beatrice of Brabant, widow of William of Dampierre.

The Lady Beatrice was daughter of Henry II., Duke of Brabant, by Mary, daughter of Philip of Suabia, Emperor of Germany. She married in 1241 Henry Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia, who died early in 1247; and at the end of the same year she married William of Dampierre, eldest son of Margaret of Constantinople, Countess of Flanders and Hainault, by her second husband. William was heir to the crown of Flanders; but he never wore it, being killed in a tournament in 1251. His widow received as a dower the manor of Courtray.

From the death of her husband till her own death, in 1288, Beatrice gave herself up to works of charity and piety; she was especially devoted to Our Lady, and every Saturday went barefoot to the Cistercian abbey of Marcke, about two miles from Courtray. This was known as the *Speculum Virginis*, and Our Lady was honored there in a special manner. On account of the depredation of some brigands, Beatrice built a new convent for the nuns of Marcke, on the plain of Grœninghe, close to the walls of Courtray. The pious foundress went on a pilgrimage

to Rome to procure relics for her favorite convent. Honorius IV. gave her some remarkable ones, and with them the statue found by his predecessor. Beatrice visited other places as well, and collected a goodly number of relics, amongst which were a candle formed from the wax of the Holy Candle of Arras, and a set of vestments which St. Thomas of Canterbury had given to Philip Count of Courtray, who had rendered him assistance during his exile. Of all these objects but three remain at Grœninghe: the statue of Our Lady, the candle, and the chasuble of St. Thomas.

From time immemorial Water of the Holy Candle has been blessed every Sunday; and this water has played an important part in many of the cures effected at the shrine. A portion of the Holy Candle has also been placed in a kind of holy-water sprinkler, with which the Sign of the Cross is made on water to be used in cases of fire; and it is said by the Jesuit Father Possoz in his history of the shrine, to which we are indebted for these notes, to be a matter "of common notoriety" that this water has been the means of instantly staying a conflagration.

Seventeen years after the erection of the abbey of Grœninghe, the great battle of the same name was fought between the Flemings and the forces of Philip the Fair of France. Sigis, King of Majorca, was fighting in the French ranks. It is said that in the course of the battle he saw a great light over the church, and in the midst of it an image of Our Lady. He asked what that place was; and when he had been told that it was a convent where Our Lady was held in great honor, he seemed to have a presentiment of death, and exclaimed: "I am lost, and I shall die there!" As a matter of fact, he fell fighting near the church; and to perpetuate the memory of his vision, the abbess, Dame Isabel of Houplines, had his body buried in the chapter-house. The victory gained over the French invaders was attributed by the Flemings to the aid of Our Lady of Grœninghe. As a tribute of gratitude, they hung up in her church many of the banners taken and golden spurs found on the field; the number of the latter was so great that the day was known as the Battle of Spurs.

The supernatural songs which announced the presence of the statue at Rome were renewed at

Courtray during the octave of the Ascension, 1643. The singing was heard by night; it began about eleven o'clock, at the Lady altar. One time the *Gloria in Excelsis* was heard, the singing being accompanied by the sound of musical instruments; another time the litanies of Our Lady were heard; another, the words "*Sancta, sancta, sancta Maria miraculosa!*" On still another occasion this antiphon was chanted: "Alleluia! Alleluia! She is the most pure vessel of the Holy Ghost, the Consoler; she is the glorious City of God; she is the valiant Woman who bruised the serpent's head. She is brighter than the sun, more brilliant than the moon, more beautiful than the dawn, more radiant than the stars. O sinners, let us run to her with devotion, strike our guilty breasts, and say: 'Holy, holy, holy Mary, sweetest and kindest Virgin, be pleased to preserve us by thy prayers from sudden death and from every ill, and lead us to eternal glory. Amen.'" The Bishop of Tournay had this circumstance rigorously inquired into, and the evidence of seventeen honorable persons, both ecclesiastics and laymen, was taken on oath; at length he permitted it to be published as true and authentic.

The same prelate also had the accounts of a large number of wonderful cures examined, and finally authenticated four of them as miracles of the first class, and many others as special graces. The four permitted to be published as real miracles were as follows: (1) A child, three years old, died at Courtray. The desolate mother made a vow that if her child were restored to life she would visit the shrine of Grœninghe, with twelve other persons, and have two Masses said. The child was given back to her; she accomplished her vow, and in addition gave to the church a picture representing the miracle. (2) A woman, aged thirty-one, suffered from an ulcer in her breast, which resisted all the remedies she tried; a friend told her she had been cured of a similar complaint by means of the water blessed at Grœninghe. The sufferer, delighted to hear this, gladly accepted the water which was offered to her. She steeped some cloths in it, and when she retired applied them to her breast. In the morning there was no sign of the ulcer. (3) A nun was instantly freed from hemorrhage when a friend, whom she had sent as a proxy, began her prayer at the shrine. (4) A youth, aged nineteen,

was stricken with paralysis; he was taken to the shrine, where he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. He returned home perfectly cured.

Three instances must suffice of the other special graces. The first is that of a woman who suffered from cancer in the breast, and, after she had been given up by her medical attendant, made a vow to Our Lady of Grœninghe that if she were cured she would make a novena in her honor and give her a candle of white wax; on the third day she was well. The second, the wife of a policeman at Bruges, suffered from the same terrible disease; her husband went to Courtray to procure some of the blessed water for her; and she, acting on the advice of the nuns, bathed her breast twice a day during a novena which she made, saying daily nine times a *Pater* and *Ave*. During the novena she was cured. The other example shall be that of a Neapolitan nobleman, who suffered from a disease of the bladder. His cure was declared to be miraculous by two doctors of medicine living in Courtray, and by a surgeon of the Italian army. In gratitude he had a Mass sung in the church of Grœninghe, to which he also gave a silver statue of Our Lady, and a picture representing himself and his family kneeling before her.

The sacred statue and candle remained with the Cistercians of Grœninghe till the year 1797, when they were turned out of their house in the name of liberty. The community had existed for five centuries and a half; of which forty-seven years had been spent at Marcke, two hundred and ninety-three at Grœninghe, and two hundred and nineteen in Courtray itself, the nuns having moved to the last named place in the sixteenth century, at the time of the Protestant rebellion. When the convent was suppressed there were twenty choir nuns and eight lay-sisters. The community was never re-established. In 1803 the surviving nuns gave the statue and candle, which they had guarded for more than five hundred years, to the Church of St. Michael in Courtray; in return for which the church-wardens established an annual High Mass (to be sung on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury) for the souls of the nuns, whom they regarded as great benefactors. In 1843 the Church of St. Michael was restored to the Jesuits, by whom it had been built at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

LET US REMEMBER.

DEATH is, after all, a great uniter of hearts. He comes; his scythe circles the air with the flash of lightning, and one of us falls. Or he comes like a thief in the night, or he steals gradually upon the one marked for his victim; his approach is like the approach of autumn: change follows change until the deadly frost strikes with all its keenness. But, whether he comes swiftly or slowly, he draws closer all hearts that loved the one he has taken.

Charitable thoughts are never so easy as after the stroke of death has fallen. The maxim that the dead shall not be spoken ill of seems for a moment to be transferred to the living; and there is no limit to the charity in thought and speech for the dead. This charity, alas! does not go very deep. It covers the coffin of the departed with flowers; it cherishes every scrap of eulogy that may be printed about him; it mourns and weeps—but too often it forgets more essential things.

There is a reason for this forgetfulness. Non-Catholics, who hold that the soul goes at once after death either to heaven or hell, satisfy their longings to do something for the one who has gone by burying his body under the loveliest blossoms they can find. But there, with yearning eyes, they must stop. The flower-laden grave is an awful barrier between them and the soul they loved; they seem entirely helpless. They do not lift their voices in fervent prayer for their friend; they have no such consolation; the wealth of flowers, the pomp of the funeral, the rhetoric of the eulogy, are all.

We, however, who know that the Communion of Saints is as real as the fact that we exist, have no need of exhausting our hearts in symbols that are only symbols. Our Lord, in His mercy, gave us the most potent of all instruments with which to reach across the mysterious chasm that separates us from the other world; and this instrument is prayer. He even gave Himself as a sacrifice for those we love. He gives Himself for them and for us every day in the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass; and every day we can claim a

special share in this universal, unlimited Sacrifice for our friends.

We *know* that the Mass is inestimably more precious than flowers; and yet, while we throw garland after garland into the cold grave, we seldom think of asking the minister of God to have special care of our dead. We remember them with tears, and sometimes with prayers—but only sometimes. Our tears and our praises can not help the soul suffering—as we all must suffer, for who can say that he is worthy to enter the presence of the spotless Lamb of God?—but our prayers are as the dew of night to the parched flower. Who can picture the rapture of the soul when Mass is offered especially for him? The fall of the flowers on his coffin made no echo beyond the grave, but the Holy Sacrifice and the prayers of faith bear him near to the beatific vision.

A Communion offered for a departed friend is better than a wreath of orchids. Grief among Christians is insincere when it limits itself to tears and sighs, and to manifestations which seem to be made for this world rather than the next.

We are in the month devoted to the Holy Souls. There are many among our non-Catholic friends who envy us the consolation the Church gives us in these days. They stand afar, wishing that they, too, could grasp the “golden chains” which bind us and our suffering brethren in purgatory to the nail-pierced feet of our Lord Himself. Let us remember: we are in a month which is not ours, but the dead’s. They wait and suffer.

Favors of Our Queen.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A RELIGIOUS AT LOURDES.

AMONG the most remarkable of the recent cures at Lourdes was that of Sister Josephine-Marie, of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, of St. Aubin, attached to the female orphan asylum of Goincourt, near Beauvais. She belongs to a family in which pulmonary consumption seems to be hereditary, her brother and sister having died of the disease. The incipient symptoms of this generally fatal malady became apparent in Sister Josephine-Marie some years ago, and increased alarmingly, notwithstanding medical care.

She was seldom free from a cough, her breathing was oppressed, she spat blood frequently, had night sweats, and finally became reduced to a state of complete exhaustion by fever.

Sister Josephine-Marie was plunged three successive times into the piscina, during which she experienced a salutary change throughout her system: she could breathe freely, the cough suddenly stopped, and new life seemed infused into her. The following nights she slept well; her appetite also returned and she ate heartily, although for eighteen months previous her sole nourishment had been a small quantity of milk. At the examination before the medical bureau (composed of fourteen physicians from all parts of France) not the slightest trace of any organic lesion in the lungs was perceptible. After her return home she resumed all the duties of her laborious office, the sisterhood greatly wondering and rejoicing to see her restored to health.

Dr. Levaillant, the physician who attended Sister Josephine-Marie through her long illness, and who, before she set out on the pilgrimage, gave a detailed certificate of her tubercular affection, examined her again with the utmost care on her return to the convent; and, finding her completely cured, wrote the following statement in proof of the miraculous occurrence:

"I, the undersigned Levaillant, medical doctor of the Faculty of Paris, certify having examined Sister Josephine-Marie on the 2d of August, 1890, and having delivered to her a certificate to the effect that she was in an advanced state of pulmonary decline, with deep lesions in the left lung. To-day, August 28, 1890, called in again to see Sister Josephine-Marie, I find, neither on auscultation nor percussion, any symptom of her former disease, nor any trace of the tubercles, etc., etc. The general state of the sick nun before going to Lourdes was extremely dangerous—persistent cough, sleeplessness, profuse night sweats, hemorrhage,—which state is so changed and improved that I can scarcely recognize my patient who was confined to bed for eighteen months. In truth of which I deliver the present attestation. Beauvais, August 28, 1890.

In forwarding this testimony, Dr. Levaillant wrote that he was happy that Providence had chosen him as an instrument to confirm the authenticity of "this stupendous miracle."

Notes and Remarks.

The heroic virtues of the Venerable Mother Julie Billiart, foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, were brought before the Eucharistic Congress of Antwerp by the Canon Beauvois, who named her as among the foremost persons of this century devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. The great assembly received her name with acclamation, and it is hoped among the large number of her admirers, particularly her spiritual daughters, in France, Belgium, England, and America—where her merits and those of her community are so well known—that she will soon receive the honors of beatification.

Mr. J. Vaughan-Sherrin, an English Catholic engineer, has patented an electrical invention by which a man can be carried at the rate of five miles an hour. The traveller seats himself in a light wicker-work chair, above a primary battery, and is off! The pace can be kept up for nine hours, at the cost of about a cent an hour. There is no danger, and the machine can be easily driven and stopped. The London *Tablet*, in a notice of this invention, remarks: "The opportunities of the hour lie with the electrical engineer."

Said Mr. Gladstone recently in an address to a Workingmen's Union: "... What a mistake it is to suppose that it is by wealth and the pleasures of this world that the human race will arrive at happiness! These words are always as true and as great as on the day when they fell from infallible lips: 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?' It is not for me to develop these ideas. I was unwilling, however, to neglect this occasion of attesting my consciousness of their reality and their importance."

In a recent number of the *Etudes Religieuses*, of Paris, the Rev. F. Hamon, S. J., concludes an interesting study of the French Canadians of New England. Treating of the religious standing of this element of our population, the writer states that the first French emigrants from Canada to the Eastern States were in great danger of losing their faith; and that the danger was averted on

when heed was paid to the alarm cry sounded by Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., in 1869. Mgr. de Goesbriand advocated the employment of French Canadian pastors for French Canadian parishes; and Father Hamon contends that the adoption of this plan has saved to the faith many thousands who would otherwise have lapsed into indifference. It is claimed that in the Western States, where separate churches and pastors speaking their mother-tongue were not so generally accorded to them, Canadian immigrants, and more especially their children, have often fallen away from the faith of their fathers.

According to the statistics given by Father Hamon, the French of the Eastern States have, within a quarter of a century, built one hundred and twenty churches or chapels (many of them large and costly), and fifty convent schools or academies. These latter, with the parochial schools, have upward of thirty thousand pupils. The number of French Canadians in the Republic is not, as is often asserted, two millions, but only some three or four hundred thousand.

Mgr. Casanova, Archbishop of Santiago, is the recipient of well-deserved honors in Chili. To his intervention is attributed the establishment of peace between the executive and legislative powers of the country last August, when a revolution was feared. The leaders of all the political parties are agreed that the action of the Archbishop saved Chili from a serious crisis.

The growing tendency of certain theatrical managers to pander to vitiated tastes by issuing indecent pictorial posters and other objectionable advertisements, has evoked a protest from prominent actors and other members of the managerial body. The protest comes tardily, but "tis better late than never."

The consecration, on the 20th ult., of the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, third Bishop of London, Canada, was witnessed by a large gathering of the clergy and laity. Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, the former incumbent of the See of London, was the consecrating prelate; assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dowling of Hamilton, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley of Detroit, who also preached on the occasion. The new prelate was made the recipient

of numerous beautiful and appropriate gifts. Bishop O'Connor is a member of the Congregation of St. Basil, and was formerly president of Assumption College, Sandwich. He is well known throughout Canada as a learned and pious priest, and his elevation to the episcopacy has caused general joy among clergy and people.

The second Spanish Catholic Congress was opened on the 5th ult., at Saragossa, by a general Communion of the members in the chapel of Our Lady of the Pillar. Thirty-three archbishops and bishops and six hundred priests were present at the Pontifical High Mass, celebrated at a later hour. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by one of the canons of the Cathedral of El Pilar. The sessions of the Congress began in the afternoon, his Eminence Cardinal Benevidès presiding. After an address by the president, and discourses by the Bishop of Orihuela and Don Hernandez y Fajarnès, the Marquis del Vadillo read a paper on the burning question of freedom of teaching. He was listened to with the greatest attention. The Congress has roused the deepest interest throughout Spain, and Saragossa is crowded with visitors. According to the Spanish custom, the Rosary was recited and the *Salve Regina* sung every evening at the Cathedral, which was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The *Pilot* announces the glorious death of the Rev. John Bakker, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, who for nearly twenty-five years had ministered to the lepers of Surinam, or Dutch Guiana. Father Bakker was himself stricken with leprosy about ten years ago, and toward the close of his life became perfectly helpless. Notwithstanding his pitiful condition, he was always cheerful and resigned. He is the third member of his Order who has died at this leper settlement; and although the unhappy people to whom they ministered are mostly non-Catholics, no one except these good priests and a few Franciscan nuns has ever dwelt among them.

The death of Cardinal Hergenröther has deprived the Church of one of her most learned and devoted sons, and is widely and deeply mourned. His Eminence's literary activity was

very great. His best known works are his "Anti-Janus," a reply to Dr. Döllinger's "Janus"; and "The Catholic Church and the Christian State in their Historical Development." These books are widely read in Germany, and have been translated into various languages.

That Mgr. Fava, of Grenoble, has inaugurated a good and an opportune work in establishing the Society of the Servants of St. Peter, to which we referred some time ago, is made abundantly manifest by the tirades of abuse lavished on the new organization by the anti-Catholic press of France and Italy. The condemnation of such journals as the *XIXe Siècle*, the *Radical*, the *Riforma*, and others of that ilk, is presumptive evidence that the Society is a timely and a probably efficient auxiliary to the cause of the Holy See.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* states that an Italian watchmaker, a certain Antonio Serighetti, has just finished a clock that is to figure at the workmen's exhibition at Turin, which it is only necessary to wind once a year. Signor Serighetti spent seven years in perfecting it. It has a compensating pendulum of mercury, and is worked by a weight, the cord of which is wound twenty-seven times round a drum which takes 375 days to unwind (so that it can actually go for some days over a year), with a fall of a distance of only one metre and a half. When it is necessary to wind it an automatic spring keeps the clock going, so that it is impossible for it to stop.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor has been given to Père Dorgère, the French missionary in Dahomey, whose efforts brought about peace with the King and obtained the release of French prisoners. The Father's patriotic conduct has been made the subject of an Order of the Day by Admiral Cuverville.

Mr. A. E. Tozer, a well-known English musician, the author of some very sweet and devout *Ave Marias*, has been created a Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester by the Holy Father.

The Rev. Father Albert Schaeffler, C. SS. R., who died recently in Baltimore, is spoken of as the oldest member of his Order in the United

States. He was eighty-one years of age. Father Schaeffler was a native of Germany, but spent the greater part of his life in the United States. He filled various important offices in his community, and was held in great esteem wherever he was known. *R. I. P.*

The *Pilot* notes the remarkable progress of the Church in the comparatively new Diocese of Springfield, Mass., of which the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly is the beloved Bishop. This diocese was created out of the Diocese of Boston, in June, 1870. Bishop O'Reilly was consecrated September 25 following. Since then the Diocese of Springfield has grown from 38 parishes with a Catholic population of 80,000, to 90 parishes and a population of 170,000. The number of priests has increased from 43 to 178. Twenty years ago there were but two parochial schools in the diocese, and now there are 26, with nearly 10,000 pupils. Bishop O'Reilly has dedicated or consecrated an average of two churches a year, the latest being a magnificent church at Holyoke, Mass., dedicated to St. Jerome. He has confirmed 77,000 persons—a figure which, as the *Pilot* observes, would nearly designate the total Catholic population of the diocese at his advent to it.

The editor of *Le Couteulx Leader*, of Buffalo, N. Y., tells this pretty story:

"The other day we saw three or four Italian boot-blacks gathered in front of the Cathedral, and gazing with proper reverence at the statue of St. Joseph and the Divine Child which stands above the great door. Suddenly two of the little fellows caught the long cord of their boxes in quite the proper and convenient fashion, and swung these improvised censers with a grace that would have done credit to an accomplished acolyte. Having incensed the statue to their hearts' content, they lifted their hats, threw a parting kiss or two, and passed on."

The Congregation of the Mission has sustained a deeply felt loss in the recent death of the Rev. Father McCarty, at Barrens, Mo. He had rendered valuable services to his Order in different capacities for nearly forty years. The editor of the *Western Watchman* says of him: "There was no better known or more deservedly respected priest in the country; and his death, even at his advanced age, will cause general regret." May he rest in peace!

New Publications.

DE PHILOSOPHIA MORALI PRÆLECTIONES, Quas in Collegio Georgiopolitano habuit P. Nicolaus Russo, S. J. Benziger Fratres.

A thorough groundwork in the science of Ethics, or Moral Philosophy, is an essential prerequisite to higher education. No other science or branch of study deals so directly with those vital social questions, upon the proper solutions of which, and their practical application, depend the welfare and betterment of human society. A good text-book of Moral Philosophy is, therefore, a boon to every student engaged in completing his collegiate course. The work before us, by Father Russo, is a valuable addition to the numerous Latin works to which the study of Christian Philosophy has given rise. It also possesses this advantage: that questions to which popular agitation has given a new and peculiar interest are treated more clearly and fully than in other works. Such questions as "Property in Land," "Strikes," "Divorce," "Parental and State's Rights in Education," are at the present time moving the minds and hearts of the people in every rank and condition of life; and it is essential that the youth of the land be properly instructed in their treatment. Father Russo clearly presents the solution, which reason enlightened by faith alone can give.

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE. By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

The title of Mr. Crawford's new story will probably give his devoted readers—and no American author has more devoted readers—a great shock. It savors a little of the sensational. Nevertheless, there is nothing sensational in the book. It is a pure and elevating tale of simple faith and affection. The hero, the Count, is made of the same stuff as Cervante's Don Quixote and Thackeray's Colonel Newcomb; and the episode in which the Polish girl tries to sell her mother's hair and then sacrifices her own is one of the most pathetic passages in modern literature. When Vjera has made her sacrifice for the Count, whom she can never hope to marry, Schmidt, a rough friend, touched by her self-abnegation, says: "What kind of love is it that makes you act so?"—"It is something that I can not explain; it is something holy." And this holiness is insisted on throughout the book.

The story is a work of high art from beginning to end; it will bear the closest analysis; it has high intention as well as admirable style. Mr. Stevenson has a lighter touch than Mr. Crawford; but Mr. Crawford, who has all the clearness of the Latins,

while writing in un-Latinized English, is certainly the greatest of modern stylists, now that Cardinal Newman is gone.

COMPENDIUM JURIS CANONICI, ad Usus Cleri et Seminariorum, hujus Regionis Accommodatum. Auctore Rev. S. B. Smith, S. T. D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

In this his latest publication the Rev. Dr. Smith has earned a new claim to the lasting gratitude of American ecclesiastics. It is, we think, the first work of the kind that has been written and published in this country. It is written by one qualified for the difficult and delicate task; and it fills, in very truth, "a long-felt want." Books by eminent canonists are not wanting, but there is a great deal of extraneous matter in them; good and even necessary in general, but they are not adapted to the requirements of our country. The laws and disciplinary regulations of the Church in the United States are here presented in a clear manner, together with a brief summary of the general laws of the Universal Church.

While this volume is a real boon to the priest or the ecclesiastical student whose library is small and whose time is limited, it can not fail to be acceptable to those who have large libraries and much leisure. Good compendiums are always desirable, and this one we feel sure will be especially acceptable to those for whom it is intended.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of Mercy, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister Mary Ursula, religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, Newark, N. J.

Mr. John Bartlett, who departed this life last June, at Peabody, Mass.

Mrs. Margaret Mullen, of Dexter, Mich., whose happy death occurred on the 13th ult.

Mrs. Sarah Moran, who ended her days in great peace on the 10th ult., at Plantsville, Conn.

Mrs. Bridget Moster, of New Haven, Conn., who passed away on the 26th of September.

Mr. Joseph F. Wade, of Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. Michael Pickett, Blackstone, Mass.; Mr. William McIlmail, Lonsdale, R. I.; and Daniel O'Connell, New York city.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Morning Song.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

WHEN the morning is come,
And we see the light,
And the sun looks out
With his eyes so bright,
Then, then is the time to pray, to pray;
For our Brother in heaven gives us a new day.

When the morning is come,
Our Brother looks down,
And smiles as we pray
'Neath His beautiful crown;
And we ask His Mother to pray, to pray,
That we may be good all the day, all the day.

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—UNEXPECTED SCENES.

JOSIE HARNEY was small for her age, with a fair number of freckles on her face, pleasant hazel eyes, and a shy look. She wore a neat black frock; and, as she happened to be bareheaded, the young people saw that she had a great deal of soft brown hair, parted in the middle.

Alice jumped out of the carriage first, and then turned to Rose and whispered: "There's no style about her!"

Josie, who was filling a vase with geraniums and mignonette, turned and faced the young people. Rose ran forward and kissed her.

"I know who you are. I am so glad to see you! We expected you."

Josie colored and looked pleased.

"This is Alice Reed—"

"Miss, if you please!" corrected Alice.

Richard, forgetting his resolutions, darted a contemptuous glance at her, and then evidently felt conscience-stricken.

"These are my brothers, Richard and Bernard," continued Rose.

"I hear you are an orphan," Alice remarked, patronizingly. "I suppose you find it unpleasant to live with other people."

Josie's eyes filled. "I lost my mother—"

"Oh, only a half orphan!" interrupted Alice. "That's nothing. I understood you were an orphan *really*."

Josie did not answer. Bernard saw a tear drop on the flowers in her hand.

"I never saw my parents," Alice continued. "They did not get on well together, on account of religion, you know; and—"

"Don't you see Josie is crying, you heartless creature!" exclaimed Richard. "If you don't care for your parents, *she* does. Come, let us get ready for dinner. The bell has rung."

But Alice was not to be snubbed. "I don't choose to take talk like that from a boy that was afraid to ride Brownie in the rain, when his father needed the doctor. I'm not a coward."

"Hush! hush!" cried Josie, involuntarily.

"*You* keep quiet!" retorted Alice. "You're only a half orphan, anyhow!"

Richard's face was pale from anger. He felt the taunt about Brownie. But so fixed had become the routine at Rosebriar that, the reputation of Brownie for balking at night having been settled, nobody would have dreamed of trying to ride the pony. Richard was stung. Why had he thought of himself for a moment? Why had he permitted this girl to do what he ought to have done? He was angry with himself. It would have made no difference what she said if there were no truth in her words. He turned—they were still standing on the porch—to reply to Alice; he was hot with anger. Rose murmured a prayer and put her hand softly on Richard's shoulder. "*Remember!*" she said.

Richard clenched his hands, and, without another word, rushed into the hall and upstairs.

"He was afraid to answer me back!" cried Alice. "'Fraid cat! 'fraid cat!" she called out, triumphantly.

"He was not afraid of you," said Josie, forgetting her shyness. "He was afraid of God."

Josie said this in a very gentle voice. Alice laughed. Rose gave Josie a grateful glance. Bernard excused himself and drove the horse around to the stable. The girls lingered for a moment until Josie had arranged her flowers. Then they walked up to freshen themselves for dinner.

Josie explained to Rose that she had arrived an hour before, and that she had been asked by Mrs. West to arrange some flowers for the table.

"I hope you will like me," she said.

"I am sure we shall," responded Rose, warmly.

Richard disappeared after dinner, and Rose seemed worried. On evenings like this it was Mr. West's habit to read some pages from "Patron Saints." He asked for Richard. Bernard reported that Dick had gone to bed—at least his door was locked.

Alice was, in spite of herself, interested in the sketch of St. Filumena. She listened in wonder, and asked half a dozen questions. Josie, who had settled down as one of the household, occupied herself in knitting a little purse.

After the reading was done, Mrs. West asked Josie some questions about herself.

"I live with the Sisters," Josie said. "Sister Evarista put me in charge of the conductor—his little girl is at the school too,—and I came straight here. And then—"

"I met her at the station by chance," said Uncle Will; "for Sister Evarista's telegram did not come until ten minutes ago."

"So you go to a convent school?" observed Alice. "Do you get out much?"

"We walk in the grounds sometimes."

"*Sometimes!*" exclaimed Alice. "And don't you ever go into the street or to the opera?"

"Of course not," said Josie, amazed.

"I don't see how you can stay at such a school. I couldn't!"

Josie made no reply. Alice rattled on about the advantages of Madame Régence's, each sentence she uttered making her hearers think that she was a very badly brought-up little girl. But she fancied she was impressing them.

"Are you permitted to wear earrings at your school?" she asked, after a time.

"The Sisters say that we should be as simple as possible in our dress; and they don't approve of earrings at all."

"Dear me! Victoria Harding wears the most

sumptuous pair of earrings I ever saw: white diamonds with pendants; and she has a ruby and—"

Bernard groaned audibly.

"Thanks awfully!" Alice said, with a drawl intended to be sarcastic.

Bernard, Rose, and even Josie laughed, Alice's tone was so affected and funny.

"You are all against me, I see," she said, with rising color; "but I don't care. It is plain you never met anybody but rural savages before, or you would not laugh. I wish I had never come here." She rose and stamped her foot. "I will go away to-morrow,—I will! I will!"

Bernard looked sullen. "I am sure we do not care if you do," he retorted. "You've been as unpleasant as you could be ever since you came."

Alice looked at him, with her eyes flashing. She glanced at Rose's shocked face, darted toward Josie, and then, changing her mind, slapped Bernard on the cheek.

Bernard started up, and sat down again; his face was pale, except where the marks of Alice's fingers showed red.

There was a silence of horror. Who would have imagined that such a scene as this could occur at Rosebriar?

Alice stood erect, a frown contracting her forehead,—the picture of rage. Nobody knew what to do. Josie, after looking about timidly, went toward Alice and put her arms around her.

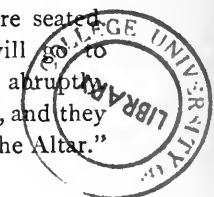
"Come, let us go," she said, in her soft voice, which owed all its soothing inflections to the training of the Sisters. "To-morrow you will understand. I am sure you did not mean it."

Alice pushed her away. "I did mean it, and I'd do it again!" At this moment she caught sight of the look in Mrs. West's eyes, and seized Josie's hand. "I'll go with you, and we'll just tell everybody they've turned two orphans out of doors."

Josie drew her toward the door. She began to sob; after a while she was heard crying at the top of her voice in her room.

An hour passed. Mrs. West went upstairs to talk to the boys. Later, she came down to the study, where her husband and Uncle Will were seated.

"Neither Richard nor Bernard will go to Communion to-morrow," she said, abruptly. "That girl made them both very angry, and they are in no fit disposition to approach the Altar."



Mrs. West spoke almost with bitterness. It seemed as if all kinds of shadows had been brought into her cheerful home by Alice Reed.

"That girl is not nearly so much to blame as the boys," Uncle Will replied. "No doubt she tempted them to anger; but surely they ought, so soon after confession, to have resisted the temptation. I fancy that Alice has shown them that they are only 'fair-weather Christians.' Everything has hitherto been made so smooth for them that even temptation has not come to them. I hope you will forgive me, Helen, when I have said that such a training will leave your boys like porcelain vases floating in a turbulent stream with earthen ones. The earthen ones, like Alice Reed, will knock them to pieces."

A red spot shone on Mrs. West's cheek. She restrained herself; she saw that her husband was tired. But he aroused himself to ask:

"Would you have us fill our house with disagreeable people in order to make our children fit for the world? Are we to throw temptation in their way?"

"Not at all," answered Uncle Will; "but, you know, they should be so trained that they will not be damaged at the first collision with an unpleasant person."

Tears came into Mrs. West's eyes. It was very well to talk: that did not compensate for the peaceful happiness she had enjoyed in her little circle. After all, no doubt God would bring some good out of what seemed to be evil.

She went into the passage, to give an order to the servant about an early breakfast. It was dim after the lamp and fire light of the study. Suddenly she felt two arms around her neck.

"I wanted to see you," said a voice, "and so I waited here; and I heard what was said. I am sorry, very sorry!"

Mrs. West recognized Alice's voice.

"O Mrs. West," Alice went on, her voice trembling in an appeal, because Mrs. West remained silent,—"*O Mrs. West, remember I never had a mother! Josie told me that I ought to go to confession to get rid of the bad feelings I have; she seemed to think I knew what confession is, but I don't. O Mrs. West, I do want to be good! When I pretend that I like Madame Régence's better than this house, it is only because I want the boys to think that I am as well off as they*

are. That Richard is so proud I could kill him when he looks at me—yes, I could. But I want to be better. I try to pray, but God is so far away. If I knew where He was, if I could get near to Him, I'm sure I should be good nearly all the time. If you don't teach me," she exclaimed, impetuously, "I'll *always* be bad, and end by killing somebody!"

Mrs. West's heart was touched. "You shall go, Alice, nearer to God to-morrow—into His very presence. So Josie told you to go to confession? She's a good little girl. Now, go to bed, child."

Alice crept away, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Once in her room, she shook her fist at Richard's photograph, which hung near the bureau.

"I'll just put out his eyes with a pin," she said, viciously. She was about to do it when she looked by chance toward the statue of the Blessed Virgin. "I had better not," she concluded; "*she* will not like it."

Alice went to bed all the happier for having conquered herself a little. It was the first time she had ever gained even so slight a victory.

(To be continued.)

Who Broke the Bowl?

BY L. W. REILLY.

Once upon a time there was a family that consisted of six persons—the father and mother, three children, and a niece. The children were called Alphonsus, Lizzie, and Aloysius; and the oldest of them was twelve years. The name of the niece, who was an orphan, was Julia, and her age was then thirteen. The family lived somewhere in the State of New York, in a village which has since been admitted within the limits of a great city; and there they owned a cottage and a small piece of land

About a month before Julia had been received as a member of the family, the father presented to the mother a fine set of dishes on an anniversary of their marriage; and the mother prized them more because they were his gift than because they were costly and beautiful.

In that family the children were taught to be

truthful. The parents would readily forgive a fault if it were candidly acknowledged and a promise were given that it would not be repeated. But they would use the rod on their sons or their daughter if any one of these were guilty of falsehood.

It happened that, a week or two after the coming of the orphan, the pretty sugar-bowl that belonged to the tea-service of the new dishes was broken. How, when, where, or by whom it was smashed, no one apparently knew. The cat, Tansy, might have been able to tell if she could talk; but as for Tramp, the dog, he was too seldom in the house for the blame to be put on him.

"Did you break the bowl, Al?" asked the mother of her elder son.

"No, mother," he replied, "I did not."

"Did you, Lizzie?"

"No, mother."

"Did you, Loy?"

"No, mother."

Last of all the question was put to the niece:

"Did you break the bowl, Julia?"

"No, aunt: I wasn't near the china closet to-day at all."

The mother was vexed because her set of dishes was broken, and perplexed because she knew not who had done the mischief. One of the four children must be telling an untruth, she was sure; because there was no one else in the house, as the maid had gone home that week to nurse a sister who was ill. Possibly the guilty one, so the mother thought, was terrified at having broken one of the new dishes, and was afraid to confess; forgetting that by denying the deed a new offence was committed.

"Well, children," said the mother, "I'll wait until father comes home before trying any further to find out how the bowl was broken."

When the father appeared, and had had his supper, the mother told him of the broken bowl. He was sorry for the damage that had been done to the set, but more pained at the want of truthfulness in the one on whom lay the guilt. He questioned the children himself, but they repeated the denials they had made to his wife.

"One of you is telling a falsehood," said the father, sternly; "and since no one will confess, I shall punish you all."

Thereupon the two younger children began to cry. Julia's face blanched, because until then she did not think that her uncle or her aunt would whip her. Alphonsus, who was a manly boy, objected bravely.

"I don't think, father," said he, "that the innocent ought to be punished as well as the guilty."

"How can I separate them?" asked the father.

This was unanswerable. If the double offence had to be punished, how could the innocent be spared if the culprit would not confess? The father, however, hoped that when the guilty one saw that there was no escape from chastisement, the misdeed would be avowed. But, as no one owned up to be blameworthy, he said:

"As you, Al, are the oldest of my children, I shall begin with you. So come here."

The mother, unwilling to be present at the punishment of the children, had gone to another part of the house when the father said that all of them should be chastised. While she was trying to busy herself with some work to offset the suffering she was bearing because of the pain her children were about to endure, the door was opened, a trembling figure slipped in and knelt at her feet, and a quavering voice said:

"O aunt, save me: I broke the bowl!"

"I'm sorry for you, Julia," said her aunt; "but wait till I save your innocent cousins first."

So the mother flew to the room where the father was and called out: "Don't punish them, father. The culprit has confessed!"

Then the guilty one was brought back, and because she had denied the deed before all of them she was made to confess it before them all. As this was her first offence, she received no further punishment; but the father used the opportunity to explain the malice of falsehood. He quoted the proverb in the Bible which says that among the "six things there are which the Lord hateth" is "a deceitful witness that uttereth lies." He made them all promise that under no circumstances would they incur God's hatred in this manner.

That was "a happy fault" for Julia; for ever afterward when she was tempted to "tell a story," she recalled the terror and the humiliation and the lessons of that night; and she kept herself from further offences by asking herself repeatedly, "Who broke the bowl?"

An Anecdote of Bach.

Who has not heard, or at least wished to hear, the wonderful Passion music of Bach? There were several great musicians in the family, but Johann Sebastian was the greatest of all; and it is of him that the following story is related:

His life was nearing its end; and, although it had been a good and useful life, he felt that, as he had so few years remaining, he must make the most of every day and hour. So he studied and wrote as industriously as when a young man.

Now, there was among the swarm of people who daily thronged to see him a certain Frenchman, whom we shall call Monsieur X. He fancied himself a great performer upon the harpsicon, and he used to enter Bach's drawing-room as regularly as the sunshine and seat himself at the instrument, which he would play for hours, stopping occasionally to boast of the musicians in his country, so superior, he declared, to any Germans.

This was all very perplexing to the good host, who thus found his precious hours of leisure going by unimproved; and he cudgelled his brain trying to devise some plan whereby he might get rid of his visitor without rudeness. At last a thought struck him. He wrote a letter to his favorite pupil, Ludwig Krebs, bidding him come to Leipsic at once. Krebs soon appeared, and a conference was held between him and his master.

The next morning, as soon as the Frenchman was well established in Bach's parlor, there was a knock at the door. When it was opened a sturdy man presented himself, indicating by his coarse blue blouse and hobnailed shoes that he was a laborer. In his hand he held a wagoner's whip.

"Ah, my good friend," said Bach, "I rejoice to see you! Come in; I will introduce you to this gentleman. This"—indicating the Frenchman, who was vexed at having his music interrupted by so coarse a creature—"is the great composer and player upon the harpsicon, Monsieur X. You have doubtless heard of him?" Monsieur X bowed (for the French are always polite, however annoyed they may be). "And this, Monsieur X, is my friend Cancrinus; a worthy man, although, as you see, a wagoner. He can play with the whip to perfection, and even ventures a little jingle now and then upon a worthier instrument. Sit

down at the harpsicon, friend Cancrinus, and try your hand."

The wagoner hesitated, but, upon being more strongly urged, did as he was bidden, first playing a simple air; then he played it again with wonderful variations; and then a third time, weaving into it the harmonies of which he, as Bach's most studious pupil, was master.

The Frenchman stood transfixed and could not speak.

"What do you think?" asked Bach, quietly, "of the musicians of our country, when our wagoners play like that?"

His guest did not reply, but bowed himself out, and did not call again; while Ludwig Krebs took off his blue blouse and went back to his studies, glad to have been of some service to his beloved friend and teacher.

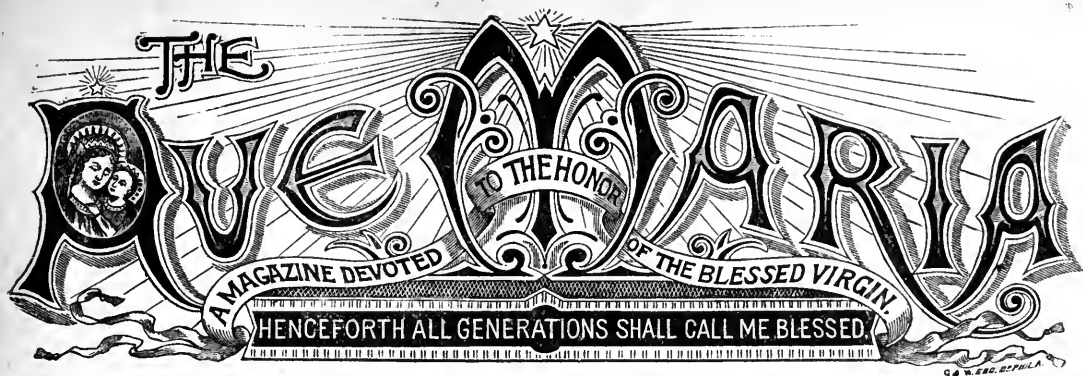
Bach's stratagem may not have been beyond criticism, but we must remember that it was resorted to in order to avoid hurting the feelings of his tiresome acquaintance.

FRANCESCA.

Titian's Carefulness.

A great man tells us that genius is only the "infinite art of taking pains." Very often what seems to us easily done is the result of unremitting care and toil.

It is related of the Venetian painter, Titian, that when he contemplated a picture, he would, after thinking about it for a long while, outline it with a few bold strokes, then turn the canvas to the wall and go away, and proceed to forget it as far as possible. When months had passed he would return and examine his work with the utmost severity, in order to improve the outlines. He would work at the figures as if he were a skillful surgeon, and would then depart once more. At his next visit he would make more changes, but it was not until after several of these long absences from his picture that he began to think of it as in any way assuming completeness. In the finishing he was equally careful, allowing much time to elapse between those last touches, which gave to his work that immortal quality which genius could not have imparted without the aid of industry.



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Lourdes at Night.

FROM out her Grotto Mary seems to bless
 The kneeling crowd assembled at her feet,
 Who come with canticles of joy to greet
 The Queen Immaculate, and round her press,
 As though in eager longing to caress
 The blessed footprints which Our Lady sweet
 Has left within the depths of that retreat,
 A heaven making of a wilderness.
 And now her children pray: from out the night
 Ten thousand *Aves* float upon the air,
 A spoken Rosary; while one of light,
 From many colored lamplets hanging there
 In graceful garlands—music to the sight,—
 Unites its litany of silent prayer.

T. A. M.

FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY, 1890.

Wicked Venice.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ON the average mind the history of Venice is a bloody and lurid melodrama. Dungeons under the canals, cells exposed to the fury of an almost torrid sun, hidden doors ever menacing an egress of spies and assassins, virtue and valor ever succumbing to dagger or to poison; and all these under the ægis of a Government proclaiming itself Christian and popular.

Such is the picture arising before him who reads the current tales of Venice, or who gazes

on a stage representation of Venetian story. Until the nineteenth century had dawned, this idea of Venice was mainly one of English and Protestant creation. Heretical hatred and commercial rivalry had combined to foster prejudice against that Catholic republic, which had been for centuries the wealthiest among the great states of Europe. But with our century came the necessity, on the part of France, of justifying a great national crime. Fair Venice lay a corpse at the feet of the French revolutionary tiger, and it was but natural that her murderers should insist that she had merited her fate. Behold, then, French writers of serious calibre heaping obloquy on the memory of the Queen of the Adriatic! Of course German authors swelled the chorus, for a German power had profited by the crime of France; and a trade in peoples had to be justified, if nothing else would do it, by the supposed vileness of the bartered. Nearly universal, therefore, has been the cry against Venetian cruelty, dishonesty, tyranny, and malignant cunning.

One of the most noted illustrations of the mysteries of Venice is the drama of "Angelo," by M. Victor Hugo. The poet had used the poison and daggers of the Ten, the secret passages, loathsome dungeons, etc., to the utmost; and certain critics ventured to challenge the probability of his *mise en scène*. In one of the notes of his published drama, Hugo appealed to the authority of Count Daru, the historian of the First Empire, and to the "Statutes of the State Inquisition"* of Venice, furnished by that

* The "Inquisizionè di Stato" of Venice must not be confounded with either the Roman (Holy Office)

writer. We give a synopsis of these statutes, which, according to Daru, bear the date of June 12, 1454:

In the sixteenth it is decreed that when the tribunal deems it necessary to put any one to death, the execution must not be public; the condemned must, if possible, be drowned in the Canal of the Orphans (*Canal Orfano*). The twenty-eighth establishes that if any Venetian noble reveals that he has been corruptly approached by a foreign ambassador, he shall be authorized to enter into the proposed relations; when the affair has culminated the intermediary agent is to be drowned, providing, however, that he be not the ambassador himself or some person generally known. The fortieth provides for the institution of spies, not only in the capital but in all the principal cities of the republic. These agents will report in person to the tribunal twice a year as to the conduct of the officers in their respective districts. In a supplement to the statutes provision is made to the effect that any one who so talks as to promise public disturbance shall be warned; if he continues the practice he may be drowned. The twenty-eighth provision is for ridding the state of any prisoner whom it may be impolitic to punish openly. A jailer is to feign to sympathize with him, and, having previously administered to him a slow and untraceable poison, he will allow the victim to escape.

Daru tells us that he found these statutes, hitherto unknown,* in the Royal Library of

* "I know of no writer," says Daru, "even among the Venetians, who has spoken of these statutes." See "*Histoire de la République de Venise*," edit. 1821, vol. vi, p. 385.

or the Spanish Inquisition. The Roman was an ecclesiastical tribunal, the Spanish a royal one; but both took cognizance of heresies and similar crimes. The Venetian tribunal, made permanent in 1454, was purely political, and was composed of three persons—two chosen from the Ten, and one from the council of the doge. Its jurisdiction was universal, not even the doge being excepted. Originally it was called the "Inquisizione dei Dieci," but in 1610 the style was changed to that of "Inquisizione di Stato." Its power was unlimited in all affairs of state and of police. It disposed of the treasury, gave instructions to ambassadors, etc., and on occasion deposed the doge. When, however, it undertook to judge the Doge Marino Faliero, it called a *giunta* of twenty nobles, which body remained permanent until 1582.

Paris. They were bound in a quarto volume, together with another work which bore the title, "Opinion of Father Paul, Servite, Councillor of State, as to the best manner of governing the Venetian Republic, both as to internal and external affairs, that it may enjoy perpetual prosperity." The Servite priest was no other than Paul Sarpi, the celebrated adversary of the Holy See whenever its temporal claims came into collision with the pretensions of Venice; and Daru, who was naturally of the opinion that Sarpi was to be revered as an authority, gladly embraced the idea that the juxtaposition of the statutes, in one volume, with the advice on Venetian government was a proof that the Servite had also published the statutes.

We would be willing to accept the authority of Sarpi in this matter, but we are forced to yield to the arguments which show that he was the author of neither one of the works enclosed in Daru's discovery.* Granting, however, the value of Sarpi in the premises, there are several good reasons for rejecting these statutes as unauthentic. In the first place, how is it that no investigator has ever found any allusion to these provisions in any document of an age anterior to Daru's manuscript? According to the very constitution of the Venetian Government, such measures could not have been decreed without the sanction of the Great Council, and after having passed through all the formalities of registration in the archives of the Ten. And no search has yet discovered them.

Again, the alleged statutes are full of errors such as no Venetian juriconsult of the fifteenth century could have committed. Thus, at that period all the judicial and official documents of the republic were drawn up in Latin, whereas these alleged statutes are couched in the Venetian dialect, which did not come into vogue until a century afterward. Again, these decrees are pronounced in the name of the "State Inquisitors," a title not given to these magistrates before 1610. Finally, in these ordinances the Inquisitors assert jurisdiction over the prisoners in the *Piombi*,

* See an excellent article in the *British Review* for October, 1877, p. 337. The falsity of these statutes, and of many of Daru's assertions concerning Venice, was perfectly demonstrated by Count Tiepolo in his "Discorsi sulla Storia Veneta," Udine, 1828.

whereas these apartments were not used as prisons until 1594. These statutes, therefore, are apocryphal; and, so far as they are the foundation of the accusations against Venice, we must banish from our minds all the pictures which have been designed to represent the Venetian legislature as a congregation of demons rather than an assembly of grave and reverend lords.

How do the calumniators of Venice wish us to account for the internal peace which reigned in the republic for so many centuries? We find no rebellions either at home or in the colonies; and this in spite of frequent famines, plagues, wars, and excommunications. Had such a cancer as the foes of Venice suppose existed, and in the very heart of the nation, devouring by degrees every vestige of liberty and destroying all sense of security, would the republic have remained so uniformly contented and prosperous? It was in 1468, fifteen years after the supposed statutes had been put in force, that the illustrious Cardinal Bessarion, Patriarch of Constantinople, when presenting his valuable library to the republic, thus expressed himself: "What country offers one so sure a refuge as yours, governed by equity, integrity, and wisdom? Here virtue, moderation, gravity, justice and good faith have fixed their abode. Here power, even though great and extensive, is as just as gentle. Here the wise govern, the good command the perverse, and particular interests are ever sacrificed to the general welfare."

Such reflections as these caused Valery (one of the most noted of French travellers, and better acquainted with Italy than most foreigners are) to write in 1838: "I have abandoned my prejudices concerning the Venetian Inquisitors, and I did so with great satisfaction; for it is refreshing to find at least fewer oppressors in history. It is to be regretted that an enlightened historian like Daru should have believed in the pretended statutes of the 'State Inquisition,' which he found in manuscript in the Royal Library, and which are regarded by all educated Venetians as apocryphal and as fabricated by an ignorant enemy of the republic. The State Inquisitors were guardians of the laws, and silent tribunes dear to the people. The Inquisitors defended the people against the excesses of aristocratic power."*

It has been remarked that modern Venetians seem to have no fear of any thorough investigations into the early history of their country. They rather court it, as is evidenced by the zeal with which they began, immediately after the close of the Austrian domination, to publish the most important treasures of their hitherto impenetrable archives. Among these is a collection of documents referring to the history of the palace of the doge. It contains the minutes of the sittings of the Council of Ten from 1254 to 1600; and we can not find in it the least trace of, for instance, the drownings said to have been decreed in the alleged statutes. As well look for indication of some burning at the stake in Venice,—in that country which, alone among all European lands, never witnessed that horror. As to the name of the *Canal Orfano*, in which so many victims of a wicked statecraft are said to have been remorselessly drowned, that designation is not necessarily derived from the fact of so many orphans having been made in it by order of the Inquisitors; for modern Venetians believe that this canal was so called centuries before the State Inquisition came into existence.

Much has been said about the convenient opportunity afforded to malignity by the furnishing a receptacle for anonymous denunciations to the Inquisitors. Certainly there was no more connection between this "Lion's mouth" and tyranny than there is between tyranny and the P. O. boxes hanging from our lamp-posts. And as to the anonymous letters addressed to the Inquisitors, a law of 1387 decreed that they should be immediately burned. And when, toward the end of the sixteenth century, such demonstrations were sometimes admitted, no proceedings could be taken against the accused without a vote of four-fifths of the council. And it is to be noted that the precautions taken against false testimony and false accusations were greater in Venice than in any other land.

It has been said that the main reservoir was so situated in the precincts of the ducal palace that the authorities could at once quell a rebellion by shutting off the supply of water. But besides the two magnificent reservoirs in the palace court, there were many others in other places, and nearly every private house had its own well or cistern. Documents as old as 1303 speak

* "Voyage en Italie," vol. i, p. 314.

of a board of magistrates similar to our aqueduct commissioners, whose first duty was to see that every new house was supplied with a well.

And now a word on the *Piombi*, those cells of alleged torture in the uppermost story of the ducal palace, immediately under the leaden roof. It will be interesting to quote the testimony of Daniel Manin, the patriotic dictator during the Venetian revolution of 1848, concerning these supposed inventions of human malignity. A Parisian critic, having occasion to review a work which bemoaned the "mysteries of Venice," and dwelled pitifully on the "bridge of sighs," on the "horrible *Piombi*," etc., he showed his article to the patriot. Having read it, Manin thus addressed him: "Can it be possible that you, an educated and serious man, believe these nonsensical yarns? Do you still credit the tales of your nursery days? I know these *Piombi* and these *Pozzi*; I have been confined therein, and I can assure you that they are by no means uncomfortable lodgings. Believe me when I say that all this talk about the cruelties of Venice is an old wife's tale."

Then Manin showed his astonished friend how the Most Serene Republic could not have survived so gloriously for so many centuries had its government not been indulgent and popular.* In fact, to this day the Venetians preserve an affectionate remembrance of that government; and hence it was that they so gladly proclaimed and sustained their republic of 1848, whereas elsewhere the Italian movement was merely the work of a revolutionary faction. These *Piombi* could not have been glaciers in winter and furnaces in summer, when Howard, the great English prison reformer, avowed their healthfulness.† Again, it is not true that they were located immediately under the roof of the palace. Ruskin carefully measured the space between the prison cells and the roof, and he found it was in some places nine metres high, and in others never less than five.‡

Twelve years before the fall of the Venetian

* J. Morey, in the "Illustrations et Célébrités du XIXe Siècle," vol. v. Paris, 1884.

† "State of the prisons in England and Wales, with preliminary observations and an account of some foreign prisons." London, 1777.

‡ "Stones of Venice," vol. ii, p. 293; note. London.

Republic the celebrated astronomer Lalande said of the State Inquisitors: "They are distinguished more for their wisdom than for talent. They are chosen from among men whose age guarantees freedom from passion and from the dangers of prejudice or of corruption. Rarely indeed is there any abuse of the absolute powers confided to them."* The reader will remember that this praise comes from a philosopher. The eminent historian Botta says: "Venice was without serious trouble for many centuries. She was the object of attack for the most powerful nations—the Turks, the Germans, and the French. She was in the road of barbarous conquerors, and in the midst of revolutions of the peoples. Yet she came safe and sound from every political tempest; and such was the perfection of her ancient laws, so deep had struck the roots given them by time, that she never needed to change their character. It is my firm conviction that there has never existed a wiser government than that of Venice, whether we consider its own preservation or the happiness of its subjects. For this reason Venice never had any dangerous factions in her bosom, and for the same reason she never entertained any fear of new ideas.... I do not know whether pity or indignation should be felt for those who declaim so fiercely against the Inquisition of Venice, and who affect to regard the existence of that tribunal as a justification for the death inflicted on the ancient and sacred republic."†

The true reason for the hostility displayed by so many moderns toward the memory of the Venetian Republic is the fact that it was pre-eminently "clerical," as it is the "liberal" fashion nowadays to style everything not positively hostile to the Catholic Church. According to the clamorous philosophists of the liberal school, "clericalism" is a scoffing at reason, a denial of the sun's light, a cursing of liberty, an exaltation of despotism, a subordination of all civil power to a theocracy, an ignoring of all the conquests of modern science, a trampling on human dignity; in fine—and this sums up all the iniquities of "clericalism"—it is a return to the Cimmerian

* "Voyage en Italie, Contenant l'Histoire et les Anecdotes les plus Singulières de l'Italie." Paris, 1786.

† "Storia d'Italia da 1789 a 1814." Florence, 1816.

darkness of the Middle Age. Melancholy indeed to a radical is the spectacle furnished by a capital city panting under the incubus of two hundred churches, thirty religious establishments for men, thirty-five nunneries, and confraternities innumerable. And, sadder still to relate, every one of these monuments of Venetian religious devotion owed its origin to some vow in recognition of a favor obtained from God.

Well did the republic merit the title of Very Christian, given to it by Pope Honorius in the seventh century, the third of its existence. Thirty-nine times in the year the capital beheld the doge and senate proceeding in full state, *gran gala*, to some church,* in accordance with some vow made on an occasion of peril to the state. Foreign observers were always edified by the piety manifested in the accomplishment of this duty. Comines wrote in 1494: "Venice is the most glorious city I have ever seen, and it is the most wisely governed. The worship of God is conducted here more worthily than elsewhere; and although the Venetians may have their faults, I believe that God helps them on account of their reverence for the Church."†

And when the republic was twelve centuries old, this spirit was as strong as when the dubious prosperity of its infancy drew it to the altars of God. Albrizzi wrote in 1771: "The most noteworthy characteristic of this august republic is its firm and inviolable attachment to the Catholic Church. The commanders of her armies, the governors of her fortresses, in their wars with the Turks, have defended the faith with their blood, and often amid most cruel tortures. In most critical times this wise government has paid the greatest attention to a preservation of the faith of Jesus Christ in its purity.... The same zeal is shown to-day.... The most conspicuous monuments of Venice prove the piety of its government at every period of its existence. The souvenir of the many victories of Venice is renewed every year by some religious ceremony, performed with

as much majesty as appropriateness. The doge, at the head of the senate, fulfils this pious duty.... Hence we may say that the Venetians are very assiduous in the practice of their religious duties; for on every feast-day, and especially on the festivals of the Holy Virgin, their protectress,* the churches are filled with people of every class and condition, all wrapped in recollection."†

Like other countries, Venice passed through many struggles with the Holy See, but these were never concerning matters of faith. Even during her terrible alienation from Rome in the pontificate of Paul V., the interdict launched by that Pontiff did not throw her, as the Reformers predicted, into the ranks of Protestantism. How could such a defection have been possible, demands Cantù, "when Venice was thoroughly Catholic? Her origin, her patrons, her national festivals, the fine arts, all proclaimed her such.... And," he continues, "let any person of judgment tell us whether that religion was likely to perish which was just then erecting so many sumptuous churches. When the public spirit was so identified with Catholicism, could an eminently conservative government have dreamed of so radical a revolution? We have studied many documents concerning the interdict of Venice, and while we have found much boldness and much discontent, we have always discerned Christian submission and a desire for reconciliation."‡

But this Christian spirit is displeasing to the liberals of our day, and hence they have echoed the accusations made against Venice by Bonaparte, the chief author of that great crime by which the ancient republic was obliterated from the list of nationalities. Let the reader judge whether these charges were true; whether among all governments, that one in which equality before the law most flourished, that one which was the most patriotic in all Christendom, and that one which lived the longest, was precisely the one which all good people should the most detest.

* The ceremonies of Holy Week were especially splendid. Saint-Didier, in his "La Ville et République de Venise," written in 1679, says of the illuminations in Venice on Good Friday night that then the city was wont to consume more white wax than was used in all the rest of Italy in a year.

† "Mémoires," b. vii, ch. 8, at year 1494.

* The Feast of the Annunciation is the anniversary of the birth of the capital city. Hence on the pavement of the Church of Santa Maria della Sanità we read: "*Unde origo, inde salus.*"

† Il Forestiere Illuminato della Città di Venezia." Venice, 1771.

‡ "Gli Eretici d'Italia," vol. iii, p. 188. Turin, 1866.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

"THIS astonishes me exceedingly," said Mrs. Thorpe, as they descended together the broad, many-stepped way which led from the summit to the base of the hill.

"And may I ask why?" observed Fenwick, smiling a little.

"Oh, you know why!" she answered, rather impatiently. "When a man of the world like yourself—a man whom one never supposed likely to give serious thought to such a subject—says that he has embraced a religion which means earnestness, one has a right to be surprised."

"I acknowledge that," he replied, "if you indeed believe me to be without serious thought. But I submit that a man must be almost without a mind who gives no serious thought to a subject, not only of so much importance in itself, but so closely allied to every phase of thought, especially modern thought."

"Yes," she said meditatively, "that is true. One meets it at every turn. It is wonderful—is it not?—how the old faith, that the world for a time fancied to be merely a relic of medievalism, existing out of its time, suddenly proves to be the force most alive in all this nineteenth century: in the front of the war of ideas, with a clear and logical answer for every question that is troubling the minds of men."

It was now Fenwick's turn to look at her with something of surprise. "So you, too, have indulged in a little serious thought on the subject?" he remarked. "And I think that with you, as with all intelligent people, the thought tends in one direction."

"To that place where we are told all roads lead?" she said. "Yes, it is true. Rome holds the key to this strange life of ours, or key there is none. I, too, have reached that point. And here is the guide who has helped me along the way"—and she laid her hand on Carmela's shoulder.

"It was because your own interest made the task easy," returned Carmela. "I only told you some very simple truths."

"Simple to those who know," said the young man; "but more difficult than any problem to those who do not know. How hard it is to find one's way to them unassisted, señorita, you can never imagine."

They had by this time reached the bottom of the hill, where stands the column, surmounted by a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which marks the exact spot of her last appearance, and near which is the lovely Capilla del Pocito (Chapel of the Holy Well), covering the large and beautiful spring that, tradition tells, sprang up under her gracious feet.

"Have you heard that whoever drinks of this water will certainly return to Mexico, however far he may wander?" said Carmela to her companions, as they approached the statue. "Come, señora, you must drink of it. You"—to Fenwick—"have already done so, I suppose?"

"No," he replied. "I did not know of that virtue, so I have not drank; but I shall at once proceed to do so, and put my return to Mexico beyond a doubt."

They entered the vestibule of the chapel, where the spring fills a large basin; and, taking the chained drinking-cup, Fenwick dipped it into the sparkling water and offered it to Mrs. Thorpe. She made a slight grimace—not over the water but over the cup—and took a draught, after which Fenwick lifted it to his own lips and drank deeply.

"That is settled," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as he replaced the cup. "However far I may wander, I am now to return to Mexico—thanks to Our Lady of Guadalupe; and also thanks to you, señorita, since I should certainly have neglected this draught but for your kind information."

Carmela looked at him a little doubtfully, for this seemed to her a very light tone in which to speak of the Holy Well; but the glance which met her own reassured her. It was impossible for any one to look into Fenwick's eyes and not trust as well as like him; for they were almost as expressive and quite as honest as those of a high-bred, sagacious dog.

"You had better come with us," said Mrs. Thorpe to him, when they reached their carriage; "and I am not as disinterested as perhaps I appear in asking you to do so. If you are inclined

to play cicerone, you can show us something of what is best worth seeing in Mexico. We neither of us know very much about it."

"I shall be delighted to be of service," answered the young man; "but even without that inducement I should not have declined the pleasure of accompanying you."

He took the vacant seat in the carriage; and it seemed to Carmela, as they rolled back to Mexico along the broad, level causeway, that, in listening to the conversation of Mrs. Thorpe and himself, a door was opened, giving her a glimpse into a new and attractive life. They were both people with a wide knowledge of the world, and of its best social and intellectual phases. They had an acquaintance with many places and many people in common, and both possessed more than ordinary culture. Each had a stimulating effect upon the other; and Mrs. Thorpe, who dearly liked clever people as much as she disliked stupid ones, found too much interest in the conversation to notice Carmela.

But Fenwick was not unmindful of the lovely face opposite him, the soft eyes of which expressed so much intelligent appreciation that he found his attention wandering from the subject of the conversation more than once; while he said to himself that he had at first been blind enough to see only the beauty and pass over the deeper *spirituelle* charm of this face. But he was a man of too fine perceptions not to recognize the charm now; and, recognizing, he found it necessary to exercise some self-control to prevent his eyes from seeking too persistently a countenance so interesting and attractive.

Mrs. Thorpe had judged wisely in thinking that he would prove a good cicerone; for he was, in degree at least, the ideal traveller: one who neither moved through famous scenes ignorant of their past history, nor yet primed himself from guide-books with dry facts and figures. He had not only a knowledge of the past in all its phases, but he had also that deeper knowledge of the spirit of an epoch which is necessary to understanding it. How to possess this knowledge, who can say it? Those who have it possess it almost intuitively, born of that fine sympathy to which "nothing that is human is strange."

It was the possession of this faculty which had led to Fenwick's conversion; for, as an ardent

student of history, it had been necessary for him to come as near as possible to understanding past ages; and where, during all the long roll of nineteen centuries, can one approach history without being forced to decide in favor of the claims of the Catholic and Roman Church? Met at every turn by this majestic figure, fascinated yet repelled, admiring yet protesting, he finally decided to grapple once for all with its pretensions and discard or accept them finally. The end was not difficult to foretell. Given a clear intelligence unwarped by prejudice, an honest soul and an aroused interest, the end in such case can be no more doubtful than the coming of the clear dawn after night.

And so it happened that he was better fitted than the average American or Englishman to understand the past history and present conditions of life in those great provinces of the New World where Spain planted so deep her civilization and her religion. Where many pass in obtuse ignorance, condemning that of which they understand little or nothing, he comprehended and admired; and Carmela almost felt as if she had never before known the history of her own country as she heard him speaking of its heroic and picturesque features to Mrs. Thorpe, who much preferred receiving information in this way to seeking it herself.

What remained of the morning, after their return to the city, they spent in the Cathedral, which, built upon the site of the Aztec temple destroyed by the Spaniards, is as interesting in its historical associations as it is magnificent and impressive in appearance,—a fit companion for the splendid cathedrals of Spain, on which it was modelled. Whoever has known those cathedrals might fancy himself transported into one of them as he enters the famous Metropolitan Church of Mexico. Here, as there, the choir, with its richly carved woodwork, its great organs and gilded tribunes, rises in the middle of the nave, like a church within a church, lessening somewhat the general effect of space and majesty, but amply compensating in beauty of detail; while on each side, between the chapels and the lines of columns which support the beautifully vaulted roof, the long, open aisles furnish vistas sufficiently noble and extended to satisfy the eye. The chapels which encircle the

edifice have each their particular claim upon attention and admiration; but their beauty culminates in the superb Chapel of Los Reyes (the Kings) in the transept, where the magnificent churrigueresque altar, extending from the pavement to the lofty roof, is so rich and splendid in effect that one is not surprised to learn that it was executed by the same artist who carved the altar of Los Reyes in the Cathedral of Seville.

Wherever throughout the church the ancient work has been left untouched, it is beautiful and harmonious in the extreme; and it is to be regretted that the hand of the innovator has been allowed to fall upon any part of it. Very unsatisfactory are the modern details—notably the elaborate but tasteless high altar, erected in 1850, and contrasting with the finely-designed gates and walls of the choir opposite; but the whole interior presents to the eye such an imposing picture that criticism is lost in admiration. As in the great sanctuaries of the Old World, so there is nothing here limited or circumscribed, nothing set apart for congregation or class: all is open and free as the sunshine of God, full of the beauty of noble proportion and space. Down the wide aisles prince and peasant pass on the same footing, and kneel side by side on the pavement before the doors of the chapels, where never-dying tapers burn amid the rich, dim splendors of old carved and gilded altars, of the colors of painting and the glow of precious metals.

"It always strikes me that a sanctuary like this is as Catholic as the soul of the Church itself," said Fenwick, as they passed slowly and lingered often around its great circuit. "All the ages meet in it, as do all classes and conditions of men. We pass with one step from the shrine of the Kings who came to worship the Child of Bethlehem, to that of St. Philip of Jesus, the Mexican martyr, who met his death in Japan yesterday. All history is comprehended within these walls, as are all the needs of humanity."

Carmela, who was standing beside the font in which the young Mexican martyr was baptized, looked at the speaker with a glance that seemed to thank him.

"You express clearly what I have felt dimly, señor," she said. "It is true: all the ages are

here. Perhaps that is why one's own troubles seem so small when one brings them into the sanctuary. One looks at them in the light of the past—the past which holds the memory of those who have suffered so much,—as well as in the light of the future, when all suffering will be at an end. Between the two they shrink into nothing."

"But they have a fashion of expanding again when one goes back to the world," remarked Fenwick, smiling; while he wondered a little what experience of trouble this soft-eyed maiden could have known. "I am sure you have discovered that, or else you are more fortunate than most people."

"Oh, yes, I have discovered it!" she said; and then added a little hurriedly, as if anxious to avoid speaking of herself, "I have often wondered what those do who in trouble have no such place of refuge from the world."

"They do badly, when the time comes for them to need it," he answered. "But when one has never known a thing, one's sense of longing for it can only be vague. The religious instincts of people have to be cultivated as well as everything else about them."

"I am not sure that the longing is so very vague," said Mrs. Thorpe. She spoke as if to herself, and walked on without waiting for reply; while Carmela knelt down before the Chapel of St. Philip of Jesus, who met so cruel a death and received the glorious crown of martyrdom in the flower of his youth.

The elder lady paused before a shrine a little farther on, shook her head disapprovingly at some of the ornaments, envied the piety of a group praying aloud with absorbed devotion before it, and admired an effect of misty light falling from the high, dim windows over soft, rich tones of color below, before she turned to see if her companions were coming. They were advancing toward her, speaking as they came; and something in the sight of the two figures suddenly suggested an idea which made her start.

"It is possible," she said to herself. "Things of the kind are always possible; and any man might fall in love with Carmela. If it should come to pass, I am not accountable, further than that I have been the instrument of Fate—or is it Providence? We shall see."

Plaint of the Irish Widow.

WEALTH upon wealth in the Southern Seas!

Ah, sore is that wealth to me!

But sure nothing else my boy would please;
So he "hoist his sails," and out in the breeze,
And away o'er the great big sea.

Gold upon gold in that far-off land!

Trash on their silver and gold!

If plenty it were as the ocean sand,
And my boy were great and rich and grand,
I'd sooner him poor as of old.

Sunshine and flowers and forests, they say,

Are there, wherever they roam;

Blossoms and birds, and everything gay.

But sure still I am that land far away

Isn't green as the old land at home.

And often and often his heart will be sore

When he thinks of the cabin, I know;

And I will be near my *lanniv* no more,—

Oh, God's love and mine be with you, *asthore*,

In that land wherever you go!

Ah, me! there's a croon among the old trees,

And shrouds in the night-time I see.

Mavrone, mavrone! there's a wail in the breeze—

A fresh grave is dug by the Southern Seas,

And my child comes no more to me!

R. O'K.

The Pupil of Fénelon.

III.

TO return from tracing this beautiful friendship to the first years of Louis' married life. Adelaide of Savoy was a most winsome young woman, the delight of the court for her wit and beauty; but in her early years possessed by the most passionate craving for amusement. Hunting, parties of pleasure, balls, games of all kinds,—nothing tired her, nothing satisfied her. She was naturally inclined to chafe a little at the austere virtue of her youthful husband, who studied hard all day long, and was continually occupied with works of charity. He was devotedly attached to her, and she used all her influence to make him

give up his serious occupations to share her pleasures, and curtail his almsgiving that she might have more to spend. "Will you not own," she said to the Countess de Mailly, "that I have married the man who leads the hardest life in all France? It was not worth while to be the heir of Henri Quatre if one must be subject to such slavery." Louis, whose power of repartee was as brilliant as that of his young wife, sang laughingly the distich:

"Draco, qu'être esclave est bien doux

Quand c'est de devoir, et de vous."

He could refuse her nothing where duty was not sacrificed, but indulgence ended where duty began.

"I never saw two married people of such utterly different characters love each other so tenderly," says a court chronicler. "The Duchess is the delight of the court, saying and doing just what she likes, taking an elfish pleasure in horrifying her husband by her sallies. Their hearts are always united, though their ideas are always opposite."

Nothing can exceed the tact and tenderness with which Louis won this wild, high-spirited creature, who had withal a superior mind, to the consciousness of her duties. Owing to the peculiar position of Madame de Maintenon, who, though true and acknowledged wife, was never queen, the young Duchess was filling the place of the first lady in the land. He never preached to her save by example. Once, when she was pleading for money for some scheme of amusement, he said: "All that my coffers contain is allotted; but, as I can refuse you nothing, here is the list of those to whom the money is destined, and I leave you free to put yourself in the place of any one whose needs seem to you less pressing than your own"—at the same time handing her a pen. As the Duchess read the list the pen fell from her hand. "These starving people are truly more in want than I am," she said; "but I can't conceive where you could have found such a number of unfortunate individuals." The prince assured her they were all found in the royal city; and that, to his sorrow, he knew there were many more in the capital and provinces.

Thus slowly but surely his noble character formed hers to self-sacrifice, and he rejoiced in his work. One Lent, when he was absent at the

camp, he was told, under seal of secrecy, by a person who possessed the confidence of both, that the Duchess was feeding forty persons, and otherwise giving large alms; but that she wished it to be entirely unknown, even to him. "Oh, what pleasure you give me!" Louis exclaimed,— "double pleasure because she desires to give these alms secretly. This comes from the heart."

There seems to have been a time when Fénelon feared the Duke might be tempted to try to bring everyone up to his own high standard; for he wrote: "I daily pray God that your heart may be enlarged with the spirit of liberty without relaxation, that you may accommodate yourself to the needs of the multitude." But there was no real ground for fear. The Duke loved his God, he loved his duties, but he also loved his kind, with a burning desire to make them happy by the practice of virtue. And he had the sympathy of true genius and the humility of one who had had experience in himself of human nature. Some one contrasting the Duchess' way of life with his own, to her detriment, he answered quietly: "Almighty God does not ask as much of her as He does of me, perhaps. It may be that her merits in His sight are as great or greater than mine."

The almsgiving to which we have referred grew on him like a passion: he could keep nothing when the wants of the unfortunate were made known to him. In his boyhood he had taken great delight in collecting gems, and had a choice collection. He sold this when the famine first made itself felt, only retaining a few of the rarest specimens for his cabinet. Later on the Curé of Versailles came to him with further demands for the famishing people. The Duke took him to his cabinet, and, placing in his hands the remaining gems, said: "Since we have no more money, and our poor are dying of hunger, 'command that these stones be turned into bread.'" And the jewels were transformed into loaves.

It was the fashion of the times to use silver writing-cases. And when therefore, by his father's death, Louis became the Dauphin, everyone tried to persuade him to relax something of the plainness of his appointments, and a costly silver desk was brought for his approval. With his natural love of beauty he expressed hearty admiration, but when it came to purchasing he

drew back. "The poor—the hungry!" he exclaimed. "No: the Dauphin shall write on the old desk of the Duke of Burgundy, and the price shall go to the poor." Often in the evening, plainly dressed, with one attendant, he would go into the back streets of Versailles, and rejoice in the opportunity of personally relieving the distressed. Yet so secret was his widespread almsgiving that he was actually accused of avarice by the thoughtless young nobles of his age, who could not conceive a young prince grudging money spent in his own pleasures because he wanted it for the poor. The hour of revelation came at last, when, amid the tears of a nation, voices from every part of France proclaimed his benefactions.

His piety had passed into a proverb. "As pious as the Duke," was said of any one remarkable for devotion. It was the love of God blossoming on a soil of peculiar strength. Every virtue was, as it were, grafted on a fault subdued, and had the vigor of a conquering force about it. "Love does many things and counts them few; it does great things and counts them small; it labors long and counts it but a moment; it only sorrows that it can not love enough." This definition expresses the whole character of Louis of Burgundy. It was commonly said his example had done more for the conversion of the members of the court than the eloquence of Bourdaloue.

But while the lofty character of the Duke's piety in such unfavorable circumstances was recognized, the world knew but little of it. All could see how loyal was his obedience to the Church in all matters of obligation: how strictly he kept the laws of fasting and abstinence; how stern he was in the repression of loose or immoral conversation; how self-restrained in the midst of the luxuries of a royal table. But few knew that every day he heard Mass and devoted a long time to mental prayer; that once a year he made a retreat, in which he severely tested his fidelity to his resolutions; that on great festivals he said the Divine Office; that the delight of his life was in secret correspondence with his spiritual guide on matters of religion. Yet, unostentatious as was his piety, he did not know what human respect meant when there was question of God's glory, and never could comprehend how a Christian could be ashamed of talking of

his Master and His service, any more than a courtier be ashamed of talking of his loyalty to his king. He never could endure the slightest disrespect to our Blessed Lord or His Church.

Some Lutherans at Strasburg were won back to the Church simply by witnessing the prince's faith and devotion during a procession on Corpus Christi. A general officer at Versailles, who had served his king better than he had served his God, watched him narrowly for a long time, thinking his piety was assumed to edify his people. One day not long afterward he threw himself at the feet of the chaplain, exclaiming, "One can't help being converted when one sees a young prince so thoroughly penetrated with his religion, and sustaining everywhere and in all things so high a character of sanctity."

Nor was he content merely with letting his light shine before men: he would take any trouble to secure for the lowest of his retainers the benefits of religion. He was told that an old servant was in danger of death and refused to put his conscience in order. "This soul is as precious in the sight of God as ours," he said. "I shall send him my confessor." Then, thinking this was not all he might do for a man who had passed his life in his service, he went to his house to see him. "I am come," he said to the astonished servant, "to tell you how sorry I am to find you in such dispositions. I can never forget how well you have always served me. But remember, on your side, that for the first time in your life you would cause me the greatest pain if you neglected to profit by the time you have still left for your salvation." The poor man, melted to tears by the tenderness of his royal master, roused himself from his lethargy, reproached himself for having profited so little by the great example of virtue he had had before his eyes, and received the last Sacraments with unquestionable marks of repentance. A little before his death he sent word to the prince that he should die in peace if he might reckon on his prayers for his soul. Louis answered: "You shall have mine and others more efficacious."

He had no object nearer at heart than peace-making,—an office requiring frequent exercise among the fiery nobles of the court, who were only prevented by the King's severe restriction from fighting duels on the smallest point of

honor. He would enter into both sides of the question with the greatest tact, engage the belligerents to make mutual concessions; and if he could not bring them together otherwise, he would say to the most headstrong: "I want to come and dine at your house to-morrow, and I hope M. de N. will be there to meet me at *your* invitation." It may be imagined that such zealous endeavors were generally successful.

His own example was his strongest argument. There is not one single trait of vengeance in his whole public or private career. Yet he was sorely tried by irritating and calumnious imputations, and by nature was as quick to resent insult as his august grandfather. On the occasion of the surrender of Lille, while he was Generalissimo, the absurd and provoking comments of the impious and vicious spirits of the day were almost beyond bearing. The Duchess raged like a lioness at these imputations on her husband's honor, publicly naming and withering with scorn those she suspected of originating them. The Duke would neither defend himself nor intrust to any one else the task of avenging him; and told his young wife that he disapproved of her fiery zeal—though, he concluded, "I must own it is very sweet to me to feel how dear my honor is to you."

It is not to be wondered at that such a transparent, upright soul should sometimes weary to death of the duplicity and worldliness around him. "I can not express how I long for quietness and retreat, though I know they will never be mine. Woe is me that my exile is prolonged! I do not know what David's 'inhabitants of Cedar,' who made life a burden to him, were like; but I very well know what mine are like."

IV.

The unusual powers of mind of the Duke of Burgundy rendered study a recreation to him. He studied philosophy with the greatest ardor, and while still quite young could easily grasp the metaphysical reasons used in laying the first foundation of the sciences. He had a passion for the study of mathematics, from which his masters endeavored to divert him, fearing it would prevent him from applying his mind to subjects more likely to be useful to one in his position. The young prince was not to be baffled. Having been taught the first principles, he mastered the science by his own efforts, and even, without help,

composed a treatise on it. He understood astronomy thoroughly, and besides all this was skilled in music and drawing.

The young Duchess once committed a great breach of court etiquette, by saying, in the presence of the King, that her husband, when he came to the throne, would be called "Louis the Learned." The Grand Monarque was not pleased: he never liked to be reminded that there would come a time when he should cease to reign. It was said that he left St. Germain, with all its ancient beauty, for the modern-made Versailles; because from St. Germain he could always see the two towers of St. Denis, the last home of all the children of the House of France.

As the Duke of Burgundy grew older, and was by the King's desire initiated into state affairs, he became fully aware of the thoroughly corrupt condition of the social system of France, and applied all his energies to the difficult task of probing all its wounds, so that when he was in power he might apply the right remedy. This prince, brought up in a court of the most absolute despotism, had ideas of liberal government two centuries in advance of his age. Of course he was indebted for these grand and broad ideas, in the first instance, to Fénelon; but the young heir to the throne had practical genius beyond his preceptor, and France looked forward to his reign as the end of the countless miseries under which it was groaning. Law, in his idea, was to be the expression of the purest justice; and rulers were to take law for their guide on all occasions, so as never to let self-interest make them swerve from duty.

This love of justice governed his own conduct. When he and his suite were hunting, he was careful to avoid the least injury to fields just sown or bearing harvest; and if any damage was done he had it repaired in the most liberal manner. When Generalissimo in Flanders he found his troops had burned two villages in reprisal for a like violence on the part of Marlborough's troops. He at once assembled all his officers and forbade them ever to authorize such cruelties, commanding all the animals taken from the devastated villages to be sent back. This act of justice was much applauded, and its influence was felt in Marlborough's army, who on his side forbade burning of villages in future.

The Duke of Burgundy investigated thoroughly the whole system of taxation, which was one of the causes of the misery of France; and, having mastered all the details, drew up a memorial of the remedies to be applied, so accurate as to facts, and so luminous as to the course to be taken, that the old comptroller-general was startled almost out of his wits, and could only declare there were many objections to the prince's proposal; that he must have time to prepare his rejoinder, etc., etc. The prince refuted all his objections, and the council decreed a new system of taxation. But it was necessary that the Duke should be on the throne to carry out all the needed reforms. When one remembers the abyss of ruin into which the King and people of France were plunged before the century had run its course, there is something inexpressibly touching in the enthusiastic hopes and unwearied efforts of this young and noble heart, who, after having been the hope of his country during his brief life, was by his death almost her despair.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Story of an Apparition.*

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IT was All Souls' Day in Paris, some years ago. The sun rose bright and cheerful, inviting one to think of the eternal bliss into which so many happy souls were that day to enter, rather than of past sorrows and bitter partings, the recollections of which naturally crowd upon the mind when this touching solemnity is celebrated. The air was frosty, the ground crisp beneath the feet, as a young girl of eighteen or twenty years bent her steps toward the Montmartre Cemetery. She was evidently a stranger, and inquired the way now and then as she went along; though the crowds, large even at that early hour, going the same road might have been a sufficient guide. It was only when Gaud—as the name Margaret is called in the Breton tongue—caught sight of the

* This story was related to the writer some years ago by Madame de V. herself, whose happy death occurred last winter. It was always her firm belief that her son had been released from purgatory

numerous booths ranged in proximity to the cemetery, and in which every imaginable style of mortuary decoration was displayed for sale, that she felt convinced the spot she sought must be near. A few steps more and the young girl had entered the avenue leading to the cemetery; a moment later she stood within its silent and peaceful walls.

She had not come to pray at any grave, for all she loved were laid to rest in the peaceful churchyard at Douarnenez; therefore, looking neither to the right nor left, she walked straight on to the *rond-point*, from which all the avenues branch off. There stood the cross, our encouragement and consolation through life, our only hope on the threshold of eternity—for at the time of which we write the ruthless *laiciseurs* had not yet dragged the symbol of Christianity from its pedestal. Once beneath its shadow, Gaud knelt down and prayed fervently, in words like these: "Dear Lord, I feel certain my loved parents have ere this been received into the everlasting joys of heaven; and, though I offer up my humble supplications in their behalf, I trust that they are already interceding for me before Thy throne, and pleading that help may be sent to their poor child. But if there be in purgatory any soul especially dear to Our Lady, deign to accept all I have suffered for the last month for the release of that soul, and may it this day behold the beauty of Thy divine countenance!"

The young girl remained praying at the foot of the cross for some time, and then left the cemetery. She passed along the busy Boulevard de Clichy and came to the Place Moncey, where stands the fine monument erected in memory of General Moncey, who, at the head of the National Guard, so bravely defended Paris in 1814. Our little Bretonne was puzzled as to which street to choose, and at last turned into the Rue St. Petersbourg. She had not gone very far, however, when she was startled by a voice of surpassing sweetness, calling her by name:

"Gaud!" Who could address her so familiarly in the great French Capital, where she was friendless and unknown? Again the voice called her, and this time she turned, to behold a young man of about her own age, looking at her with an expression of deep compassion. Gaud afterward declared that never before had she seen any one so perfectly beautiful as was this apparition, from whose eyes a heavenly light seemed to beam forth.

"You are alone here and are looking for a situation?" the young man inquired, in gentle and reassuring tones.

"I am," was all poor Gaud could answer, so astonished was she that this stranger should also be acquainted with her wants.

"Well," continued the young man, "go at once to No. — Rue —, and ask for Madame de V. She is in need of a *bonne* for her little girl, and will surely receive you."

Gaud could hardly believe her ears; she had been seeking a situation for nearly a month, and felt discouraged at her many failures. This near prospect of employment overjoyed her, and filled her eyes with grateful tears.

"How can I thank you, sir!" she exclaimed, with emotion.

"Thank me not," was the answer. "It is One greater than I who has sent me to you."

"And what name shall I give the lady?" asked Gaud.

The young man reflected a moment, then said: "You need not mention any name. Simply tell Madame de V. that the person who sent you to her is from this day happy for evermore."

And before Gaud had time for further questioning the apparition instantaneously vanished. How strange it all was! But our heroine lost no time in reflection: her only desire was to reach the street indicated as soon as possible. Having inquired the way from a *sergent-de-ville*, she set off, and in less than half an hour was at the house that had been indicated.

Madame de V.'s first care on seeing the young girl was to ascertain who had sent her. Gaud related what had occurred—her strange meeting with the unknown gentleman, and his solemn message to Madame de V. The lady was greatly surprised, and would have been tempted to treat the whole affair as a mystification were it not that Gaud looked so thoroughly honest and

through the intercession of the little Bretonne; and that God had permitted him, before entering heaven, to be the means of bringing together the bereaved mother and the servant, in order that the latter, in recompense of her charity toward the Holy Souls, might find a home and become the means of comforting the former.

sincere. Still, the act of a young man acting as the patron of a homeless girl seemed a somewhat doubtful recommendation. Then Gaud produced the letter of Monsieur le Maire, the venerable curé, who certified to her good conduct, declaring that no better girl had ever left his parish. Gaud added that she had come to Paris in search of employment, having been left penniless at her father's death. But, though she had sought diligently for a month, she had not succeeded in finding a situation. Whereupon Madame de V.'s kind heart was touched, and she decided that Gaud should enter her service the following day.

"And now," said the good lady, as Gaud prepared to depart, "don't you think you ought to hear Mass this morning for the Holy Souls, and thank God for having so strangely sent you to a house where your services will be appreciated if you conduct yourself as I have every reason to hope you will?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the young girl, "I'll go at once and thank God for His goodness to me. But I have already assisted at Mass and visited the cemetery. There I prayed for all the dear ones I have lost; and I also asked Our Lord to accept all that I have suffered during the past month for the release of some soul dear to His Blessed Mother."

Hearing these words, Madame de V.'s misgivings vanished, and she thanked Providence, who had mysteriously sent the young girl to her, feeling sure that she would prove a treasure.

Spring had come, and each day as it passed had given Madame de V. new reason to congratulate herself on having taken the little Bretonne into her home. It happened about this time that the faithful old valet was called off to his twenty-eight days' military service. During his absence part of his duties devolved on Gaud, among others the arrangement of M. de V.'s cabinet—a sanctuary into which few were allowed to penetrate; for M. de V., being a literary and scientific man, had precious documents and MSS. lying about in every available spot.

On the first morning of her new duties Gaud entered this room with a slight feeling of terror, Madame had given her so many recommendations as to the great care she must bestow on

its arrangement. Her admiring glances were attracted by the many works of art scattered through the room, which in itself formed quite a varied museum. Then suddenly her eyes fell on a splendid oil-painting, the portrait of a young man in the full-dress uniform of a midshipman of the French Navy, before which stood a large vase filled with the choicest flowers, so fresh that it seemed as if some loving hand had placed them there but a few moments before. Gaud stood entranced, gazing on the picture; and so completely was her attention absorbed that she did not hear Madame de V.'s step as she entered the room. For the first time this good lady found her maid neglecting her duties.

"Ah, well, Gaud!" she said, in a tone of mild reproach.

"O Madame!" exclaimed Gaud, quickly turning round. "There he is!—there is the young gentleman that sent me here."

"My dear child!" answered Madame de V., "you do not know what you say. The portrait before you is that of my poor son, who died last year; he was on board his ship, and so sudden was his death that he had not time to receive the last Sacraments. He was a good, noble youth, and had led a blameless life. Still, how spotless one must be to enter heaven!"

"As he spoke to me, Madame," persisted Gaud, "he looked like one who had seen Our Lord. Did he not love the Blessed Virgin?"

"Oh, yes: he loved her devotedly!" returned Madame de V.

"Well, I had suffered much before I came here; and you know I offered it all for the release of some soul dear to Our Lady. It must be that God deigned to accept my prayers, and that the soul released was that of your son; for did he not charge me to tell you that from that day he was happy evermore?"

And from that day also Madame de V. felt, if not altogether consoled for the loss of one so dear to her, at least fully reassured as to the happy eternity of her beloved son.

This *true* story will not have been told in vain if it encourages even one reader of Our Lady's magazine to still more fervent prayers on behalf of those souls so eagerly awaiting their release from the prison of purgatory.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ONE KIND OF COWARDICE.

IT is well that we should live in amity even with people who declare among themselves and sometimes publicly that we Catholics are blind, that we are bigoted, that we are hanging on to the tattered fringes of the Middle Ages. There are kind and pleasant people among even those who believe in Fox's Book of Martyrs; they separate their inherited dislike to the Church of their forefathers from their liking for members of that Church,—a liking which we cordially reciprocate.

They, however, do not dream of misleading us in regard to their attitude toward the Catholic Church, or of softening their expressions of opinion to suit our principles and prejudices. It occurs to them at times to suppress the word "Romish" when it trembles on their lips, and they mean to be considerate of our feelings; and yet they never go so far as to call the Mother of God "Blessed" in order to conciliate us—although in so doing they would only be quoting the words of the Angel Gabriel,—or of minimizing their opinions in order to have them square with our convictions.

It is different, sad to say, with some of us. How carefully we cut out allusions that might seem too ultra to our non-Catholic friends! How apologetic we are sometimes on certain subjects! How willing some of us are to make concessions, in order to let our amiable friends see that, after all, there is practically no difference between faith and opinions!

Of course one can not open a controversy at a dinner table: we know that. But is it necessary that one should admit that the teaching Catholic Church is not the most vital factor in life,—to admit this with a smile and by implication? Why should a Catholic who calls the Mother of God "blessed among women" in his closet, allude to her as "the Virgin" in social conversation, merely because his Baptist or Unitarian or Universalist acquaintance might think he was saying something unusual? The Baptist, amiable though he may be, will not minimize his sentiments on

religion for fear of startling the Catholic who happens to sit next to him. The Unitarian coolly announces the favorite dictum of his sect—that Moses and Mohammed and the Son of Man are all equally great, and so on. But how delicately we talk of the miracles of Lourdes, and how in delicately our separated friends often talk of them! And when we write out our impressions of foreign lands, how careful we are to leave out anything that might be "offensive to liberal tastes" about—let us say Genazzano!

One often finds that the travelled and intelligent non-Catholic is readier to express openly his admiration of the work of the Church in this and other lands than the Catholic himself. He is not trammelled by the foolish diffidence of the Christian who is the heir of the ages. But how we trim, how we minimize—how we hesitate to show our dissent from the blasphemies of the infidel who makes such jokes about his Creator on the other side of the table! It would be rude, perhaps; and yet nobody considers the clever infidel rude. Mr. Ingersoll is permitted to say—expected to say, in fact—all kinds of flippant things on the highest and most sacred of subjects. Why, then, should a Christian treat his own convictions so gingerly? Why should he not speak out when occasion seems to require it?

Our brethren who are proud to differ with us are not such sensitive plants that they will suffer from a politely spoken word of truth. Social gatherings should not be made opportunities for controversy: we all know that. But why should the man who does not believe be handled with gloves, while the man who believes is assaulted, wittily and amusingly no doubt, in his deepest convictions? To be apologetic is to be contemptible. No intelligent American likes a man to cut down his principles for the sake of expediency; so if the super-amiable among us, the weakly apologetic, the suavely subservient, imagine that they gain the respect of those for whose imaginary susceptibilities they sacrifice so much, they are wretchedly mistaken.

IMITATION is a necessity of nature; when young, we imitate others; when old, ourselves.

THE good hate evil, but not evil people; the evil abhor both good and good people.—*Abbé Roux.*

Notes and Remarks.

The celebration of the centenary of Father Mathew has not only revived the memory of the great Apostle of Temperance, but inspired his successors to continue his warfare with renewed energy. The zeal of Father Mathew is especially reflected in Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Ireland in our own country, and in the venerable Father Nugent, who on occasion of the celebration in Dublin administered the pledge to ten thousand persons. Truly "the good that men do lives after them."

The death is announced of the Marchioness de Castellane, sister of the Duc de Talleyrand, and niece of the celebrated Prince de Talleyrand. It is said that the conversion of the famous and infamous diplomatist on his death-bed was, humanly speaking, due to her influence. Talleyrand, cynical as he was, knew that there never could be any religion for the world except Christianity. It was he who said to somebody that asked him if a new religion might not be formed: "A new religion! Nothing easier. You have only to be crucified on a Friday and rise again on the Sunday after."

On St. Edward's Day Westminster Abbey was so crowded with devout Catholics—who were making a pilgrimage to the resting-place of the sainted English King, there to offer prayers for themselves and for the conversion of England—that, between the hours of noon and five o'clock, it was difficult to get near to the monument of the Catholic and royal patron of the day.

Seeing ourselves as others see us is generally less gratifying than salutary. American Catholics, who are accustomed to hear the polity of our Republic eulogized as the apotheosis of human wisdom, will scarcely be flattered on reading the following estimate of one aspect of our life and conduct. We regret our inability to disagree with the writer (Mr. Tardival, editor of *La Vérité*, Quebec), but justice forces us to admit that his remarks contain more truth than exaggeration. *Apropos* of the pretension that a Catholic who sincerely believes what the Church teaches can

not be a loyal citizen of the United States, the Canadian journalist writes:

"This proposition, which a number of American writers and speakers love to formulate in season and out of season, has the power to irritate unduly many Catholics of the neighboring Republic, and they reply with more vehemence and heat than justness. To refute this accusation, these Catholics steep themselves in Americanism. They glorify in an absolutely extravagant manner everything American—the Constitution, laws, and institutions of their country. Never, according to them, have angels or men seen anything so great, so sublime, so perfect in every respect, as the liberal Republic founded by Washington. They have a profound contempt for all that is not American, particularly for all that is European. If we believe them, before the 'glorious Revolution,' as they phrase it, the human race groaned in darkness and slavery. This ultra-American spirit manifested itself—"

Perhaps we had better not quote further. Mr. Tardival seems to forget that we possess some of the "biggest things on earth." Evidently he doesn't appreciate the great Northwest, and has never visited Chicago. Desiring to be properly patriotic rather than complimentary, we will say further to our Canadian critic that if we were not a citizen of this great and glorious Republic, we should wish to be—an American.

There seems to be a special blessing upon the devotion to St. Anthony in Florida. The little colony of San Antonio, founded by Judge Dunne about nine years ago, now embraces, besides the town of that name, three prosperous settlements: Pasco, Chipco, and St. Thomas. That these foundations are in a flourishing condition may be inferred from the fact that the fourth Catholic school in the colony was recently dedicated, and simultaneous with the event occurred the opening of a college. Judge Dunne has cause for rejoicing, and may well feel grateful to his patron, San Antonio.

A memorable event in the history of the Archdiocese of Chicago was the celebration, last week, of the silver jubilee of the episcopal consecration of the Most Rev. Patrick Feehan, D.D. The occurrence of this happy anniversary called forth the greatest joy and enthusiasm on the part of the members of the clergy and laity, who vied

with one another in testifying to the devotedness and esteem with which they were animated toward their beloved Archbishop. The celebration extended over two days—Wednesday and Thursday,—and was opened with Solemn Pontifical Mass, sung by the eminent *jubilarius*. Among those present were Archbishops Ryan, Elder and Ireland, together with seventeen bishops and about four hundred of the reverend clergy. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. John Hogan, D. D., Bishop of Kansas City, and was a fitting tribute to the grand results accomplished through the energy, zeal and devotedness of Archbishop Feehan during the fifteen years of his episcopacy in the Diocese of Nashville, and especially since his promotion to the Archiepiscopal See of Chicago. Other features of the joyful commemoration were receptions by the clergy, laity, and the children of the parochial schools. On Wednesday evening there was a grand torchlight procession of the Catholic societies of Chicago and the neighborhood. Fully 30,000 men were in line, and their appearance was a magnificent demonstration of an active, practical faith, that spoke in no uncertain terms for the future of the Church in the archdiocese.

Such a great outpouring of the faithful committed to his care must have been a source of joy to the heart of the worthy Archbishop, and an encouragement in the fulfilment of his high and noble mission. And not alone in Chicago, but everywhere throughout the land, Catholics who have at heart the welfare of the Church have rejoiced in this event, and joined in the glad chorus: *Ad multos annos!*

Cardinal Manning, in a letter to the Bishop of Cork, who presided at the annual Convention of Total Abstinents in that city, wrote some strong and stimulating words. "Ireland and England sober," he said, "would be Ireland and England free. Go on, then, with a manly courage. The movement may be hindered, but it can not fail. God is with those who serve Him; and if He is with us, who could be against us? Total abstinence is a counsel of a higher life, against which the world has no power if we only are faithful to ourselves."

We are gratified to know that our appeal for the Carmelite nuns has touched so many hearts.

The following contributions have been received:

Carmela, \$5; a friend, \$1; "Lafayette," in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Mrs. Alice Quirk, \$1; "one who would wish to have their prayers," \$1; F. Kneist, \$1; a child of St. Francis, 25 cts.; Mrs. M. Greene, \$1; Mrs. E. S., \$1; a friend, Mauch Chunk, Pa., \$2; "little Brother Francis," \$5; N. Pilon, \$1; Anna M. A. K., \$1; the Rev. W. A. H., \$5; T., \$1; Mrs. J. M. Dunigan, \$5; a child of Mary, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. Turner, \$1; a friend, Keokuk, Iowa, \$2; "a poor sinner," \$1; a friend, in honor of St. Joseph, \$5; Maria Pia, \$2; Mr. James and Mrs. E. H., \$2; Mrs. McNally, \$1; Mrs. Sullivan, \$1; friends, North Topeka, Kansas, \$1; Francis and George Weller, \$2; W. R. Miles, \$47.50; William Byrne, \$100; S. L., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Anna M. O'Brien, \$1; C. F. McGuire, \$1; O. J. McDonald, \$10; a client of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, \$1.

Received for the cause of the Curé d'Ars:

M. M. L., \$1; Mrs. M. J. C., 50 cts.; a child of Mary, \$1.

For the lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:

A child of Mary, Peoria, Ill., \$1.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in Chili:

Mrs. Mary E. W., \$1; S. L., in honor of St. Paul of the Cross, \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Elizabeth, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. de Sales, of the Order of the Visitation, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

John Murrin, Esq., an estimable and well-known citizen of Franklin, Pa., who peacefully departed this life on the 17th ult.

Mr. Thomas Gilchrist, of Woonsocket, R. I., whose happy death occurred on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Mary Shea, who ended her days in great peace at New Haven, Ind., on the 12th ult.

Miss Margaret V. Haggerty, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Rich and Catherine Burke, Jersey City, N. J.; and Thomas W. Fitzgerald, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VI.—IN THE CHRYSANTHEMUM CIRCLE.

BRIGHT and early next morning Alice was ready to go to Mass with the rest. The boys, when they entered the church, made at once for the confessional, where, fortunately, the priest waited. Mrs. West's heart glowed within her as Richard and Bernard—in fact, all her little flock except Alice—followed her to the altar rails. Alice had a feeling of being “left out.” She knelt during the Mass with a heavy heart, her eyes fixed on the prayer-book Rose had lent her. When she came to the word “Collect,” she drew a silver dollar from her pocket, and looked around her for somebody to “collect” it. Seeing that nobody came, she quickly put it back again, with a glance at Richard. But Richard was too much occupied with his prayers to notice her.

The chapel was a poor one. A parlor organ, upon which Rose hoped one day to play, stood under the little gallery in the rear. The pictures were highly colored and cheap; but the altar and the tabernacle were as beautiful as human hands could make them. All Mrs. West's finest lace was there, and all the best blooms from her garden. Like Father Faber, the priest of the little chapel and his congregation believed that their best should be turned toward God; and so, while the rest of the chapel showed poverty, the sanctuary was as splendid as possible.

The ride home in the fresh morning air was very pleasant. Breakfast was ready earlier than usual, and there were several dainties added in honor of the joyful day.

Josie Harney seemed to fit into the household. She was one of those slim, quiet little girls who seem to take up no room and are always in the right place. Her training at the convent had made

her industrious and gentle. She was naturally bad-tempered. She was not tempted to cry out and to hate other people, as Alice was; but she could sulk and make life very unhappy to those around her. Josie knew her failing; frequent examination of conscience had taught her what it was, and she tried hard to overcome it. Josie, although she had admirable qualities, was not perfection by any means; and the good Sisters knew this well. At present, however, everybody thought she was “just lovely,” as Rose put it.

After breakfast Mr. West felt well enough for a walk. The young folk went with him for ten turns in the chrysanthemum circle. It was a large circle, bordered with double rows of white and red chrysanthemums. Mr. West had had a good night's rest, and he was anxious to make the young people happy. Uncle Will had started to assist at Solemn High Mass at Sea Girt; Mrs. West was engaged in the house, and Mr. West felt a pleasure in arranging something for himself. Rose had one arm, Alice the other; Richard carried his cane, and Josie was standing on tip-toe trying to fasten a sprig of mignonette in his buttonhole. Bernard stood near, with his father's large plaid on his arm, ready to throw it over his father's shoulders in case of necessity.

“I want to give mamma a surprise. Thursday week is her birthday. What shall we do?”

“Do you mean what shall we give her, papa?” asked Rose.

“Oh, no! What will you do to please her?”

“We'd better send to the city to buy something nice for her!” exclaimed Alice, all enthusiasm. “I'll ask my guardian to give me enough money to get her a set of diamonds.”

Josie's face flushed. She had no money, except a few dollars and her fare back to the convent. Rose saw this, and understood.

“Mamma would not like that at all,” she said. “She does not like gifts; she wants something *made* just for her.”

“Oh,” said Alice, disappointed, “I can't make anything worth having! It's easier to buy things.”

Josie brightened. “I will help you to make something. I have lots of patterns for pincushions and work-bags,—lots!”

“But I am not talking of gifts,” said Mr. West. “Mamma has more gifts than she knows what to do with. I thought we might get up an exhibi-

tion, an entertainment of some kind. There are so many of you that we might have a little play."

Alice clapped her hands. "I will be Lady Macbeth, and order a costume from New York."

"I'll be Julius Cæsar," said Bernard, firmly. "I always wanted to be Julius Cæsar."

"I want to be a queen, with a long train," cried Rose.

"But I can't act at all," said Richard.

"Oh, it's easy!" answered Josie. "I acted a blind girl at school last commencement. All you have to do is not to be frightened and to speak out loud."

Richard shook his head dubiously.

"Come, let us walk faster," said Mr. West, laughing. "I'm afraid I can't satisfy you. If we have a play, it must be a very little play. We can't attempt anything of Shakspeare's. We must not climb too high at once."

"Let me play a blind girl," said Josie, closing her eyes and groping about. "Sister Evarista said I did it so well."

Everybody laughed as Josie stumbled into a clump of chrysanthemums and almost fell; she had to open her eyes in order to save herself.

"But will you and mamma and Uncle Will be all our audience?" asked Bernard.

"I intend," whispered Mr. West, mysteriously, "to ask some of the people in the neighborhood."

Richard made a face. "There are no nice people in the neighborhood," he said.

Mr. West looked grave. "What do you mean by 'nice' people? Do you mean that the people around us are poor, and therefore are not worthy to associate with us? I am not rich; we all have to economize very much."

"I don't mean that. I mean that they are not like us, you know. Take Tom Comerford, for instance. He's always going about in his shirt sleeves, and he chews tobacco. You surely would not ask him to come to the house?"

"Why not? When your mother was ill he brought over a large basket of his best grapes, although it was a bad year and his magnificent bunches were worth at least fifty cents apiece in the market. Wasn't that kind? Now, why shouldn't he be asked to take part in the celebration of your mother's birthday?"

"He was so kind!" said Rose. "He came every day to ask after mamma."

"But I'm sure mother had kept his little sister alive by her kindness during the winter, and Tom was only paying her back."

"Gratitude is a fine thing and a rare thing," said Mr. West, gravely. "And when we find it let us honor it. Tom shall certainly come to your mother's birthday party, if we have one. We must do our best to give others pleasure. Pleasure which is selfish is like seaweed seen in the water. For a time it is beautiful; grasp it and put it in a vase, and it is worthless, shrivelled, no longer fair to the sight."

Richard said no more; he heard, but he was not convinced. He looked down on the people of the neighborhood, and he hoped that Uncle Will would persuade his father not to let such intruders as Tom Comerford into the sacred precincts of Rosebriar.

When Uncle Will came back in the evening he was informed of the plot in the most mysterious manner. Mr. West was in high spirits, and his wife pretended not to notice the whispering that went on around her. She had become used to such proceedings at certain times in the year. Uncle Will, much to Richard's disgust, thought that the neighbors ought to be invited. During a long illness Mrs. West had endured in the spring they had all been very kind.

Richard protested in vain, in a whisper. "If there were some pleasant people about here, I shouldn't mind inviting them," he said, impatiently. "As it is, they are an *awful* set."

"They showed they had kind hearts," put in Bernard; "and your favorite Tennyson says,

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"That's only poetry," said Richard, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"The Bible is only poetry,—at least a great part of it is," answered Bernard.

Bernard was suspected by the family of writing verses, and he was always touchy when his favorite art was attacked.

On Monday, in every interval of employment, the coming entertainment was discussed in the chrysanthemum circle, which was hidden from the house by an outer border of elm trees. Mr. West and Rose were appointed as a committee on invitations, and the others undertook to arrange everything else.

Mrs. West found work for both Alice and Josie. They were kept busy in planting bulbs, so that there might be a display of crocus and hyacinths at Christmas. They also put up flower seeds in little packets, carefully labelling them.

Alice did not like this at all. She said she could not understand why Mrs. West did not pay people to do these things. She worked by fits and starts. Josie was very industrious; everybody praised her; everybody said she was a model little girl. Alice yawned and mixed crocus and grape-hyacinth bulbs in the same pot, and forgot to sift the earth, and declared the work was a great nuisance. Nevertheless, she was determined to please Mrs. West, and she made a second effort to overcome herself.

Josie had been carefully trained by the Sisters. She looked on her present work as a duty. At the convent she was never specially praised for doing her duty. At Rosebriar she was praised so much that she began to think she had been a heroine for a long time without her knowing it. The spectacle of Alice's carelessness confirmed her in this belief. She began to think a great deal of herself. She imagined herself in the most trying and pathetic situations. Suppose the house would take fire? Alice and Rose would run out screaming, of course. Everybody else would be frightened to death, she alone would be cool and calm. She would save the house by her presence of mind, and the whole family would thank her. Josie had to wipe her eyes, so affected was she by this spectacle. Unluckily, she rubbed a grain of dust into her left eye, and she had to stop work for half an hour in order to get it out.

Mr. West came upon the back porch, smiled at Alice, and patted Josie on the head.

"What a sweet, industrious little girl that is!" she heard him say to his wife.

"I hope Rose will grow like her," Mrs. West replied, in a low voice. "She is setting such a good example to the others. Have you noticed how absolutely truthful she is?"

Josie pretended not to hear, but her eyes brightened and her color rose.

"I wish they'd say that of me!" exclaimed Alice, impulsively. "Oh, I wish they would! I like Mrs. West better than anybody in the world. I wish I could please her."

"We must do good for a higher motive, you know," answered Josie.

Alice sighed. "I wish I could be good, like you," she said, after a pause. "But Madame Régence never said much about goodness, if we only kept the rules and tried to be stylish. Were you ever scolded?"

"I have some faults," replied Josie, virtuously. "I have been—spoken to."

"Oh, I've been scolded often and often! But I never felt what it was to have a real mother until Mrs. West slapped me. I've seen other girls scolded and just tapped by their mothers when they were naughty, but I never thought anybody would treat me like a daughter. How I wish I were Rose!"

"We must be content with our lot," said Josie, mixing the soil for a hyacinth.

Alice sighed again. She said to herself that she wished Josie would not make her feel so bad.

Josie pondered on the compliment Mr. West had paid her. Was she specially truthful? She had never thought of it before. Well, she must try to deserve his praise. She began to feel something like resentment against the Sisters. Why had they not told her how good she was? They always seemed to think she was no better than the other girls.

The boys united in praising Josie. She always had a needle and thread at hand; she could sew on a button at once, without using Rose's favorite "Wait a while." She let Bernard read a poem to her, and suggested that he should write one for his mother's birthday on the hyacinth. She put brown paper covers on some of Richard's books in the neatest way. By Thursday the Wests felt that they could never part from Josie without tears. The young folk protested that the little girl must stay with them.

All this did no good to Josie. She was like a hothouse plant suddenly put in the full blaze of the sun. She had been well trained; the question was, would she profit by the training or be withered in the blaze of praise and her own self-conceit? A devouring wish to *appear* good took possession of her. She began to criticise the others, and she felt it her duty to tell them of their faults. And this was the beginning of her downfall.

Brother Anselmo's Masterpiece.

Far out beyond the Grand Canal of old Venice, beyond the gorgeous and florid piazza where the sacred pigeons were fed, on an island in the harbor, the old cloister stood. It was the oldest in Italy, men said; while history and tradition confirmed the wondrous stories of its age and supreme sanctity. Even Alaric, the awful King of the Visigoths, had spared the holy pile; for he who feared little else did, in his savage way, honor the Holy Cross.

This was the grand old shrine we were to visit; and all our thoughts were glad, for the privilege was given only to few. Those strange, grim walls have seen curious sights in their long days. The Doge wedded the sea under their very shadow. They had seen the gondolas dance gaily by, clad in all the radiant hues of parting day, till at length a prosaic law bade them all don sombre black; so now even the pleasure-boats seemed sharing in the black pageant of the sad funeral of departed grandeur. The grand old monastery looked down gravely on the bright canal, and seemed hardly to welcome our rather idle visit.

Our boat drew up at the little jetty, and we found ourselves in the immediate presence of the venerable pile. Yes, it was crumbling now; years had warped its walls, and long mosses or lichens grew between its "rock-faced" stones. The bell we rang gave back the rather startling note which comes only when one of the minor keys is struck. Surely, no such tone as this may be found in the major staff.

The old monk who, after a brief delay, answered the plaintive peal seemed like a relic of other days. His long white beard hung low upon his narrow chest, and his small, thin hands seemed almost transparent in their wondrous whiteness. With reverent step he led us through hall and cloister and refectory, and chapel beautiful in the full pageantry of Byzantine decoration. In the great nave and transepts of the splendid chapel, our puny figures seemed dwarfed by the majestic altitude of the beautiful paintings and mosaics that adorned wall and ceiling. At last the monk halted before a narrow door, the entrance of a prison cell, and began his story:

"It is three hundred years since good Brother Anselmo died, and yet he seems as present here as when he sat in yonder cell and wrote our parchments for us. He was cunning with his pencil, and the beautiful transcriptions you have seen upon the old lecturn are all his works. Still he was not content: he would fain honor the Master by some work more beautiful than aught he had ever done. He would prepare an illuminated copy of the Fourth Gospel, the grandest story of the Blessed Virgin. But, strangely, the work mocked his hands; for where they strove to trace angel faces, leering demons glared at him from the manuscript, till, baffled, mocked, discouraged, he threw the work aside.

"The plague broke out in the city. Day by day the well sickened and the sick died, till the place was fast becoming a city of the dead. Brother Anselmo left his cell and went out amid the pestilence. He knelt by the bedside of the suffering; and as he told them the simple story of the Cross, the face once rigid in mortal agony was transfused with smiles, while the glad soul winged its flight to a brighter world.

"But the infection, which spared neither youth nor age, laid its poisoned hand upon devotion itself, till, stricken with the fever, he crawled back to his cell to die. Slowly his dull eyes wandered around the room, till at length they rested on the book, the darling project of his life, that had failed so miserably. With a gesture, half regretful, half impatient, he motioned that it be put before him. But what a sight met his enraptured gaze! For angel hands had finished the work he had begun, and every page was radiant with celestial light."

With reverent hands he spread the open parchment before us. We looked upon it in dazed wonder that soon grew to be awestruck admiration. We had seen the splendid treasures of the Vatican, where every age and clime seemed to vie with one another in the portrayal of all that is most sacred and beautiful in art or story; but we never had seen work like this before. All the art of the skilful pencil, all the wonderful fidelity of the engraver's line and stipple, seemed lost in the majestic glory of this creation, where once at least, even here on earth, Art had gained a splendid apotheosis.—*Edward H. Rice, M. D., Ph. D., "The Pilot."*

SALVE REGINA.

SOLO.

Music by F. J. LISCOMBE.

Sal - ve Re - gi - na, Sal - ve Re - gi - na

Ma - ter, Ma - ter, Mis - er - i - cor - di - æ

vi - ta, dul - ce - do, vi - ta, dul - ce - do,

vi - ta, dul - ce - do, et spes nostra, Sal - ve.

Ad te cla - ma - mus, Ad te cla - ma - mus,

Ad - te cla - ma - mus ex - u - les fi - lii Ev - - - æ Ad

rit.

te sus - pi - ra - mus ge - men - tes et fien - tes in hac la - cry - marum val - le, Ad -

te sus - pi - ra - mus ge - men - tes et fien - tes in hac la - cry - ma - rum val - - - le

E - - - ia er - - go, Ad - vo - ca - ta Nos - tra,

p

p *cres.*

il - los tu - os mi - se - ri cor - des o - cu - los ad nos con ver - - te; Et

3

Je - sum be-ne-dic - tum fruc - tum ven-tris tu-i no - bis

post hoc ex-il - i-um os - ten - - de, O

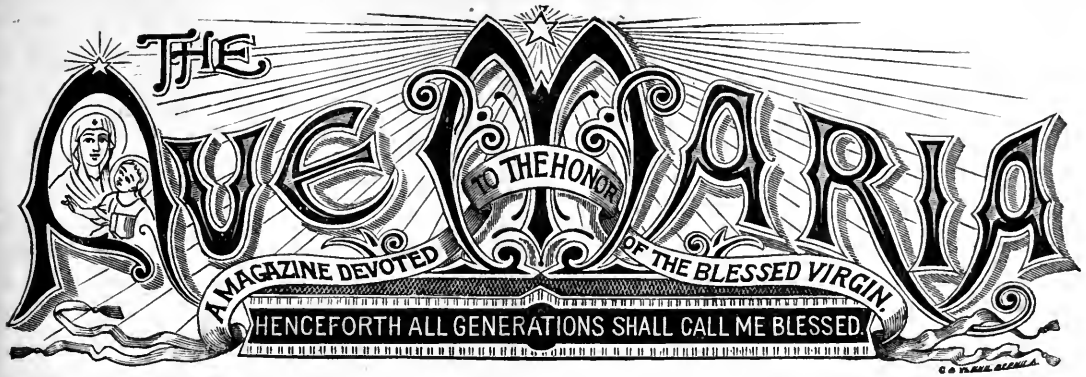
cle - mens, O pi - a, O dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - a, O

cle - mens, O pi - a, O dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - a,

Sal - ve Re-gi - na, Sal - ve Re-gi - na.

f *rit.* *p*

FINE.



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A Pledge Divine.

(To Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., Founder of Notre Dame.)

"I AM the Lord thy God," in tones of might
 Jehovah spake to Sinai's chosen seer;
 Again, mid lowering storm clouds, soft and clear
 His accents fell, and lo! there dawned a light
 Before whose radiance fled the wrath-born night.
 'Thy father and thy mother hold thou dear
 In honor and in love; then shalt thou here
 Have length of days, and glory in My sight.'
 How sweet to thee, O Priest, this pledge so fair!
 Amid the clouds of life thou, too, mayst see
 A bow of promise, type of truth divine;
 Through all thy weary years of toil and care
 Thou hast the Mother Maid of Galilee
 Revered. Eternal joys with her be thine!

CASCIA.

The Madonna of the Ara Cœli.

I.

OUR Blessed Lady's most glorious throne in the Eternal City is assuredly that which she occupies at the Capitol. From that pinnacle of the Empire the Roman Eagles, with powerful and almost invariably victorious talons, took their flight, bent on the conquest of the world; to the Capitol they returned to lay down their triumphal spoils, followed by warriors admitted to the honor of ascending its flower-strewn steps. On that sacred mountain the king of the pagan gods had

the most magnificent of his temples. But Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, was to cede her sceptre and her empire to the humble Virgin of Juda; and she was enshrined, and forever, in the Capitol.

Admirable were the means by which God was pleased to conduct her thither. The Emperor Augustus, elevated to the zenith of his power and glory, meditated in his pride the design of asking the gods whether his reign should be unrivalled. The oracle whom he consulted remained silent. A second sacrifice was offered to Jupiter Capitolinus (others say to Apollo of Delphi), and again no answer came. Interrogated a third time, the god replied: "A Hebrew child, God Himself and the master of gods, forces me to quit this place and sadly return to hell. Henceforth, therefore, no answers from my altars."

Some time afterward, according to the traditions we are quoting, the haughty Cæsar saw in the sun a golden circle; and in the midst of its splendor a Virgin of marvellous beauty, holding in her arms a little Child. "This Child," said the priestess whom the Emperor consulted, "is greater than thou; He must be adored." And a celestial voice added: "This is the altar of the Son of God." From that day Augustus forbade divine honors to be offered to him; and by his order there was erected on the Capitol, in the very place where he had seen the mysterious vision, an altar bearing the words, uneffaced after twenty centuries: *Ara primogeniti Dei*,—"Altar of the first-born of God."

These two facts, related by Suetonius, have been preserved by St. Antoninus in his history, and embalmed by Baronius in his learned annals,

A miniature preserved at Modena, and dating back to 1285, shows a representation of the miraculous apparition to the Roman Emperor: the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus in the clouds; and beneath, Augustus and the Sibyl. A manuscript serves as a commentary, and narrates the occurrence in this wise:

"In the time of Octavius, the senators, seeing an Emperor in whom were united all the gifts of beauty, of glory, and of fortitude—a ruler so prosperous in peace and successful in war,—told him that he was certainly a god, and wished to adore him. Augustus began by refusing; afterward he asked for a delay of three days, in order to consult the Sibyl. It was at this period that he had his famous vision. Suddenly the heavens opened before his eyes and enveloped him with light; he beheld on the altar of the temple a Virgin of rare beauty, holding a Child in her arms and saying, *Hæc ara Filii Dei est*,—'This altar is the Son of God's.' Augustus prostrated himself before the apparition, and then returned to the senators to tell them that he did not believe himself really a god. The vision was seen in Augustus' chamber, there where is built the church which, in memory of Mary's words, is called 'Sancta Maria in Ara Cœli.'"

II.

The painting which enriches this venerable sanctuary is one of those which tradition attributes to St. Luke, and it will be readily admitted that it would be difficult to find for it a worthier place. Neither the name of the donor nor the date when it was placed in Ara Cœli is known. It was there, however, before the pontificate of Gregory I.; for it was carried in the procession which that Pope ordered to be made to secure the cessation of the dreadful plague which in his day ravaged Rome. The pictures most venerated by the Romans were borne in the imposing cortege; they were seven in number. If the records that have come down to us of the apparition of an angel above the Mole of Adrian seem to attribute to the Virgin of St. Mary Major the pardon and clemency of which the lowered sword was the emblem, it is doubtless because the holy Pontiff was at its side when the prodigy occurred. This remark seems necessary in order to explain the tradition of Ara Cœli, which claims this honor for the holy picture venerated within its walls.

In any case, the stone on which the angel of Adrian's Mole left the imprint of his foot was for a long time preserved in this church.

This Madonna, one of the most venerated among the Romans, is evidently of great antiquity. She does not hold the Infant Jesus: her left hand reposes on her bosom, the right is open and raised above her head. The robe and veil are blue; the folds around the neck are hidden by the many jewels and necklaces which decorate it. The rest of the picture is plainly visible. The head recalls the traditional portrait of Mary. A three-quarter view is given of a well-drawn face, the nose somewhat long, but not disproportioned, straight and clear-cut; the eyes very large and deep, the eyebrows strongly arched. The mouth is nearer the nose than is customary in pictures of a similar origin. The painting is on wood, and is eighty centimetres high by fifty wide. It is impaired by time, but no hand has profaned it in an effort at restoration.

St. Didacus, of the Order of St. Francis, dwelt in the convent adjoining the sanctuary of Ara Cœli. His ardent prayers were offered before this holy picture, and oil from the lamp which burned uninterruptedly beneath it became in his hands the instrument of miracles.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, among these same Friars-Minor of Ara Cœli was a young novice whose exterior conduct, in the estimation of his superiors, gave no indication whatever of a religious vocation. Humility, however, had taken deep root in his soul. If, during the day, sleep sometimes overpowered the young Brother, it was simply nature's revenge for the long hours of the night spent by him in earnest prayer before the Madonna. As the period for making his profession drew nigh, there was much deliberation as to his admission to vows. All the votes were against him. The master of novices being asked for his opinion, stated that he had never remarked in the candidate any commendable quality other than an abundance of tears during his confessions. On this observation, which seemed to impress the council, a delay was granted.

The following night the absence of the novice from his cell was noted. He was found in the church, raised from the floor in an ecstasy before the picture of the Blessed Virgin. Tears coursed

down his cheeks, and the words which from time to time escaped his lips were prayers for his brethren so ill disposed toward him, and for the success of his vocation. At his side angels gathered his tears and besought Mary to grant his prayer. The sweet and motherly voice of the Blessed Virgin was then heard manifesting the will of God in the admission of the novice to the Order, foretelling his edifying life and holy death. The next day his superiors admitted him to profession. Soon, however, his love of obscurity and humiliations led him to another convent of the Order, where he died full of virtues and merits.

The gildings on the vault of Ara Coeli recall an important page in the history of the Church. They were made on the occasion of the victory of Lepanto, to perpetuate the remembrance of that inestimable favor. "As for the steps which lead to this celebrated sanctuary," says the Abbé Durand, from whose learned work, "*L'Écrin de la Sainte Vierge*," these pages are drawn, "they are truly the steps of a throne such as God prepares for His Mother. They are one hundred and twenty-four in number, all formed of massive blocks brought from the temple of Quirinus. One of the columns of the church bears the inscription: *A cubiculo Augustorum*,—'From the bed-chamber of Augustus.'"

How admirable are the works of God, how full of inscrutable wisdom are His ways! The Capitol was to the Old World a trophy of unprecedented glory,—the hallowed spot whither victorious generals, installed in splendor on golden chariots, came to receive their crowns, and where Jupiter reigned supreme over the pagans of the Empire. Behold it now the scene of a triumph such as Imperial Rome had never witnessed, tendered by God to a simple Maid, born far away from the banks of the Tiber, in the bosom of Judean hills! That very Cæsar whose decree led to Bethlehem the humble carpenter and his spouse was chosen by Heaven to build a pedestal for that glorious Virgin, and to give to its construction columns from his own palace.

For eighteen hundred years has she been proclaimed Queen of heaven and earth, eighteen centuries of triumph unabated. From the height of her throne on the Capitol, Mary sees beneath her the richest marbles of the pagan temples forming the stairway to her sanctuary,—sees at

her feet aggressive paganism crushed beneath the ruins of its amphitheatres. Her virginal heel, as it was prophesied, has crushed the serpent's head. Pagan Rome was that head; under the vanquishing foot of Mary it was bruised to the earth. Yet the malevolent and accursed serpent dies not: God permits to his vengeful hatred new combats, the better to humiliate him under the opprobrium of defeats a hundred times repeated. Each century has heard the hissing of his rage. He has chosen Rome as the arena of his supreme struggle. The centre of Catholicity has become, by bloody intrigues, the stronghold of revolution and impiety. Satan has the audacity to scale the Capitol whence he was precipitated by divine power; he will find there again, and yet again, a victorious foot to crush him.

The triumphant day is waited for; but when it comes, as come it must, it will be all the more brilliant for Mary. "Yes, this triumph will surely come," Pius IX. was wont to say. "I know not whether it will be in the lifetime of the present poor Vicar of Jesus Christ, but I know that it will come."

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXI.

THE little party so unexpectedly formed at Guadalupe became quite inseparable during the days following. Mr. Fenwick also lodged at the Hotel del Jardin, and it was soon his recognized privilege to attend the two ladies on all occasions. A more thoroughly sympathetic and agreeable party it would be difficult to find, as they wandered together through the delightful scenes of the Mexican capital and its environs. They were days to be long remembered by them all—days of such unalloyed pleasure as do not come often in life even to the most fortunate,—but to Fenwick there seemed something almost akin to enchantment in the time. The quaint, beautiful old churches; the flowery plazas, filled with the life of the gentle, courteous and attractive people; the outlying towns, with their romantic stories and picturesque scenes; the Mexican sky

a vast vault of sapphire, the Mexican air like liquid amber,—all had charmed him when he was alone, but would now remain forever associated in his mind with a presence that was in perfect harmony with such scenes,—the presence of a girl whose graceful Spanish beauty charmed the eye, whose sympathy never failed, and whose understanding was never at fault.

He was a man who knew the world well, and women perhaps as well as a man can ever know them; but he had never before met a woman who possessed for him the attraction of this Mexican girl. A little surprised by the fact, he endeavored to analyze the attraction; but, while he could account for a great deal, some of the finer essence of the charm escaped his process altogether. He could explain to himself that she possessed the most perfect simplicity he had ever known; that he had never yet surprised her in a look or a tone intended to produce an effect, or which was anything else than an unconscious expression of genuine feeling; that the nature thus manifested seemed to be of exquisite quality throughout, vibrating like a sensitive instrument to every touch of fine and generous emotion; that her intelligence was so quick and receptive that it was a pleasure to suggest a new idea to it; but when all was summed up there still remained something unexplained,—that divine something, never possibly to be explained by any process of analysis, which draws one nature to another as irresistibly as the needle is drawn to the magnet; that mysterious spell in a glance, a word, a smile, which makes all the sayings and doings of one person seem harmonious and delightful.

Altogether harmonious and delightful Carmela appeared during these days, not only to Fenwick, but also to Mrs. Thorpe, who found herself becoming more and more attached to the gentle and lovable girl. "He is certainly falling in love with her," thought that astute lady; "and I do not wonder. But what will be the end? Has she forgotten Arthur or has she not? And will he come or will he not? I almost begin to hope not; for Fenwick is the better man of the two,—yes, I must confess that he is certainly the better man of the two. Arthur is very much of a selfish egotist. No doubt I have helped to make him so, and therefore I can not complain; but he is not good enough for Carmela. I acknowledge that;

and if he does not come, and she proves to have forgotten him sufficiently to accept Fenwick, I shall be glad. But *has* she forgotten him? That is the question. I should like to have it answered—and yet I am afraid."

It was about this time—that is, about the time when thoughts like these began to form very serious reflections for Mrs. Thorpe, and she exhibited quite a nervous interest in the list of arrivals published every morning in *The Two Republics*—that Fenwick observed one day, when they chanced to be alone:

"Miss Lestrangle tells me that she has never been out of Mexico. That surprises me a little."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Thorpe.

"Well, for several reasons. She is so free from anything like provincialism, for one thing; and, then, in many respects she gives one the idea of a person who has had more intercourse with the world than it appears she has really known."

"She has had intercourse with *me*," remarked Mrs. Thorpe. "I represent the world pretty well, do I not?"

"So well," replied the young man, smiling, "that in such case I can not wonder at the excellence of the result. But may I ask if you have known her long?"

"Not very long, but there is a connection between us. My sister married a cousin of her father, and—and she has known her cousins (whom I think you also know), Miriam and Arthur Lestrangle. Acquaintance with them no doubt helped to produce the effect which surprises you."

A slight significance in the last words did not escape Fenwick. A sudden vision of Arthur Lestrangle rose before him. He had never known that accomplished gentleman very well or liked him very cordially; therefore he had failed to remember his relationship to Mrs. Thorpe and probable connection with Carmela. But now it occurred to him as a little singular that the latter had not up to this time mentioned the name of a man who must have impressed himself very decidedly upon her memory. He began to consider and understand some things which had lately puzzled him. As their acquaintance progressed he had been made to feel that beyond a certain point it was not possible to advance with Carmela. Something stopped him on the

threshold of anything like intimacy,—a barrier intangible yet very distinct. It struck him as an impulse of distrust, a determination to guard some inner citadel of her nature from approach. Now, as if by a flash of inspiration, he divined the reason of this. "She has been disappointed once and she is slow to trust again," he said to himself. "Perhaps she never will trust thoroughly again. Some natures are like that. Was Arthur Lestrangle the man? And if so, how did he disappoint her?"

When he asked himself the question he had no more idea of having any light thrown upon it than Mrs. Thorpe had that the same Arthur Lestrangle would respond to her intimation that he might come and try his fortune once more with Carmela. She had received no reply to her letter, and she now began to feel quite confident that he would not come. "He has ceased to care for her," she thought; "and he will not risk subjecting his vanity to a possible repulse."

How accurate she was in both of these conclusions we know well, but it was natural that she failed altogether to calculate upon the other motive which was strong enough to influence Mr. Lestrangle's conduct—to wit, the motive of looking after his own interests. Knowing Mrs. Thorpe, as he reflected bitterly, to be made up of whims and caprices, he felt certain, as time went on, that if he failed to put in an appearance in response to her summons, she was capable of any perfidy where her fortune was concerned. It seemed to him horribly probable that some idea of making amends to Carmela for the tyranny which had ended her romance, together with the memory of the other older romance, would point her out as a probable legatee for a portion, or it might even be for the whole, of that fortune. The risk could not be run. Lestrangle felt that he must go and see for himself how matters stood; and if it were absolutely necessary to endeavor to warm again the embers of an extinct passion, why he must try to do so—that was all.

And so it came to pass that one morning when Mrs. Thorpe's maid brought the coffee and rolls which she always carried to her mistress' bedside before the latter rose, she also announced that Mr. Lestrangle had arrived a short time before, and would be glad to see his aunt when she was ready to receive him.

"Mr. Lestrangle!" repeated Mrs. Thorpe, without any sign of pleasure. "Humph! Tell him that I will see him when I am dressed."

She made no haste to accomplish that result, however; but drank her coffee deliberately, while she reflected upon the situation.

"With the best intentions, I have committed a blunder," she thought. "Things would have gone very well if I had only left them alone. Now there is no telling how they will go. Of course if I could have foreseen that we should meet here one of the most agreeable men I know, and that we should have been having such a remarkably pleasant time, I certainly would not have summoned what can only prove a disturbing element. I have not enjoyed anything as much in years as I have the past fortnight; and there is no doubt that Fenwick is falling in love with Carmela, and there was every chance that she would return the sentiment. But *now* she will be upset, the old fancy will probably revive, Fenwick will have to withdraw, and things will be very disagreeable altogether, for which I have only myself to thank. This comes of trying to play providence."

Perhaps it was a natural, though not very reasonable, result of playing providence to be somewhat out of humor with the disturbing element she had invoked.

"Well, Arthur," she said, when that gentleman was finally summoned to her presence, "so you have come!"

There was nothing of welcome, nothing even of approval, in her tone; and Mr. Lestrangle felt himself at once distinctly aggrieved.

"I have come," he repeated, "in response to what I understood to be your wishes. Have I mistaken them?"

"I don't think that I expressed any wishes," answered Mrs. Thorpe. "I merely made a suggestion. I told you—I felt bound to do *that*—that having seen Carmela, I withdrew my opposition to your desire to marry her; and I said that if you wished to endeavor to renew your engagement with her, you would find us here. You have come—which, frankly speaking, is more than I expected,—so, of course, you do wish to renew your engagement. I can not blame you for that."

Had Lestrangle been a shade less irritated at finding the most definite intentions attributed to

him, who knew himself to be possessed of the most indefinite, he might have been amused by the tone of the last words. But nothing was further from him than any possibility of amusement. If he had been angry with Mrs. Thorpe before, he felt enraged now. He had taken this journey, and subjected himself to all the embarrassment and annoyance awaiting him at the end of it, to be told that she had not expected him to come! What spirit of caprice, then, had possessed her to summon him?

"It strikes me," he said, very stiffly, "that you have forgotten the substance of a letter which you wrote to me from Guadalajara. From that letter I certainly believed that you desired my presence in Mexico, and it is only in compliance with your desire that I am here now. I must tell you candidly that my own wishes would not have brought me. I had, in fact, a struggle with myself before I was able to come. My return places me in a very painful and embarrassing position. I have no wish to recall the manner in which I was obliged to break off my engagement to Carmela. But I may say that it was not done in such a manner as to make it easy to renew—even if I were disposed to renew it. But I am not at all sure that I am disposed. When a thing of that kind has once been ended, there is nothing more difficult than to give it fresh life."

"In that case," said Mrs. Thorpe, regarding him calmly, "I confess that I am at a loss to know why you are here. I certainly did not lead you to believe that I desired your presence as a gratification to myself."

"No," he replied; "but you led me to believe that Carmela still cared for me, and therefore that I was bound in honor to come."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Thorpe, "I told you that I could give you no assurance whatever regarding Carmela's feelings. I only offered you an opportunity to judge of them for yourself, if you cared to do so. It seems you do not care, so I must repeat that I am at a loss to imagine why you have come. As for your being bound in honor, I assure you that I like Carmela too much to permit her to be accepted from a sense of honor, even if she were ready to accept you, which I very much doubt."

"If you doubt it," returned Lestrangle, becoming more exasperated, "why did you wish me to come? Was it in order that I might occupy a still more humiliating position than I have already occupied in this matter?"

"You forget yourself altogether when you address me in such a manner," said Mrs. Thorpe, with dignity. But she kept her temper wonderfully, remembering that her arbitrary conduct, together with his own weakness, had indeed placed the young man in an unenviable position. It was borne in upon her more and more that she had made a great mistake in summoning him. What could be done now to get rid of him?

"I beg your pardon," said Lestrangle, who felt that he had gone a little too far. "I have no doubt you meant to act for the best, but the mistake you made was in supposing that a matter like this could be taken up again just where it was dropped. You do not consider all the changed feelings that have been brought into it, all that has tarnished and spoiled the romance and transformed it into a disagreeable memory."

"If that is the case," she said quietly, "I really think that the best thing you can do is to go away at once. You can leave this hotel immediately, and Mexico by the evening train; so that Carmela need not know that you have been here at all. That, I think, will be best for everyone concerned, under the circumstances."

She looked at him as if expecting him to agree with her and take his departure at once; but Lestrangle was not a little startled by the proposal, and suddenly felt that he had let his irritation make him forget the chief object he had in coming. That object would be entirely neglected if he allowed himself to be dismissed in this summary fashion.

"I do not agree with you," he said, after a moment of surprise. "Such a retreat would be foolish and undignified. Having come, I certainly wish to learn how Carmela regards the matter, and also to have an opportunity to set myself right with her. Therefore, for a few days, at any rate, I shall remain."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thorpe, rather snappishly. "If you intend to remain, I must go and let Carmela know that you are here. I am afraid that it will not be a pleasant surprise to her."

One Life.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

UPON the woven leaf
 Upon the veined flower,
 I find my life portrayed in brief,—
 My life from hour to hour.

A frail leaf fit to die;
 A young bud fed with dew;
 The faithful air of heaven by,
 While no wind roughly flew.

All day for my delight,
 From dawn to dark my own;
 One butterfly delaying flight—
 He left me not alone.

A humming-bird, to float
 Upon a breath; a bee,
 To blow a long complaining note,
 Invited, were of me.

A rill, below a rock;
 A pool to revel in;
 A lonely lad with wandering flock,
 Were all my kith and kin.

A tropic time of growth—
 A twilight long and mild—
 Delay, O Autumn! I am loth
 To leave them, well beguiled.

Forbid a leaf to fade,
 Forbid a bough to fall,
 Until one perfect bloom be made
 More beautiful than all.

I know that Time and Death
 Will wither me away,
 Yet of that perfect flower one breath
 May brighten all the day.

As soon as Mary heard the Archangel's words, the Son of God was conceived in her chaste womb; and now whenever mortal lips repeat the Angelic Salutation, the signal of her maternity, she thrills at the recollection of a moment unparalleled in heaven and earth; and all eternity is partaker of her joy.—*Père Lacordaire.*

The Pupil of Fénelon.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

INTO the military portion of the career of the young Duke we can not pretend to enter. When Charles II. of Spain, dying without issue, left the crown to the Duke of Anjou (Louis' younger brother), the prince did his best in the cabinet to prevent a step which everyone saw would involve a European war; but when war was once declared, he was full of ardor to carry it on successfully. He was appointed general of the army in Germany in 1701, and in this his first campaign covered himself with glory by the taking of Brisach. His grandfather was overjoyed both at the victory and at the military talents the young commander had displayed. His soldiers felt the eye of their general was always on them, and he gained the affection and confidence both of officers and men by his great attention to every detail of duty. The only fault found with him was that he recklessly exposed himself to danger; to which complaint he simply answered he was bound to do what he expected of others.

He was appointed generalissimo of the army in Flanders, and beat the enemy's cavalry at Nimeguen. He took Ghent and Bruges, though he was not well seconded by the Duke de Vendôme. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were heading the ranks of the enemy. The campaign was on the whole very disastrous for France, and the surrender of Lille was the crowning point. Louis could not bring himself to sacrifice his whole army to save the place, and he drank as deep a draught of disgrace on this occasion as he had done of glory in the preceding campaign. There was an outburst of spite among the enemies of the Duke, to which reference has already been made, as though his piety and high principle had been the cause of the disaster.

We are not in any way qualified to form an appreciation of his military genius. It is quite certain if he had ever come to the throne, he was too much the father of his people to have been a conqueror like Napoleon, though equally certain that he would have defended his country with ardor when attacked. At a time when military

glory was everything in the eyes of the French court, to sacrifice it rather than sacrifice his army was a magnanimity the empty-headed libertines of the time could little appreciate.

The strong feeling of humanity, which was always uppermost in the heart of the Duke of Burgundy, found spontaneous expression in a little incident during this campaign, which made him very popular. A solemn *Te Deum* for a great victory of the French arms in Spain was to be sung in the Cathedral of Ghent, into which city the young general was to enter with all the magnificence of a triumph. As he entered the gates he was told that the first salvo of artillery in his honor was about to be fired. "Do not let it be done," he answered instantly. "There are so many lying sick and wounded in the hospitals, and the noise of the cannon would distress them." This little touch of kindness elicited cries a thousand times repeated: "*Vive la France et Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne!*"

We have said that Louis of Burgundy never would take vengeance on calumniators, or active measures to refute their false accusations. There is one exception, however, to this, which only brings out in brighter colors his instincts of horror for heresy and his devotion to the faith.

Toward the end of his life there was a most insidious endeavor made on the part of the Jansenists to make it appear that the young prince secretly favored their party. An indignant denial of this calumny was published, in the name of the prince, by ecclesiastical authority. But this only brought out one of those double-tongued manifestoes in which the Jansenists were so specially skilled. 'They would be silent out of respect; they were mute with astonishment,' etc., etc. The prince then took pen in hand himself, and was actually engaged when seized with his last illness in composing a memorial to the Pope, in which he utterly repudiated this base calumny on the purity of his faith. By the command of Louis XIV. this document was sent to the Pope after his death. The Pontiff acknowledged its reception with his own hand to the King, and said that, for precision of theological learning, the paper might have been the production of a bishop rather than of a young prince; that his premature death was not a calamity to France alone, but to the Church and to the world.

VI.

There was a story current in France that Louis Quatorze had received a supernatural warning from the lips of a peasant of Salon, François Michel by name, that, in expiation of the scandals of his youth, his power would be as humbled as it was then exalted; that war and famine should bring desolation on his kingdom; that he would assist at the obsequies of almost all his posterity. What mysterious message had really been given to the King was a secret which was never divulged to any one, unless it was to the Duke of Burgundy, under the following circumstances:

His father, the Dauphin, died of small-pox at Meudon in 1711. "A few days after my father's death," Louis, now become the Dauphin, once said, "the King gave me, under the seal of secrecy, the greatest mark of confidence a father could give a son, and one which I shall never forget. But when I asked him a further question about what he had told me, he did not see fit to satisfy me, saying, with a demonstration of tenderness which touched me even to tears, 'I have told you enough, my son, for your instruction; the rest I must keep for my own. Who would not fear Thy judgments, O my God!'"*

Whether the story of supernatural warning, and the popular conjectures about it, were true or false, the doom was coming swiftly. Adelaide of Savoy had developed from the wild, high-spirited girl into a noble-hearted woman, the sharer of her husband's hopes and plans for the future, and beloved by him with passionate devotion. After she became Dauphiness, and not long before her death, she said: "I feel my heart grow larger in proportion as my destiny grows higher." In the height of her beauty and popularity she was struck down by malignant fever, and carried off in six days, not without some suspicion of poison. During her illness her husband spent his days and part of his nights in prayer for her, and in acts of resignation to the will of God. The tidings that all was over seemed to sound his own death-knell; for he instantly said: "God preserve the King!" as if he foresaw he should never reign himself. After spending two hours prostrate in prayer, he entered his carriage to go

* See a full account of this curious incident published in THE "AVE MARIA" for July 12, 1890,—"A Secret that Died with Its Possessor."

to the King at Marly; but was taken suddenly ill and had to return to his own apartments.

If ever the worth, in sudden emergencies, of habits of faith, interior prayer, and resignation, was brought out in strong relief, it was in the last hours of Louis of Burgundy. All the circumstances around him were calculated to excite emotions of anger, distress, and fear; he mastered them all and kept his soul in perfect peace. Madame de Maintenon came to see him as he lay ill in bed, and the way in which the Duchess had been treated was openly discussed before him. He would not enter into it. Whether God had called her or the physicians had killed her, he said, the will of God was to be adored in what He had ordained or what He had permitted. The next day he was better, and went to the old King at Marly, who said he had been worrying sadly about him the previous day. "I was equally sad," said the prince; "but we dwell in the land of sadness."

Another attack of fever came on, but subsided again; and the doctors persisted in saying it was only the effect of grief, and that he would soon rally. Louis himself was convinced that his illness was mortal. His confessor was returning to Paris, but he would not let him leave him. "I must prepare for death," he said; "I shall never leave this place." Those about him tried to remove this impression and rouse him to hope, saying his death would be the crowning misfortune for France in the present critical state of affairs. "Thank God, the thought of death is no sadness to me," he answered. "I only want the will of God. If He wills me to live, pray that it may be to serve Him better." There was evidently a feeling strong on his mind that expiation had to be made for the sins of his house. "I shall be the third victim, in a very short time," he said. "God grant I may be the last, and that my death may make satisfaction for my sins, and those which have so long drawn down His vengeance on this kingdom!"

He made a review of his whole life, and begged to receive the last Sacraments; but the cowardly temporizing of the doctors, who were afraid of distressing the King and alarming the nation, baffled his earnest longings, and nearly suffered a Dauphin of France to die without this consolation. That day, however, he submitted, saying

the *Fiat* which was so often on his lips. "Since I am not to apply myself to my spiritual duties to-day, I must arrange other things; for my time is short." He sent for all his servants and attendants, and asked if he owed them anything; and as they answered, with sobs and tears, that he owed them nothing, he turned to one who had a large family and said: "My Pertius, at least I owe you compassion; for you have many children, and nothing on which to support them." He thanked them all for their services, pointed out those he wished to be placed with his sons, and assured them the King would remember them.

The ruling passion of his life—the care of the unfortunate—was strong in death, and he who thought nothing of leaving an earthly throne grieved that he was leaving unprovided many who had been dependent upon him. He remembered that his wife had left him some jewels, and ordered that they should be sold at once, that he might have something to leave them. His friends, anxious to help him and to possess something that had belonged to him, bought up the trinkets far above their real value, and the money was distributed to those whom he had supported. He remembered that he had commanded armies, and had seen many brave soldiers expire before him; and, though he left nothing for the suffrages of his own soul, he sent a large sum to a convent of Récollets to secure Masses for the repose of theirs.

Then, like St. Louis, he summoned all his officials, and said: "If you know of any one at court or in the kingdom whom I have injured or offended without knowing it, I entreat you to tell me, that I may make satisfaction." These words were received with deep emotion. "Monseigneur," said one of the officials, "you have never done anything but good to all, and there is not a Frenchman who would not give his life to save yours."—"Truly the French deserve to be loved by their princes," he answered, with a smile. After this he turned from all thoughts of business and applied himself to prayer.

The next day, the 17th of February, he was worse, and again implored to receive the last Sacraments, but was again refused on the score that he was not dangerously ill. He knew he was dying, and this cruel deprivation seemed to him more than he could bear. Turning from all

creatures to God, he exclaimed: "O my Saviour, since no one will believe me, I shall expire without the consolation of those helps Thou hast provided for the dying! Thou knowest the desires of my heart. May Thy holy will be done!"

It was enough. God accepted this supreme act of resignation, but would not suffer him to be defrauded of his hope. The difficulty about Viaticum was evaded by Mass being said in his room immediately after twelve o'clock at night. He never appeared calmer than after this last Communion, and desired to be left alone, that none might disturb his transports of gratitude for a grace so ardently desired. The interior joy he felt induced a slight amelioration in his state, and the doctors tried further remedies; but, far from helping, they only exhausted him.

As his end drew near, the meekness and patience he had won with so hard a struggle grew more sweet and tender, and in the midst of his burning fever there was no eagerness for remedies or relief. A desire to see his little son, the Duke of Brittany, for a moment seemed to draw him earthward; but, remembering his own malady was infectious, he put the thought away, saying, "Let him remain where he is. I shall soon see him again." The words were eagerly repeated to Madame de Maintenon, as having a ring of hope in them; but she read their meaning too truly. "He means he shall see his son in the other world," she said; "and that the longest life is short when looked at from eternity." But when the child in the course of a few days followed his father to the grave, these words were considered in the light of a prediction.

The following morning, although he seemed somewhat better, he distinctly assured them all that he should die that day; and so high was the opinion many entertained of his sanctity, that it was thought he might have received some special revelation on the subject. He occupied himself in ejaculations from the Psalms and prayers, which were evidently habitual. Now and then over the serene sky of his soul there floated the painful remembrance of having had to command armies and co-operate in the shedding of blood. But these shadows were dispelled by the witness he could bear that his conduct had never been guided by hatred or vengeance, and that duty had been the motive of all his actions.

There was never throughout his short illness one syllable of regret for the unfulfilled hopes of his life, or the uselessness of those immense labors he had gone through in order to fit himself to wear the crown. There was nothing but acts of thanksgiving that God was withdrawing him from all the perils of the throne, into the safe shelter of the eternal kingdom. On this last morning it was proposed to him to clear the room, that he might be quiet. "No," he answered; "I must not think of resting again here. I long only for rest in God." His confessor asked him if he should go and say Mass for him. "Go," he replied; "and do not forget me before God."

Only a quarter of an hour after a sudden change inexorably tore the veil from eyes that would not see. He was dying, and the King's chaplain hastened to administer Extreme Unction. He seemed hardly conscious; but when his own confessor asked him to press his hand if he understood what was being done, he did so. The prayers for the agonizing were said, amid the irrepressible sobs and tears of the assistants. Just as they were ended he opened his eyes wide, with a clear, conscious gaze, and with a voice full of faith and love uttered the cry: "O my Jesus!" His voice was so strong they thought he was reviving: it was the passing of his soul into eternity.

Thus, with the most sacred of all names on his lips—a name ever engraven on his heart,—died Louis Duke of Burgundy. It was the 18th of February, 1712,—a sad day in the history of France. The prince had not yet completed his thirtieth year.

The Dauphin and Dauphiness lay in state for a fortnight; and before they were consigned to the tomb prepared for them, their little son, the Duke of Brittany, was resting by their side.

"What love of all good!" exclaims one of the Duke of Burgundy's historians. "What self-suppression! What purity of intention! What workings of God in that simple, strong, candid soul, who, as far as it is given to man here below, had preserved the divine impress! What heartfelt bursts of thanksgiving, even in his agony, that he had been preserved from the sceptre; and the account those who bear it have to render!... God had showed France a prince of whom she was not worthy."

Fénelon had no time to prepare his heart for

this terrible blow; the tidings of the illness and death of his beloved pupil reached him the same day. He uttered only these words: "All my ties are broken: nothing now binds me to earth."

"The light of a life goes out
When love is done."

He himself died in January, 1715, three years after his pupil; and even Louis Quatorze seemed to perceive, too late, what the great prelate might have been to him and to the Empire. "*There was a man,*" he exclaimed, "who might have been very necessary amid the disasters which are falling on my kingdom!"

The Revenge of Time at Essex Castle.

ON a hill at the south end of the town of Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, Ireland, commanding a magnificent view of portions of the Counties Louth, Meath, and Monaghan, stands Essex Castle, a convent of the Sisters of St. Louis. Originally built by the famous Essex, first earl of the name, and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who beheaded him after the fashion with royal favorites of the time, the Castle has had an eventful history. It has passed through the hands of the Essexes and the Weymouths, ancestors of the late owner, the Marquis of Bath, until now, under God's guidance, it has found its last owners in a community of nuns. Here have lived a succession of land agents—the Daniells and the famous Trenches,—the mention of whose names will recall many a sad remembrance to a large number of my readers. Let us review the history of Essex Castle, first built for the persecution and extermination of the "Irish rebels," but which, in the wise designs of God, was intended for the instruction and edification of their descendants.

The Barony of Farney, of which Carrickmacross is the capital, is situated in the southern extremity of County Monaghan. Farney (in Irish "the plain of the alder trees") originally belonged to the famous sept of the MacMahons, Lords of Uriel, the descendants of Heremon, one of the sons of Milesius. In the course of events it came into the possession of numerous other families, Irish and Anglo-Norman: the O'Carrolls, O'Hays, Cosgroves, O'Dubharas, etc. In 1330 it

was granted by Edward III. to the celebrated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Finally, at the end of the fourteenth century we find it again in possession of the MacMahons, held by them under the O'Neills, in whose hands it continued till the reign of Elizabeth. In 1569 Shane O'Neill was attainted, and Farney fell to the crown.

With that generosity in giving away what did not belong to her which characterized "good Queen Bess," Elizabeth bestowed the entire barony on Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, descended through the Counts of D'Evereux from the Dukes of Normandy. The Earl's new possession was not as easily held as it was obtained; for the MacMahons were not an easy race to rule. Farney was accordingly in continual disturbance. We find it recommended in 1626, by the commissioners of Irish causes, that Mr. George Gernon, who farmed the lands of Farney, be allowed a reduction in his rent, because the "mere Irish," his under-tenants, "ran away with the rents,"—a plea which Essex allowed. It would appear from the document embodying this recommendation that the MacMahons rented large portions of the territory, allowed it to go waste, and when gales day came were generally found in rebellion, doubtless being perverse enough to think the land their own, the edict of the Royal Elizabeth notwithstanding.

This state of affairs could not last. Essex must either lose his hold on Farney or take strong measures to assert his claims. Lord Blayney advised that a castle be built at Carrickmacross; and Lord Cromwell, who visited the place in 1627, appears to have supported this view. Accordingly, between the years 1628 and 1633 a castle was built on the ground where now stands the Convent of St. Louis. Essex visited his estates in 1633, and took up his residence in the new castle, and the place has since been known as Essex Castle.

Nothing more is heard of disturbances in Farney till the memorable year 1641. Essex Castle was then occupied by Robert Branthwaite, Esq., J. P., agent to the third Earl of Essex. In a sworn declaration Branthwaite describes his experiences at this time. It would appear from this document that on Saturday, October 23, 1641, "between eight and nine of the clock in the morning," a number of "rebels" came to his chamber

door in the Castle of Carrick, and demanded entrance in a manner that admitted of no denial. On his appearance a pistol was pointed at him, whereupon he discreetly hid himself in his chamber. The party outside being then reinforced, Branthwaite was taken prisoner, and, with other English settlers in the neighborhood, confined in an upper chamber of the Castle from Saturday until Monday. On Monday they were put under surveillance in the town, and finally permitted to escape to England.

Thus the Castle passed into the hands of the MacMahons, who held it for the King. Branthwaite in his declaration is forced to admit that he and his fellow-prisoners were treated by their captors with the greatest civility and kindness; but he adds: "I could not banish fear from my heart, still thinking upon that maxim of theirs, that faith is not to be kept with heretics—for so they account Protestants. . . . During the time of my imprisonment I had some discourse with Patrick McLonglan and others, who told me their intent was to maintain the King (Charles I.) in his prerogative, being now in effect no king nor of power to do anything of himself, the parliament men of England ruling all as they list; and that they would have their own religion free, with bishops and priests of their own, established in their ancient livings, without admitting of any Protestant bishops and ministers. That the kingdom should be governed by men of their own nation, that would take care his Majesty's revenue should be duly collected and paid from time to time; ever protesting that they would have no king but his Majesty, and that they would be true and loyal subjects to him."

In 1646 Robert, third Earl of Essex, dying intestate and without issue, his Irish property was equally divided between the Marquis of Hertford, his sister's husband, and Sir Robert Shirley, his nephew. The property was held by these as a joint estate until 1692. Meanwhile, in 1656, Richard Hampden and William Barton, merchant tailors of London, leased the Barony of Farney. In 1688, it would seem, the Castle was burned down, probably during the revolution which resulted in the expulsion of James I. from the throne of England, and the elevation to it of William III., Prince of Orange. Essex Castle was certainly in ruins in 1692. In the latter year the

property was divided: the portion containing the ruins of the Castle falling to the lot of Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth.

From that period it would appear that the buildings attached to the ruined Castle were used as a residence by Lord Weymouth and his descendants, Lord Bath's agents. In 1698 Lord Weymouth himself resided in them. In 1851 the notorious Trench, author of the "Realities of Irish Life," was appointed agent on the Bath property, and during his time Essex Castle was reconstructed, without regard to expense and with exquisite taste.

This charming residence continued in the occupation of Lord Bath's successive agents until about three years ago, when the present Marquis of Bath, having sold his Farney estate to the tenants, disposed of the Castle and grounds, including the picturesque Lough Naglack, to the Very Rev. Dean Bermingham, V. G., P. P., Carrickmacross, for £6,000. The Dean handed the premises over to the Sisters of St. Louis, Monaghan, who at once took possession; and, having expended upward of £2,000 on the necessary alterations and improvements, now conduct there a flourishing boarding-school for young ladies, a national school, and a ladies' select day-school.

Much could be written of Essex Castle in the days of the Trenches; and doubtless this notice will recall many a sad recollection to not a few Irish exiles in the great Republic, under whose eyes it will fall. Will they not consider it a happy omen for the future of the faith in Ireland that Essex Castle, so long the terror of the unhappy tenants subject to its rule, has become as a beacon tower to shed the light of Catholic education over the whole country?

In the Baronial Hall, fortified against the dreaded attacks of an oppressed people, the nuns conduct their national school. The rent-office, in which many a sentence of death or exile was passed on the wretched peasantry, is now crowned by a statue of Our Lady—the oratory of the Children of Mary. To the door from which many a crushed and broken-hearted tenant craving mercy was mercilessly turned away, now come the poor and the afflicted, to receive the kindly, sympathetic ministrations of the good Sisters!

The second anniversary of the coming of the

Sisters of St. Louis to Essex Castle was celebrated last month. It was a day of special rejoicing in the convent. Mass of thanksgiving was offered in the morning, and at the close of the day there was Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. It was a day that will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in the celebration. Earth has no sweeter music than the voices of children. The gardens, terraces and playgrounds were gay with the merry laughter of the pupils, who are gathered together, under the charge of the Sisters, not alone from every part of Ireland, but from England and far-distant America,—children of the exiles sent to the dear old land for their education.

The Sisters and their friends are full of high hope for the future, and we are sure the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will join us and them in a prayer for the long and prosperous reign of the Sisters of St. Louis in Essex Castle. *Floreat!*

W. O'D.

Saint Martin's Summer.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

SUMMER bloom and verdure have departed;

Autumn harvests have been gathered in;
Not a songster, leal and thankful hearted,
Pipes a note in hedge-ways leafless, thin.

Icicles are dropping at the brook-side;
Hoarfrost strews at morn the open plain;
But full sunshine, long before high noontide,
Brings us genial atmosphere again.

"Good Saint Martin's feast-day brings this season
Smiling so benignly o'er the land,"
Say our simple folks, when pressed for reason
Which our wise folks do not understand.

Good Saint Martin's Summer, men have named it,
As if he whose pitying hand in twain
Cleft his soldier's cloak, in mercy claimed it
For God's poor ones, in their strait and pain.

And when winter, with relentless fingers,
Clutches at all life, chills with its breath,
Good Saint Martin with his poor still lingers
To divide his cloak and save from death.

A Noble Memory.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THERE is no one of John Boyle O'Reilly's friends who can think of that August day on which he fell from them into the arms of that God whom he had served so well, without a renewed sense of loss as the months go by. No more will come to those afar from him the letter bearing the beloved handwriting that always symbolized kindness and encouragement; for O'Reilly believed and practised his own saying, that "kindness" was "good."

He was the most tolerant of men to the faults of his friends, and yet he saw them very clearly. When the time came for helping them beyond them, he held out his hand; and who could refuse such assistance in overcoming a fault which became evident in the light of a friendship as generous and tender as it was full of tact? If a man showed cynicism or bitterness in his utterance, mistaking it for cleverness, O'Reilly waited. He did not call attention to it, as most critics would, in print; but in his next letter there would come a word, a hint; but the word or the hint would be luminous.

Criticism, and even censure, provided it came from one in whose good faith he trusted, was received by him with unaffected gratitude. When "Moondyne" came out, the present writer was asked to review it anonymously for a magazine of influence. There were some faults in it which an honest critic, who, being young, fancied that there was only one way of telling the truth, could not overlook. The only thing to do was, in his opinion, to refuse to print his review rather than wound a friend. But at the same time he felt it a duty to send his criticism, in the form of a letter, to O'Reilly.

"This ends our friendship," he remarked to himself; "O'Reilly will never stand this from a younger man."

He not only stood it, however, but seemed grateful for it. "I remember," he wrote "being once on a long, forced march, with a crowd of convicts. It was a hot day; thirst made me almost mad with longing for water, when a kind native

stepped forward and gave me a gourd. The fruit was bitter, but I went on refreshed." What future was not possible to a man like this? There was no petty vanity there; none of that sensitiveness which resents censure even from a friend, and finds it unpardonable.

His letters brought sunshine. He could point out a defect with the lightest and the most unerring touch. "You are wise," he wrote, "to push aside the cares of newspaper life. I wish I could. I long for the quiet of home, away from the disquiet and responsibility of work in a great city. No matter what people say, go and make the best of yourself."

He seemed to care very little for praise, except in so far as it helped his work. He cared very much for the opinion of his friends, and seemed to like to quote them; but he looked out rather than in.

At a quiet little dinner—there were only two of us—he gave very freely his ideas of men and things. He hated *hatred*. He looked on fierce theological battles as being more of Antichrist than Christ. "Don't try to be a theologian," he said to a young editor: "be a Christian. We need Christians true to the great heart of the mother Church, rather than lay theologians, who put their own patchwork on the glorious purple of her garment."

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who knew O'Reilly, quotes words with the same ring in them. "I am a Catholic," wrote Mr. O'Reilly, "just as I am a dweller on the planet and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church; they are all just way-stations." Another advice he gave at the same time: "Do not make your 'leaders' too humorous. Humor is well in paragraphs, but wit is better. The mass of the people can not be influenced by humor in serious-looking type. They do not understand it; it only puzzles them."

He spoke admiringly of his assistants, and seemed to know all the best poems of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche by heart. One could understand their loyalty to him when one heard him speak of them. Of Miss Conway he said: "She is poet

and logician; she has the heart of a woman and the pen of a man." Of the Bostonians, Sullivan, Miss Guiney, and several others, he predicted great things; he lost all consciousness of himself when pointing out the good in others.

"Your poetry deserves all the good said of it," he wrote; "but do not make more simply because editors ask for it. Reticence will be your best friend, and I hope you realize this. If you can not write from your heart or your convictions, don't write at all. You have a tendency to dig up old nails, not worth much, and to polish them until they shine. Do not do it any more. If too much praise has frightened you from writing much for fear that you may not realize Mr. Stedman's expectations, let this little bit of censure deter you from writing at all, if you can not write about living things."

He was a thoroughgoing friend. He held to the people he believed in even when they appeared to be wrong. He helped his friends by that broad Christian optimism, which seemed as much to belong to him as perfume to a rose. His sympathies were so wide that he drew love from all sides. He disarmed ill-feeling with the tone of his voice. The most prejudiced of men, whose prejudices were generally founded on principles, and who declared that O'Reilly was "untheological," and therefore to be honestly abused, melted at the sound of his words, and declared that he was the best of good fellows, even if he did not know Père Gury by heart.

But he is gone—one forgets for a while, only to remember that the familiar envelope with the *Pilot* stamp upon it, and the clear writing, will never come again, bringing spring in winter and comfort in doubt. He is gone—but only a little ahead of us; and, thank God! our prayers can solace him. We are not hopeless or helpless: we can stretch across to him helps far more potent than the clasp of hands or even the kindest of written or spoken words.

THE worship of Mary presupposes the Incarnation; and they who shrink from it show by that fact that they do not really believe in the mystery, and therefore do not really embrace the Christian religion, and at best make only a hollow profession of it.—*Dr. Brownson.*

An Unpublished Anecdote of Cardinal Newman.

THE many touching anecdotes about the late venerated Cardinal Newman that are now circulating illustrate his greatness of soul, and prove how deeply rooted was the veneration in which he was held by people of all classes. No man of our century has been more highly honored, and to few has honor been more justly due. The following incident, which occurred during the last months of his life, comes to us from a friend in England, and has never been published:

There is a large and highly respectable firm of Quakers—C. & Brothers—in Birmingham, who employ a large number of workmen, among whom are more than a hundred Catholics. The priest in charge of the parish to which these men belong discovered that they were accustomed to attend prayers at the establishment every morning before business began. He remonstrated with his people, assuring them that such a proceeding was against the law of the Church; and they, in turn, assured him that they must either attend the prayers or lose their employment. This was a *sine qua non* with all the employees.

Father H. went thereupon to the head of the establishment himself, to request that the Catholic workmen might be excused attendance. He was politely but firmly refused. Mr. C. said that he could not conceive that any large-minded ecclesiastic, such as Cardinal Newman, for instance, would object to a workman saying a prayer to God before he began his day. He was sure Father H. took an exaggerated view of the matter—anyhow, it was the universal law of the establishment; he could not relax it.

Father H. then went to the Bishop of the diocese and laid the case before him, but only to get the answer he expected—"This must not be done. See Mr. C. again." With a heavy heart the good priest determined to go to Cardinal Newman, and tell him he had been referred to him by Mr. C.; that it was a serious matter to get a hundred men thrown out of employment when work was scarce. Perhaps his Eminence might suggest something. The Cardinal had no suggestion to make—the case was clear. The men could not continue doing what was plainly against the law

of the Church. If Mr. C. would not relent, they must seek employment elsewhere. The great-hearted Cardinal was moved, but said nothing.

Nothing remained to be done now but to make another attempt to move the manufacturer. Father H. felt certain it would be a failure. Next day, however, when he paid his visit, he was received with the greatest affability, and on repeating his request it was immediately granted. "To be frank with you," said Mr. C., "his Eminence Cardinal Newman was here last evening on this very business. He was so condescending and so persuasive I couldn't resist him, and he put the argument in quite a different light. He said: 'Will you, Mr. C., force these men to do what *they* think wrong, because it is against the law of their Church, or give up their employment, which is the bread of their wives and families?' And I answered: 'No, your Eminence: I will not. The Catholics shall be excused from attendance.'"

Our correspondent continues: "So the dear old man of ninety, without saying a word to any one, had got into his carriage and driven straight to C.'s, where by his kindness, gentleness, and tact, he won the employer's heart, and by his skill put the question in the only light in which a conscientious Protestant could possibly grasp it. It was so like Cardinal Newman."

Holy Poverty.

O BELOVED and gentle Poverty, pardon me for having a moment wished to fly from thee as I would from Want! Stay here forever, with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude. Be ye my queens and my instructors. Teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weaknesses of heart and giddiness of head which follow prosperity. Holy Poverty! teach me to endure without complaining, to bestow without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, farther off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm; and, thanks to thee, this life, to which the rich attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark, of which death may cut the cable without awakening any fears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called blessed! —"The Attic Philosopher," *Emile Souvestre*.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father's latest Encyclical is an arraignment of Masonic intrigues in Italy,—an exposure of schemes which are intended to blot out the very name of God from the hearts of men, women and children, and to freeze it on their lips. The Holy Father shows very plainly that this is the openly expressed design of the Masons, whose first aim at present is the abolition of the Papacy. His Holiness draws a graphic picture of Italy united once more to Religion: "Rome, pre-eminently the Catholic city, destined by Almighty God to be the centre of the religion of Christ and the See of His Vicar, has had in this the cause of its stability and greatness throughout the eventful changes of the many ages that are past. Placed again under the peaceful and paternal sceptre of the Roman Pontiff, it would again become what Providence and the course of ages made it,—not dwarfed to the condition of a capital of one kingdom, nor divided between two different and sovereign powers in a dualism contrary to its whole history; but the worthy capital of the Catholic world, great with all the majesty of religion and of the supreme priesthood; a teacher and an example of morality and of civilization to the world."

Some weeks ago we noted the destruction of the old stone bridge over the Moldau, whence St. John Nepomucene was cast into the river in the fourteenth century. The bridge was destroyed by the recent floods in Bohemia. An estimable Bohemian priest informs us that of the many statues which adorned the historic old bridge all were thrown down except that of St. John, which remained standing on an isolated pillar in the midst of the surging waters. The statue represents the Saint with his finger on his lips, to express the holy silence for which he died; and, by its preservation, it would seem that Heaven chose this opportunity of bearing glorious witness to the "Martyr of the Confessional."

The late Father Clarke, S. J., so renowned for his eloquence, was distinguished for the tender love which he bore the Mother of the Word

Incarnate. A writer in the *Church News* says of him that "when speaking of her great virtues and extraordinary prerogatives, this love gained mastery over him; his heart swelled within him, and his eloquence rose to sublime heights in his efforts to depict her peerless beauty. It was evident that grand as were his thoughts and eloquent as were his words, they but imperfectly conveyed his conceptions of the glories of the Mother of Christ, while they entirely failed to express the fervid piety that animated him."

The *Indo-European Correspondence* recalls a beautiful custom which still obtains in some Catholic countries, according to which children present themselves to receive the blessing of father and mother before retiring to sleep. This pious practice, which is derived from the ancient patriarchal system, was so common in England before the so-called Reformation that an old writer complains because some persons "when grown up, married, or raised to a high dignity in the Church or state, neglect it." Let us hope that this good old custom, which was cherished by many canonized servants of God, and which almost disappeared, like many other devout practices, at the advent of Protestantism, may again become popular throughout Christendom.

A pretty story of two of the most illustrious American prelates was told to us last week. When the sainted Bishop Flaget first met Bishop England, who was no less remarkable for sacerdotal virtue than for his learning and literary activity, he exclaimed: "Let me kiss the hand that has written so many fine things." Bishop England, suiting action to words, graciously replied: "Allow me to kiss the hands that have done so much good." To each might be fittingly applied those words of Holy Scripture, "*Fecit mirabilia in vita sua.*"

Some time ago there appeared in the *New York Journal of Commerce* an editorial article advocating in the most Christian spirit the duty and practice of praying for the souls of departed friends. Although the vast majority of his readers were men apparently absorbed in the secular pursuits of life, the editor found he had struck a sympathetic chord in their hearts, and many

of them wrote to him, thanking him for what he had written, "and to say what an unspeakable comfort it had been to them to feel that they were at full liberty to give utterance to their strong desires in behalf of the dear ones who had gone before them to the unseen world." The editor of the *Journal* says further:

"We could not help being struck with the uniformity of tone in these communications. Nearly all of the writers expressed the deep longing they had felt to pray for the friends taken from their sight, and the painful character of the restraint which had hindered them hitherto from indulging in such petitions."

What is remarkable about this article is that it comes from a writer deeply imbued with the prejudices of Protestantism, which inculcates the selfish, unchristian practice of limiting one's prayers to oneself or to the living, and forgets the dead. The expressions referred to serve to illustrate how the doctrine of the Church—the doctrine of a future state in which the living can perform duties of charity to the dead—is in perfect accordance with every principle which nature holds to be dear and which religion holds to be sacred. What a comfort does the Catholic possess in believing and knowing that when the grave closes over a departed friend, the ties of affectionate sympathy are not severed, but there is still room for the exercise of the most practical love, in praying and offering sacrifices for the repose of the faithful soul which has passed away into another world!

Sister Caprini, one of the nuns captured by the Mahdi during his reign of terror in Egypt, has just arrived in Verona. One of her companions died after cruel sufferings. Sister Caprini, disguised by a black pigment, found her way, after terrible hardships, to the English and Egyptian outposts at Berber, whence she easily reached Naples. She bore the horrors of her eight years' imprisonment with unshaken fortitude, and still disclaims any title to heroism.

The *Sacred Heart Review* tells a story of two old women who had entered a parish church on a week-day to say their prayers. Observing a person moving here and there about the sanctuary without bowing or making any sign when he passed the Tabernacle, quoth one: "Who is that man

walking about and taking no notice of the altar at all?"—"I don't know who he is," replied the other; "but he must be either a Turk or a sacristan." Our contemporary remarks: "This illustrates very pointedly the natural tendency to become forgetful and irreverent in regard to sacred things through familiarity and custom. Only constant recollection and a careful guard over ourselves can withstand this natural inclination to carelessness and even free and easy irreverence in church."

The elevation of the See of Kingston to archiepiscopal rank is an indication of the steady progress which Catholicity has been making in Lower Canada. On the occasion of his investiture with the pallium, Archbishop Cleary thanked in cordial terms the members of the Protestant electorate for their generous co-operation in the late battle for Catholic education, in which, as the Archbishop observed, "even ministers took active part."

The report of the Georgetown University alumni for 1891 shows an excellent condition of affairs. The alumni regard themselves rightly as part of the institution; and their interest, actively shown, is an important factor in its success. One of the most interesting pages in the pamphlet is that which contains Mr. Henry C. Walsh's poem, read at the last meeting of the alumni.

The Legislature of Maryland has at last seen fit to honor the memory of Leonard Calvert, the Catholic founder and first governor of the State, by the erection of a monument. The commissioners appointed to supervise the work have chosen a site at St. Mary's, which Dr. Shea calls "the cradle of Maryland."

A Munich photographer has copied a hitherto unknown portrait of Beethoven. The head is smaller than in the well-known pictures; and the *maestro* is represented as standing, holding his pen, and in the act of looking over some music.

We are in receipt of additional contributions for the Carmelite nuns, as follows:

A priest, \$5; K. H., \$1; Mrs. W. M., \$1; J. A., Helena, Mont., \$2; E. D. M., 25 cts.; a friend, Central

City, Colo., \$5; M. H., Erie, Pa., 50 cts.; a friend, Pittsfield, Mass., \$1; two friends, S. Gloucester, Ont., \$2; Mrs. D. R., \$2; A. W. M., 50 cts.; a reader of THE "AVE MARIA," 90 cts.; a client, 50 cts.; "a client of Our Lady of Mount Carmel over fifty years," \$5; Catherine Doyle, \$1; a client of St. Teresa, 50 cts.; B. J. M., Cambridge, Mass., \$2; a Child of Mary, \$5; Sisters of St. Joseph, \$2; Mrs. F. M. Guilmartin, \$2; Mrs. M. A. Talbot, \$1; Laurence E. Talbot, \$1; L. J. Guilmartin, \$1.

From the frequency of the invocation "*Mater Dei, memento mei!*" upon old tombstones in England, one readily infers that the Blessed Virgin was often invoked in these terms during the early ages of Britian. It is interesting to note, too, that the saintly Father Marquette, whose devotion to Mary was so remarkable, loved to repeat this simple aspiration while exposed to the hardships of missionary life among the Indians. It is seldom separated from another no less tender, "*O Fili Dei, miserere mei!*"

Public meetings have been recently held in Germany—in those cities, such as Berlin and Munich, where Catholics are most numerous—in support of Dr. Windthorst's intended agitation for the readmission of the Redemptorists and Jesuits to the German Empire.

New Publications.

THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Translated from the French of the Rev. H. Saintrain, C. SS. R. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer is, above all others, the great devotion which should attract and engage the Christian mind and heart at the present time. We are encircled by an atmosphere of infidelity, and at every step we are liable to hear expressions of disbelief in a merciful and loving Providence, and, it may be, utter contempt of a God who rules and watches over us. It is true that this great evil springs from the weak or ill-advised mind, and not from the heart; but all the more strongly does the remedy, which the Church in her care for souls has provided, become applicable. Everything, therefore, which relates to the devotion to the Sacred Heart—the devotion which would instil into men's souls a return of love for that Infinite Love which has done so much for

us—must meet with a warm welcome, and be eagerly accepted as a means whereby, to some extent, a debt of gratitude may be paid. Hence it is that we heartily commend to our readers Father Saintrain's contribution to the literature of Divine Love. We are glad to see in an English dress "The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures." It is a treasury of Biblical gems, each reflecting that great love which caused the only-begotten Son of God to come upon earth and take up His abode among sinners. The beautiful and touching lessons of love contained in the work must appeal forcibly to every devout heart; while the pious meditations with which each chapter concludes can not fail to leave their impress upon the mind, and impart practical suggestions for life and conduct.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. Short Meditations for the Month of November. By the Rev. Richard Clarke, S. J. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

In these November days one lingers lovingly over those words of the Creed, "the Communion of Saints"; and with hearts uplifted, while assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass, the *memento* of the living and the supplication for the dead seem to bind more closely than ever the Church militant and the Church suffering to the throne of Him whose praises are sung unceasingly by the Church triumphant.

To foster tender devotion to the souls in purgatory is the object of the little book given to English-speaking Catholics by Father Clarke. Though recognizing the latitude allowed the heart in its prayerful remembrance of dear departed ones, the writer sounds the keynote of the meditations in these words of the preface: "There is nothing so practical as dogma; pious thoughts and affections must be founded on it, if they are to have any lasting influence." Our dogma, then, are these meditations based; but a glance at the table of contents will show that the heart of the Church and the heart of her devout children are ever one.

Each day's meditation is divided into three points, followed by a suggestion suitable for the exercise of the affections; thus adapting the book especially to the needs of those who follow in mental prayer the method of St. Ignatius.

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, the Angelic Doctor. Edited by Father Pius Cavanagh, O. P. Illustrated. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This new Life of the Angelic Doctor will be heartily welcomed by many, irrespective of belief or condition. The fact that the great questions which agitate the public mind at the present time have received their solution through the inspired genius of

him whose career is portrayed in the work before us, will impart to it a vital interest, and make it exceptionally acceptable to every thinking reader. St. Thomas was *facile princeps* amongst all the deep thinkers and theologians of the Christian dispensation. With his vast and varied and wonderful learning he stands out prominent as one of the master-minds of the human race. He is, in a word, the embodiment of the perfect reconciliation of human reason with divine faith. This truth has been emphasized repeatedly by our Holy Father Leo XIII., who has urged all Christian students to take the Angelic Doctor for their model, master, and patron; and it has left its deepest impress upon every votary of Christian philosophy.

Father Cavanagh has succeeded in presenting to English readers a "popular" Life of the great St. Thomas, and one that must lead to a deeper knowledge, truer love, and more sterling appreciation of one of the marvellous sons of Christianity. The work is concise but withal complete, and made additionally interesting by its numerous quaint illustrations, depicting the salient features of the Saint's life, and the recounting of the process of canonization, and the encyclicals of our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. We bespeak for it a widely-extended circulation.

ECHOES OF THE PAST: POEMS. By Clara L. McIlvain. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

Mrs. Lottie McIlvain Moore, who edits this collection of her mother's poetry, states in her preface that it was left to her "as a sacred legacy at the close of a life of such sweet tranquillity and beauty that it could not fail to resolve itself into poesy." In the threescore lyrics which the volume contains we have the graceful flowering of a mind gifted with delicate perception and a soul tuned to harmony. Mrs. McIlvain's verse is not invariably faultless in technique, and here and there the rhythm halts; but in general it is the smooth-flowing medium of sentiment that is always pure and frequently stimulating. "Echoes of the Past" contains no passages stamped with the creative genius of the greater poets, no "songs that sing forever"; but it holds much that lovers of the beautiful and the true will read with pleasure and remember fondly. The joys and griefs, the hopes and fears, the bright forecastings and regretful memories, the pæans o'er the cradle and the dirges at the grave,—these varying moods and tones of all earth's voyagers are sung in changing keys, with fitting expression and exquisite taste.

Several versified dramas, replete with dainty fancies, and, like the poems, thoroughly pure in tone, complete the book. Mrs. Moore is to be congratulated

on the care evinced in the editing of a volume which even in our realistic day will find a welcome in hundreds of appreciative hearts.

HOLY WISDOM; or, Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation. By the Ven. Father F. Augustin Baker, of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict. Edited by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Sweeney, D. D. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

"Let him that is holy be sanctified still" is the expression of the spirit underlying the letter in all works treating of religious perfection; and to those who seek guidance and direction regarding the operations of the Holy Ghost in the soul aspiring to the practice of the prayer of contemplation, "Holy Wisdom" will prove a veritable "light to their feet." In this age of activity it is too often forgotten that there are souls "upon the heights," whose every thought is a prayer, and whose life of union with God brings a benediction upon the sin-steeped world, and turns away the wrath merited by evil. Such souls there are, and to them do men owe more than they know. The wise counsels of this volume, culled from the garden of the great St. Benedict, were intended not for religious only, but for seculars: as chapter second, section third, clearly shows. Hence this new edition of the gem of Father Baker's ascetic writings will be welcomed by many who are in the world, but not of the world. Would that all Christians might read and practise its salutary lessons; but, alas and alas! "with desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Michael J. McSwiggan, the beloved rector of St. Joachim's Church, Matteawan, N. Y., who died in Belgium on the 24th ult.

Mr. Jeremiah Hanning, of New Brunswick, N. J., who departed this life on the 1st inst., after a long illness.

Mrs. Lea Zarmel, whose happy death occurred at Harper, Iowa, on the Feast of All Saints.

Patrick Connelly, of Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine Farnen, Ireland; and John Henry Burns, New Orleans, La.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



"That Girl."

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ON the curb standing,
 Hands over head,
 Rimless hat, elf locks
 Tangled and red;
 Clothes all in tatters,
 Skirts in a whirl,
 The wind rushing through them:
 "That girl—what a girl!"

So thinks our Mattie,
 Dainty and sweet,
 On the wet crossing
 Poising her feet;
 One moment—a terror,
 A rush in the air,
 Hoofs trampling, sparks flashing,
 And Mattie is—where?

On somebody's shoulder
 She leans, safe and sound;
 But the strong arms that caught her
 Are crushed to the ground,
 "That girl!" she sobs faintly;
 "That poor ragged child!"
 But once the eyes opened,
 And closed while they smiled.

From the curb lifting
 The hair, tangled, red,
 A child's tears are cleansing
 The face of the dead.
 And angels are standing
 Near the white gates of pearl;
 The portals are open
 To welcome "that girl."

"EVERY friend," says a German poet, "is to the other a sun and sunflower also,—he attracts and follows."

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—THE CONSULTATION.



ALICE, having conquered herself twice, showed a very praiseworthy desire to do her best; and Uncle Will noticed it. He himself began to feel that he had done wrong in acting as if all the folk at Rosebriar were toys that could be made to move at his will.

Uncle Will wanted to be a priest. When he was a small boy he had wanted to be a priest; he had played at swinging the censer, and he had never been tired of making vestments from every piece of available material. As he grew older he became engrossed in business; after a time he was sent to China, and on his return he resolved to make a retreat in the Jesuit college, and to discover whether he had a vocation for the priesthood or not. Up to this time he had followed his own will; in managing the affairs of Mr. West's family he had followed his own will, too. He had asked himself during the last few days whether he had not been led by a desire to *show* how well he could do things rather than by the unselfish wish to do them well. He asked himself, too, whether the Wests would not get on just as well without him.

He had made it an excuse for remaining in the world that Mr. West needed him. But he now saw that the management of a family must be as delicate as the management of the springs of a watch. He had brought Alice Reed to Rosebriar, with a sense that whatever he did was sure to be right. He had brought Josie Harney, too. And what had resulted? Alice might at any time fatally trouble the peace of the family, and Josie was evidently in process of being spoiled. He came to the conclusion that, in this world, it is better to leave some things to God, and that God has provided the best guardians of children in good fathers and mothers. He sighed as he said this to himself, and made up his mind that he would make the retreat just as soon as Mrs. West's birthday had passed.

In the meantime the preparations for that great

day had gone on. Rose, who could sing, chose a little French song, "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," for the opening chorus. The rehearsals had to be conducted in the barn. The picture in the book from which the song was taken showed a number of small people, in three-cornered hats and funny, old-fashioned headdresses, making their bows and courtesies according to the directions in the song.

Rose looked longingly at the costumes. "Dear me," she said to Alice, "I do wish we could get some pretty, old-fashioned dresses, and make a tableau just like the picture!"

"That's easy enough," answered Alice. "Hire the things you want. You can get anything you like in New York."

"But we can't afford it," said Richard. "I have spent all my allowance except one dollar, and that I must give on Sunday for the orphans."

On examination it turned out that the rest of the young people also had very little money.

"Spend what you have," said Alice, "and never mind the orphans."

The others were shocked.

"We always save some money for the collections at the church. It would be like stealing to spend it any other way."

Alice was astonished. "I never thought of such a thing,—never! I don't mind giving things away when I don't want them, or when I feel like it,—I really don't."

"Mamma doesn't teach us that way," observed Rose, gently.

"Charity means that we shall give even if we sacrifice something for it," said Josie. "You are very wrong to give only when you feel like it."

Having said this, Josie looked about her for approbation. Alice blushed; Rose's quiet tone had made her feel that she was wrong; she did not like to be told so in plain words. She made no answer; and Josie continued, in that patronizing manner she had lately acquired:

"It is very nice of you, Alice, not to get angry at my well-meant words,—very nice. One should always keep one's temper."

Richard looked at Josie with a twinkle in his eye; he was tempted to laugh, but he restrained himself. Before Alice could answer Rose said:

"There is a great deal of old brocade and silk in the garret,—curtains and other things, half

faded and, I am afraid, rather moth-eaten. I'll ask papa if we can use them."

And away she went toward the chrysanthemum circle, where her father was taking his usual walk.

Mr. West laughed. "But you must be careful mother does not find it out."

"She can't," said Rose; "to-morrow she is going to spend the day at Elmwood. We can work like beavers."

"Well, then, no lessons," Mr. West answered. "Recreation to-morrow!"

This was good news, and Rose flew back to tell the boys.

Mrs. West wondered why everybody at home seemed so anxious to see her well out of the house. Never had she observed so much alacrity on the part of the members of her family in looking over time-tables, in packing her luncheon, in having Rosalind harnessed, and in watching the sky for any indication of a storm.

No sooner was she out of the house than the young people invaded the garret. Odds and ends, the accumulation of years, were pulled out of boxes, trunks, and closets. A strange array they made. Rose secured the old gowns, some great fans, and many bunches of flowers made in France fifty years ago. Richard and Bernard found long silk stockings, buckled shoes—the buckles the worse for rust,—plenty of gold lace, and several rapiers of the time of Queen Anne. Their other uncle, the artist, had left many queer old curiosities in the garret; and the young people concluded to have an entertainment which would match the costumes.

The dry, warm, hay-smelling loft of the barn became a scene of activity. The song, with appropriate dresses, was arranged. After this the play was the thing. Everybody looked to Bernard; he was expected to invent a play.

Probably he might have done better if he had not been bothered by such a multitude of suggestions. And, then, everybody wanted the finest dress, which happened to be a blue velvet cloak and a hat with nodding white plumes.

Bernard's plan for a play was not received with approval. He suggested "The Roman Martyrs" as a title. "Alice," he began, "will be a Roman lady, and her name will be Flavia; she will be haughty and hateful."

"No, thank you!" said Alice. "I want some—

thing better than that. I want to be nice and pretty, and wear that hat."

"Josie will be Flavia, then," said Bernard. "She will whip her slaves and—"

Josie looked sulky. "I don't see why I can't be the martyr. Of course I don't really care, but the martyr ought to wear the cloak."

"Oh, no! That's for the Emperor. I am to be the Emperor."

"You are? I suppose I am to be a slave!" said Richard. "I'll not; make up your mind to that!"

"Then we'll have no play," replied Bernard; "at least no play of my making."

There was a pause. A fear stole into each heart. Suppose the birthday party should not come off? But everybody except Rose tried to seem quite indifferent.

"Oh, I'll be Flavia!" she said.

She was accepted with enthusiasm.

"Well," continued Bernard, "Flavia has a slave, whom we shall call Berenice. Berenice is a Christian. Flavia, you know, has a bad temper; she hits all the other slaves and sticks a long bodkin into them—"

"I'd like to see anybody do that to *me!*" interrupted Alice. "I'd settle her."

"But Berenice was a Christian—"

"I'm a Christian," said Alice; "but I have my feelings as well as other people, and I will not be thrown about on the stage that way. I should like to be an empress or something like that, and throw other people around."

"I will not try to make a play at all," said Bernard, trying to look dignified. "It would have been beautiful, too. I should have had a scene in the catacombs—"

"Where would you get the catacombs?" demanded Alice. "What are they, anyhow? Are they like honeycombs?" And she added an exasperating giggle.

Bernard took no notice of it. Rose was surprised at Alice's ignorance.

"Have you never read 'Fabiola'? The catacombs are places underneath Rome, where the early Christians hid. You must read 'Fabiola.'"

"Not 'Fabiola,'" said Josie; "but 'Fabiola.'"

"Very well," answered Rose, her color rising; she thought that Josie might have taken some other time to correct her. "Very well: 'Fabiola,' not 'Fabiola.'"

"Well, go on," said Richard. "Time passes."

"I will not go on," replied Bernard. "Everybody wants the best part."

"Why, of course," said Alice, coolly. "You can't expect us to be slaves."

"But there must be slaves in the play."

"Oh, you can change them into kings or something."

This was too much for Bernard. "I will write no play; you can do it yourselves. If it were not mother's birthday, I'd have nothing to do with the entertainment."

"If we don't have a play, what are we to do with the hat and feathers, then?" asked Alice, anxiously. "Oh, do write something for the hat and feathers! If you'd let me wear the hat and feathers, I'd be a slave,—I really would!"

Bernard was obdurate.

Rose, good, womanly little soul, whose instinct found out the way to many things, did not join in the coaxing that followed. She knew a better way. When the rest had ceased to importune Bernard, who stood with his hands behind his back *à la Napoleon*, enjoying his own importance, his little sister said:

"Bernard has written a lovely poem on the hyacinth. I saw the paper in his room. It's just lovely. Do read it, Bernard."

The boy's stern features relaxed. "It's nothing at all: only a trifle. I'm sorry you mentioned it. It's quite worthless."

"If it is quite worthless," said Josie, in her most virtuous way, "I wonder that you could think of reading it on your mother's birthday."

Bernard was disconcerted. "It is not so very bad," he answered. "Of course, it is not all that I could wish—"

"Read it! Read it!" they all cried.

Bernard cleared his throat, and took a sheet of foolscap from his pocket. He solemnly stepped on a starch-box and began:

"The hyacinth loves the light,

As the butterfly loves the rose—"

Josie interrupted. "The butterfly doesn't love the rose. Our teacher of botany says that's a fable. We read all about it in class, out of a little French book about a voyage around a garden."*

Tears came into Bernard's eyes. He jumped

* The passage was probably from Alphonse Karr's "Voyage around My Garden."

from the starch-box. "I don't care what your botany teacher says. The butterfly must love the rose in my poem."

"But it isn't true," persisted Josie.

There was a feeling in the assembly that Josie was too learned.

Bernard smiled to conceal his disgust; but it was the cold, ghastly smile of an outraged poet.

"I see that I am not needed," he said. "You can arrange your programme as you will."

He walked toward the ladder which led out of the loft. The young people clung to him. Josie alone refused to implore him.

"You know that the butterfly *does* love the rose!" exclaimed Alice. "Madame Régence has a beautiful pair of vases with butterflies and roses on them. Don't mind her, Bernard. Go on with the poem. It is lovely!"

"Oh, do read it!" pleaded Rose, with tears in her eyes. "Mamma will be so pleased!"

"Josie knows the butterfly ought to love the rose, and papa quoted something from Horace about *rosa* and *papilio*. I'm sure there's something in Ovid about *papilio*," put in Richard; and everybody felt that Richard was just learned enough.

Bernard silently went back to the starch-box, and said slowly:

"The hyacinth loves the light,
As the butterfly loves the rose—"

He paused and looked at Josie. Josie tried to speak. "I don't care—" she began.

But Alice covered her mouth with her hand, and the poet went on:

"The hyacinth loves the light,
As the butterfly loves the rose;
And the violet fresh and bright
Sweetens the wind that blows."

"Oh, how nice!" whispered Rose. "The hyacinth and the violet are mamma's flowers."

"And the April clouds pass by,
And the August days are hot;
And when autumn's breezes sigh,
These flowers are on the spot."

Josie could not endure this. She burst from Rose's grasp. "Hyacinths and violets do not bloom all the year!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't tell such a big story even in a poem."

Bernard's legs trembled. He let himself fall on the box, and began to look red about the eyes. Josie was reproached on all sides.

"People say I always tell the truth," she said; "and I *will not* listen to such nonsense. I'll not play at all,—there now!" She sat down on a pile of hay, a picture of sulkiness.

Rose kissed Bernard softly. "Don't mind," she said; "Josie will get used to poetry by and by."

The bell rang for the noonday meal, and the young folk obeyed its summons with unusual haste. The situation had become difficult.

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Bonnet.

There was a pleasant ripple of excitement in the Fontaine family circle; for Ada's new bonnet, the gift of her Uncle Ben, was momentarily expected. She had made a little secret of its appearance, not even telling the kind giver whether it was pink or heliotrope or sober brown; velvet or straw, or a nice trim felt. Uncle Ben was in the corner occupied with his paper, but the children could not settle down to their books or games until the new bonnet arrived.

The young orphan cousin, seated close to Uncle Ben, brightened up at the pleasant, eager chatter. Poor boy! Losing his parents by a sad railway accident, he had no one in the world to turn to but these far-off, kindly cousins, all absorbed in their bonnets and gowns and the pleasures of the world. They were good to him; oh, yes, they were good to him—in their way! But he missed the long quiet days made so happy by his gentle mother's presence; he missed the saying of the Rosary in the oratory in the evening; he missed the walk to church across the fields,—he missed it all. Here there was plenty and kindness, but that was not everything. He was thankful for this comfortable home, and tried to deserve it; but his little homesick heart was sad in its loneliness. Sometimes Uncle Ben seemed for a moment to understand him; but he was a strange man, and Francis a shy boy, and they did not get acquainted very fast. But Uncle Ben never laughed at the boy's religion; while the others—in a kindly, cheerful way, to be sure—made fun of him when he left them on Sunday mornings and went off alone to the church, where, it seemed, he could be near his mother.

And now Ada's new bonnet had crowded

everything else out of the heads of the girls and boys, who listened for the bell to ring. Ah, there it was! And ever so many bright eyes peered over the balusters. But it was not the milliner's boy; it was only old Mr. Grimes come in to talk with their father about the new minister and the high price of coal.

Another ring! The bonnet at last! Ada had it on her pretty head in a twinkling, and the air resounded with exclamations of delight; making Mr. Grimes, although he was deaf, turn around to find out what the noise was about; and causing Mr. Fontaine to announce that everyone would be sent to bed unless there was more quiet.

There never was, the children declared, so becoming a headpiece.

"It was so good of you, Uncle Ben! And is it not charming?" asked the happy Ada, standing on a footstool before the mirror.

"Let us have your cousin's opinion," he said.

Francis' cheeks grew very red. "The colors are beautiful," he answered; "and I am sure Cousin Ada looks well in any bonnet. But—"

"But what? Go on, dear," said Ada, softly.

"But—but I don't think it is right to kill birds and put them on peoples' heads."

Uncle Ben began to take an interest, and Ada looked solemn.

"Do you suppose he knows that Uncle Ben is a cruelty-to-animals crank?" whispered Madge to Tom.

"Hush!" answered Tom. "He will hear you; and you know mamma said we must be awfully nice to him, or he would leave his property to somebody else."

"Why is it not right?" asked Uncle Ben.

Francis was silent for a moment, while he suddenly recalled the beautiful birds that sang near his old home; he saw his mother throwing the crumbs for them upon the snow; he witnessed again her tenderness to every living thing; he heard her say, "Let us feed God's birds, Francis dear." And so, standing there, with his cousins' eager eyes and Uncle Ben's calm ones upon him, he hesitated, then, gathering courage, spoke:

"It must be a sin to kill God's little birds to trim a bonnet with."

Ada took off the headgear, with the three tiny birds perched side by side upon it, and held it at arm's-length.

"I never thought of it in that way before," she said, slowly. "I will have the milliner change them to-morrow."

"Oh," exclaimed Francis, "I didn't mean to make so much bother! I am sure I beg your pardon! And you so good to me—"

"You did just right," answered his cousin.

"Yes," chorused the rest, who were touched with pity to see the solitary little fellow stand there looking so disturbed.

"And you are to take a walk with me at nine to-morrow morning," added Uncle Ben.

The bonnet was put away, and the massacre of the feathered songsters for the time forgotten.

The next morning Francis, with the traces of tears all gone, was taken down town, and presented by Uncle Ben with a picture of St. Francis preaching to the birds. And then the good man, like the fairies in the old tales, told him to ask any favor he chose as a reward for his bravery.

"If just for once you would go to church with me—" began the boy.

"I will, my hearty!" answered Uncle Ben, who had been a sea-captain. And he did go, and he liked going so well that he goes to this day.

As for Ada, she trims her bonnets with ribbons instead of murdered birds.

FRANCESCA.

A Poet in his Own Country.

The old saying about a prophet being without honor in his own country was eminently true of the poet Wordsworth. An American traveller, in search of the home of the poet, lost his way, and met an old woman in a red cloak, who was gathering fagots.

"Can you tell me the way to Rydal Mount, my good woman?" he asked.

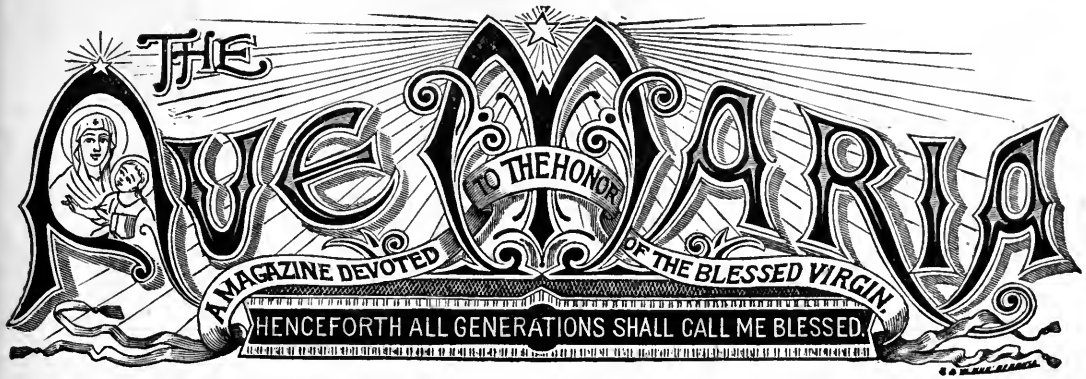
"I'm sure I never heard of it before," she said.

"Never heard of the home of the great Wordsworth?" he cried, in amazement.

"What is he great in?"

"Why, he is a poet,—a great poet."

"Oh, I know who you mean now!" said the woman, gathering up her sticks and getting ready to move on. "I often met him in the woods jabbering his pottery [poetry] to himself. But he won't hurt anybody. He is quite harmless, and most as sensible as you or me."



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A Thought on the Presentation.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

WHAT strange new fragrance this that scents
the air

Of Sion's Temple with aroma sweet?
What gracious marvel do the angels greet,
As, poised on silver wings, they cluster there?
Earth's choicest blossom, Sharon's Rose all fair,
To-day is laid at great Jehovah's feet,
A peerless flower with beauty's grace replete;
Its bloom, oblation; and its odor, prayer.

A life the type and model of our own,
Who heeds its lesson may its guerdon claim;
The Mystic Rose to full perfection grown,
Herself the Temple of the Word became.
Give we our all to God—it hath sufficed,
Our heart a temple is wherein dwells Christ.

St. Bernard and Our Blessed Lady.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY KENT.

NEXT year, 1891, the Church of France and the Order of Citeaux will celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of the birth of that great light and glory of his Order and country, St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Already the Holy Father has addressed a letter conveying his encouragement and blessing to those who are preparing to keep the

approaching centenary of this great Doctor. And it is no wonder that he should thus lend the sanction of his authority to this celebration. The centenary of a saint is something more than an occasion of panegyric and empty praise: it is an event which serves to turn our thoughts to one who is still living to help us, and to impress more deeply in our hearts the lessons he has left us. It is, we may say, a greater and more solemn feast than that which comes to us year by year. If the eight hundredth anniversary of St. Bernard's birth leads any of us to give more attention to the life and works of this great servant of God, it can hardly fail to be fruitful of much good.

There are those among the saints and other great ones in history of whom there is little left us but the name; or, it may be, the brief record of some great achievement or suffering; or some works, which, however valuable, tell us little of their writer himself. It is not so with St. Bernard. The story of his life has come down to us with singular fulness; and, what is more, this is no mere chronicle of external works: the living man is before us. Both his deeds and his words are such as tell us the inmost feelings of his soul. He is one of those few great men of the past who really live beyond their own age; for he can be in very truth known and loved from the writings he has left us. There he still speaks to us face to face, or rather heart to heart.

Who does not feel his interest awakened and his heart moved within him as he reads of the young hero forsaking his home and possessions, and, by the sweet influence of his example, drawing after him a band of friends and kinsmen to share with him the hardships and the joys of the

cloister? Or who can read unmoved of the poverty-stricken and dwindling Order of Cistercians, and of the joy of their holy abbot when Bernard and his brother band came to cheer their desolation, and make their Order flourish with new life and vigor?

It might almost be thought that the charm of romance which gives such interest to this opening scene would end with this first sacrifice: that we should have to leave it at the gates of Citeaux, with that gay world on which the Saint had turned his back. Henceforth there must surely be nothing for him but a calm, uneventful life. And, likely enough, the Saint himself may have thought so at the first. If so, he was soon to be undeceived. His work was not to be bounded by the limits of his monastery or his Order: he was to become the guide and father of a far larger family than even the hosts of generous souls who flocked to the Order of Citeaux in that day of its new birth.

He had conquered the world, and he was to be called forth to rule it; he was to be summoned from his cloister's shade to interpose in the contests of princes and prelates, to stem the tide of vice and slay the hand of violence, to heal the wounds of heresy and of schism. In vain does Peter de Leon usurp the Chair of St. Peter, though aided by Roger of Sicily and the great Lombard city; for the rightful Pontiff, Innocent II., has a far mightier champion in the Abbot of Clairvaux. William of Aquitaine may trust to his strength of arm, and Abelard to his surpassing subtlety of intellect; but both of them are forced to yield the victory to St. Bernard. The proud prince ceases from persecuting: nay, more, he lays aside his crown; and the great philosopher becomes reconciled with the Saint, who has convicted him of error.

There are few facts in history more stirring to the mind or more instructive than this wondrous influence of St. Bernard on his age. It was an hour of upheaval and crisis, big with the fate of the future. The fierce, wild energy of the Northern races was chafing against the sweet yoke of religion, in many parts so lately laid upon it. And the young intellect of Europe was hazarding its first flight, beset with many dangers from the teaching of Jews and Arabians, and the speculations of such bold thinkers as Roscelin and

Abelard. Such was the world in which St. Bernard was called to labor, and such were some of the evils with which he had to grapple. He was to be a guide to the erring, a friend to those in danger, a tower of strength to the pastors of the Church, and a peacemaker in the midst of princes and peoples.

Now, there might well seem to be some danger of doing injustice to this great Saint if we take some portion of his multifarious work and consider it apart from the rest. At least we must, in fairness, take one of his chief characteristics. But how can we choose rightly among so many labors and gifts and titles? Shall we think of him as a monk or a statesman, as a philosopher or an apostle, in conflict or in peace? Shall we picture him in the silence of Clairvaux discoursing on the Scriptures, or confronting Abelard at the council of Sens; or, again, reconciling Lothaire with the Hohenstaufen princes, or rousing Europe to a fresh crusade? All these things have their claim on our attention, and the very multitude might well bewilder us. In these pages, however, there can be no difficulty in making a choice. Our title itself suggests it. If we dwell on St. Bernard's devotion to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and his labors in her service, we can surely do him no injustice. His work and his teaching in all that concerns her are among his greatest glories; and they are, at the same time, so near his heart that nothing could give us a truer knowledge of him.

The Fathers of the Church are, indeed, witnesses and champions of the whole faith: their work is not narrowed and limited to one article or doctrine. Still, it often happens that one or other among them is made the special guardian and interpreter of some one portion of the revealed teaching. Thus St. Athanasius holds an important office in relation to the mystery of the Blessed Trinity; St. Augustine is the Doctor of Grace; and St. Cyril, of the Incarnation. In like manner St. Bernard, the last of the Latin Fathers, has his peculiar province, and this is the doctrine concerning the dignity and high prerogatives of the Mother of God. Much had been written in her honor by the earlier Fathers, both in the East and West; and there was no room here for anything original. The doctrine which St. Bernard teaches had come down from the be-

ginning, and the devotion which is its natural outcome had ever accompanied it. And in his pages that teaching is set forth in fresh fulness and beauty, while his devotion has a depth and tenderness which have never been surpassed. He is the Marian Doctor *par excellence*.

The Roman Breviary bears unmistakable tokens of this pre-eminence of St. Bernard. The lessons read on the various feasts of Our Lady are taken from his writings more frequently than from any other source. And it is no disparagement to the other Fathers and Doctors who help to swell the glad chorus of Mary's praise, to say that his voice is at once the sweetest and the most powerful. His words are those that stir the heart and haunt the memory. Where, for example, can we find a more moving exhortation to devotion to Mary than his lessons for the feast of her Holy Name? The meaning of that sweet name—"the Star of the Sea"—is first explained by the Saint, and then he adds that she is fitly likened to a star; for as the star loses not by sending forth its light, so the Virgin does not lose her integrity in bringing forth her Divine Son. Then, carried away by his subject, he sets before us in vivid terms the stormy sea of life, with its rough waves of temptation and sin and sorrow, and bids us look to this Star of the Sea if we would not perish in the tempest.

These passages which occur in the Divine Office give us some notion of St. Bernard's power when Mary is the theme of his mellifluous pen. Yet, numerous as they are, they do not by any means exhaust the source from which they flow. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the compilers of the offices have selected the best passages; but it is hard to choose the best where so much is good. A more complete collection of St. Bernard's writings on Our Lady was published some years ago by the late Mgr. Malou, afterward Bishop of Bruges. This little book, "*S. Bernardi Scripta Mariana*," contains in full those sermons which are so largely quoted in the Breviary, together with several others in nowise inferior to them. It does not pretend to give all that the Saint has written on the subject of our Blessed Lady; for it is confined to sermons, and leaves his other works untouched. There are sermons for most of her principal feasts, among others five sermons on the Annunciation, two on the

Purification, and two again on the Assumption; one sermon—possibly the grandest of them all—on the Nativity; and four Homilies on St. Luke (i, 26). It is easy enough to give a list of their titles, but who can fitly sum up in a few words the treasures of doctrine and devotion which these sermons contain? What description can convey anything like a true notion of their power and beauty?

In language which reflects at once the warmth and the tenderness of his devotion, St. Bernard tells us of Mary's wondrous graces and prerogatives, her sublime virtues, her joys and sorrows, and the power of her prayers. He dwells on her office as the Second Eve, her share in the Redemption, her mediation for us with her Divine Son. He tells us how God wills us to have all things through Mary; for she is the channel through which the source and fountain of all grace and holiness came down to earth.

"Let us endeavor through her to mount up to Him who through her came down to us; to come through her to His grace, who through her came down to our misery. Through thee do we have access to thy Son, O blessed finder of grace, Mother of life and salvation; that He who was given to us through thee may receive us through thee. May thy integrity make excuse before Him for the sin of our corruption. May thy humility, so pleasing to God, win pardon for our vanity. Let thy plenteous charity cover the multitude of our sins, and thy glorious fecundity make us fruitful of merits. Our Lady, our mediatrix, our advocate, reconcile us to thy Son, bring us before Him. O blessed One, by the grace thou hast found, by the prerogative thou hast won, by that mercy thou hast borne, may He who vouchsafed to become through thee partaker of our weakness and misery, make us by thy intercession partakers of His glory and beatitude—Jesus Christ, thy Son, Our Lord, who is over all things, God blessed forever. Amen!"*

In all this St. Bernard is not writing controversy: he is but giving practical instruction to his children and brethren in the faith. He sets before them the doctrine concerning our Blessed Lady, and strives to kindle within them something of that warm and tender devotion to her

* Serm. II. de Adventu Domini.

which was burning in his own breast. Nevertheless, these writings of his contain a vindication and defence of that doctrine and devotion, to say the least, as full and as convincing as anything that has been called forth by the attacks or quibbles of heretics. We may search his sermons in vain for dialectic subtleties or cold and cautious explanations: he speaks from the fulness of his heart, and his language is free and open. Devotion to Mary is thus brought before us in all its native truth and beauty, and it is its own vindication. Here it appears to us, as it really is, the natural outcome, and at the same time the surest test and safeguard, of a firm and lively faith in the Incarnation and a deep and tender love of our Divine Lord.

St. Bernard has given abundant evidence of that faith and love in many another sermon, where the Holy Name or the Passion of our Divine Saviour is the theme of his burning words. But there is no need to go outside his Marian writings to look for this. Mgr. Malou's collection contains what may be truly called some of the grandest passages on the Divine Incarnation which can be found anywhere in St. Bernard, or, for the matter of that, in any of the Fathers. He seems, if we may say so, not merely to believe but to realize this sublime mystery. After all, facts are more convincing than arguments; and this plain fact is the most effective answer to those who say that Our Lord is forgotten when His holy Mother is honored. It is impossible to read through these sermons of St. Bernard without feeling the absurdity of this charge. What devotion to Mary can compare with this in depth or fire or tenderness? Yet, who can say that Christ is forgotten here? Forgotten! Why, it is plain as noonday that the thought of Him is ever present. His Divinity is the foundation of her dignity; her nearness to Him who is the fountain of all grace is the cause of her sublime holiness, and the motive of all the worship and all the love that are given to her. And how could it well be otherwise? It is only those who love her not and honor her not who can separate her from her Divine Son.

To St. Bernard this is simply impossible. For him Our Lady is ever the mystic rod bearing that sweet flower which is her glory; or the channel by which He, the fountain of all grace and

holiness, comes down to save this sinful world; or again the Woman clothed with Him, the true Sun of Justice, whom she had clothed with the priestly raiment of His flesh. "A Woman, he saith, clothed with the sun. Truly clothed with light as with a garment. Perchance the carnal man understandeth this not. It is spiritual, and to him it seemeth foolishness. It did not seem so to the Apostle, who said: 'But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.' (Rom., xiii, 14.) O Lady, how familiar with Him, how nigh to Him, art thou made,—nay, how intimate art thou! What grace hast thou found with Him! He abides in thee, and thou in Him; thou dost clothe Him, and thou art clothed by Him. Thou clothest Him with the substance of flesh, and He clothes thee with the glory of His majesty. Thou clothest the sun with a cloud, and thou art clothed with the sun."*

Such is the source and foundation of St. Bernard's devotion to our Blessed Lady. But what are its fruits: whither does it lead? In a sermon on the Assumption he tells us what is the object he has in view. It is "that by the thought of this great Virgin not only may our love and devotion be enkindled, but our lives may be edified unto spiritual progress, to the praise and glory of her Son, Our Lord, who is over all things, God blessed forever. Amen."

The other writings of St. Bernard furnish fresh evidence of his zeal for Mary's honor. This is shown, for instance, in his letter to the Church of Lyons opposing the introduction of the Feast of the Conception. At that time this feast had not been sanctioned by the Holy See, and St. Bernard feared that the authorities at Lyons might be mistaken in the course they were adopting. He gives his own reasons for objecting to it, and ends by submitting all he has said to the judgment of the Holy See—which has since then given a final decision in favor of the feast, clearing up whatever was indistinct in St. Bernard's day. The Saint's own views on the matter are involved in some obscurity. But two things at least may be plainly read in this much disputed letter, and these are his loyalty to the Holy See and his zeal for Mary's honor. He speaks as he

* Sermon on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption.

does because he thinks it is in her interest; and he was silent at first, wishing to spare the "devotion which came from a simple heart and love of the Virgin." He rebukes the canons for acting without consulting the Sovereign Pontiff, and then he submits his own letter of rebuke to that same infallible authority for which he is so zealous. Such is St. Bernard even where he is mistaken.

Nor is it his writings alone that tell us of his devotion to Our Lady; his life affords further tokens of this characteristic. One instance is well worth recalling here. When as special envoy of the Holy See he was engaged in preaching the crusade, he came by appointment to the Cathedral of Speyer, where the Emperor Conrad and his princes were awaiting him. The Saint and his companions advanced toward the sanctuary, singing the *Salve Regina*. And when the last notes of that sweet hymn died away, St. Bernard, in a transport of devotion, added the words, "O clement, O kind, O sweet Virgin Mary!" This threefold invocation has since then been joined to the anthem, which, in memory of St. Bernard, is sung daily at the Cathedral of Speyer. A tablet marks the spot where the Saint stood as he intoned the words, which have found an echo in so many thousand hearts.

St. Bernard's devotion to Our Lady was not without its influence on the age in which he lived and labored. It was his mission to soften what was harsh and stern in that rough, warlike age. As Cardinal Newman sang of his own St. Philip, he came with

"his low tones of tenderness
To melt a noble, stubborn race."

It was his mission also to withstand the pride of men impatient of the yoke of authority; and especially that most dangerous form, the pride of intellect. And how could he teach these needful lessons of tenderness and humility better or more effectually than by this very devotion to Mary? What can be more childlike, more contrary to our pride of heart, than to come as children to our mother? He who became a child Himself through Mary, gives her to us as our Mother, that we may become children in heart. This is surely one of the many reasons why "He wills us to have all things through her hands." And, then, the thought of the Mother

with her Divine Child is of all things most fitted to soften hearts that are hard and cold.

If we look into St. Bernard's writings on Our Lady, we can hardly fail to see these two lessons on well-nigh every page. The love and tenderness which his words breathe may well be called contagious. And he seizes every occasion of enforcing those lessons of humility which are taught us by our Blessed Lady's life. Thus while he was following the bent of his own heart's devotion he was at the same time fulfilling his mission to the troubled world around him.

And not to his own age alone was he preaching this needful lesson, but to after-times as well. The world has travelled far since the twelfth century; but, after all, there is a singular likeness between St. Bernard's age and our own. There are still the same wild speculations in philosophy and the same social troubles. The hearts and minds of men are stirred by the same great questions. The dangers are the same, and there is need of the same remedy. It is no wonder, then, that the great Pontiff who is laboring to meet the needs of this age, pointing out the true path of social reform, and bringing back the sound philosophy of happier days, should at the same time be instant in preaching devotion to our Blessed Lady. May her powerful prayers bring victory to Leo XIII. now as they brought it to St. Bernard of old!

And while we celebrate the eighth centenary of this great servant of Mary, let us hope that he will gain for us something of his own tender love and devotion to our Immaculate Mother, "to the praise and glory of her Son, Our Lord, who is over all things, God blessed forever."

THERE is nothing sweeter in the New Testament than the story of Nathanael, of whom, in his hearing, when approaching with Philip, Jesus said: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." And when the young man, curious to learn how the Lord had known and recognized him, asked the question, Jesus replied: "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Thus showing the disciple that He had already singled him out where ordinarily he would have remained unnoticed; thus delicately signaling him as one of the chosen

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXII.

MRS. THORPE went to Carmela's room with some inward trepidation; and it was a relief to her to find that Maria, the maid, had anticipated her with the news of Lestrangle's arrival. Carmela received her very quietly, but there was a dilated look in the large, liquid eyes, which showed that the news had affected her powerfully. It was characteristic of her, however, that as soon as Mrs. Thorpe mentioned Lestrangle's name, she went at once simply and directly to the point.

"Why has he come?" she asked.

Mrs. Thorpe hesitated for a moment before replying. Whether or not to speak the truth she did not know. But there was something in Carmela's directness which seemed to make a like directness alone possible.

"He has come to see you," she answered, somewhat to her own surprise. "I told him that I thought it would be well. Carmela, if any one is to be blamed, you must blame me."

"Why should I blame you?" asked Carmela. "You meant it for kindness, is it not so? But if you had asked me, I should have said no, it was not well for him to come. Why should he come, since all has long been over between us?"

"But such things are sometimes brought about again, when—when people come together," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Carmela," she added, almost entreatingly, "let me speak frankly to you on this subject for once. You know, I think, that it was owing to me that Arthur acted toward you as he did. I was very much opposed to his marrying you—sometime I will tell you why,—and I said that if he persisted I would leave my fortune away from him. This was enough to make his parents refuse their consent, a formality on which it seems that *your* parents insisted. Under these circumstances he felt that he could do nothing else than give up his claim on you. A braver and more determined man might have persisted, but Arthur was never the one or the other; and certainly he had very little to offer you. I am the person chiefly accountable for all that you suf-

fered in the matter, and I want you to understand this clearly; so that, if your heart still speaks in his favor, you may not refuse to listen to it on account of pride or indignation. For some time I have felt that I owed reparation for my arbitrary conduct in the matter, both to him and to you; so I thought that the best thing I could do was to tell him to come, in order that you could decide what was best for your happiness. I assure you that my first consideration in the matter was your happiness, so you must forgive me if I have made a mistake."

Very few people had ever heard from Mrs. Thorpe such tones as those with which she uttered these words, or seen in her usually cold eyes such a look as that which she bent on Carmela. Perhaps the latter felt how great was the effort which this speech cost; or perhaps it was only that she was touched, as a generous nature quickly is, by the attempt to atone for a wrong. At all events, she bent forward and laid her hand caressingly on that of Mrs. Thorpe.

"Dearest señora," she said, "do not speak in this manner. I have nothing to forgive. You have never been anything but kind to me since you have known me, and before you knew me how could you tell what I was? It was surely natural that you should not have wished your nephew to marry a stranger, a foreigner—one of whom you knew nothing. And now it is your kindness that has made you send for him. If you had asked me, I should have told you not to do it; but, since it is done, do not think I could blame you for what was meant for my happiness."

"But why, if I had asked, would you have told me not to do it?" inquired Mrs. Thorpe, anxious for light upon the subject. "Carmela, do you not care for him now?"

Carmela was silent for a moment before she replied. It seemed as if she were trying to clear her thoughts and find the right language in which to embody them. When she spoke it was very quietly and gently.

"No," she answered, "I do not care for him now—not as you mean. But I am afraid of the power of the past. I am afraid that when I see him something may revive of the feeling that was once so strong and so terrible. Are you surprised that I call it terrible, señora? But you do not know, nor could I ever tell you, all that I

suffered in conquering it. For I had either to conquer it or to die. God helped me, and after a time the burning pain here"—she clasped her hands over her heart—"passed away, and I felt like one who comes out of fever and madness to sanity again. The world was, indeed, a different world to me; but I understood that God ordered all things, and that what He had ordered in this was for the best. And so peace came again. But I remember—O I remember well!—all that I suffered, and I would do anything sooner than run the risk of renewing that suffering. So, if you will not think me unkind and ungrateful, I should be glad if you would send me back to Guadalajara at once."

There was no doubt of the genuineness of this entreaty. The look in the large, dark eyes was enough to prove it, even if Mrs. Thorpe had not learned by this time that Carmela never said or did anything for effect, but only to express her thoughts or feelings. The elder woman was not only surprised: she was struck with a keen pity, with remorse, and with a sense that she had touched matters which were far beyond any power of hers to arrange or mend. She remained silent for a few moments, and then she said, quite humbly:

"My dear, I have made a great mistake, and I wish most heartily that I had consulted you before taking any step in the matter. But how could I imagine that you looked at this thing so—so differently from the manner in which most people would regard it? But what you have said makes me realize deeply what you suffered, and I shall have no comfort until I can in some way atone for my share in causing that suffering."

"Dear señora," answered the girl, "I wish I could make you believe that you have nothing, absolutely nothing, with which to reproach yourself. But I am like one who has been burned. I shrink from the flames that scorched me,—from the possibility of renewing so much passionate feeling. So you will let me go, will you not?"

"No," replied Mrs. Thorpe, decidedly; "but, if you desire it, I will send Arthur away, and you need not even see him. Listen to me, however, for one moment before you decide that this shall be done. I want to tell you a story which I have never told to any one else,—a story that explains why I was prejudiced against you, and

that also may contain a lesson for yourself." Then she related briefly that early and only romance of her life, of which Henry Lestrangle had been the hero.

Carmela listened with an interest that for the time banished the thought of her own story. The breath came quickly through her parted lips; she was filled with that sense of pathetic compassion and wonder with which we first realize that the griefs we have fancied peculiarly our own are, in fact, as old as humanity; and that along the very path where our feet are faltering, the feet of our immediate predecessors in life have painfully trod. Such things have power to touch even the unimaginative; but when it is the imaginative nature, with all its quick sensibility, its power of entering into the lives and feelings of others, which listens, the effect is sometimes overpowering. With Carmela it was so great that it seemed almost beyond her power of expression; but when she attempted to speak Mrs. Thorpe lifted her hand with a silencing gesture.

"Wait," she said. "I have told you the story, and now I must draw its moral. Carmela, it was anger and pride that kept your father and myself separated; that, like an entering wedge, drove us finally so far apart that no reconciliation was ever possible on earth. Now, my dear, that old sin of ours has already worked harm enough to your life. I do not want it to work any more. And so I warn you, do not make any mistake about *your* heart: do not fancy that wounded pride, or even just resentment, is the end of love. Love, when it has once truly existed, is very hard to kill. I do not think yours for Arthur Lestrangle can be dead, or else you would not fear to meet him. If you have ceased to care for him what power would he have over you? Why do you shrink so much from seeing him? Now, dear, answer these questions to yourself, if not to me, before it is too late."

"There is no reason why I should not answer them to you," Carmela replied. "If I shrink from seeing Señor Lestrangle it is because his presence would rouse so many painful recollections, and because the memory of those past feelings is terrible to me. You say that if I did not still care for him he would have no power to affect me. That, I think, is a mistake. It is not what I feel in the present, but what I have felt and

suffered in the past, that gives him that power. I do not believe it possible that what I once felt could ever be awakened again; but if there were the least danger of it, I would fly to the end of the world to avoid it. That I confess."

"But why," persisted Mrs. Thorpe, "do you not think it possible that what you once felt could be awakened again? After all, Arthur has not been guilty of any offence which love would find it hard to forgive."

The girl spread out her hands with a quick little gesture common to her people. "How can I tell?" she said. "One does not reason on these things: one only feels them. I suppose that what I felt for him had no deep and real foundation. Padre Agostino was wise. He said to me—not at first but afterward: 'What you have known has been a fascination, a passion; but not that love which is strong as death, because it is founded on trust and respect and mutual love of God.' I suppose that was true; for when the passion, like fire, died out, nothing remained but the memory of bitterness and pain. I tell you all this, señora, that you may understand everything, and not mistake me."

Mrs. Thorpe meditated for a moment before she replied: "I am sure that you have told me exactly what you believe, but we are not always the best judges of ourselves in these matters. As I have said, I will, if you desire it, send Arthur away at once—"

"No, no," Carmela interposed; "let *me* go, I beg of you!"

Again Mrs. Thorpe lifted her hand with a silencing gesture. "That," she said, "is not possible. In the first place, what do *I* want with Arthur Lestrangle? I sent for him for a purpose; and if that purpose is a failure, the sooner he goes the better. I shall certainly not allow him to deprive me of you, who are the most agreeable and sympathetic companion I have known in years. If it is necessary in order to retain you, I will send him away; but my advice to you is to see him. I am an old woman, my dear; and I have seen much of the world and of the tricks of those queer things we call hearts. It is impossible for you to be sure of yourself and of what you really feel toward him until you see him. After that you can be sure. My earnest advice to

you, then, is to see him. But, of course, I shall not insist upon it."

There was a pause of several minutes. It was evident that Carmela had a strong struggle with herself, but she had been trained in that renunciation of the will which is the first essential of Catholic piety; and where a young girl without this training would have been immovable, she yielded, although what was asked of her possessed a bitterness far beyond the knowledge of the person asking it.

"Since you are so sure it is best, señora, I will do what you ask," she said, a little sadly. "I certainly do not wish you to send your nephew away as soon as he has come. After all, we must not avoid things because they are difficult or painful, if it is necessary or even well that they should be done. So I will meet Señor Lestrangle—but *Madre de Dios* help me, for I would rather die!"

She uttered the last words involuntarily in a lower tone, as if to herself, so that Mrs. Thorpe was able to turn a deaf ear, although a pang shot through her heart. But she had at this moment the spirit of the surgeon, who probes deep in order to discover whether a wound is mortal or not. An instinct told her that much for Carmela depended on her course at present. If she were allowed to shrink from the meeting with Lestrangle, she might to the end of her life continue to believe that her wound had been mortal, and that much beside love for him had perished in the flames that had scorched her. But if she saw him one of two things would follow: either she would find that she had not ceased to love him—and this Mrs. Thorpe was now inclined to believe,—or with a final end of *his* power would also cease that power of the past, which, if unbroken, might continue to stand between the girl's heart and the possibility of any other love. A thought of Fenwick rose in the mind of the lady, who had become his staunch friend.

"The first thing that I want to secure is Carmela's happiness," she said to herself. "Arthur will probably fall in love with her again as soon as he sees her, but Mr. Fenwick shall have his chance. I am determined on that, and I believe that this is the best way to give it to him. It is certainly the best way to make things clear without mistake in a short time."

The Holy Souls.

BY E. LOUISA LEE.

LORD of the living and the dead,
Thy children seek Thine aid
For souls who, in Thy justice dread,
Suffer for debts unpaid.

Shut out from Thee, their one sole Love,
They always languish sore
For cooling streams of bliss above,
And heaven's wide-opened door.

In twilight gloom they patient wait,
Cross-bearers of their Lord;
Stricken, until the prison-gate
Be opened at Thy word.

Not yet so cleansed and purified
That they may see Thy face;
Not yet made meet, by suffering tried,
For Thine all-pure embrace.

Yet Thou dost love them, and Thy love
Is bliss amid their woe;
And for Thy sake the joys above
They readily forego.

O, then, make haste, dear Lord, and hear
Our *De Profundis* cry!
Release the souls, to Thee so dear,
Who patient waiting lie.

Refresh them parched, with gracious rains—
They long and thirst for Thee;
Unloose their bonds, remit their pains,
And set Thy captives free.

Low at Thine altars here we bow,
With tears Thy Passion plead;
The spotless Victim lifted now
We offer for their need.

Soon give them welcome up above
In home of blissful rest,
Fruition of eternal Love,
And sight of Vision blest.

The Truth about Tasso's Imprisonment.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

THAT Torquato Tasso was insane during a long period of his life, and that he was subjected to restraint, although with all due consideration, is evident from his own letters. But that he was a victim of unfortunate love and of princely tyranny, and imprisoned in the ordinary sense of the term, is untrue. Credulous and perhaps sympathetic travellers yet continue to fee the lachrymose *cicerone* who shows them the Ferrarese dungeon, in which the poet is said to have alternately raved and languished. Byron, Lamartine, and many other romanticists—sincere and affected,—have fixed their autographs on the walls of the cell, in sign of fraternal commiseration. The municipal authorities, with a prudent desire to add to the attractions of their city, yet allow the inscription "Entrance to the prison of Torquato Tasso" to entice the open-mouthed tourist of average calibre. Nevertheless, the confinement of Tasso was scarcely more of an imprisonment than that of Galileo,* and one can account for the obstinate hold of the tradition only in the words of the poet—that man is ice for truth, but fire for lies.†

None of the educated inhabitants of Ferrara believe the aforesaid prison to have been occupied by Tasso during his confinement in their city. How would it have been possible, they ask, for a man of gigantic stature, such as Tasso was, to have dwelt in quarters so restricted for several years, and yet have been able to engage successfully in literary labor? The dungeon in question is only six feet high, and yet it is certain that during his restraint the poet revised his great work, and composed, among others, his several philosophical Dialogues. Madame de Stael, so given to commiserating illustrious misfortune, remarks Barthélemy, did not credit the story. Goethe, says Ampère,‡ made many careful re-

* See our article on "Galileo" in THE "AVE MARIA," vol. xxx, No. 5.

† "L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour le mensonge."

‡ In a letter from Weimar, May 9, 1827.

I BUILD my fondest hopes for the triumph of
Holy Church in the Rosary.—*Pope Pius IX.*

searches on this subject, and concluded that the alleged dungeon of the poet is not authentic. Again, none of the important personages, notably Scipio Gonzaga, who visited Tasso in his time of trouble, allude to any physical inconvenience entailed or aggravated by the condition of his domicile. As to the poet's treatment by his custodians, it could not have been very severe, since his only important complaint was that he did "not have sufficient fine sugar for the morrow's salad"; and that his nightcaps were less elegant and tasty than those he had hitherto worn.*

At the age of twenty-two Tasso was received into the magnificent court of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, to whose brother, the Cardinal Louis, he had already dedicated his "Rinaldo." He soon rose to great favor. The Duke appointed him to the chair of geometry in the University, and entrusted him with the continuation of the "History of the House of Este," begun by the famous Pigna, his late secretary. It is said that he was beloved by Eleonora, the Duke's sister. "Is it possible," asks Cantù, "that envy should not pursue him, and therefore also calumny? More than alive to his own merits, he fancied that the lackeys insulted him, and that he was opposed in his affections. Mistrust became habitual to him. He imagined that his letters were intercepted and that his desk was rifled. Scipio Gonzaga holds reunions of his friends, and he suspects that they meet in order to ridicule his poetry; he distrusts Count Tassoni, who welcomes him to Modena; he doubts the sincerity of Cardinal dei Medici, who offers him protection if the Duke should ever abandon him. The servants laugh at his absurdities, while the courtiers take pleasure in compassionating one whose genius mortifies themselves. Then he cuffs them all, even uses his dagger, and bursts into tirades against the Duke."†

Convinced of the poet's insanity, Alfonso placed him under medical care, and forbade him to write. But Tasso imagined all sorts of dangers, and fled in disguise to Naples, then to Venice, Padua,‡ and other places. Finally worse befell

him. Some time before he had applied to the Inquisitor at Bologna, and accused himself of doubts concerning the Incarnation; and the reply had been: "Sick man, go in peace." Now he again felt these scruples, and having once more applied to the Holy Office, was dismissed with encouragement. But the unfortunate continued to be a burden to himself and his friends; and at length the Duke, regarding his reason as irretrievably lost, consigned him to the Hospital of St. Anna, in March, 1579.

Few men have talked more about themselves than Tasso; but he does not reveal the real secret of his troubles, although he plainly admits that he was at one time crazy. Writing on December 25, 1581, to Cattaneo, he says: "One of my letters has disappeared, and I think that a goblin has taken it; . . . and this is one of the wonders that I have seen in this hospital. . . . But amid all these terrors I have seen in the air the image of the glorious Virgin with her Son in her arms. . . . And although these may be fancies—for I am a lunatic, and am troubled nearly always by infinite melancholy and by various phantasms,—by the grace of God I yield no consent to these things. . . . If I mistake not, my lunacy was caused about three years ago, by certain sweets I had eaten. . . . My disease is so strange that it might deceive a physician, and hence I deem it the work of a magician; and it would be a mercy to take me from this place, in which enchanters are allowed to exercise such power over me. . . . I must tell you something more about this goblin. The little thief has stolen from me I know not how much money. . . . He upsets my books, opens my boxes, and steals my keys."

The unfortunate tried many remedies. Endeavoring to discover why he was so "persecuted," he examines every accusation which could, rightly or wrongly, be brought against him, and then he turns to God and excuses himself for infidelity. "Both within and without I am infected with the vices of the flesh and the darkness of the world;

upon him, accompanied by four friends, Pallavicino drew a chair near to himself (he was suffering from gout), and begged the poet to be seated. Tasso ran out of the room, and afterward excused himself to his companions, saying, "We must sometimes teach politeness to these people. Why did the man show that attention only to me?"

* Unedited Letters, Nos. 79 and 83.

† "Illustri Italiani," vol. i, p. 414. Milan, 1879.

‡ The famous General Sforza Pallavicino happened to be in Padua during Tasso's visit, and expressed a desire to meet him. When Tasso waited

and I have thought of Thee in the same way in which I used to think of the ideas of Plato or of the atoms of Democritus, and such like matters of the philosophers, which are rather creatures of their fancy than of Thy hands. . . . I have doubted whether Thou didst create the world, or whether it was independent of Thee from all eternity; whether Thou hast given to man an immortal soul, and whether Thou didst descend to earth in order to put on our humanity. . . . And yet it pained me to doubt, and I would have compelled my intellect to believe of Thee what our Holy Church believes. . . . I confessed and communicated as Thy Roman Church commands, . . . and I consoled myself with the belief that Thou wouldst pardon the unbelief of those whose deficiency was not encouraged by obstinacy or malignity. . . . Thou knowest how I have ever abhorred the name of Lutheran or heretic as a pestiferous thing."

It was while he was thus afflicted that Tasso received a shock which none but an author can appreciate. He was just about to revise and give the finishing touches to his "Jerusalem Delivered" when he learned that the poem had appeared in Venice (1580), and that it was by no means what he had intended it should be ere it would be given to the public. The negligence of a friend had permitted a speculator to obtain an original draft of the work; and now the world was criticising, as by the author of the admired "Rinaldo," a poem filled with merely tentative and temporary expressions, and distorted, perhaps, by innumerable *lacunæ*. To make the matter worse, the presses of all Italy and of France soon multiplied editions of this imperfect publication; for the impatience to read anything new by Tasso was universal. The famous Academy of the Crusca, which then, as for a long time since, exercised an almost tyrannical influence in literary matters, and which, Cantù somewhat bitterly says, "like all academies, availed itself of the dead, who inspire no jealousy, to mortify the living," was very severe on the new poem. This and other criticisms, especially one by Leonardo Salviati, of course irritated the unsettled mind of Tasso; but a visit to Marfisia d'Este, Princess of Massa, which the Duke allowed him to make during the summer, greatly restored him.

Manfredi, another famous poet, visited Tasso

in 1583, and submitted for his judgment his own tragedy of "Semiramis." He found the invalid in fair mental condition. Many other persons of note also visited our poet, among whom the most acceptable appears to have been the Benedictine lyric writer, Angelo Grillo, who returned again and again to pass entire days with his friend. Meanwhile all Europe was compassionating Tasso's misfortune; from all quarters he received verbal encouragement, and in many instances substantial tokens of sympathy in the shape of valuable presents. Many believed that freedom would contribute to his restoration more than confinement; and hence we find requests to Duke Alfonso from Popes Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V., from the Cardinal Albert of Austria, the Emperor Rudolph, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and his consort, the Duke of Urbino, the Duchess of Mantua, and the municipality of Bergamo, for his release. On July 6, 1586, Alfonso delivered him to the care of the Prince of Mantua, and he was once again a free man. Cardinal di Gonzaga gave him hospitality in his own palace at Rome, and the Pope assigned him a yearly revenue of two hundred golden scudi. Genoa invited him to explain Aristotle in her University, assigning him four hundred scudi as regular salary, and as much more in perquisites. But nothing could induce Tasso to lead a regular life: he wandered here and there, until finally he sought an asylum in the hospital of the Bergamaschi in Rome. Often he suffered from want of ready money, and frequent were his applications to his "uncles."*

In 1594 our poet learned that Pope Clement VIII., at the instance of his nephew, the Cardinal Aldobrandini, had decreed him the honors of a triumph at the Capitol. "They are preparing my coffin," he replied; but as no poet would dream of declining the laureate, he set out for the Eternal City. On the way from Naples, where he had been residing for some time, he stopped three days with his beloved Benedictines of Montecassino. "If misfortune come to you," said the abbot, "come to us. This monastery is used

* There is yet extant a receipt as follows: "I the undersigned declare that I have received from Abraham Levi the sum of twenty-five lire, for which he holds in pledge one of my father's swords, six shirts, four bed-sheets, and two towels. March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

to giving hospitality to the unhappy." Tasso answered: "I go to Rome to be crowned laureate on the Capitol, taking as companions of my triumph sickness and poverty. However, I go willingly; for I love the Eternal City as the centre of the faith. My refuge has always been the Church,—the Church, my mother, more tender than any mother."

Arriving at the gates of the Catholic metropolis, Tasso found an immense multitude—prelates, nobles, knights, and citizens—waiting to salute him and to escort him to the Vatican. The Cardinal Aldobrandini took him in his own carriage to the palace, where the Pontiff welcomed him, saying, "We are about to confer upon you the crown of laurel, which you will honor, whereas hitherto it has honored those who have worn it." His reception over, his cardinal protector would have taken Tasso to his own palace to wait for the coronation ceremonies; but the poet felt that his end was drawing near, and begged to be allowed to lodge in the Hieronymite convent of Sant' Onofrio on the Janiculum.

In this home of peace, and often reposing under the branches of the oak which, only a few days before,* had sheltered St. Philip Neri and his class of little Romans, the wearied genius hearkened to the gentle Hieronymites as they prepared him for his last journey. Toward the end he wrote to a friend: "The world has so far conquered as to lead me, a beggar, to the grave; whereas I had thought to have had some profit from that glory which, in spite of those who wish it not, will attend my writings." He made a holy death, in his fifty-second year, on April 25, 1595. During his magnificent funeral ceremonies, which were attended by the entire pontifical court, the laurel crown was placed on his brow. The monument which Cardinal Aldobrandini had designed to erect over the remains of his *protégé* was, for some reason, never undertaken; but Cardinal Bevilacqua, of Ferrara, disinterred them, and placed them in a small mausoleum in Sant' Onofrio. Afterward the late Pontiff, Pius IX., at his private expense, erected a magnificent monument, and placed the remains therein (1857), in a beautifully renovated chapel of the same church.

A Floor and a Roof.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

WE have all heard of sermons in stones and books in running brooks. Some of us have heard, too, of the old gentleman who always thought there was some mistake about that quotation, because the sermons are generally in the books, and the running brooks have the stones in them. However, Shakspeare knew what he was saying; and most of us have found his words true before now. No doubt he meant the stones of the wilderness, the brooks of the forest; but when man's hand takes stone and chisels it or matches its colors into mosaic, the sermons are plainer for us ordinary mortals and more directly sacred. There is a sermon of this kind immortalized in the pavement of one of the churches of Cologne. Sometimes it is mentioned when the Rhineland tourists are comparing their notes across the *table d'hôte* of a river-front hotel. "Have you been," says one, "to the church where the river of life is on the floor?" And in all likelihood none of the other travellers have found Santa Maria in Capitolio—or, as the people call it, the Marienkirche.

How it all comes back to one with the name of the Marienkirche, or Zint Marien! Again one feels the delicious sunshine and holiday freedom; the exquisite sense of mystery in wandering out in the new land—strangely new to us, but old in the life of Europe, venerable in religion, and inheriting centuries of art. Here we are in the early morning, again ascending the hill that was once the capitol: not a steep hill—very gentle, almost imperceptible, close to the region of the river and the hotels, and covered with narrow streets. We go along by *strasse* and *gasse*; meet several trim Gretchens, always scrupulously neat. We find ourselves wondering at the airy custom by which, first thing in the morning, the ends of all the bedding of the Fatherland are stuck out of the lower windows; and our wonder is increased still more when we see Hans or Johann smoking in his room above, while the bowl of the pipe is a long way down the wall outside the house.

* St. Philip died just one month before Tasso.

Here we are at the gates. Up a few steps and one is in "the Galilee," where the colored walls begin, and where in these churches one sees generally the gold-backed frescoes of the Stations of the Cross. Come in: it leads into the transept; and take care of the downward step where the transept ends, and be not precipitated as a stranger and a tourist into the midst of the pious congregation.

Pious they are, undoubtedly, both men and women; and they unite to their piety the proverbial German industry and thrift. It is to the honor of the Rhineland that it has kept its faith, whether Luther preached three centuries ago, or whether the Culturkampf imprisoned the bishops in our own time. Thanks to such constancy, the cathedrals and churches are still beautiful, and, so to say, alive with the religion, the art and the piety of their first builders: not like the old churches and cathedrals of England, where, unfortunately, time has wrecked, and the hand of the spoiler has not spared; where Sacrament and Sacrifice have ceased, and where in our own inheritance we must stand sorrowfully as strangers.

Well, the Mass is going on under the Romanesque arches of the old Marienkirche. The townsfolk are kneeling on the mosaic at each side of the pictured centre; and the vaulted roof over all is a vision of Jacob's ladder, with gold-winged angels ascending and descending. It is home, and we kneel down. The world is wide, and everywhere the treasures of art have gathered round the universal Sacrifice: "Yea, I have a goodly heritage!"

They know how to sing the *Tantum Ergo* here. As the people come back from the rail—women amongst them with the peasant's white kerchief on their heads—the organ music bursts out; one realizes the riches added to the lowliest life by the presence of its Lord and King; and a man's voice intones, loudly and triumphantly, the first words: "Therefore to such a Sacrament." He sings it through, carrying all hearts with him; a thousand might have listened in a concert room to such a voice, but here it is in a region above criticism—one voice embodying all the feeling of the multitude, and singing with a vehemence of praise never to be forgotten by those who have once heard it.

When the people are all gone, we can explore the wonders of one of the oldest churches in Cologne. As most of us know, the Romanesque was the German attempt to build on Roman lines; it began with Charlemagne in that round central part, which was once the whole, of his Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Later centuries elaborated it to the shape of a cross, with three round apses set like a trefoil to form the east end and the transepts. The exterior of these churches is plain but nobly proportioned, and the rounded end is generally ornamented by arches below and small arcades high up.

One goes back into the twilight of history to find when the first church was on this spot. The mother of Charles Martel built it here, on the Roman Capitol. Afterward, in the eleventh century, Pope Leo IX. consecrated the present church; the choir and transepts were built a century later, and even that is still six hundred and fifty years ago; the vaulting of the roof dates from the same time. The frescoes of the interior are modern. And well may they have painted along that venerable roof the vision of angels ascending and descending Jacob's ladder from the altar-end down toward the west; for in this building the "sacred mysteries" (as the first Christians called them) have been celebrated for six or seven centuries, and on this spot for more than a thousand years. What was the holiness of Jacob's resting-place compared to this?

The walls and the roof have already begun to speak to us. But the most remarkable part of the church is the mosaic floor, strikingly appropriate to the building because its style recalls the old Roman pavements. The figures are of austere design, like the earliest Christian art; though it probably dates from the later decoration of the church. It would be hard to find anywhere else so elaborate a scheme of floor decoration. Yet, strange as it may seem, the tourist crosses it with a glance; and the Baedeker in his hand is utterly ignorant of its existence. At the same time the arrangement of the seats gives a full view; for a large space before the altar-rail is left clear, and so is the broad walk leading to the western end and the baptismal font.

Around this font a few fishes are represented, drawn very much in the manner of the constantly recurring emblem in the Catacombs.

Waving lines of white and grey, of considerable breadth, make a suggestion of water—a symbol rather than a picture, but quite recognizable. Here at the baptismal font begins the river of life. A few paces farther, and we come to colored figures on the pavement, large but under life-size. Here is Infancy—the mother by the cradle; and the cradle not idealized, but of the old wooden make, with rockers and a quilt. After another lapse of the stream, we find Childhood—the monk teaching the boy; and the child's slate is again not idealized, but a thing of every day. Straight along the stream again, and we find the youth and maiden standing hand in hand. A little farther, and here is Manhood—two knights with helmets, swords and shields: struggle and contention being, unfortunately, in all times man's common way. A few steps on, and we see Age—the old man, leaning on his stick, stands beside the coffer containing, perhaps, the riches amassed by his life's striving, and only in his possession at its very end.

All these circular pictures have been set broadly and bravely on the floor of the walk, with the heads of the figures toward the altar, and with the waving lines of the river spreading round each to encircle it and to pass on.

Under the central part of the roof, the river on the pavement widens to a great circle; and there is the ship of the Church. Then the stream flows into the sanctuary; and, by a curious optical delusion, the waving lines along the centre create an apparent undulation of the floor. On each side of it are represented the days and nights of human life. On the right of the river an angel holds an almost darkened sphere, while another angel watches over a sleeping figure. On the left, Day holds up the radiant sun; and here two figures appear: one digging and one kneeling, while the motto bids us "work and pray."

Lastly the stream flows to the foot of the altar, where on the pavement appears at last the tree of life watered by the angels of paradise; and on the altar front, beyond the sermon in color and in stone, one sees the Lamb and Alpha and Omega to speak of the Eternal, the First and the Last.

The apse is resplendent with gold and color; the altar overshadowed by marble pillars and mosaic angels. Frescoes of Apostles are glowing

against gold behind the carved oak of the stalls, and the whole is divided from the ambulatory tracery shining with gold. One sees the rounded arches springing yet higher, their upper curves ablaze with color and gilding. Higher yet, a half circle of rich stained-glass windows; and yet above, a golden arc, the diminishing top of the apse. Here the angels hold their long trumpets, sounding a downward blast from heavenly distance, and encircling as the last and highest gem the Coronation of Our Lady, life-size, pure and beautiful, in the manner of Fra Angelico. It is a later Italian style in the midst of much that is quaint and older. But the angelic painter is pre-eminently the painter of the Coronation; and since therein he is unsurpassable, the artist showed his judgment by bringing the Romanesque decoration to a climax angelic in every sense of the word.

The whole church is warm with color. Even on the columns where the apse and transepts meet, the idea of the river has been suggested in waving lines and pale tints; on this pillar in shadowy red, and there in light malachite green. Finally, the roof has its riches of the painter's art, with its ladder and its gold-winged figures. The whole design may be said to represent the occupation of angels above and of men below.

It is a design well chosen for the place. The river appealed to the artist's mind, and the Rhineland people understand his emblem. Their interests centre round a river; its broad flood is always before them, with its lofty cathedral towers, and its misty or sunny distance toward the Seven Mountains. Its commerce is their life; the beautiful Rhine is their highway, and its boat-bridge is breaking every hour to let the traffic through to their quays.

Therefore, fittingly is there one church at Cologne where in the language of art the truth is immortalized, that life flows fast as a river, and that the earthly sanctuary is the forerunner of the heavenly paradise, where our journey is to end.

THAT in us which shall never die is changing daily—is being moulded or marred according as we yield to or resist the working of His Word and Spirit,—is taking the eternal stamp of good or ill.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Our Lady of Dolors in Mechlin.

THE town of Mechlin is one which should possess great interest for many of our readers; for it was converted by an Irish Bishop, St. Rumold, whose relics rest in the cathedral, dedicated in his honor,—a fine church, full of reminders of the martyr, who built a chapel on the site where it now stands. Eight centuries after its conversion, Mechlin passed under the rule of an English princess, Margaret of York, who received it as her dower when she married Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. Duchess Margaret died in 1503, and, if her epitaph be truthful, was remarkable for her piety; she was laid to rest in the church of the Récollets, which now, alas! serves for profane purposes. The cathedral alone, with its magnificent tower, three hundred and twenty-four feet in height, though unfinished, should attract visitors, to say nothing of other objects of interest in this quaint town. However, few travellers go there; and fewer still know of its different shrines of our Blessed Lady, one of which we shall briefly describe.

The chapel of N. D. au-dela de la Dyle was erected into a parish church in 1255, but the present building dates only from the fifteenth century. A remarkable feature is the series of stations of the Dolors of Our Lady erected outside the church. Six of these were originally placed in the neighboring streets, in which they were erected during the years 1628–9. The Archbishop of Mechlin paid for the first station, the supreme court of Mechlin for the second; the town council gave the sixth as an *ex-voto*; the seventh station was placed in the church at the cost of the metropolitan chapter. The first six stations were, after a while, removed from their original positions and placed round the outside of the church, for the benefit of those pious souls who wished to perform the devotion when the church was closed. The series was completed in the year 1867, the seventh station being given by the parishioners as an *ex-voto* after the cessation of the cholera.

In this church there are two highly venerated statues—the first of Our Lady of the Sun (*au Soleil*), which has excited the devotion of the Mechliners for centuries; and the other that of

Our Lady of Dolors, which was made in 1626, by Anthony Fayd'herbe, for the Confraternity of the same name.

The Confraternity of Our Lady of Dolors was instituted by the Archduke Philip, father of Charles V., in memory of assistance received in war from Our Lady. It is called the Royal Confraternity, both from its royal origin and from the number of royal persons enrolled in it, amongst whom may be mentioned the Emperor Maximilian, the Archduchess Margaret, and of course the “Archdukes” Albert and Isabel.

Devotion to Our Lady of Dolors increased rapidly, and the fame of the prodigies worked through her intercession spread far and wide. The Emperor Charles V. ordered his secretary, John Van Caudenberghe, to look into them; and the result of this investigation was published by Colvenisius, the Dean of the Faculty of Douay, with the approbation of two bishops. In this report two hundred and ten miraculous events were recorded. A register was commenced in 1659 and continued till 1819.

A prodigy occurred on the Feast of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, 1824, too remarkable not to be mentioned. A boy aged thirteen, who was a deaf-mute, had come to the church to make his confession by signs, previous to making his First Communion. He knelt before the statue of Our Lady of Dolors to say a prayer before going to the sacristy, where the priest was waiting for him. Suddenly he felt his tongue unloosened; and, going straight to the sacristy, this child, who up to that hour had been deaf and dumb, said in a loud and intelligible voice, in Flemish, that he wished to make his confession. The wonder was noised abroad, and many of the leading inhabitants invited him to their houses, that they might have aural demonstration of the truth of what was related.

WE can not honor Christ without honoring Mary, if we try; nor honor her as His mother without honoring Him. Such is the intimate relation between the Mother and the Son, that whatever honor we render her as His mother redounds to Him; and whatever honor we render to Him as her son—that is, as come in the flesh—will overflow and extend to her.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE VICES OF THE THEATRE.

THERE used to be an unreasonable prejudice against the drama in any form. People forgot that the English drama, at any rate, had its origin in the miracle plays, and that the earliest English playwright was an abbot. They had become Puritanized, in spite of themselves. There is a suspicion that Mistress Judith Quiney, who had imbibed the spirit of the *Mayflower* people, carefully destroyed everything that could have convicted her great father of having been a player and a writer of plays. But enough was spared to us,—enough to show that Shakspeare was not only great in genius, but great in reverence for the old order which the ruthless Henry VIII. destroyed.

The old prejudice was bad enough. It left the theatres to the profligate, and it made the struggle of the good against the bad in the drama all the harder.

The new laxity, however, is worse than the old prejudice. Fathers and mothers, from being unreasoning and inveterate enemies of the stage, have come to regard even its worse vices with a kind of indulgence,—an indulgence which helps their children to blur the line that separates right from wrong, modesty from immodesty, and vice from virtue. This line can not be made too plain in our day: it can not be too deeply etched into our minds and hearts; for, unfortunately, the whole tendency of our time is to obliterate. "Sin!" says a man whom the intellectual world admires; "sin!" exclaims Ernest Rénan,—"I blot out sin."

To observe the crowds of young people—the children of really good parents—on their way to indecent spectacles, would, we think, move the great St. Chrysostom to more terrible thunders against the abuses of the stage than even he ever uttered.

The theatre in the nineteenth century is purity itself compared with what it was in the seventeenth. And, happily, of late the tendency to import the most scrofulous of the French dramas

has decreased. It is the *spectacle*, not the drama, which is one of the worst means of demoralization in our civilization. The *spectacle* is an attempt to please the eyes by sensuous pictures, which are too often sensual and the feeders of sensuality. The casual promenader in the streets can not help observing the flaming posters which are meant to attract the young, the inexperienced, the idle, or the corrupt. That they are meant to *corrupt*, there can be no doubt.

The stage has its mission, and this mission is to help to purify morals and manners; to divert the mind from cares which might make it less cheerful; to elevate by showing us the struggle and the triumph of noble souls, or the defeat and the despair of the ignoble. A good play, like a good novel, is a gift of God. No man of sensibility could see Mary Anderson as "The Daughter of Roland," Ada Rehan as "Rosalind"—which she plays most modestly,—Booth as "Hamlet," or Barrett as "Julius Cæsar," without being moved to higher thoughts. But when the harmless fairy tale that delights pure childhood is made a peg on which to hang a hundred glittering deviltries, then the Christian parent should forcibly draw the line against the play-house.

"Immodest comedies," of which the Catechism speaks, are seldom presented now. Wycherley, Congreve, and Van Brugh are out of fashion. Immodest spectacles are the rule. The stage manager, like the keeper of a Turkish harem, chooses females for the "show," on the same principle that would debase Ismail Pasha in selecting his slaves. This is true: there is no exaggeration about it; and even the highly paid *prime-donne* in the light spectacular operas dare not protest against the flagrant and immodest undress which the public taste seems to demand.

The ballet dances of fifty years ago were chaste compared with the spectacles of the modern stage. "Oh, public opinion has changed!" the amiable matron answers, when somebody ventures to remonstrate. "We are more liberal than we used to be."

But, alas! with these spectacles the worship of Venus returns to earth; with these spectacles pagan license is brought back into Christian centuries. A love for art can never be urged as an excuse for such exhibitions. There is no art in them, though there is artificiality and all

vile affectations. They degrade taste as well as morals. And, when taste and morals are both debased, there is hope neither for the intellect nor the heart.

Let us look at the play-bills before we let our children enter the theatre, lest the young rose open to the sunlight, cankered and corrupted by slime in the track of the worm.

A Singular Conversion.

IN the early part of the year 1865 a young Algerian soldier was brought to one of the military hospitals of Paris. He was a handsome Arab, vigorously built, with sparkling eyes and teeth of brilliant whiteness. His manners indicated that he belonged to a family of distinction; he could read and write, but knew nothing whatever of the French language. An attack of aggravated pleurisy threatened his life.

Shortly after his arrival the chaplain of the hospital was called to administer the last Sacraments to a patient whose bed adjoined that of the young Arab. The priest came, accordingly, vested in surplice and stole, bearing in his hands the Viaticum and the holy oils, and preceded by acolytes carrying the cross and lighted candles.

The child of Mahomet followed all the details of the ceremony with the closest attention. He watched the priest kneel, make the Sign of the Cross, and recite the prayers; and saw the sick man kiss the crucifix, listen attentively to the words of the priest, receive Communion, and finally the holy unction. Nothing escaped him. The chaplain having retired, the Arab youth still kept his gaze fixed on his dying neighbor, and was singularly impressed by the calmness with which this latter, some hours afterward, breathed his last.

It was easy to see that he was powerfully affected. He began himself to make the Sign of the Cross; he clasped his hands and bowed to the crucifix hanging in the ward; in a word, grace had pierced his heart, and he began to experience its divine influence.

His last moments were not remote. There came soon a terrible crisis that reduced him to his agony. A prey to an inexpressible agitation, he cried out to his companions, to the Sisters, to

the physicians. In vain was he given everything likely to appease him: nothing could tranquillize him. All at once he perceived a crucifix hanging from a Sister's cincture. He clutched it, kissed it repeatedly, and clung to it so firmly that the Sister was forced to detach it and leave it with him. His excitement redoubled. "*Marabout!*" he cried; "*marabout!*" The *marabout* (Arabian priest) was sent for, and speedily arrived. Hardly had the dying youth perceived him than he repelled him with the most expressive gestures. "*Macach marabout!*" (bad priest) he repeated several times; then added: "*Marabout Sidnah Issah!*" (priest of Lord Jesus.) It finally became clear that he wished for the Catholic priest, who accordingly was brought to him.

His coming was a source of great joy to the poor Arab. He stretched out his arms to the clergyman, seized his hands, covered them with kisses, placed them on his head, and by his signs convinced all that he desired to become a Christian. The name of *Sidnah Issah* was reiterated again and again; each successive invocation was a profession of faith, the only one that as yet he could make.

The chaplain made haste. After further signs, and the exchange of a few words by means of an interpreter, he administered baptism by the simple pouring of water. To state the effect of the Sacrament on the young man would be impossible. The convulsions that had been torturing him ceased instantaneously, and were replaced by the sweetest placidity. It was like a case of one of those possessed who were touched by the hand of Jesus, and who, at the divine contact, fell peacefully at His feet. The Arab thanked the priest with an eloquent glance, took the latter's crucifix because it was larger than the Sister's, pressed it to his bosom, and, lying down, covered himself with the bedclothes, as if he desired to sleep. All respected his wish, and he was left undisturbed.

About an hour afterward, noticing that he was quite motionless, the Sister approached his bed and found that he had given up his soul to God. The crucifix was still pressed to his lips, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin that had been given to him was clasped in his hand. The same hour had witnessed the young Algerian's birth into the life of grace and that of glory.

Notes and Remarks.

In a strong appeal to French Canadians on behalf of the famine-menaced peasantry of the south and west of Ireland, the editor of *La Vérité* (Quebec) writes:

"I defy the most hard-hearted of men to traverse these districts of Ireland, even when the crops have not failed, without shedding tears. I protest that I still shed them each time that I go over in spirit this portion of my travels. In that part of Ireland there are thousands who from January 1 to December 31 know not what it is to 'eat their fill.' To see them is to be convinced of the fact. When bad weather and the rot destroy the potato crop (the only one in these sterile regions), the misery of these people assumes proportions that God alone can measure."

The Canadian journalist adds that while the English Government is examining, weighing, and deciding whether relief is needed, we are liable to receive news that in some wretched hamlet of Connemara, Clare, Kerry, or Cork, children are dying of hunger.

By far the best likeness of Cardinal Newman, according to Coventry Patmore, is the bust that Mr. Thomas Woolner made of him some years ago. "I saw this bust," writes Mr. Patmore to the editor of the *Tablet*, "in a room which contained excellent busts of all the most famous men of the age; and Woolner had so expressed the weight of Newman's intellect and character, that I can best convey my impression by saying that it made all the rest look like vegetables in comparison with it."

In the course of a truly eloquent sermon, delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin in Philadelphia last month, the Rev. Daniel I. McDermott thus described the Cathedral of Milan, which is in many respects the most beautiful church in the world, the very embodiment in stone of Mary's prophecy, "All generations shall call me blessed":

"It is in all its parts, from foundation-stone to loftiest minaret, even its roof, constructed of white marble. Its style is the purest Gothic. The principal feature of its ornamentation consists in innumerable marble statues, six thousand of which are

of life and of heroic size. At first glance it seems as if the architect intended these statues to serve the purpose of ornamentation only: those in the interior, with their pedestals and canopies, to break the monotony of lofty columns and great spaces—to serve as capitals for pillars and spans for arches; those on the exterior to relieve the plainness of walls and buttresses—to serve as finials for countless minarets and spires. When, however, one ascends to a dizzy height in the tower, and looks on the immense structure below, standing in the square like a forest of statuary, and then turns his eyes to the great statue of Mary raised high above all, he for the first time realizes why that Cathedral was thus designed; that those statues serve more than the purpose of mere ornamentation, more than the purpose of honoring the saints they represent. He realizes that they are there to proclaim and emphasize a great truth. On a bright summer morning, when that building is resplendent in the glory of an Italian sun, as one looks down on that vast multitude of statues, representing patriarchs, prophets and saints of the Old Law; representing Apostles and doctors, martyrs and confessors, holy virgins and pious women of the New Law; representing saints of both sexes, of every age, condition, clime and century, it seems as if the architect had made all the sainted dead rise out of that square in the unsullied purity of their resurrection robes. And as one instinctively follows the statues as they rise above one another until his eyes rest on the highest pinnacle, where Mary stands, the stars her diadem, the moon her footstool, the sun her robe of glory, Mary's canticle, the *Magnificat*, comes to his mind. The prophecy, however, is now changed: it is no longer 'All generations *shall* call me blessed,' but 'All generations *have* called me blessed.'"

Millet's "Angelus" has just been sold in Paris for \$150,000. It is fitting that this masterpiece should return to France to stay, and there is great rejoicing there in consequence.

When the late Canon Liddon heard that his old friend Mr. Kegan Paul was likely to join the Catholic Church, he said: "I am very glad. God bless him!"

Those Protestants who regard Wycliffe as their father in the Lord, as the precursor of the "glorious Reformation," should take note of his sentiments in regard to the Mother of God. In a sermon on the Assumption of Our Lady he says: "It seems to me impossible that we can be

rewarded without the assistance of Mary. Nevertheless, there are degrees in her help. Some, even of those whom God foresees will be damned, she helps to avoid sin, and consequently to receive a mitigation of their eternal punishment; some she helps to the accumulation of the goods of fortune, of nature, of grace, and consequently to an avoidance of temporal danger or loss; some she helps to merit salvation. And so no one is without her superabundant assistance, whether he serves her much or little. Yea, those who have merited nothing feel her help; since, because of her humility and prayers for the human race, they will be more lightly punished. She was, in a manner, the cause of the Incarnation and Passion of Christ, and hence of the salvation of the world. We must believe that no one merits blessedness unless by the grace of God, and by his consequent finding of God. Mary always interposes before the merits of our sins, because she obtains for sinners that they repent. Hence there is no sex, age, state, or condition in the human race that needs not to implore the aid of the Virgin."

Christian education is steadily gaining ground in France, as even its bitterest opponents are reluctantly forced to admit. *Le Matin*, a Parisian journal that will not be suspected of any leaning toward clericalism, notes with regret the diminution in the number of students attending the State University and *lycées*. In Paris, Nantes, Orleans, Chartres—in fact, throughout the Republic—Catholic universities and colleges are drawing young men from the baleful influence of an intellectual training from which the idea of God and religion is eliminated. All true friends of France will rejoice in learning that the future of that country is likely to be guided by men of another stamp than those who have so long shaped her destinies.

A recent issue of *Il Vero Guelfo*, a Neapolitan journal, has a full account of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius on the feast of the Saint (Sept. 19). It took place seventy-four minutes after the exposition. On the following day the miracle was wrought at the end of twenty minutes. The prodigy was announced as usual by the firing of cannon and the ringing of all the church bells in the city. The liquefaction

of St. Januarius' blood is an extraordinary occurrence, for which modern scientists have utterly failed to account by any tenable theory. The insinuation of fraud, flippantly advanced by that shallowest of mortals, the American globe-trotter, has been repeatedly disproved by eminent Protestants, among them the great chemist Sir Humphry Davy, who have frankly acknowledged that the liquefaction is to them inexplicable. So it will continue to be to all who, shutting their eyes to the light, erroneously believe that the "age of miracles is past."

The following offerings for the Carmelite nuns are gratefully acknowledged:

E. A. M., Roxbury, Mass., \$25; K. K., 50 cts.; Mrs. A. M. and Mary A. M., \$2; Maria Navarre, \$1; Mrs. B. Miller, \$1; from four persons, \$1; three persons, \$3; a friend, Halifax, N. C., \$1; in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; B. T. C., \$1; M. J. C., \$1; M. F., \$3; a lover of THE "AVE MARIA," \$2; A. S., in behalf of the souls in purgatory, \$5; E. P. C., \$1; a mother and daughter, in honor of St. Teresa, \$1; Mrs. M. A. H., \$5.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Michael Kenney, who died a happy death on the 30th ult., at Portland, Me.

Mrs. Robert Rutledge, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., whose sudden though well-provided death occurred on the 4th inst.

Mr. John Kilpatrick, who departed this life at Carbondale, Pa., on the 28th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Patrick McAuley, of Blackstone, Mass., who met with a violent death on the 6th inst.

Mrs. M. Needham, who died suddenly on the 1st inst., at Park Place, Pa.

Mrs. Marion B. Hoban, of Ammendale, Md., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Anne Conway and Denis Cavanagh, West Meath, Ireland; Miss Mary Boylan and Mrs. Elizabeth Tracy, Woonsocket, R. I.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Uncle Tom's Story.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

SOME pine logs burned brightly upon the andirons in the wide, old-fashioned chimney; and the Tyrrell children were comfortably seated around the fire, roasting chestnuts and telling stories.

"Come, Uncle Tom, it is your turn!" cried Pollie, breaking in upon the reverie of their mother's brother, who, seated in the old red arm-chair, was gazing abstractedly at the cheery flames.

"Yes, please let us have something about the war," put in Rob.

"But everybody has been telling war stories for the last twenty-five years. Do you not think we have had enough of them?" said the gentleman.

"One never tires of hearing of deeds of bravery," answered Rob, dramatically.

"Or of romantic adventures," added Pollie.

Uncle Tom looked amused, but, after some hesitation, said: "Well, I will tell you an incident recalled by this pine-wood fire. It may seem extraordinary; but, having witnessed it myself, I can vouch for its truth. You consider me an old soldier; yet, though I wore the blue uniform for more than a year and saw some fighting, I was only a youth of eighteen when the war closed; and, in spite of my boyish anxiety to distinguish myself and become a hero, I probably would never have attained even to the rank of orderly, had it not come about in the following manner:

Our regiment was stationed at A——, not far from the seat of war. Near our quarters was a Catholic church, attended by the —— Fathers. I early made the acquaintance of one of them, who was popularly known as Father *Friday*, this being the nearest approach to the pronuncia-

tion of his peculiar German name to which the majority of the people could arrive. In him I recognized my ideal of a Christian gentleman, and as such I still revere his memory.

He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw—tall and of splendid physique, with light brown hair, blue eyes, and a complexion naturally fair, but bronzed by the sun. Though in reality he was as humble and unassuming as any lay-brother in his community, his bearing was simply regal. He could not have helped it any more than he could help the impress of nobility upon his fine features. The youngsters used to enjoy seeing him pass the contribution box in church at special collections. It must have been "an act" (as you convent girls say, Pollie). He would move along in his superb manner, looking right over the heads of the congregation, and disdaining to cast a glance at the "filthy lucre" that was being heaped up in the box which from obedience he carried. What were silver and gold, let alone the cheap paper currency of the times, to him, who had given up wealth and princely rank to become a religious? Yet, in fact, they were a great deal, since they meant help for the needy—a church built, a hospital for the sick poor. In this sense none appreciated more the value of money.

Father Friday was accustomed to travel about the country for miles, hunting up those of his flock who, from the unsettled state of affairs, either could not or would not come into the town to church. Like the typical missionary, from necessity he always walked; though, in my youthful enthusiasm, I used to think how grandly he would look upon a charger and in the uniform of a general. In his old cassock, and wearing a hat either of plain brown straw or black felt, according to the season, he was as intrepid as a general, however; and went about alone as serenely as if the times were most peaceful. Our colonel often remonstrated with him for doing so, and finally insisted upon appointing an orderly to attend him. Father Friday at first declined; but upon hearing that the duty had been assigned to me, he in the end assented—partly, I suppose, to keep me from bad company and out of mischief. Many a pleasant tramp I had with him; for he would beguile the way with anecdotes and jokes, and bits of information upon geology, botany, the birds of that section—everything likely to

interest a boy. What wonder that I regarded a day with him as a genuine holiday?

One October afternoon he said: "To-morrow morning, Captain 'Tom'" (the title was a pleasantry of his),—"to-morrow morning I shall be glad of your company. I am going some five miles back in the country to visit an invalid."

"Very well, Father," I answered. "I shall be ready."

Accordingly, the next day, at the appointed hour, I joined him at the gate of the convent, and we set out—this time in silence, for he carried the Blessed Sacrament. At first our course was through the open plain; but later it led, for perhaps a mile, across a corner of the pine forest, which extended all along the ridge and shut the valley in from the rest of the world. We entered the wood confidently, and for half an hour followed the windings of the path, which gradually became less defined. After a while it began to appear that we were making but little headway.

Father Friday stopped. "Does it not seem to you that we are merely going round and round, Tom?" he asked.

I assented gloomily.

"Have you a compass?"

I shook my head.

"Nor have I," he added. "I did not think of bringing one, being so sure of the way. How could we have turned from it so inadvertently? Well, we must calculate by the sun. The point for which we are bound is in a southerly direction."

Having taken our bearings, we retraced our steps a short distance, then pushed forward for an hour or more, without coming out upon the bridle-path which we expected to find. Another hour passed; the sun was getting high. Father Friday paused again.

"What time is it?" he inquired.

I looked at the little silver watch my mother gave me when I left home. "Nine o'clock!" I answered, with a start.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "There is now no use in pressing on farther. We should arrive too late at our destination. We may as well rest a little, and then try to find our way home. It is unaccountable that I should have missed the way so stupidly."

But it was one thing to order a retreat, as we soldiers would call it, and quite another to go

back by the route we had come. We followed first one track and then another; but the underbrush grew thicker and thicker, and at length the conviction was forced upon us that we were completely astray. I climbed a tree—it was no easy task, as any one who has ever attempted to climb a pine will agree. I got up some distance, after a fashion; but the branches were so thick and the trees so close together that there was nothing to be discerned, except that I was surrounded by what seemed miles of green boughs, which swayed in the breeze, making me think of the waves of an emerald sea.

I scrambled down and submitted my discouraging report. The sun was now overhead: it must therefore be noon. We began to feel that even a frugal meal would be welcome. I had managed to get a cup of coffee before leaving my quarters; but Father Friday, I suspected, had taken nothing. We succeeded in finding some berries here and there; and, farther on, a spring of water. However, this primitive fare was of little avail to satisfy one's appetite.

Well, after wandering about, and shouting and hallooing till we were tired, in the effort to attract the attention of any one who might chance to be in the vicinity, we rested at the foot of a tree. Father Friday recited some prayers, to which I made the responses. Then he withdrew a little, and read his Office as serenely as if he were in the garden of the convent; while I, weary and disheartened, threw myself on the ground and tried again to determine by the sun where we were. I must have fallen asleep; for the next thing I knew the sun was considerably lower, and Father Friday was waiting to make another start.

"How strange," he kept repeating as we proceeded, "that we should be so entirely astray in a wood only a few miles in extent, and within such a short distance from home! It is most extraordinary. I can not understand it."

It was, indeed, singular; but I was too dispirited to speculate upon the subject. Soldier though I prided myself upon being, and strong, active fellow that I certainly was, Father Friday was as far ahead of me in his endurance of the hardship of our position as in everything else.

Dusk came, and we began to fear that we should have to remain where we were all night.

Again I climbed a tree, hoping to catch a glimpse of a light somewhere. All was dark, however; and I was about to descend when—surely there was a faint glimmer yonder! As the diver peers amid the depths of the sea in search of buried jewels, so I eagerly looked down among the green branches. Yes, now it became a ray, and probably shone from some dwelling in the heart of the wood. I called the good news to Father Friday.

"*Deo gratias!*" he exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"Over there," said I, pointing in the direction of the light.

I got to the ground as fast as I could, and we made our way toward it. Soon we saw it plainly, glowing among the trees; and, following its guidance, soon came to a cleared space, where stood a rude log cabin, in front of which burned a fire of pine knots. Before it was a man of the class which the darkies were wont to designate as "pore white trash." He was a tall, gawky countryman, rawboned, with long, unkempt hair. His homespun clothes were decidedly the worse for wear; his trousers were tucked into the tops of his heavy cowhide boots, and perched upon his head was the roughest of home-woven straw-hats.

At the sound of our footsteps he turned, and to say that he was surprised at our appearance would but ill describe his amazement. Father Friday speedily assured him that we were neither raiders nor bush-rangers, but simply two very hungry wanderers who had been astray in the woods all day.

"Wa-all now, strangers, them is rather hard lines," said the man, good-naturedly. "Jest make yerselves ter home hyere ternight, an' in the mornin' I'll put yer on the right road to A—. Lors, but yer must a-had a march! Been purty much all over the woods, I reckon.—Mirandy!" he continued, calling to some one inside the cabin. "Mirandy!"

"I'm a-heedin', Josh. What's the matter?" inquired a *scrawny*, sandy-haired woman, coming to the door, with her arms akimbo. "Mussy me!" she ejaculated upon seeing us.

"Hyere's two folks as has got lost in this hyere forest, an' is plum tired out an' powerful hongry," explained her husband.

"Mussy me!" she repeated, eying my blue

coat askance, and regarding Father Friday with suspicious wonder. She had never seen a uniform like that long black cassock. To which side did he belong, Federal or Confederate?

"Mirandy's Secesh, but I'm for the Union," explained Josh, with a wink to us. "Sometimes we have as big a war as any one cyares ter see, right hyere, on 'ccount of it. But, Lors, Mirandy, yer ain't a-goin' ter quarrel with a man 'cause the color of his coat ain't ter yer likin' when he ain't had a bite of vittles terday!"

"No, I ain't," answered the woman, stolidly. Glancing again at Father Friday's kind face, she added, more graciously: "Wa-all, yer jest in the nick of time; the hoe-cake's nyearly done, and we war about havin' supper. Hey, Josh?"

"Sartain sure," said Josh, ushering us into the kitchen, which was the principal room of the cabin, though a door at the side apparently led into a smaller one adjoining. He made us sit down at the table, and Mirandy placed the best her simple larder afforded before us.

As we went out by the fire again, our host said, with some embarrassment: "Now, strangers, I know ye're fagged out, an' for sure ye're welcome to the tiptop of everythin' we've got. But I'm blessed if I can tell whar ye're a-goin' ter sleep ternight. We've company, yer see, in the leetle room yonder; an' that's the only place we've got ter offer, ordinar'ly."

Father Friday hastened to reassure him. "I propose to establish myself outside by the fire. What could be better?" said he.

Father Friday, you remember, had the Blessed Sacrament with him; and I knew that, weary as he was, he would pass the night in prayer.

"I am actually too tired to sleep now," I began. "But when I am inclined to do so, what pleasanter resting-place could a soldier desire than a bit of ground strewn with pine needles?"

"Wa-all, I allow I'm glad yer take it the right way," declared Josh; then, growing loquacious, he continued: "Fact is, this is mighty cur'ous company of ourn—"

"Josh, come hyere a minute, can't yer?" called Mirandy from within.

"Sartain," he answered, breaking off abruptly, and leaving us to conjecture who the mysterious visitor might be.

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—ROSE'S PART.

Josie did not speak to anybody during luncheon. Rose tried in vain to get a word from her; she was offended, and she determined to show it. Bernard soon forgot his annoyance. And after luncheon the little group gathered on the porch—Josie going off alone.

Alice, who had become somewhat more amiable in her thoughts, was anxious to make amends for the offence she had given the boys on Friday night. She was curious, too, about their proceedings; and she determined to satisfy her curiosity.

"Why did you go into the little box again on Sunday?" she asked of Richard. "I thought you confessed all your sins on Friday afternoon."

Richard changed color and hesitated. "You made me angry, and I was afraid to go to Holy Communion," he answered, in a low voice.

It was Alice's turn to be disconcerted. "I never thought—but you were nasty and disagreeable to me; you know you were," she said.

Richard's eyes flashed. "Perhaps I was," he replied, after a pause. "I went back and told Father —, and he scolded me a little; he said I need not have troubled about it, for I had not been wilfully angry; and then I felt comforted."

"He told me the same thing," interposed Bernard. "If I had thought for a moment, I should not have been impatient with you, Alice. And I was sorry I did not think in time."

Alice looked at the two boys thoughtfully. "You are both queer," she said; "but I think you are good. Dear me," she added, "I wish I were like Rose!"

"You mean like Josie," laughed Rose. "I am naughty sometimes, but Josie never is."

"Josie thinks too much of herself. I don't want that kind of goodness; I think too much of myself already."

Mr. West and Uncle Will came out of the study, with their cigars. Rose, anxious that no harm should befall the proposed entertainment, explained their difficulties to them.

Uncle Will asked Bernard for the poem, and said it was very pretty. After that he asked leave to improve it. Bernard consented; and, with the help of Uncle Will's blue lead-pencil, it was made to read this way:

"Though the April clouds pass by,
And the flowers pass by, too,
Yet the fragrance of their sigh
Leaves a dream of sun and dew."

Bernard thought his own lines were better; but he accepted these thankfully, and went on in his own words:

"Dear mother, when our praise
Is only a memory sweet,
'Twill bring you back these days,
And make your fond heart beat."

Josie was sought out at once by the other four. She accepted the amendment very coldly; she knew she was right,—she refused to play, all the same.

"Why?"—this came in a chorus.

"Because."

"Because why?"

"I don't want to. I am not angry."

"But why will you not play?"

"Oh, because!"

Alice looked at the others. "I should like to knock her head against a rock!" she exclaimed.

"I know you would," answered Josie, bursting into tears. "I know that nobody loves me, and that I am an outcast. I want to go back to the convent."

"I'm sure that the Sisters would not let you spoil our birthday party," said Alice. "I like you well enough when you are not so aggravating."

Bernard, who was always on the look-out to find how words were used or misused, made a note in his mind to look for "aggravating" in the dictionary.

Rose laid her hand on Alice's arm. "What would mamma say if she heard you speak so rudely to Josie?"

Alice was silent. She won another victory over herself by taking Josie's hand. "Come," she said. "I didn't mean that. Let us talk about the play."

Josie permitted herself to be led back to the porch. She sighed several times, and made everybody uncomfortable by assuming a "hurt" look.

The young people went back in haste to the barn to arrange their plans. Josie opened the

meeting by saying that she was willing to take any part—anything was good enough for *her*. She was used to being trodden upon; she was only a poor orphan.

This aroused Alice. "You are only a half orphan. I'm the helpless creature, without father or mother, who is trodden down—"

Richard laughed; and Alice, seeing the humor of her attitude as a martyr, laughed too.

On second thoughts Bernard refused to have the hat and feathers in his play at all. He had consulted Uncle Will, and the authority had decreed that Romans of the time of Domitian did not wear hats and feathers. Consternation followed this decree.

"Why can't we dramatize something out of Froissart's 'Chronicles'?" demanded Richard. "I might be Gaston de Foix."

A protest followed this. Rose, as usual, came to the rescue. "We have the chorus," she said. "Josie can play a piece. Can't you, Josie?"

"Sister Evarista teaches me; but, then, you might not like my humble efforts," answered Josie, with a long sigh.

"Oh, yes, we shall!" said Rose, brightly. "We can find a two-part song for Dick and Alice. Bernard can play on his violin. Then I will sing; and after that Bernard can read his poem, which is *beautiful*. That will be Part First. And then," continued Rose, her eyes sparkling as she saw the others were listening to her, "we can have tableaux from 'Fabiola': 'Pancratius and his Mother.' Bernard can be Pancratius, and Alice the mother, with the velvet cloak—"

Alice nodded eagerly.

"Then we can have a tableau of St. Agnes, with a palm-branch in her hand, and Uncle Will's little stuffed dog wrapped in a lambskin rug at her feet. We'll have the lights low—only a strong light on St. Agnes. Josie can be the Saint, and Dick can speak Tennyson's poem—mamma likes it, you know. We can have Dick as Columbus, too, with the hat and feathers; and Alice and Josie can be Indian Queens: there's a lot of peacock feathers in the parlor—"

Rose paused for breath. Enthusiasm prevailed. Josie smiled in her old pleasant way. Sister Evarista would have been pleased with the expression on her face now, could she have seen her.

Bernard ran off and returned with "Fabiola."

Richard assumed an attitude as Columbus, and Alice put on the velvet cloak.

"I don't understand how Rose arranged it all so nicely," exclaimed Josie.

"I do!" cried Alice; "I do—oh, you little dear, you didn't think of yourself at all! You have no part. That's the reason you pleased us all. You didn't think of yourself. Rose must have a part."

"I know what Rose will do at the end. She will be a flower girl, with a great basket of chrysanthemums and roses; and when Josie has played some pretty music, she will step down and give them to mamma."

This was Richard's proposition. It was well received.

"I have the best part," said Rose, smiling.

Rehearsals began at once. Josie secretly determined to astonish everybody. She went off to the parlor and chose the most difficult piece of music she could find—as dreadful for the uninitiated to look at as the overture to *Semiremide*. The others followed her. While she banged away they went through their attitudes.

Richard with a false mustache, Alice in a long train, Bernard with a pasteboard helmet, and Rose acting an Indian Queen in Josie's place, were hard at work, when there was a sound of carriage wheels. Could it be the mother? If so, they would be discovered.

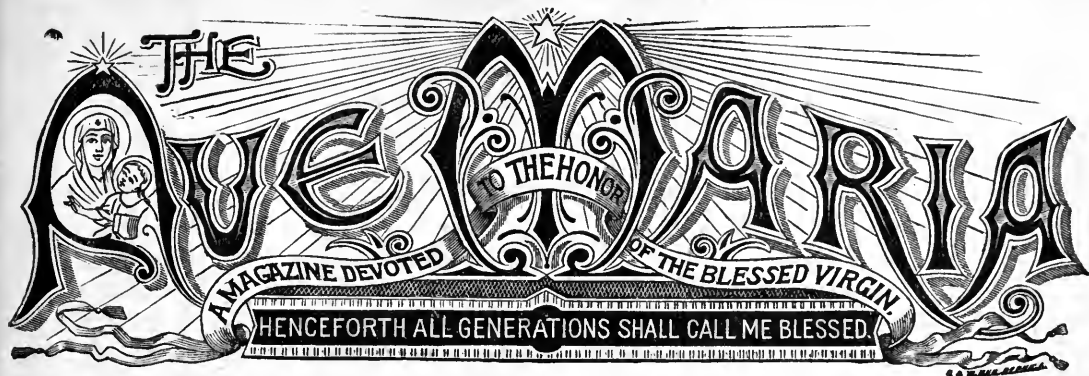
(To be continued.)

The Reason Why.

"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me,—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

MARY E. BRADLEY, in *St. Nicholas*.



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Patient and Waiting.

AS pants the hart for cool, refreshing brooklets,
When heated in the chase,
So long the souls, O Lord, of our departed
To look upon Thy face.

Patient and waiting for glad streaks of sunlight
To scare dark mists away;
Patient and waiting thro' the long night-watches
For God's all-peaceful day.

There bonds long-severed, with sad separations,
By His divine decree,
Shall be new-linked in that true home celestial
Beside the crystal sea.

F. G. L.

Our Lady of Prompt Succor.*

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

MONTREAL has long honored the Blessed Virgin in a little chapel dating from the earliest days of the settlement, and where she is invoked under the title of Our Lady of Good Succor. The craft that plied on the great river St. Lawrence always saluted reverently the statue crowning the apse of the church. Pilgrimages rewarded the faith and piety of the clients of Mary, and the arrest of the ship-fever followed a solemn procession to the shrine.

The disciples of that great client of Mary, St. Alphonsus Liguori, have spread through this

country devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. Far away in the Southwest, by the banks of the great river Mississippi, the Ursuline nuns, oldest of our communities of consecrated virgins, have for nearly a century spread through Louisiana devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor, which they date back to 1785.

When the French Revolution drove the religious women from their convent homes, a young Ursuline nun, Mother St. Michael, as remarkable for her piety as for talents and her winning and dignified manners, laid aside, with a heavy heart, her religious habit. She returned to her family, and was once more Miss Frances Agatha Gensoul. She had renounced all the comforts of home to devote herself to God and the education of youth in the Convent of Pont-Saint-Esprit, and this was still her object in life.

As soon as the worst fury of the revolutionary storm had spent itself, she availed herself of the first moments of calm afforded by a more stable government to follow her vocation. About 1802 she opened a boarding-school for young ladies at Montpelier, to fulfil her duty as a daughter of St. Angela de Merici—that is, to train girls to virtue, form their manners, and inculcate as far as possible a solid knowledge and love of religion, while imbuing their minds with the information and acquirements suited to their age and capacity.

Madame Gensoul's school met with such

* This sketch is prepared from accounts furnished to us by his Grace the Archbishop of New Orleans, whose attention was directed to this favorite devotion of his diocese, and who labors like his predecessors to diffuse it.

wonderful success that Mgr. Fournier, Bishop of Montpellier, who was not slow to recognize her admirable qualities and great talent, fixed upon her as one fitted to revive as superior the Ursuline convent that existed in his episcopal city before the Revolution.

But about the same time Mother St. Michael received a letter from Sister Christine Madier de St. André, her cousin, who before the Revolution had volunteered to cross the Atlantic and aid the Ursuline nuns in their devoted labors at New Orleans. In the political changes of Louisiana, revolutionary France replaced Catholic Spain. Many of the nuns, alarmed at the prospect of persecution, retired to Havana. The handful of nuns left in New Orleans were too few to meet all the duties required of them. Sister St. André appealed to her cousin to come with other French Ursulines to their aid. In France, community life might long be impossible. Here was a convent assured by God's providence of peaceful existence, under a Government which by its very charter could not interfere with religious rights.

Sister St. André had reached America in 1785, only with great difficulty. She and her Sisters had been coldly received by Spanish officials, but they were resolute: they bore all, endured all, confiding in the protection of Mary. Sister St. André had once found in the lumber-room of her French convent a little statue of our Blessed Lady, holding on her left arm the Divine Infant supporting the globe. Set up in her room, this statue became her shrine and oratory. Before it she poured forth her prayers. When all seemed to combine to prevent her going to Louisiana, it was before this statue that she uttered her prayer: "Good Mother, if you speedily remove the obstacles to our departure, I will bear your statue to New Orleans; and I promise to do all in my power to have you honored there."

When this relative in blood and religion, this client of Mary, appealed to Mother St. Michael, she had begun to lose all hope of seeing the Ursulines restored in France. Here was a convent open to her, with plenty of work to do for God and man—an academy, a day-school, an orphan asylum, the ignorant to catechise. She felt that it was a call from God. Her spiritual

director, when she consulted him, could not decide for her. Bishop Fournier, still full of hope of restoring an Ursuline convent, refused absolutely to consent to her departure from his diocese. To all her appeals he was obdurate. One day he said: "Only the Pope himself can permit you to go." Pope Pius VII. was a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon; for a poor, uncloistered nun to reach him seemed impossible. But Mother St. Michael had recourse to Our Lady. She drew up a letter to the Sovereign Pontiff; and, kneeling before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, she promised that if she succeeded in obtaining a prompt and favorable answer, she would labor to have her honored at New Orleans under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

The world might laugh at the good nun and her faith. But her letter reached the Pope, and he gave her full permission and encouragement to follow the call she had received. The Bishop himself yielded, and blessed a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin which Mother St. Michael had procured to bear to New Orleans. On reaching that city, she placed the statue in the chapel of the convent; and Our Lady, invoked under the title of Perpetual Succor, became the patroness of the house, and so frequently manifested her powerful intercession that all the Sisters had unbounded confidence in her. The little statue of Sister St. André, which was of the same type, was soon styled also Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

Mother St. Michael and her companions infused new life into the old convent. The academy prospered and its good works increased. But soon after the convent was lighted up by a conflagration. New Orleans seemed a prey to the flames, which came rolling on toward the convent, mocking all human efforts to control them. The citizens urged the nuns to leave the convent, and preparations were made to depart before it was too late. But the Sisters invoked Our Lady of Prompt Succor; and the aged nun, Sister St. Anthony, took the little statue of Sister St. André and placed it in the window facing the billowy tide of flame. Mother St. Michael fell on her knees and cried: "Our Lady of Prompt Succor, we are lost unless you come to our succor!" She had scarcely spoken when the wind suddenly shifted, the fire gradually abated, and the convent was saved.

In a few years the cloistered community were roused by a new danger. General Packenham, with a well-equipped English army, led by officers who had coped with Napoleon's veterans, was advancing upon New Orleans, with the cry: "Beauty and Booty!" General Jackson, with a far inferior force of undisciplined and untried troops, awaited the onset with stern-set face, determined if defeated to give the city to the flames. New Orleans was full of consternation and alarm. Every man able to hold a weapon hastened to the American lines. The Ursulines set the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor over the altar, and, kneeling before it, made the vow to have a solemn Mass of thanksgiving annually, in order to diffuse devotion to her. The ladies of the city, and women of all colors, gathered around; and Mgr. Dubourg, then administrator of the diocese, offered the Holy Sacrifice to implore the Lord God of Hosts, through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to save the city from the perils which threatened it. Just as the Mass ended, the streets rang with exultant shouts. The well-commanded, disciplined army, with all its superiority in numbers, had been rolled back in slaughter and defeat. The Very Rev. Mr. Dubourg at once intoned the *Te Deum*, which was chanted with a grateful emotion not to be described in words.

The Mass is annually offered in the Ursuline chapel, in thanksgiving, before the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor; and on the Feast of the Assumption the little statue is borne in triumphant procession around the convent, while the community chant the Litany of Loreto and the "*Monstra te esse matrem*"; and the figure of Our Lady is then borne back to the dormitory of the Sisters.

Recognizing the signal interposition of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, Bishop Dubourg, after his consecration, had a picture of Our Lady of Prompt Succor engraved, with the title *Prompta Auxiliatrix*, and granted forty days' indulgence to all who devoutly recited an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" before it. This engraving is reproduced in "The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," and will, we trust, help to extend through the country this devotion to Our Lady, founded and propagated in Louisiana by the Ursulines and their pupils.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIII.

"CARMELA has consented to see you," said Mrs. Thorpe, returning to her nephew; "but I assure you that I had difficulty in inducing her to do so. She is no more anxious than yourself, apparently, to revive the past."

"Indeed!" remarked Lestrangle. There was a tone of pique very perceptible in his voice, and a wave of color mounted quickly to his fair face. To be reluctant to see Carmela himself was one thing, but for Carmela to be reluctant to see *him* was quite another. The last idea did not please him at all. "I hope," he added, a little stiffly, "that you did not urge anything on my behalf: I mean that you did not represent me—"

"As anxious to see her? Not at all," replied Mrs. Thorpe, dryly. "I did not mention your sentiments at all. I simply told her that you were here, that I had sent for you, and that she must blame me for the mistake—since it seems that it is an undoubted mistake. She spoke of returning to Guadalajara, but finally agreed to see you in deference to my wishes."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lestrangle again, with the accent of pique very much accentuated. "You might have assured her that she need not fear any annoyance from me," he added, rather haughtily; "although it is natural, I suppose, that she should be deeply offended with me."

"I do not think that she is offended at all," answered Mrs. Thorpe. "She told me that she simply wished to go, in order to avoid the revival of disagreeable memories."

Whether or not the speaker intended to make every word that she uttered a barb to the vanity of her listener, it is at least certain that she succeeded admirably in doing so. The last words in particular stung him deeply. "*Painful memories*" would have had no such effect, but "*disagreeable*—" That anything connected with himself could become disagreeable was a suggestion that his self-love indignantly resented.

"I wish," he said, "that you would be kind

enough to tell her—" and then stopped short, for in the open door Carmela stood.

It is a peculiar characteristic of real beauty, as distinguished from prettiness or fine looks of any degree, that it always strikes the beholder with a sense of surprise. It is impossible to carry in the memory all the delicacy of tint and perfection of outline which go to form this rare gift, however well known the face possessing it may be. It can be said, indeed, that there is a continual surprise in such beauty, even when seen constantly; but after any interval of absence the effect is very striking, and may serve as a test of its perfection. So now Carmela's beauty struck upon Lestrangle's artistic sense as a sudden exquisite harmony in music would strike the ear of a musician, and thrilled him in like manner. Had he, indeed, forgotten the delicate details of this rare loveliness? or had it gained, in the interval since he saw it last, something which it had lacked before? Did not the classic head lift itself with a more assured and stately grace? were not the dark eyes less wistful and more calmly luminous in their full-orbed beauty? while the tender lips—had they not gained a firmer and nobler curve? So quick is thought that he had time to ask himself these questions while Carmela advanced with quiet ease toward him. In this unexpected ease there was something which deprived him of his own; and when they met, it was she who spoke first.

"You are welcome back to Mexico, Arthur Lestrangle. I hope that I see you well."

A young princess could not have been more gracious; but there was a tinge of aloofness in the tone, which his ear was quick to catch. It contained no echo of that coldness which is the result of resentment, but rather marked the absence of the cordial pleasure which attends the meeting of friends. She was kindly courteous to him, as to all men; but she made no pretence of welcoming him as she would have welcomed one whom she was glad to see.

The consciousness of this, as well as surprise at her self-possession, produced in him a degree of embarrassment which astonished Mrs. Thorpe; for it was very seldom that anything ever rendered Arthur awkward or ill at ease. But now he was certainly both. He murmured a few scarcely audible words in reply to Carmela's greeting,

and it was not until they sat down that he remembered himself sufficiently to hope that her family were well.

"They were very well when I heard from them," she answered; "but I have been away from home for some time. The señora, your aunt, has been very kind. She has given me the great pleasure of seeing Mexico, and we have been here now for two or three weeks."

"I should say that Carmela was kind enough to give me the pleasure of her companionship, without which I should not have cared to come to Mexico," said Mrs. Thorpe, whose wonder grew at the girl's demeanor, and who thought that she had never before suspected what strength might lie in the depths of this nature which seemed on the surface so gentle and pliant.

But only those who have had to make strong efforts to meet and endure things painful and repugnant know how much of sustaining strength there is in the very effort. So Carmela found it now. Having nerved herself, with many an earnest prayer, to the point of the meeting from which she shrank so much, her spirit rose to meet the occasion with a power and a calmness which surprised herself almost as much as its outward manifestation surprised Lestrangle. Instead of being overpowered, as she had feared, by old memories, and perhaps by the attraction that had once swayed her whole being, she found that she had risen to a height where these things had no such power to effect her as she had imagined they might possess. The long discipline of suffering, of struggle and of prayer had not been in vain. By those painful steps she had mounted to the plane where her soul now possessed itself in a tranquillity that was drawn from a deep, inward fount of strength.

Yet it is not to be supposed that she could meet Arthur Lestrangle without a vivid memory of the past, and especially of their last meeting. As their hands and glances met, she recalled, with an intensity which almost seemed to banish the present moment, the last time they had been together—the parting in her cousin's house, the pain, the tears, the promises. A sudden vision rose before her of the garden where she had read his letter; she saw the well, the banana-trees, and the shining evening-star in the soft-tinted sky. And it was an astonishment to herself that

these piercing recollections did not overwhelm her. On the contrary, they seemed to give an assurance of strength "that equalled her desire."

As she looked at him, with a gaze that did not waver, Lestrangle understood little of all that was expressed in the dark eyes, of which only the beauty and the wonderful calmness struck him. But he understood at least so much—that this was not the girl who had flushed and paled under his glance, and whom his words had power to sway like a reed. He had expected agitation in one form or another, remembering well how the mere sight of him had been sufficient to move her when they met last; and the entire absence of it was far from flattering to his self-love. A much duller man must have felt that the power which it had been so pleasant for him to use was over, and the realization cost him a pang for which he was wholly unprepared. Was it due to wounded vanity alone, or did the old sentiment stir under the mingled spell of the beauty he had forgotten and the forgetfulness which stung him? It is at least certain that the desire to revive and use again his apparently lost power at once wakened within him; and he determined, as he met Carmela's quiet glance, that her eyes should once more sink beneath his in the old fashion—for what end he did not pause to ask himself now, any more than he had paused then.

Meanwhile Mrs. Thorpe went on speaking, anxious to relieve as much as possible the constraint of this first meeting.

"We have been very fortunate also, Carmela and I, in having found a charming escort and guide. You know Mr. Fenwick, I believe, Arthur; but I don't suppose you know him very well. I did not until we encountered him here, and I find him one of the most companionable and agreeable men I have ever known."

"Fenwick!" repeated Arthur, a little absently. "Oh yes, I know him; but I certainly never found him very charming or companionable. In fact, he always struck me as something of a prig, than which there is no more disagreeable character in the world."

"That is a proof of how little you know him," said Mrs. Thorpe. "He has not a single characteristic of the prig—unless it is characteristic of a prig to be particularly well informed,

obliging, sympathetic, and altogether delightful."

"He has certainly been playing guide, philosopher and friend to some purpose, since he has made you so enthusiastic about him," answered Lestrangle, lifting his eyebrows. A quick suspicion dawned upon him as he looked at Carmela. Had he been supplanted in her interest by this new acquaintance, and was that the secret of the self-possession which piqued him? A man with little constancy, or conception thereof, in his own nature, is always quick to think these things. He suddenly felt that he would like to see Fenwick; and, as if in answer to the thought, Fenwick appeared on the gallery outside the open door. It was his custom to join the two ladies in Mrs. Thorpe's sitting-room every morning; and although he had delayed his appearance this morning, having heard of Lestrangle's arrival, he could not omit it altogether, especially since an excursion for the day had been arranged on the preceding evening.

Mrs. Thorpe greeted him warmly, hailing his advent as a relief. "Good-morning, Mr. Fenwick!" she cried. "Do come in! We have just been speaking of you, and I was beginning to wonder why you were so late. You know my nephew, Mr. Lestrangle, I believe?"

The two men shook hands with the cordiality of acquaintances who know little of each other, but who have been accustomed to meet in the same order of society. And if with Fenwick the cordiality was of an extremely surface nature he could hardly be blamed. He had already said to himself that he understood why Lestrangle had come; and that not only were all his pleasant days over—the pleasant wanderings through beautiful scenes without any disturbing influence to mar their pleasure,—but that he should soon feel himself *de trop*. He was sure now that his instinct with regard to Carmela had been correct. There was evidently some sort of an understanding between herself and Arthur; and evidently also this accounted for the manner in which she guarded from any intrusion that inner life of hers, where no doubt his image was already enshrined. "He is made to captivate a girl's fancy," thought Fenwick, scanning the young man's handsome, languid face. "I only wish I were sure that he is worthy of it." Then, almost unconsciously, he sighed a little. Worthy or not, what

did it matter? The thing was plainly accomplished; and for him there was nothing to do but, after a short interval, to take himself away, with a somewhat sore heart, and the remembrance of a period of short, exquisite, evanescent enjoyment, and of a nature which had seemed to him altogether gracious and lovely.

It was with this melancholy view of things that he joined the party. There the first thing which surprised him was Carmela's face. He saw in it at once traces of emotion, such as would have escaped a less penetrating eye; but he saw no sign of the radiance he had expected,—that radiance which shines unmistakably through all disguises from human eyes and lips when a great joy is in the heart. If there was any joy in Carmela's heart, there was at least no reflection of it in the sensitive countenance, which was formed to express all emotions. And this puzzled the observer a little.

"Mr. Fenwick has been kindly acting as our cicerone since we were fortunate enough to meet him," said Mrs. Thorpe, addressing her nephew; "and he has taken us to many curious and beautiful places, which ordinary tourists are apt to overlook altogether. We have arranged for to-day an excursion to—what is the name of the place, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Coyoacan and the Pedrigal," replied Fenwick, smiling. "I do not wonder that your memory should decline to be burdened with such names. I found them difficult at first; but, then, I rather like to overcome difficulties."

"Of what order?" asked Lestrangle, looking at him with a slightly satirical expression. "Your liking is not comprehensive enough to include *all* difficulties, surely?"

"Why not?" returned Fenwick, carelessly. "Is there anything in the world worth possessing which can be obtained without difficulty? And would we value it if we could so obtain it? Every element of knowledge comes to us painfully, and is more valued for the pain it has cost."

"Don't make your assertions quite so general," said Lestrangle. "Everyone is not possessed of such praiseworthy sentiments. For myself, I frankly confess that whatever is associated with pain or difficulty becomes odious to me."

"You were always an epicurean, Arthur; and I fear that you always will be," interposed Mrs.

Thorpe, a little sharply. "But, instead of discussing abstract questions, suppose you decide whether or not you will accompany us to-day?"

"What else have I to do?" he asked. "Do you suppose I have come to Mexico to spend even one day in solitary meditations?"

"Then the sooner we start the better," said Mrs. Thorpe, briskly. "What tramway do we take, Mr. Fenwick?"

"That to San Angel," replied Fenwick. "The cars pass the door of this hotel."

"We will go and look out for them at once," said Mrs. Thorpe, rising with a sense of relief, which was certainly shared by every member of the party, as they followed her from the room.

(To be continued.)

St. Mungo's Bell.*

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

OF old in a Scottish city,
As the ancient annals tell,
A peal for the souls departed
Used to sound from St. Mungo's Bell.

It tolled from the high church-steeple,
On the midnight air it fell;
It vied with the birds at Vesper,
And at dawn rang St. Mungo's Bell.

"Remember the dead; remember
Their pains all our woes excel;
Give comfort of dirge and soul Mass,—
Oh, pray!" said St. Mungo's Bell.

It startled the lonely watcher,
And the reveller knew full well,
As he paused in his course to listen,
What portended St. Mungo's Bell.

The nun in her cloister heard it,
And the monk in his quiet cell;
They prayed with a holy fervor
At sound of St. Mungo's Bell.

* Until the Reformation a famous bell was preserved at Glasgow. It was supposed to have been brought from Rome by St. Kentigern. Hence the popular appellation of St. Kentigern's or Mungo's Bell. It was tolled to invite the faithful to pray for the dead.

While the soldier at lone camp-fire,
As the night shades round him fell,
Half shudd'ring whispered an *Ave*—
So solemn, St. Mungo's Bell.

The knight and the mail-clad baron,
With a fear that no mirth could dispel,
Heard voices of souls departed
In the tolling of Mungo's Bell.

The poor in their hovels drew nearer
To the world of the dead at the knell,
And the evil-doer trembled
At the warning of Mungo's Bell.

When the blight of the Reformation,
Like a cold and a cruel spell,
Seemed to sever this world from the other,
It silenced St. Mungo's Bell.

Through shadows of past generations
Let its brazen tongue still tell
The sorrows of souls departed,—
Let us heed the St. Mungo's Bell.

Frances Bedingfeld of Oxburgh* and her Friends.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

WHEN the days of persecution came, Oxburgh, great and stately, mellowing in the sun and the east wind within the walls of its park, was as a fortress of God, where His soldiers were trained and equipped to carry His banner in face of a doom so savage and awful that it blanches the cheek even to think of it. High birth and station, beauty and youth and great gifts, did not avail to secure one from the rack and the pincers, "the scavenger's daughter," the thumb-screw, and the other terrible varieties of torture; or from that last agony of a shameful death, and the horrible degradation of dismemberment and disembowelling. It seems strange that all that horror should be but three centuries or so away from us. Less than thirty years before Frances Bedingfeld was born, Margaret Clitheroe, a noble

Catholic lady, was pressed to death under eight hundred-weight of stone, for the crime of harboring Mass-priests. Scarcely a noble Catholic family of that day but had its martyr, scarcely one was without its precious relic of martyrdom. The silver reliquary encasing a martyr's hand, or a piece of linen steeped in martyr's blood, must have been a familiar object of devotion and awe to many a Catholic child in those times. Persecution and talk of persecution would be in the air; and the souls, very familiar with the thought of glorious death, lived in an atmosphere of the other world, widely apart from that which we easy-going Christians breathe.

Francis Bedingfeld of Oxburgh, a younger son, and the great-grandson of the famous Governor of the Tower, married, about 1600, Katharine Fortescue, a lineal descendant of Blessed Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was martyred in the very first days of persecution. After betrothal, Katharine Fortescue felt withdrawn to the religious state; but her father would not have her go back from her word, things being far advanced, and already a portion of her dower paid. So she married, and her obedience was blessed. She was to be the mother of nuns instead of being herself a nun.

Of the marriage there were three sons and eleven daughters, a goodly family. Of the eleven daughters only one married, the rest joining various orders of nuns on the Continent, in most cases rising to be abbess or mother superior of their community, and all being remarkable for great sanctity. Magdalen Bedingfeld, the ninth daughter, who was a Carmelite nun, was well-nigh canonized by popular opinion, and God testified to her holiness by preserving her body fresh and beautiful after death; and so it was beheld by many long years after, and numerous miracles were wrought by touching it.

However, it is with Frances and the institute of the Blessed Virgin, commonly called the Loreto Order, I have to deal. She was one of the youngest children of the old house. When sixteen years of age she was placed under the care of Mary Ward, the real foundress of the Order,—a woman of extraordinary largeness and splendor of heart, mind and soul, and born so long before her true time that she must have had few, if any, equals in the time she came in. The

* See "An Old English Catholic Mansion" in THE "AVE MARIA" for April 5, 1890.

age was not ripe for the foundation of an order of unenclosed women, and her institute was suppressed as she founded it; but it was re-established after her death, and her memory was rehabilitated long since in every way except formally.

Little Frances was very happy in having such a spiritual model before her. The nuns at this time, though they lived in community, did so without open show, and with timidity, praying and hoping for the day of their recognition. Meantime Mary Ward's name was one held in high reverence by the Catholic gentry of England, many of whom in Yorkshire were friends and connections, and for whose children's education she had primarily established her Order. So at Heworth in Yorkshire, or in Paris, or wherever she might be, the young daughters of the flower of English nobility were sent to her, that she might make noble women of them, fit to be the wives and mothers of men and women who might any day be called upon to suffer for the faith. Frances was Mary Ward's constant companion up to the time of the latter's death in 1650.

Wrote Dorothy Bedingfeld, the niece of Frances, long afterward: "Her virtues, especially her great confidence and faith in God, were as nigh as possible to those of Bess Phillis." (This was an *alias* of Mary Ward's, used in correspondence because of the troublous times.) "People would say they never feared any danger while in her presence. I must own the same; for when we travelled in the depth of winter, and a most bitter one, we passed such imminent danger by land and sea. But I was not apprehensive, having so strong a faith that God would protect us for her sake."

Frances had the Bedingfeld beauty of regular features and clear and exquisite complexion. Added to this, her face spoke of quiet courage and undaunted will, softened by a most gentle and tender expression. A great magistrate of York, Dorothy Bedingfeld informs us, told her that he could never look upon Frances except with awe, she had "so majestic a presence."

Seven years after Mary Ward's death Frances was sent into England by Mary Poyntz, the new superior, to found there a house of the Order. She settled first at Hammersmith, in poverty so great that the nuns lay upon straw, and the Mother herself was content to take her place at

the washing-tub, and toil there for eight hours in succession.

However, after a time there came word that Sir Thomas Gascoigne, of Bambow Hall in Yorkshire, who had already established a house of the institute at Dolebank in Yorkshire (which, however, did not long exist), was prepared to make a settlement of a stated income for the support of three new houses in Yorkshire or elsewhere. He had wished Frances Bedingfeld to take charge of the first convent at Dolebank, but at that time she thought well to remain at her post at Hammersmith. However, she accepted this new offer, and founded the convent at Micklegate Bar in York, famous in the history of the education of Catholic girls, and which has never closed its doors from that day to this.

Before going further in the story of the Bar Convent, as it is affectionately called, I must revert to the troubles which Sir Thomas Gascoigne brought on himself by the founding of Dolebank. Sir Thomas came of a family of noted Catholics. His father and mother are described as "old recusants" in a list of such obstinates for Christ's sake, in the year 1604; "their children," notes the list, "being all baptized secretly, none knows where." Sir Thomas was the eldest of these children, and was an admirable Christian gentleman. As a young man he had visited the Holy Land and made pilgrimage to the holy places, and his life seemed afterward indeed marked with the cross. Of his abundant income he gave so largely to religion and charity that he was often straitened personally. At the time of his founding Dolebank he was past his eightieth year, and was looked upon by the sturdy little band of Yorkshire Catholics as their leader and rallying point.

1678 was Titus Oates' year. Be sure this arch-villain had many faithful imitators in the provinces. For Sir Thomas Gascoigne, greatly loved and revered by Protestant and Catholic alike, the traitor was found in the person of one Robert Bolron, a convicted thief, to whom Sir Thomas had shown extraordinary mercy and charity. As no Yorkshire magistrate could be found to receive his depositions, he carried his story to London. It was abetted by Laurence Mowbray, who had once been a footman in the employment of Lady Tempest, the daughter of

Sir Thomas Gascoigne, and was dismissed for stealing his lady's jewels. This pair of worthies appeared before the privy council and accused Sir Thomas Gascoigne of plotting the death of the King. The old man, now in his eighty-fifth year, was taken by night and hurried up to London. The next day he was committed to the Tower.

The only evidence they seem to have offered at first was a list "of actors and contributors designed in the promoting of the Roman Catholick religion and for establishing a nunnery." Later they asserted that all those in the list were banded to procure the King's death, and that Sir Thomas Gascoigne had actually offered Robert Bolron £1,000 to kill the King. Therefore all the "actors and contributors" were arrested, including Lady Tempest, Sir Francis Hungate, Sir John Savile, Sir Miles Stapleton, Sir Charles Vavasons, and many others.

Sir Thomas was tried alone before the infamous Justice Scroggs, in January, 1679. The record of the trial is curiously pathetic. The rigors of imprisonment had increased the old man's deafness, so that he could scarcely hear anything that was said. Accordingly the clerk went close to the prisoner, and the report goes on:

"On being interrogated, 'Guilty or not guilty?' The prisoner: '*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto*, I am not guilty.' Clerk: "'Not guilty,' you must say.' The prisoner: 'Not guilty; nor any of my family were ever guilty of such a thing. I hope I shall be tried fairly.' Being asked how he desired to be tried, he said: 'I desire that I may have a jury of gentlemen, of persons of my own quality and of my own country, that may be able to know somewhat of how I have lived hitherto; for I am above fourscore and five years old.'"

Bolron and his accomplice swore that at the meetings of these Yorkshire gentlefolk it was resolved to kill the King and afterward found the nunnery at Dolebank; part of which plot they learned, they said, from open letters of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, part overheard by Bolron as he sat reading "a book called the Lives of the Saints," in a recess of Sir Thomas' chamber. Also, if necessary, London and York were to be fired, "for the better setting up of the Popish religion." However, the nunnery was first established. Scroggs, being anxious to know who the nuns were, Bolron said: "Mrs. Lashalls [*i. e.*,

Lascelles] was Lady Abbess. Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Benningfeld [Dorothy Bedingfeld], her assistants. Ellen Thwing and others were nuns; and when they went by, Sir Thomas Gascoigne said, as one Mary Root was taking horse: 'There goes an old maid and a young nun.'"

After a long and weary trial, the chief-justice with his three brother judges harangued the jury, in the bloodthirsty and partisan style which has made Scroggs infamous; but the English sense of justice prevailed. The old baronet was declared, unanimously, "Not guilty." It is told that when the verdict was pronounced, and his friends gathered around him in joy, he did not understand that he was not to die—for Titus Oates' victims were going in *battues* to death and mutilation,—but said: "Yes, yes, I did expect it. God forgive them! Let us pray for them."

The others were all tried in York. Lady Tempest, being of a gentle and timid disposition, was so fearful of the burning at the stake, and the other terrible details, that it was doubted whether she would be able to take her trial, in which case she would be adjudged "guilty," and with her all those noble gentlemen, the flower of the North country. But God sent her help in a visit from Father Corker, an English Benedictine, who later was himself sentenced to death on the evidence of Titus Oates. He did not suffer, however, but regained his liberty with the accession of James II. During his imprisonment in Newgate he is said to have received into the Church over a thousand persons. His visit and conversation so greatly consoled and strengthened Lady Tempest that her courage came back like a sea, and she felt even desirous of that terrible martyrdom. But she also, with all her friends save one, was declared "Not guilty," despite the judges. Englishmen were beginning to revolt against Titus Oates and his abominations.

The exception was Father Thomas Thwing, the last of the English martyrs, and the nephew of Sir Thomas Gascoigne; brother, too, to the Ellen Thwing who was one of the nuns at Dolebank. The spirit of his judges was shown at the opening of the trial. While the jury was being challenged, he said very gently to Mr. Justice Dolben: "My Lord, I shall willingly stand to the other jury."—"What jury?" asked the judge. "My Lady Tempest's jury," he replied. "Oh,

your servant!" rejoined Mr. Justice Dolben, with ugly sarcasm; "you either are very foolish or take me to be so."

He was condemned to death, after being treated during the trial with curious brutality on the part of the judge. In consideration of his family he was sentenced, "apart from the other prisoners guilty of felony and murder"; and then follow the terrible words of the iniquitous sentence:

"The law doth command and the court doth award that you be carried from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn to the place of execution. You are there to be hanged by the neck; you are to be cut down before you are dead, and your entrails are to be taken out of your body and thrown into the fire before your face; and your head to be parted from your body, and your body separated in four quarters; and your head and your quarters to be disposed of according to the King's pleasure. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!" The prisoner, meekly bowing his head, said: "*Ego innocens sum.*"

Charles II. at first reprieved him, but such pressure was brought to bear upon him that he gave in, with the like cowardice he had exhibited in the case of Oliver Plunkett and others. So the 23d of October in that year (1680) the last of the English martyr-priests went on a hurdle the road more than twoscore priests had travelled before him; past the convent, where the nuns were praying in such anguish of spirit as one can imagine; by Micklegate Bar, where now the convent is, and so to his Calvary. Before execution he spoke very brightly and cheerfully to the assembled multitude, prayed aloud for the King's Majesty, his accusers, the jury, and all those who had part in his death. He acknowledged joyfully that he had been a priest for fifteen years, and had exercised the priestly functions; and then, with "Sweet Jesus, receive my soul!" he was turned off the ladder. They keep linen steeped in his blood and some of his hair at the Bar Convent.

Six years later Frances Bedingfeld took possession of a house and garden in Micklegate Bar. This was in a lull after the accession of James II., which was not to be long-lived. However, the nuns at the Bar were established there for good and all, and survived any disturbance that came. Once, in 1694, there was a descent of pursuivants

upon the house; but—not for the last time, as we shall see—God interposed. As they were about to enter the chapel, where the altar-lamp was burning rosily, the whole band were suddenly stopped on the threshold. Something within them or without them turned away their faces and their footsteps, and they left the place quietly.

Soon after this Frances Bedingfeld and her niece Dorothy were imprisoned in Ousebridge jail; it was the third imprisonment for Frances, who was now approaching fourscore. From the jail she wrote a letter to the Protestant Archbishop, Dr. Sharp, which is an admirable and touching example of Christian meekness and patience. "I know," she writes, "your Grace is so full of mercie and pitty that you can't but think a prison must goe hard with me, who want but two yeares of eighty yeares old, besides being weak and infirme. We have lived in this town eight yeares, and I am sure none will say but we have carried ourselves in quiet and civilly, and always under greet submission to the Lord Maior and aldermen, and who if they had shewed displeasure at our living here, as I told them, we would be gone; which if your Grace commands now we shall be ready to obey; or if we must remain in this dreadful place, I bless God we are very cherefull disposed to doe His blessed will, whom I earnestly beg to direct you for the best, and to bestow large blessing upon you and your honorable lady."

Two other friends of Frances Bedingfeld I must mention, whose help and protection availed her and the Bar Convent in the troublous days that remained after her imprisonment. First, there was St. Anthony of Padua, whom, when the pursuivants had swooped on and taken away the vestments and altar plate, Mother Frances first implored and then threatened; he being, as we all know, the Saint who restores lost property. He must have smiled at her affection and her familiar insistence; for on the morning of his feast the things were left at the convent door by an unknown hand, nor was the intermediary ever discovered.

The other august friend and protector manifested himself more grandly. It was a time of No-Popery clamor, and the Mother was warned that a mob of wreckers were approaching the convent to destroy it, and offer the nuns one knows not what violence. She ordered a picture

of St. Michael to be hung over the front door and commended the house to his protection and that of all angels. Then she placed the Blessed Sacrament in her bosom, as she had permission to do; and, kneeling amid her nuns in the hall of the house, whose door the mob were approaching with shrieks of fury, she said fervently: "Great God, save Thyself; for we can not save Thee." Suddenly the clamor ceased, and the mob broke up and moved off, without touching a brick or a stone. The nuns at their prayers knew nothing of what had happened; but afterward several persons (non-Catholics) asserted that there had appeared in the sky a great horseman brandishing his sword, before which apparition the appalled wreckers vanished like smoke.

In commemoration of this there is annually a great procession at the Bar Convent on St. Michael's Day, when that very picture of the soldier-angel is carried with much veneration. And you shall scarcely visit a Loreto convent without finding him, in marble or in oil, slaying his enemy at the very threshold.

After this there was no more disturbance of the nuns, who proved themselves indeed quiet citizens. They lived apparently as single ladies banded together, in the years that followed Frances Bedingfeld's death, and till it was safe to wear the habit. They were addressed by the school-children as "Madam," and wore slate-colored gowns and hoods. They kept poultry for the use of the establishment, and farmed a little with cows and sheep; whence we find in an account-book the quaint entry, "To crooks for the shepherdesses."

Frances Bedingfeld died far away from Mickle-gate Bar, after all. When she was eighty-four she was summoned to Munich by Barbara Babthorpe, the newly appointed young Superior-General of the now rehabilitated Order, to take up the government of the mother-house there. She obeyed, though it seems rather cruel to have taken her at her great age from the work she had founded, and sent her on a long journey to take up a new position. She did not rule very long. She died full of years and sanctity; but of her holy and happy death there are no details given in the book to which I owe the facts strung together in this paper—"St. Mary's Convent, York." Edited by Father Coleridge, S. J.

A Few More German Poets of Mary.

ON the threshold of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was founded one of the most remarkable of brotherhoods—"the Romantic School." In various poetic forms, the Romanticists created numerous poems of the highest order of merit. That hymns to the Blessed Virgin must necessarily have held an important place among these creations is evident. These romantic singers could not pass unnoticed the Marian hymnody of the Middle Ages, which, like the lunar orb in the clear summer sky, flooded the earth with its chaste light.

Very many songs in praise of Mary are to be found in the collections of the Romanticists, and whoever reads them carefully must affirm that they are among the finest productions of the School. Not only Catholic poets, but Protestants as well, wove their most beautiful garlands in honor of the Immaculate Virgin. Novalis is one of the foremost of these, a typical representative of the Romantic School. "From his youth," says Laube, "he was sick—sick unto death; yet he yearned with an infinite yearning for the inspiring breath of health." The germs of consumption which he had inherited pointed to an early death. His whole soul, it would seem, was attuned to celestial harmony. Through his physical weakness all emotions were purified. In his eyes the entire world was idealized; life was for him an endless song. His hymns to Mary bear especial evidence of this lofty idealism. With deep fervor he sings:

"Though in a thousand varying pictures
I see thee tenderly portrayed,
Mary, not one of all reflecteth
The image that my soul hath made!"

We regret that our limited space does not permit us to quote at length from this devout poet of Our Lady.

Clemens Brentano is also ardently devoted to the Queen of Heaven. This poet writes of the birth of our Blessed Saviour with great depth of feeling. The beautiful Christmas canticle, in which he extols Mary as the lily "standing transfigured among the thorns," must also be classed with the above mentioned hymns. "The Christ Child in the Rose" has a like signification. In

this poem Mary is the rose, unfolding so sweetly and silently that she awakens love in even God Himself. Christ can not resist the charm of her chastity, beauty, and modesty. He descends from His heavenly throne, hides Himself in the womb of the Mystic Rose, ultimately to come from it as the Saviour of mankind and giver of all good.

The "Cradle Song" of this poet is also very beautiful. A poor mother lulls her child to sleep in a storm-beaten tower, upon whose top an eagle broods its wild young eaglet. She prays to Our Lady for help in her misery; and, on the bridge of faith, hope, and charity, she goes from her poor dwelling to the Manger of Bethlehem. There she sees the Mother of God with the Child Jesus, surrounded by angels, shepherds, and the three Kings. Then the forlorn one lifts the eyes of her soul above moon, clouds, and wind, and perceives the Virgin and Child in heaven, the latter bearing the sceptre and wearing the crown. On earth the Saviour was crucified, in heaven from henceforth He holds the world in His hand. Absorbed in contemplating this heavenly picture, and reconciled to her own hard lot, she cries to her child:

"Come, fly with me, my darling,
To Mary, sweet and mild;
Come, let us kneel before Him,
The pure and holy Child.
Come, with thy little bundle:
Already Mary's hand
Doth bid the Holy Jesus
Welcome us to that land."

Brentano's "Woodland Songster" appears as one of the familiar legends of the Middle Ages. A pious monk, tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and whose conversations always began and ended with "Hail Mary," had a little bird which he dearly loved. He had taught it to sing, early and late, "Hail to thee, Mary!" But it happened one day that the tiny feathered songster escaped from its broken cage into the green woods. A vulture pounced upon it and seized it in its talons. In the anguish of death there came from the throat of the bird the accustomed song—and, behold, lightning swept down from heaven to earth, and struck dead the fierce bird of prey! Then sprang the little bird once more into new life; and, returning to its owner, it sang untiringly until death its song to Mary.

To the legendary story, "The Supplication of a Little Bird," Brentano adds the following:

"Since thou, O dearest Mother mine,
Thy heart's desire hast so obtained,
That even for a tiny bird
Death's cruel thrust may be restrained;
Surely thou wilt not turn away
From one who greets thee night and day
With 'Hail to thee, O Mary!'"

"Then will I, sweetest Mother mine,
Call trustingly upon thy name;
That thou mayst save me from my foes—
From hatred's toils, from guilt and shame;
And still repeat in endless rhymes,
A hundred times, a thousand times,
'All hail to thee, O Mary!'"

Frederick von Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck are not among the noted Romanticists of lyric poetry, but take high rank in other spheres. On the other hand, Joseph von Görres and his son Guido are prominent as writers of lyric hymns to the Blessed Virgin. Lindemann says of the father: "Endowed with an imagination not excelled by any other poet of the Romantic School; with a yearning soul glowing with love, poetry and divine fervor; rich in romance, irony and biting sarcasm, but dominating these through unswerving strength of mind,—during the most important phases of German history he stood upon the watch-tower of time like a warning prophet, looking back with the seriousness of a sage, looking forward with the clairvoyance of a seer." His songs to Mary are a proof of this high poetic inspiration. They appeal most strongly to the heart of the reader. They are characterized by great depth and earnestness; are full of love and emotion, and unique in conception.

Of less power, but even more beauty, are Guido's songs to Our Lady, which may be here noticed in connection with those of his father, though he does not properly belong to the Romantic School of poets. Guido's poetry to Mary bears a close resemblance to the more ancient lyrics. The poet is inexhaustible in the praise of the Immaculate Virgin. He sings to her in various incomparably beautiful tones. The following lines are very pathetic:

To the Virgin's holy image lifting his adoring eyes,
He can see the Baby smiling, glad with innocent surprise.

Where he scatters fragrant flowers in the twilight
 strange and dim,
 How he wishes that the Infant would come down
 and play with him!
 In his hand he holds an apple,—rosy apple, fresh
 and new;
 Lo! It laughs; and, filled with wonderment, the
 happy child laughs too.

The boy offers the apple to the holy Mother
 for her Child; and, behold, she reaches out her
 hand and takes the gift! Enchanted, we exclaim
 with the poet:

"Sinless child, thou dove of Jesus, comrade of the
 angel band;
 Paradise to thee is open, Mary takes thy spotless
 hand!
 Stainless one, sweet flower of heaven blooming in
 this arid spot;
 Fragrant rose on barren heather, may the cold winds
 harm thee not!"

The brightest jewel in the crown of the Ro-
 mantic School is Joseph von Eichendorf. His
 poet nature combined restfulness, childlike sim-
 plicity, fervor, genuine humor, and entire har-
 mony between poetic inspiration and artistic
 representation.

Wearing the bridal robe so fair,
 Sparkling gems in her soft brown hair,
 Tenderly lifting the holy Child
 Aloft from the world, so fierce and wild;
 With His little hands doth the Mother play,
 As He calls for His home so far away.

Mary is Eichendorf's love. His heart filled
 with thoughts of her, all sorrow flees away. The
 poet looks upon the world as on a sea through
 which ships out of their course are aimlessly
 hastening. Many a bark would be stranded were
 it not that amid the storm-beaten waves Mary is
 standing, drawing her children to her in safety.
 One of the most beautiful pearls in his lyrics to
 the Virgin is the "Forest Solitude."

Green solitude, delightful spot,
 Thoughts of the world disturb thee not.
 Now darkness falls, soft shadows creep,—
 Come, happy dreams; come, restful sleep.
 Good-night, good-night!

Through the dark copse the brooklet flows,
 Mary keeps watch o'er thy repose.
 With her gemmed robe she covers thee;
 In the green woods how sweet to be!
 Good-night, good-night!

Did space permit, I would add to the "Songs
 of Mary" of the Romanticists those which have
 been preserved from the eighteenth and the first
 quarter of the nineteenth century; the authors
 of which, however, are not generally known. We
 give as an example the beautiful stanzas:

O Mary so gentle, of maidens most sweet,
 My love and devotion I lay at thy feet!
 As thou art my Mother, thy child will I be;
 In life and in death I will love only thee.

O Mary, for thee is each heart-beat of mine!
 No breath that I draw but is measured by thine.
 For ever and ever thy love will I crave,—
 In life and in death, and beyond the dark grave.

The sweet consecration, O do not deny!
 May thy name guard my heart as the years hasten by.
 When I call thee in dying, reach forth thy dear hand,
 And lead me at last to the heavenly land.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HOW FATHERS MAKE ROPES OF SAND.

THAT man yelling in the stock-exchange,
 with veins swelling, and every faculty at its
 highest tension, is working hard. That man toil-
 ing all day in his office, too tired at night to do
 anything but to drop into heavy sleep, thinking
 only of his law points and his probable gains, is
 working hard. The physician rushing in and
 out, the journalist, the business man—all these,
 in this country, have only one motto: work.
 And work with them means constant activity,
 feverish activity.

Ask the man in the stock-exchange, the lawyer,
 the merchant, why he works. He will probably
 answer, for his children. He fancies that he is a
 noble and disinterested father; his children, he
 says, are dearer to him than life; and yet he
 cuts himself off from their society; he leaves
 them to others; he becomes a stranger to them
 for their own sake. He is not satisfied with giving
 them, in a material sense, what he can: he strives
 to give them more than he can; he builds castles
 for them—and these castles are without founda-
 tions. He forgets that the children themselves

are more important than their material environment. He forgets that, while he is toiling for them, they are becoming more and more strangers to him. Perhaps he lives to realize this with bitter disappointment; perhaps he dies, leaving them without a father's care before he realizes it.

In the first case, he must feel that the fault is entirely his own. He has withheld from these thirsty little souls the dew of a father's love. It is not enough that he should appear to them only as the bread-winner, the giver-out of money; and those children who have learned to look at their father in that light are prematurely orphaned. It matters little whether they are left with riches, but it matters much whether he has trained them to be all that they ought to be. It is a general complaint that, particularly in this country, the sons of rich men do not turn out well. The reason is that rich men have to work so hard to acquire and to keep their riches, that they lose their grip on their children.

Theories of social progress are vain unless we take the children into account. They are with us; we make the future what it ought to be by making the children what they ought to be. There is our work. The rich man who hopes to perpetuate his name and hand down his riches, hopes in vain unless he builds up the character of his children. And he can only do this by his own example and by constant contact with them. Ten men out of twelve leave the direction of their children to their wives. The whole burden of the children is thrown on the mothers. Evidently, God never intended this. It is the way with the lower animals, but it ought not to be with us. The father's direction and consideration are as greatly needed in the education of children as the mother's. But fathers are too much engaged for this. They fix their eyes on the horizon line above their children's heads, and make for it; they see a promised land, which proves a mirage. And the children are left fatherless, though their father load them with gifts, the results of his days of toil.

And when the mother has struggled in vain to do the part of both father and mother, who is blamed? Not the father, who worked apparently for his children, but who really worked because he enjoyed the excitement of competing with other men, or because he had learned to love

money and the luxury it brings. No, not the father, who deliberately made himself a stranger to his children. "It is the mother's fault, of course,—the boys were under her care. Did they not have everything that money could buy?" "Everything," the mother might retort, "except a father's care."

The children are with us. They are plastic, pure-minded, loving. If they have faulty tendencies, the father and the mother ought to be first to see them; for the children have probably inherited them. A father can, in most cases, discover what are the natural faults of his son by examining his own conscience. If half the intelligence, half the thought, were used by American fathers in really looking after their children that are used in business for the mere end of accumulating money, so many grayhaired men would not turn away from the wealth they have acquired, feeling the bitterness of having sold their own flesh and blood for gold.

Readings from Remembered Books.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN A SHORT ROAD TO JESUS CHRIST.

THIS devotion is a short road to find Jesus Christ, both because it is a road which we do not stray from, and because it is a road we tread with joy and facility, and by consequence with promptitude. We make more progress in a brief period of submission to, and dependence on, Mary than in whole years of our own will and of resting upon ourselves. A man obedient and submissive to Mary shall sing the signal victories which he shall gain over his enemies. They will try to hinder his advancing, or to make him retrace his steps, or to fall. This is true. But with the support, the aid, and the guidance of Mary, without falling, without drawing back one step, without even slackening his pace, he shall advance with giant strides toward Jesus, along the same path by which he knows that Jesus also came to us with giant strides, and in the briefest space of time.

Why do you think that Jesus lived so short a time on earth, and of those few years spent nearly all of them in subjection and obedience to His

Mother? Ah, this is the truth: that He was perfected indeed in a short time, but that He lived a long time—longer than Adam, whose fall He had come to repair, although the patriarch lived above nine hundred years. Jesus Christ lived a long time because He lived in complete subjection to His most holy Mother, and closely united with her, in order that He might thus obey God His Eternal Father.

The Holy Ghost tells us that a man who honors his mother is like a man who lays up a treasure; that is to say, he who honors Mary his Mother, up to the point of subjecting himself to her and obeying her in all things, will soon become exceedingly rich; (1) because he is every day amassing treasures, by the secret of that philosopher's stone: *Qui honorat matrem quasi qui thesaurizat*.—"He who honors his mother is as one who lays up a treasure"; (2) because it is the bosom of Mary which has surrounded and engendered a perfect man, and has had the capacity of containing Him whom the whole universe could neither contain nor comprehend. It is, I say, in the bosom of Mary that they who are youthful become elders in light, in holiness, in experience, and in wisdom; and that we arrive in a few years at the fulness of the age of Jesus Christ.—"The Secret of Sanctity Revealed," *Blessed Grignon de Montfort*.

AN ANECDOTE OF BISHOP ENGLAND.

An anecdote, which I give on high authority, exhibits the even balance held by the Catholic Church in all questions of doubtful morality, and shows how clearly she distinguishes between the public virtue and the private crime; while it sets forth, in strong light, the wonderful power over his fellow-men possessed by the lamented subject of these remarks.

A gallant youth, of noble frame, of joyous soul, of previously blameless life, and steady piety, and who supported by his labor a widowed mother, had been inveigled into robbing an arsenal, and possessed himself of some public arms. Detection followed, he was tried, convicted, and condemned to die. The arms, however, had been effectually concealed; and with delusive casuistry, persuading himself that his forfeit life had purchased the property of the oppressor, he communicated his secret to his doubly bereaved

and destitute mother, who fell under the same temptation to retain the miserable profits of his crime.

Bishop England proffered his ministry; but the Catholic doctrine of restitution—the stumbling-block to so many alarmed but half-repentant souls—was in the convict's way. He announced publicly, in the open prison, that he would not restore the arms; and his desperate associates animated and confirmed him in his resolution. In vain Dr. England argued, expostulated, entreated: the prisoner was obdurate.

The day for execution came. It dawned on the shepherd still struggling to reclaim his wandering sheep. "I am going to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Will you attend?"—"I will, but you will not give me Communion."—"Then it will avail you nothing to attend the Sacrifice."—"I will not restore the arms." And they relapsed into a gloomy silence. At length the sheriff arrived. The case had excited more than usual sympathy, and a strong military force was in attendance. The convict received the grim executioner of the law with the calmness and fortitude of a martyr. The fatal rope was placed about the young man's neck. Not a nerve trembled, not a muscle shook, not a drop of blood forsook his cheek, not a sparkle of his eye was dimmed. He simply remarked, "You have allowed me very little *jerk*—but 'tis of no great consequence"; bowed to the sheriff, and moved toward the door.

At that instant Bishop England stood before him, and, glaring on him with an eye that could penetrate the inmost soul, exclaimed: "Stop, sir! you shall not go to hell for half an hour yet."—"How could you speak so to a dying man?"—"You know I speak the truth, and that I should not do my duty if I did not." The culprit turned away, and crouched in the corner of his prison, as hiding from the wrath to come. "Indulge me, sir, for half an hour," said Dr. England to the sheriff. "My warrant," he replied, "extends till five p. m.; you can have till then, sir."—"I shall do whatever I am to do in the time I ask." And here the impenetrable veil of the confessional falls around the penitent and the minister of reconciliation. But this we know, that within that hour passed forth to die, without defiance as without fear, a weeping Christian; and that he

who marshalled him through the dark portals of eternity, and had stood by many a death-bed, assured me that he never commended a departing soul to the mercy of his Saviour with better hope than he did on that sad day.—*Bishop England's Works, Vol. I., Memoir.*

ALMS FOR THE HOLY SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Among the sorrows of kind hearts there is one which seems as if it grew greater in each succeeding generation of the world. It is the enormous growth of poverty and wretchedness, and our own inability to relieve it. There is hardly one among us who has not felt this. So overwhelming is the misery that those who have little to give feel the pain as much as those who have nothing; and those who have much to give, almost more. For giving opens a man's heart, and makes him love to give; and those who have most to give know best how little it is compared with the necessity. Yet this yearning to give alms comes from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and it must be satisfied; and how can we better satisfy it than by giving alms to those who need it most, the holy souls in purgatory? We can all do this; and how much might we do, even for our dear poor on earth, if we commended their cause to the souls whom God allows us to liberate; and made a sweet bargain with them that when once in the free air of heaven, their first homage and salutation over, they should pray for an abundant outpouring of grace upon rich men, that their hearts might be opened like the hearts of the first Christians, to deny themselves and to feast the poor of Christ?

This doctrine of purgatory, and the marvellous powers put into the hands of devotion for the holy souls, prove more than anything else how God has contrived all things for love, all things to show love of us, all things to win for Himself His creature's love. No less does the neglect of this devotion illustrate the ingratitude and waywardness with which we repay God's love, and which is as wonderful as that love itself. . . .

I should only be repeating what I have already said elsewhere, if I were to draw out in detail the various ways in which this devotion promotes our three ends—the glory of God, the interests of Jesus, and the salvation of souls. In fact, the peculiarity of this devotion is its fulness. It is

all quickened with supernatural life and power. It teems with doctrine. It reaches everywhere and has to do with everything. We are always touching some hidden spring in it, which goes farther than we intended, and effects more than we hoped. It is as if all the threads of God's glory were gathered up into it and fastened there; and that when one is touched all vibrate and make melody to God,—part of that sweet song which the sacred human Heart of Jesus is singing ever, in the bosom of the most compassionate Trinity. —“*All for Jesus,*” *Faber.*

A GIFT OF THE GOOD GOD.

As we advance in life the circle of our pains enlarges, while that of our pleasures contracts; and among the latter I know of none more alluring than a sweet and confidential converse, which begins with an interchange of ideas, and ends with one of sentiments,—a seemingly accidental communion, which, when earnest, is among the best gifts of Providence.

All this I have found in our intercourse, and particularly in that part of it to which you allude. It is a long time, dear, since I have experienced such genuine comfort. Believe me when I say we never know any persons perfectly save those whom we divine at first sight. A thorough mutual understanding; the power of penetrating into all the recesses of another's being, and attaining that perfect acquaintance which lays his whole soul open to our eyes,—these are dependent upon a sort of analogy of character, a likeness in dissimilarity. It always seems to me as if souls sought one another in the chaos of the world, like those kindred elements which have a tendency to reunite. They come in contact; they feel that they agree; and confidence is established between them, often without their being able to assign any valid cause. Reason and reflection come afterward; place upon the treaty the seal of their approbation; and think it is all their work, like those subordinate ministers who take credit for their master's transactions, for no better reason than that they have been permitted to sign their names thereto. No: I fear no mistakes with you; and only the fulness of my recognition can equal the perfect confidence with which you inspire me.—*Madame Swetchine's Life and Letters.*

Notes and Remarks.

Thursday, the 27th inst., was the day fixed by the President, and generally observed throughout the country, as Thanksgiving Day. A number of the Right Rev. Bishops issued circular letters commanding the observance of the day by the faithful of their dioceses. It was an occasion of returning thanks to Divine Providence, which was entered into with particular fervor by Catholics who have at heart the Christian education of the young. The result of the recent elections in two great States of the Union—Illinois and Wisconsin—expressed in unmistakable terms the voice of people condemning the principle of State interference in the work of education. It affirmed the rights of the parent to send his children to schools in which they may receive religious training, and denounced the attempts of fanatics to encroach on the domain of the Christian family.

Dr. Desprès is an atheist, but one of the most noted of Parisian physicians. He objects strenuously to the laicization of French hospitals. "Without the discipline, the order, the exactitude of the Sisters," he says, "you will not find women to do that hospital work which is peculiar to those who desire to live well, without family, without name, without pecuniary interest." The process of pulling down, though excused by all kinds of theories, has not succeeded in France. The theorists will have to go back to the Sisters, after all.

In the *New Review*, of London, Cardinal Manning writes against Indian child marriages. He insists that the English Government in India is bound to do four things:

"First, we are able, and therefore bound, to repeal the enactment or practice, whatever it be, as to the restitution of conjugal rights. Secondly, to declare that no betrothal or marriage is valid except by the free and intelligent consent of the parties; prohibiting parents, under penalty, to constrain or bind their children without their free consent. Thirdly, to fix an age before which such consent is not recognized in law. Fourthly, to declare that all widows have a natural and inalienable right to marry again. When Sir Bartle Frere was asked by what right we hold India, he answered: 'By the divine right of good government.' We have need, then, to lose no time

in vindicating the law of nature and human liberty. The mind of India, as shown by the answers of many provinces to Lord Ripon, is turning toward us in this great moral reform. We have the power to effect it, let some men say what they will. And if we have the power, then we are bound by duty."

Cardinal Manning is always foremost in advocating reforms for the good of humanity.

A company of workmen, while engaged in repairing the walls of one of the hospitals of Milan, found evidences of a fresco; and, being ordered to proceed cautiously, they soon discovered a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper." The original has been considerably impaired in details, and even somewhat changed in composition, owing to the "restorations" to which it has been subjected. It is thought that the newly-found copy will do much to repair the injuries which Da Vinci's masterpiece has suffered from the corroding influences of time and ill-treatment by restorers.

Protestants united with Catholics in expressions of joy at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Doctor Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, which took place in the presence of a large assemblage of people, including numerous priests and many distinguished laymen. The elevation of Mgr. Macdonell to the episcopate is a well-merited tribute to the zeal and devotion which have characterized his life-work. Among the many costly offerings made to him was a ring that had been presented by George IV. to another Mgr. Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada.

All Souls' Day in Paris was exceedingly stormy. Nevertheless, nearly sixty thousand people visited the cemeteries to pray for the dead.

The infidels in France have at last succeeded in forcing seminarists into the army. They are to serve the usual term of conscription. A Solemn Mass was said the other day in the presence of nearly ninety of these conscripts, who were about to enter the barracks. Cardinal Richard addressed to them brave words, full of warning, yet of hope. He said: "Be model soldiers. Strictly observe the rules of discipline. Remember that one of the greatest saints of your country and your Church, St. Martin of Tours, spent his life in camps. And

remember there is much analogy between his time and the time we live in. When, asking for his discharge on the eve of an expedition, he was taxed with cowardice, he offered to go unarmed in the front of the army. So the seminarists might say, 'Do you think cowardice made our bishops object to military service? Make us chaplains and attendants in the ambulances and on battle-fields. We will go unarmed, and console the wounded and dying even at the risk of our lives.'"

In the concluding chapter of "Our Christian Heritage" Cardinal Gibbons notes, as one of the dangers that threaten our American civilization, "the wide interval that so often interposes between a criminal's conviction and the execution of the sentence, and the frequent defeat of justice by the delay. . . . A prompt execution of the law's sentence, after a fair trial, is that which strikes terror into evil-doers and satisfies the public conscience." Canadian civilization is not menaced by the danger mentioned, if the notorious Birchall is an instance from which we may judge of the administration of justice in the Dominion. Four months after the commission of his crime, and six weeks after sentence was pronounced, the murderer was hanged.

When, long before their reception into the one True Fold, the leaders of the Oxford movement were deliberating what to do—whether to submit to the Pope or to form a *Free Church* of England, independent of the State,—Archdeacon (now Cardinal) Manning spoke memorable words. "No," said he; "three hundred years ago we left a good ship for a boat. I am not going to leave a boat for a tub."

The Very Rev. Charles Vincent, C. S. B., who was one of the founders of the Basilian Order in America, was called to the reward of his long and useful life on the Feast of All Saints. He had spent thirty-two years in the holy ministry, during which time he labored zealously as President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Provincial of the Congregation of St. Basil in America, and as Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto. His life was singularly beautiful, and was fittingly closed by a happy death. It was his request that no eulogy should be spoken at his

funeral, but Archbishop Walsh declared that he could not permit one whom he loved so well and esteemed so highly to go to his grave without a few words of praise. The obsequies were attended by a large gathering of prelates and priests, who thus attested the veneration which the virtues of the deceased had inspired in the hearts of all who knew him. May he rest in peace!

Received for the Carmelite nuns: From a priest, \$25; Miss M. E. M., \$1; M., 50 cts.; M. A., in honor of the Holy Family and St. Teresa, \$1; Mrs. Anderson, New York, \$4; John Johnson, \$1.

To further the cause of the canonization of the Curé d'Ars: From Mrs. Anderson, \$1; N. N., 25 cts.; a promoter, Camden, N. J., \$1; J. Moran, \$1; K. H., 50 cts.

For the lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan: From M., 25 cts.; Mrs. A. M. and Mary A. M., Hartford, Conn., \$2.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in Chili: From M., 25 cts.; Mrs. A. M. and Mary A. M., \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Brother Felix Cantalice, a novice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who passed away on the 20th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Sister M. Gabriel, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Catherine, O. S. D., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. William Dolan, of New York city, whose happy death occurred on the 8th inst.

Miss Alice C. Wagstaff, who peacefully departed this life at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Patrick J. Powers, of Louisville, Ky., who breathed his last on the 9th inst.

Miss Bridget Rochford, who ended her days in peace on the 7th inst., at Cohoes, N. Y.

Mr. A. C. Cook, of Sacramento, Cal.; Daniel Driscoll, West Gardner, Mass.; Thomas E. O'Brien, Danville, Pa.; Edward and Bernard Dorrian, Lonsdale, R. I.; Edward Hare, New York city; Mrs. Mary Powers, Louisville, Ky.; and Edmund Fahy.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

ALICE REED to Clara Hunt, at Madame Régence's school, Fifth Avenue, New York.)

DEAREST CLARA:—You can't imagine how I suffered when I first came here. There is no Huyler's confectionery within ten miles, and one doesn't see a new thing in style from one week to another. I know you will pity me (I'm not sure whether pity has one *t* or two, so I write it both ways). I found the place quite too awfully dull, and two of the most disagreeable boys you ever saw. However, we made peace; and it is not so very bad, after all.

I sent you yesterday by express ten yards of Bologna sausage and two jars of pickles. Have a good time after Madame is in bed, and think of me. Have all the girls in, except that hateful Ellie Snow, who, although her father is in the retail business, puts on such airs. You will find in the little drawer of my desk a pencil for blackening your eyebrows, and "Wedded to a Villain," with a black cover on it. It looks like a Book of Common-Prayer. It is very nice to read in church.

To be frank, I begin to like this place. There is not much style about the people here. Rose West's dresses are made at home, and she never heard of Worth—what would Madame say to that? But I like it. I always wanted a home, and the people at Rosebriar know how to make a home. I want to be good, too; but I don't know how. Madame Régence does not care for what goodness means here. They don't mind deportment so much, and they don't worry as much about having an English accent as Miss Worthington does. It is lovely for me not to be obliged

to think whether I say "fancy" or "guess"; and I can call the "drawing-room" the parlor without being scolded. They don't bother about English things here.

But we have had a great disappointment. We had fixed—good gracious! if Miss Worthington knew I wrote "fixed" for "arranged"—to have a play on Mrs. West's birthday. Everything was almost ready, when Mrs. West came home from the railroad station with her arm broken. She has just been taken upstairs; and, being left alone, I took time to scribble off this letter. Send my comb with the silver *repoussé* work on it, and a box of oranges for poor, dear Mrs. West. I had a lovely part in a tableau—it is really too bad. The boy who carries the mail is here. Good-bye, old girl!

(An answer from Miss Clara Hunt.)

DEAR ALICE:—So glad to get your letter! Come out of that poky place as soon as you can. I was fifteen yesterday. We had a great day. A diamond cluster from papa and a pearl necklace from mamma. The whole school is *mad* with envy. Madame has a new carriage, with a mirror in the side; and a box for rouge and complexion-wash was just too comfortably arranged for anything. And the cushions are scented with the most delicate violet. We go to the opera "Traviata" on Tuesday. I have found the novel you mentioned. How foolish for Amaryllis to refuse the Duke! I read the book yesterday morning until the sermon began, and then I had to assume that expression of intense interest which Madame always insists on.

Do come back to school! I hear those Wests have never been in society anywhere. You had better cut them as soon as your visit is over. I send you "Eoline; or, Love's Young Dream." It is too sweet for anything. Too bad the old woman broke her arm; you would have had a chance to make a sensation among the rustics. How I pity (pity has two *t*'s) your isolation (has isolation two *s*'s?) The sausage you were kind enough to send is quite too awfully lovely. You are always so delicate and thoughtful in your attentions. Thank you, dear! Must dress for dinner and do the elegant!

(Note from Madame Régence to Alice Reed.)

Let me ask you, *ma chère*, to turn your toes out as you go up and down stairs, and not to permit

yourself to be excited. Bad temper is not good for the complexion. Mr. and Mrs. East are doubtless nice people; I should not otherwise have let you visit them. But do not be too *empressée*. You will never meet them in society; you had better be merely civil, and not burden yourself with acquaintances who are not quite of the best *ton*. Miss Worthington begs me to ask you to walk very straight, and to keep all Americanisms out of your speech. She particularly begs that you will not say "mad" when you mean "angry," or "fashionable" when you mean "smart." Nothing is fashionable any more; everything *tout à fait à la mode* is "smart." Go to church with your friends, and do not bend forward too much when you pray; the Protestant Episcopalian attitude—you remember you have been shown how to assume it by our dear Miss Worthington—is the smart thing just now. I embrace you with all the love of a mother.

EULALIE RÉGENCE

(de Goncourt-Biron-Perigord de Pontet-Canet).

P. S.—You might mention my name to Mrs. East—is not that her name?—and that I am of a noble family: my name shows that. Use your efforts, dear child, that I may secure another pupil to be formed as you have been. Again I embrace you.

(From Josie Harney to Sister Evarista.)

DEAR SISTER:—I begin my letter with my dictionary at my elbow, according to your instructions. I hope to spell every word correctly, because I know how anxious you are that I should. You ask me how I like Rosebriar. Very much, indeed. Everybody is so kind. I really think, Sister, I like it better than the convent. I know how anxious you are that I should tell the truth on all occasions, and therefore I say this frankly. Everything is easy here; everybody loves me, except a very fashionable and frivolous girl named Alice Reed, whose bad temper and silliness are brought out more and more by the virtues you, dear Sister, have taught me to practise. I never felt so good before. At the convent there are so many rules, and one never feels better than anybody else. There is always somebody to remind one that one has faults. But here I do just as I please, and everybody praises me. How happy I feel! It is so easy to be good where there are no rules.

Dear Mrs. West has been hurt in a railway accident. She was brought from the station in a carriage just as we were rehearsing the birthday tableaux. I had such a nice part. I am afraid there will be no party now. Everybody remarks that I have been so well brought up, and that I am so clever. You should see that girl from Madame Régence's school. Her manners are *so* affected! I am so glad that I am not like her; indeed, Mr. West was so good as to say I am an example to his whole family. I shall do my best to convert Alice Reed by showing her that simplicity is more beautiful than fashionableness, which I despise.

P. S.—Will you ask Sister Monica to send me my best Sunday frock? I think I shall puff out the sleeves, like those Alice Reed wears. There is no harm in looking nice, and I always feel so much better when I have new clothes on.

(Sister Evarista to Josie Harney.)

DEAR JOSIE:—I must write only a short letter, for fear that I should say too much. I send you "The Following of Christ," with some passages marked on the virtue of humility. Read them carefully every day during your stay at Rosebriar. It is never easy to be good, unless God makes it so; for the grace to be good comes only from Him. If I could talk to you I should ask you to remember that the key to all the virtues is humility. I imagine that you can find out, after you have said a little prayer, whether you have that great virtue or not.

Sister Monica sends the frock; but I must ask you not to puff the sleeves. At your age your dress should be as simple as possible. Do you think it is quite fair to condemn Alice Reed as frivolous and fashionable, and then to imitate her? Believe me, we never convert anybody until we have converted ourselves. If everybody praises you, beware; and if you act merely to gain everybody's praise, tremble. You are now undergoing your first experience outside of the convent school; you must make yourself strong by conquering yourself.

I notice with pain that you seem to think more of yourself than of this dear Mrs. West, who has been so kind to you. If the play for her birthday was prepared to give *her* pleasure, you ought to regret its postponement more on her account than on yours.

(Extract from Josie's diary.)

OCTOBER 25.

Sister Evarista wrote to me yesterday. Her letter makes me feel as if a cloud was over me. She has not one word of praise for me. Never mind, she will learn my true value some time. I was never understood at the convent. I'll just puff my sleeves, anyhow. Alice Reed is so occupied with her appearance that she has no time to think of poor Mrs. West. She is so cold-hearted.

(Uncle Will to the Rev. Thomas J. Brown, S. J.)

I shall, dear friend, be with you early next month, to do my best to fulfil the vocation with which I believe God has blessed me. I hope with all my heart that I may be a good priest. I imagined that I was necessary to the family at Rosebriar; I see now that it was my will I was following—nothing else. The coming of two little girls to Rosebriar has taught me a lesson. I have learned that it is better that I should not interfere with the family life of the Wests. I might be, with the best intentions, like the clumsy man who ruins the delicate springs of a watch with his clumsy fingers. I find that, trusting in my own judgment, I have introduced elements into the West family which threaten to ruin its best qualities. In fact, I tried to do too much. I believe more firmly than ever that much must be left to God.

Mrs. West's health is improving.

(Richard West to his friend, Dominick Redmond, at college.)

My mother was hurt early last week on her way to see a friend. The train ran into an embankment, owing to the displacement of a rail, and her left arm was broken. Her coming home, white and faint, was a terrible shock to us all. We have offered prayers and Communions for her nearly every day since she has been ill. We had prepared a little entertainment for her birthday, but of course that must be given up now.

There are two little girls staying with us—Alice Reed and Josie Harney. At first Josie was the better of the two; but of late she has become so conceited, that I like her less than the other, who is a monster of selfishness and bad temper. This comes of having people in one's house that one knows nothing about. I believe in exclusiveness; but all my people are entirely too democratic. Rose is different from other girls: she never

finds fault with her brothers; but, then, she has always been with us, and that improves a girl so much. She thinks Bernard and I are perfection.

As soon as my father finishes his plan of lessons, I shall join you at school. I am very glad I did not go last term; I should not like to be away from home now that mother is sick. She is so patient through it all!

(From a letter written by Bernard West to Dominick Redmond at college.)

Life at Rosebriar is no longer what it was when you were here in the holidays. There are two awful girls here, and they are spoiling Rose. Rose, you remember, used to think that we boys were little gods on tin wheels. She does not seem to think so now. She thinks that we ought to listen to all the nonsense these girls talk, and say nothing. One of them was very disagreeable about a little poem I wrote for mother's birthday. She declared that the butterfly did not specially love the rose, and quoted some botany. The idea of girls learning botany! It will be frightful if they take it into their heads to contradict a fellow every time they think he is wrong. I've snubbed the girl ever since; but Rose will not have it; she actually dares to say that I am impolite and unkind. I know she does not mean it, because she must know that girls are always more ignorant than boys, though girls have glibber tongues. I shall be very glad when these girls—they are abominably selfish and conceited—go away.

(Dominick Redmond to Richard West.)

Come to college. I have a sister at home who makes life a burden to me—always saying, "Take your feet off the sofa!" "Why don't you read more?" "Don't talk with your mouth full." I know what girls are,—they're no good. It is bad enough here; but if you are bossed, you are bossed by men, not girls.

(Rose West to Mary Redmond, in New York.)

DEAR MARY:—I have little time for writing. Mother needs a great deal of attention. I have just made a bunch of white chrysanthemums and mignonette for her room. I wish we had some hyacinths, she loves them so! I have made to-day a pillow filled with pine leaves, and waited on her as much as I could.

Alice and Josie are still with us. They both mean well; but the boys are dreadfully hard to

manage. Boys are always stupid: they never learn anything unless it is pounded into them. I have to listen to the nonsense of these brothers of mine until I am tired. It takes them *weeks* to pick up what a girl learns in a minute. They quarrel all the time with Josie and Alice. Josie knows twice as much as Dick and Bernard, and she *will* show it—I wish she wouldn't. Alice does not know as much as Josie, but she thinks she knows more. I almost wish that the time of their visit was up, they fight and argue so much.

Bernard wrote the *loveliest* poem the other day, about the butterfly and the rose. There did not seem to be much sense in it, but we can't expect to find that in poetry. I sometimes think boys—even when they are the best of brothers—ought to be caged up, and fed through the bars three times a day.

Poor, dear mamma lost her birthday party; but I ought to be too thankful to grumble, as she is better to-day—I shall finish this letter to-morrow. Father Oscott, of the church across the river, has sent for me. He wants me to go to see his little niece from Baltimore and to spend the day. Mamma says I must go, and the rest all declare that they will not neglect her.

Oh, dear, I wish I were as good and as clever as Josie Harney! She talks of her kindness until one feels so bad, and she contradicts everything the boys say and quotes history to them. The other day she told Bernard that some poem he was reading is wrong,—that it was Balboa, not Cortez, that discovered the Mississippi. The boys were furious. . . .

I am back again from Father Oscott's. I must tell you about the terrible thing that happened yesterday. I wish I had not gone away!

(To be continued.)

— • —
If.

It was from the Spartans of Laconia, who had such a fashion of making all speeches and messages as short as possible, that we derive the word "laconic." A famous instance of this was when Philippus wrote: "If we enter Laconia, we shall burn every building and put every inhabitant to the sword."—"If," was all the Spartans deigned to answer.

Uncle Tom's Story.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

"Yes, I allow I'm right glad yer don't mind passin' the night out hyere by the fire," said Josh, taking up the thread of the conversation again upon his return, shortly after. "Wa-all, I was a-tellin' about this queer company of ourn. Came unexpected, same as you did; 'peared all of a sudden out of the woods. It's a leetle girl, sirs; says she's twelve year old, but small of her age—nothin' but a child, though I reckon life's used her hard, pore creetur! Yer should 'a-seen her when she 'rived. Her shoes war most wore off with walkin', an' her purty leetle feet all blistered an' sore. Mirandy 'marked to me arterward that her gown war a good deal tore with comin' through the brambles, though she'd tried to tidy it up some by pinnin' the rents together with thorns. But, land sakes, I did not take notice of that: my eyes were jest fastened on her peaked face, white as a ghost's, sirs; an' her dull-lookin', big black eyes, that stared at us, yet didn't seem ter see nothin'.

"Wa-all, that's the way the leetle one looked when she stepped out of the shadders. Mirandy was totin' water from the spring yonder, an' when she see her she jest dropped the bucket an' screamed—thought it was a spook, yer know. I war a-pilin' wood on the fire, an' when the girl saw me she shrank back a leetle; but when she ketched sight o' Mirandy she 'peared to muster up courage, tuk a step forward, an' then sank down all in a heap, with a kinder moan, right by the bench thar. She 'peared miserable 'nough, I can tell yer; bein' all of a shiver an' shake, with her teeth chatterin' like a monkey's.

"Mirandy stood off, thinkin' the creetur was wild or half-witted, likely; but I says: 'Bullets an' bombshells, Mirandy'—escuse me, gentlemen, but that's a good, strong-soundin' espres-sion, that relieves my feelin's good as a swear word,—bullets an' bombshells, woman, don't yer see the girl's all broke up with the ague?'—'Why, sur 'nough!' cried she, a-comin' to her senses. 'I'd oughter known a chill with half an eye; an'

sertain this beats all I ever saw.' With that she went over an' tuk the girl in her arms, an' sot her on the bench, sayin', 'You pore honey, you! Whar'd you come from?' At this the leetle one began to cry—tried to speak, then started to cry again. 'Wa-all, never mind a-talkin' about it now,' says Mirandy, settin' to quiet her, an' pettin' an' soothin' her in a way that I wouldn't a-believed of Mirandy if I hadn't a-seen it; for she hasn't had much to tetch the soft spot in her heart sence our leetle Sallie died, which is nigh onto eight year ago. 'Come, Josh,' she called ter me, 'jest you carry this hyere child inter the house an' lay her on the bed. I reckon she can have the leetle room, an' you can sleep in the kitchen ternight.'—'I'm agreeable,' answers I; so I picked her up (she war as limp an' docile as could be), an' carried her in, an' put her down on the bed. That was three weeks come Sunday, an' thar she's been ever since."

Our host had finished his story, yet how much remained untold! All the care and kindness which the stranger had received at the hands of these good simple people was passed over in silence, as if not worth mentioning.

Josh rose and went to the fire to relight his brier-wood pipe, which had gone out during the recital.

"And is the little girl still very ill?" asked Father Friday, with gentle concern.

"Yes; an' the trouble is, she gets wus an' wus," was the reply. "The complaint's taken a new turn lately. She's been in a ragin' fever an' kind of flighty most of the time. Yer see, she'd had a sight of trouble afore she broke down, an' that's what's drivin' her distracted. She'd lost her folks somewhar way down South,—got separated from them in the hurly-burly of a flight, from a captured town; an', childlike, she set about travellin' afoot all over the land to find them. How she got through the lines I can't make out, unless she got round 'em some way, comin' through the woods. Anyway she's here, and likely never to get any farther in her search, pore honey! But what's her name, or who her people are, is more nor I can say; for, cur'ous as it seems, she has plum forgotten these two things.

"Thar's another matter, too, that bothers us some. She keeps a-callin' for somebody, an' beggin' an' prayin' us not to let her die without

somethin', in a way that would melt the heart of a rock. It makes me grow hot an' then cold all in a minute, jest a-listenin' to her. To-day she war plum out of her head, an' war goin' to get right up an' go off through the woods after it herself. Mirandy had a terrible time with her; an' it wasn't till she got all wore out from sheer weakness that she quieted down an' fell asleep, jest a leetle before yer 'peared, strangers. What it is she keeps entreatin' an' beseechin' for we never can make out, though I'd cut my hand off to get it for her, she's sech a patient, grateful leetle soul. But"—Josh started up; a sudden hope had dawned upon him as he looked across at Father Friday's strong, kind face—"perhaps you could tell. Bullets an' bombshells, that's a lucky idee! I'll go an' ask Mirandy about it."

That any one was ill or disquieted in mind was a sufficient appeal to the sympathy and zeal of Father Friday. He put his hand to his breast a moment, and I knew that he was praying for the soul so sorely tried.

In a few moments Josh returned, saying, "Mirandy says the leetle girl is jest woke up, an' seems uncommon sensible an' clear-headed. Perhaps if yer war ter ask her now, she could tell yer it all plain."

Father Friday rose, and I followed too, as the man led the way to the little room, the door of which was immediately opened by his wife, who motioned to us to enter. Never shall I forget the sight that greeted my eyes. Upon the bed lay a childish form, with a small, refined face, the pallor of which was intensified by contrast with the large dark eyes, that now had a half startled, expectant, indescribable expression. The sufferer had evidently reached the crisis of a malarial fever; reason had returned unclouded; but from that strange, bright look, I felt that there was no hope of recovery.

How shall I find words to portray what followed! The others waited beside the door; but Father Friday advanced a few steps, then paused, so as not to frighten her by approaching abruptly. As he stood there in his cassock, with his hand raised in benediction, and wearing, as I knew, the Blessed Sacrament upon his breast, I realized more fully than ever before the grandeur of the priestly mission to humanity. The girl's roving glance was arrested by the impressive figure; but

how little were any of us prepared for the effect upon her! The dark eyes lighted up with joyful recognition, her cheek flushed, and with a glad cry she started up, exclaiming, "Thank God, my prayer is granted! God has sent a priest to me before I die!"

Had a miracle been wrought before us we could not have been more astounded. Instinctively I fell upon my knees. Mirandy followed my example; and Josh looked as if he would like to do so too, but was not quite sure how to manage it.

Father Friday drew nearer.

"I knew you would come, Father," she continued, with a happy smile. "This is what I have prayed for ever since I have been lying here. I thought you would come to-day; for since early morning I have been imploring the Blessed Virgin to obtain this favor for me."

She sank back on the pillow exhausted, but after a few minutes revived once more.

It was apparent, however, that there was no time to be lost. I beckoned Josh and his wife out into the kitchen, and left Father Friday to hear her confession. Soon he recalled us. I have but to close my eyes to see it all as if it were yesterday: the altar hastily arranged upon a small deal table; the flickering tallow dips, the only light to do homage to the divine Guest; the angelic expression of the dying girl as she received the Holy Viaticum.

After that we all withdrew, Father Friday and I going out by the fire again. He resumed his breviary, and I remained silently musing upon all that had passed within the last hour. After a few moments he paused, with his finger and thumb between the leaves of the book, and looked toward me. I hastened to avail of the opportunity to speak my thoughts.

"This, then, is the meaning of our strange wandering in the woods all day, Father," said I. "You were being providentially led from the path and guided to the bedside of this poor girl, that she might not die without the consolations of religion."

"I can not but believe so," he replied, gravely. "We missionaries witness strange things sometimes. And what wonder? Is not the mercy of God as great, the intercession of Mary as powerful, as ever? To me this incident is but another beautiful example of the efficacy of prayer."

Before long Father Friday was again summoned within, and thus all night he watched and prayed beside the resigned little sufferer, whose life was slipping so fast away. In the grey of the early morning she died.

"Mussy me, I feel like I'd lost one of my own!" sobbed Mirandy.

"Yes, it's cur'ous how fond of her we grew; though she jest lay there so uncomplainin', an' never took much notice of nothin'," said Josh, drawing his brawny arm across his eyes.

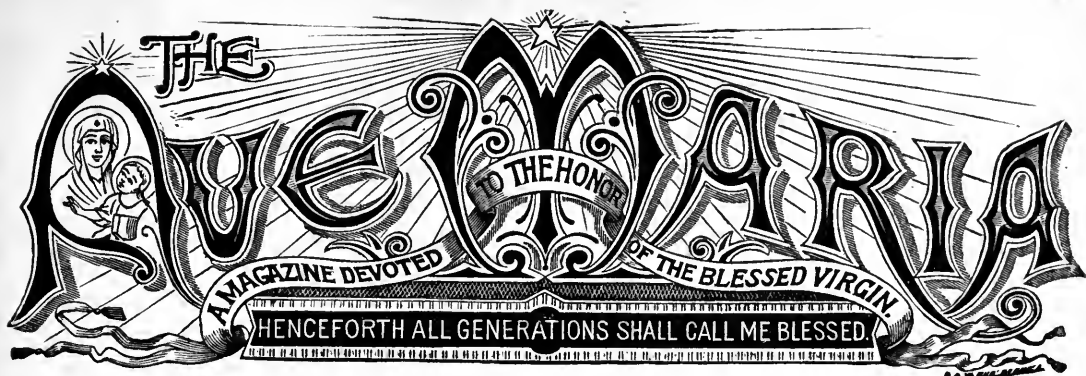
An hour later he led the way before Father Friday and myself, and conducted us to the bridle-path, which joined the turnpike several miles below the town. By noon we were safely at home.

Two days after, however, I again accompanied Father Friday to the forest, when, with blessing, the little wanderer was laid to rest among the pines. One thing he had vainly tried to discover. Though during that night her mind had been otherwise clear and collected, memory had utterly failed upon one point: she could not remember her name. As we knew none to put upon the rude cross which we placed to mark her grave, Father Friday traced on the rough wood, with paint made by Josh from burnt vine twigs, the simple inscription: "A Child of Mary."

Anecdote of Charles V.

There were many things about the character of Charles V. of Spain which we can not call admirable, but no one could help admiring his action upon a certain occasion. A nobleman, having been accused of some grave misdemeanor, and fleeing from the authorities, took refuge in a neighboring castle. One of the Emperor's suite, thinking to win his favor, gave information to him concerning the fugitive. It was not received in the manner expected.

"You would have acted more honorably if you had warned him that I was near by, instead of informing about a poor hunted man, as you have done," said the Emperor, sternly. No steps were taken to capture the nobleman, who was, it turned out, not guilty of the charge brought against him.



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December.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN in white ermine wrapt December treads
 The paths her elder sister's feet forsake;
 When in the woods the boreal bugles wake
 Melodious echoes where, within their beds,
 The flowers have buried deep their pretty heads;
 And in the marshes every frozen lake,
 With beauty flashing like some moon-kissed
 brake,
 Shines in the splendor that the sunlight sheds,—
 Come dreams, Madonna, of that city fair
 By the belovèd priest at Patmos seen,
 Where golden streets divide the spacious square,
 With crystal waters flowing clear between;
 Within whose jasper walls, of twelvefold gate,
 Thou sittest throned the Queen Immaculate.

The Painter of the Immaculate Conception.

THE prediction of the Blessed Virgin that gives to the *Magnificat* its crowning touch of sublimity, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," has been marvellously verified in the ages that have lapsed since her exulting soul poured forth its harmony in that queen of canticles. In very truth she has been called blessed—has been revered and loved by *all* generations, by every class of every century that has intervened since the angelic messenger of the Incarnation, fresh

from communion with the Godhead, respectfully greeted his destined sovereign, and humbly pronounced the first "Hail Mary." The Virgin of Nazareth has not only evoked the reverence and confiding love of myriads of the humbler masses of humanity: she has challenged the admiration of the mightiest intellects, the greatest geniuses that from age to age have illumined the world of literature and art. The truest poets have found in her the source of their loftiest inspirations; the most fervid orators have taken their boldest flight in uttering her panegyric; and the master-artists in portraying her features have made the canvas glow with a beauty more than ideal.

The eminent painters of every school have manifested a predilection for subjects in which their genius might essay a tentative portrayal of "the fairest of all the daughters of men"; no great master but has left his highest conception of human beauty bodied forth in a Madonna. Some have chosen as their favorite study special mysteries in the varied life of Our Lady; and perhaps none better than Murillo deserve the title prefixed to this article, the painter of the Immaculate Conception. He painted this sublime subject many times, and he painted it sublimely.

Born in Seville in the early part of the seventeenth century, this illustrious painter was destined to give additional glory to a city whose boast even then was, "Who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel." He was first taught in the school of his uncle, Juan del Castillo, an artist profoundly imbued with Florentine traditions. This uncle having removed from Seville to Cadiz, the youth was left alone, without a guide. In order to provide himself with the necessities

of life, Murillo executed a few paintings, and sold them at the great market of the city, which at that period furnished numerous works of art to America.

Soon, however, a new horizon seemed open out before the artist. Pedro de Moya, who had been his fellow-pupil in his uncle's studio, came from London to Seville. In England he had studied under Van Dyck, and he professed an impassioned worship for that Flemish master. Moya's pictures were a revelation to the genius of Murillo. He saw how dangerous, how stiff to the eye, and how contrary to nature, was the exaggerated importance given to the *contour*. He, too, wished to travel; and had not Van Dyck died about this time Murillo would have gone to England. As for extended travel, it was for him merely a "castle in the air," as he had no money. Need stimulates industry; and the young painter having procured some yards of canvas, cut it into squares, and painted on them a variety of pictures from animate and inanimate nature. These he sold to a ship-owner, and with the proceeds of the sale set out for Madrid. He arrived there in 1643, being at the time in his twenty-fifth year.

Velasquez was then enjoying much favor at the capital of Spain. He received his young countryman kindly, accorded him his protection, and by his influence secured for him access to the museums. Before the masterpieces therein treasured, Murillo's projects of travel were soon forgotten; he would remain in Madrid. During his sojourn in that city he studied Rubens, Titian, Van Dyck, Ribera, and Velasquez; and when he returned to Seville he displayed an originality that was apparently the result of a blending of their divers styles. Little by little, however, all traces of imitation disappeared, and at length the artist revealed himself a genius, his work stamped with a seal essentially his own.

This remarkable man traversed the whole scale of creation—idealism, realism, and mysticism,—and everywhere showed the touch of a master-hand. Without travelling, he made studies of wonderful variety. With equal facility his brush delineated the ecstasy of the monk and the ragged insolence of the vicious beggar. He possessed also what Moratin happily styles the "talent of painting the air."

Among the artists of Seville Murillo held the first rank. Everyone wished to have one of his Madonnas. He varied unceasingly his studies of his favorite subject, the Immaculate Conception. It would seem, says one critic, that this mystery continually illumined his imagination. The ravishingly beautiful Virgin ever appeared to him robed in white and blue, uniting the two colors of purity and the heavens. So unrivalled are his paintings of the Virgin Immaculate that, as we gaze upon them, a fuller intelligence of the great mystery seems to dawn upon us, and our most exalted conceptions of the dignity of our Blessed Lady are heightened and etherealized. Even a critic so antagonistic to all that is Catholic as Mr. John Hay, is betrayed into forgetfulness of bigotry as he contemplates these masterpieces of the Spanish painter. Witness the following, from "Castilian Days":

"What absurd presumption to accuse this great thinker of a deficiency of ideality, in face of these two glorious Marys of the Conception, that fill the room with light and majesty! They hang side by side, so alike, yet so distinct in character. One is a woman in knowledge and a goddess of purity; the other, absolute innocence, startled by the stupendous revelation and exalted by the vaguely comprehended glory of the future. It is before this picture that the visitor always lingers longest. The face is the purest expression of girlish loveliness possible to art. The Virgin floats, upborne by rosy clouds; flocks of pink cherubs flutter at her feet, waving palm-branches. The golden air is thick with suggestions of dim, celestial faces; but nothing mars the imposing solitude of the Queen of Heaven, shrined alone, throned in the luminous azure. Surely no man ever understood or interpreted like this grand Andalusian the power that the worship of woman exerts on the religions of the world. All the passionate love that has been poured out in all the ages at the feet of Ashtaroth and Artemis and Aphrodite and Freya found visible form and color on that immortal canvas, where, with his fervor of religion and the full strength of his virile devotion to beauty, he created, for the adoration of those who should follow him, this type of the perfect Feminine,—

'Thee! standing loveliest in the open heaven!
Ave Maria, only heaven and thee!'"

In the opinion of many eminent critics, Murillo's portrayals of the Infant Jesus even surpass those of the Blessed Virgin. We seem to see about the head of the Divine Child an aureola, which the artist has not thought it necessary to paint; the fine head is illumined; the glance, open and penetrating, at once sharp and sweet, darts out the lightning of genius; and He appears so great, even in the tranquillity of sleep, that one feels impressed with the presence of a God. "In Raphael's paintings," says one writer, "the Virgin is more a virgin; in Murillo's, the Child-God more a God."

Although of an amiable and gentle character, Murillo was sometimes prompt to take offence. He lived on excellent terms with a famous landscape painter, Iriarte, who, according to Murillo, was divinely inspired in his reproductions of natural scenery. Iriarte painted Murillo's backgrounds, putting in fine trees, graceful foliage, limpid waters, distant clouds. Murillo then enriched with splendid figures the landscapes thus prepared. One day a dispute arose between the two as to who should begin a picture that a dealer had ordered of Iriarte—counting, however, on the usual alliance of the two friends. Murillo, in a moment of vexation, seized his palette, and forthwith painted both landscape and figures. The dealer was delighted; Murillo had shown himself a landscape painter equal to Rubens.

The Andalusian artist was pre-eminently a religious painter. He put into his pictures all the poesy of his faith-illumined soul. He loved to give himself up to religious reveries, in the dim twilight of some church corner. He was often found there, plunged in meditation and prayer. His favorite studio was in a Capuchin convent not far distant from the city of Seville.

While engaged in Cadiz on his picture "The Betrothal of St. Catherine" he injured himself by a fall from a scaffolding; the remainder of his life was spent in suffering and prayer at Seville. Toward the end he caused himself to be carried every day to the Church of Santa Cruz, and remained for hours praying before the famous "Descent from the Cross" of Pedro Campana. One evening the sacristan, wishing to close the church sooner than usual, asked him why he stayed so long, immovable, in that chapel. "I am waiting," he replied, "until those pious servants

shall have finished taking down Our Lord from the cross." In his will he desired to be buried at the foot of Campana's tomb. He died on the 3d of April, 1682.

"Everywhere in the works of this great master," says Siret in his "Historical Dictionary of Painters," "we breathe an atmosphere of divine poesy. A noble and magnificent harmony, a method full of energy and truth, drawing as correct as bold, color that no one has been able to imitate,—these are the principal qualities of this great artist, who painted all styles with equal perfection."

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIV.

IT seemed to be natural that Mrs. Thorpe should take possession of her nephew, and that Carmela and Fenwick should fall together, as they waited at the entrance of the hotel for the San Angel car, and, when it finally arrived, took their places in it. The girl strove to appear as usual, and with a success that would have deceived any one less sensitive to others' moods than the man beside her. But he felt by instinct, rather than perceived from any outward sign, that her interest in the expedition, which yesterday had been so vivid, was now entirely vanished, and wished that it were in his power to spare her the effort she was making. That being impossible, however, the next best thing was to ignore it; and so he endeavored to talk as usual.

"We must stop at San Angel," he said; "because it is a very pretty little town, built on a hillside, in the midst of gardens, not so large and well-kept as those at Tacubaya, but very charming nevertheless. It commands a beautiful view, and has, what will interest you most, a very picturesque old monastery: deserted now, of course, but once filled with Carmelite monks."

"Yes, I shall like that," she replied; "although there is as much pain as pleasure in seeing such places. One feels the desolation so keenly—knowing all that it means for our unhappy country, and fearing that it must draw down the punishment of God upon us."

"If the punishment falls on the despoilers, you need not mourn," he said. "And I think the wonderful devotion of the Mexican people, deprived as they are of all such institutions and aids to piety, is enough to turn aside the anger of God from the country *as a country*. For myself," he added, after a slight pause, "I do not feel much depression in such places. Indignation against the robbery, the violation of all human as well as divine rights—yes, but no more than that. For I have been in many parts of the world; and, viewing it as a whole, one sees that what the Church loses in one place she is always in process of gaining in another. Three hundred years ago, when the New World was discovered, millions of souls brought into the fold, and these great foundations laid, all Northern Europe was in revolt against faith; there was a tempest of destruction, in which abbeys, convents, churches and cathedrals fell, and religious were driven forth by the scourge of penal laws. To-day, while Latin Europe is taking its turn at persecution, and Mexico, led by the same anti-Christian influences, is servilely following the example, the power of the Church is growing in a manner to astonish all men in the lands that cast it out. On their ancient foundation stones the abbeys of England are rising once more; and all the religious orders have their homes in peace and security there, where so short a time ago it was death to say or to hear Mass. So be comforted amid *your* ruins. It is only a question of time when they, too, shall rise in fresh splendor, and the monks who were driven out come calmly back to resume their work. These temporary vicissitudes count for nothing in the life of an undying power."

He spoke at such length chiefly to divert her mind, and he was rewarded by the gleam of interest and brightness in her eyes.

"Such thoughts as those do comfort me," she said. "But there seems a special ingratitude in the fact that Mexico should repay in this manner those who did all for her: who saved the people from destruction, taught them religion, educated them in civilization, and made them what they are to-day—a people able to take their place among the nations of the earth."

"The ingratitude of Mexico only strikes you more because the benefit has been more recently received," he replied. "The nations of Europe

owe all that they are to-day to the Church. They, too, were savage tribes when she first laid her hand upon them."

"Allow me an observation," said Lestrangle, suddenly interposing. He was seated with Mrs. Thorpe opposite to these two, and had listened to their conversation because curious to know what topic interested them so much. "You forget the classic civilization which has never died in Europe. The literature of Greece and the laws of Rome are the foundations of our modern civilization."

"And who preserved both?" asked Fenwick. "Everyone who knows anything of history knows that it was the Church. But for her you would not possess a fragment of either. Classic civilization would be the vaguest of human traditions but for the learning and care of the cloisters of the Middle Ages."

"Is it possible," said Lestrangle, staring a little, "that you are a Roman Catholic yourself, or are you only one of the people who are just now finding a great deal to admire in that religion?"

"I might describe myself as both," replied Fenwick; "but, to speak more correctly, from the one I have developed into the other. I began by finding a great deal to admire in the Church, and I have ended by entering it."

"When?" asked Lestrangle, with a quick glance at Carmela.

Fenwick looked a little surprised by the abrupt question. "A year ago I was received into the Church in Rome," he answered. It displeased him to be forced to speak in this manner of anything so personal to himself; and, turning with a decided movement to his companion, he began to talk of the country through which they were passing,—a very beautiful country, full of picturesque features; while Lestrangle, relapsing into silence, said to himself that *if* he were disposed to attempt to renew his relations with Carmela, Fate had sent a formidable rival across his path. He knew what the girl's religion was to her: he knew how it had stood like a rock between them on more than one occasion; and he felt sure that a man who possessed in common with her the faith which she valued so highly, would hold a great advantage over one who was alien to it. But, then, he reminded himself that it was nothing to him. He had *not*

come to renew his suit to her, and what Fenwick might or might not be was surely a matter of no importance to him.

They soon reached the little town of San Angel, distant five or six miles from Mexico—a pretty place, as Fenwick had said; now somewhat declined in prosperity, but all the more attractive for this fact. Anything more charming to the artistic eye than these delightful Mexican towns, with their Old-World aspect, their mingled resemblance to Spain and the Orient, it is impossible to imagine. Wandering through them—through the narrow ways, the pillared arcades; the flowery plazas, where picturesque groups gather around the flowing fountains; the flat, Moorish-looking houses, enclosing courts full of bloom and fragrance; the noble, richly sculptured and decorated churches,—it is difficult to believe that one is on the same side of the ocean as the rushing country with its feverish life, its oppressive newness, and its air of whitewash and progress, across the Rio Grande.

"By Jove, I had forgotten how charming it all is!" said Lestrangle, as they passed along streets where every step revealed a new picture, with glimpses through barred gateways of luxuriant gardens, and vistas in which beautiful tiled domes rose against a sky of flawless turquoise.

But the acme of picturesqueness was reached when they came to the deserted monastery, to which the handsome church possessing these domes was formerly attached. Like numbers of others throughout Mexico, this monastery, once the home of piety and learning, the centre of wide usefulness, and the place where prayer and supplication rose unceasingly to God, is now falling into decay. But it is a decay as full of beauty as of sadness. Designed in 1516 by Fray Andrés de San Miguel, of the Carmelite Order, at that time held to be the first architect in New Spain, all that remains of the extensive buildings testify to the noble harmony of their original design, and the fine sincerity which characterized the work of an age that did not know the meaning of sham. Every springing arch is full of grace, every elaborate capital wrought with loving care; the solid, stately walls seem built for eternity; in every detail the genius of the artist is shown, together with the skill and thoroughness of the workman.

Passing through the silent cloisters, where the

sunshine seemed to fall with a golden pathos, and the cool, deep shadow of the arches to hold the memory of quiet, meditative forms, the little party found themselves in the ancient refectory, where half-effaced frescoes looked down upon them from the walls; and thence emerged on a terrace overlooking a garden, once kept with loving care, and now a wilderness of trees, shrubs and flowers, growing with wild luxuriance. But beautiful though it is, this deserted, lonely spot, the group on the terrace had eyes only for the magical loveliness of the far-extended view which burst upon them. Miles of green fields, of orchards and gardens, interspersed with villages, and with the noble tower of the church of Coyoacan rising out of embowering verdure in the middle distance, spread to where the great amethyst-tinted mountains lifted their crowns of eternal snow against the luminous sky.

"What an eye for the picturesque those old monks must have had!" said Lestrangle. "I have seen few lovelier views of this valley of Mexico, which Cortes declared to be *la cosa mas hermosa en el mundo*."*

"Was it not Ruskin who said that he would not come to America because it was a country without ruins?" said Mrs. Thorpe. "Some one ought to have told him of Mexico. Here he would have found ruins beautiful enough to have satisfied him."

"It is rather difficult to maintain oneself in sentiments of charity toward those who made them," remarked Fenwick. And then, meeting Carmela's glance, he smiled. "You see," he added, "I need to remind myself of all that I was saying to you."

"I have been remembering it ever since we entered here," she answered; "but it is hard to see all this desolation, and harder yet to think that within the borders of Catholic Mexico men and women are no longer free to devote themselves to God. I think that I should like to be a Carmelite above all things," she said, in a low voice, as if to herself.

Fenwick started, and felt something like a sudden chill. Here, in the old monastery precincts, a vision rose before him of that life of Carmel, so terrible in the eyes of the world because so

* "The most beautiful thing in the world."

elevated above all things which the world knows or loves; so remote from things of sense, so mystical, so spiritual, so high on the rugged way which leads to God. Few persons brought up in Protestantism do not shrink from that severely contemplative and sacrificial life, of which Carmel is the supreme expression; and even with some Catholics there is a feeling that the cheerful working orders, that live in the world and do not carry things to such austere extremes, are to be preferred to those who climb the steep and lonely eminence, where, like the prophets of old, Carmel makes intercession with Almighty God for a guilty world.

Perhaps it was some remnant of his Protestant training which caused Fenwick's chill, or perhaps an unguessed strength in his feeling for the young girl. At least he said quickly: "Why do you talk in that manner? Are you so disgusted with the world that you wish to go and bury yourself in a cloister?"

She was surprised by his tone. The shade of impatience in it was not lost on her ear, and the want of sympathy made her feel how she had come to expect sympathy from him. But she answered, quietly:

"I do not know whether or not it is what you call disgust of the world which makes one feel that there is nothing satisfying in it—nothing that can fill our hearts or make them constant; nothing which gives lasting happiness, or repays one for the pain of which life is so full,—but if so, it is, I think, a feeling which in all ages has sent people to the cloister."

"But not that alone," said Fenwick. "It seems that I am destined to preach to you to-day. It is not a *role* that I particularly fancy, but I must remind you that dissatisfaction at finding the world a place full of disappointment and pain could hardly constitute a vocation for the cloister."

"I did not mean that it alone would do so," she replied. "I only meant that to feel what the world is makes one turn involuntarily to the thought of the higher life, and to a desire to seek shelter in its peace."

The last words seemed to give him the key to her meaning. He looked at her for a moment with an intentness of which he was not himself conscious, trying to reconcile his preconceived ideas with those which her words suggested. She

did not avoid his gaze; and deep in the depths of her clear, beautiful eyes he saw a sadness which accorded with her utterances. What it meant he did not understand, but intuitive sympathy made him answer, gently:

"Believe me, you do not yet know all that is to be known of the world. It is true that the pain and disappointment of which you have spoken are to be found in it everywhere, more or less pervading every human lot; but there are many compensations for these things—the sweetness of affection which is founded on enduring qualities; faithful friendship; the happiness of unselfish work, of doing a little good, and of meeting now and then a touch of heroism, generosity or sympathy so fine that it thrills one to the core. It is a wonderful medley of good and bad, this human life of ours; but we must not lose heart in it at the beginning, nor faith in the possibilities of good because we have been disappointed or deceived."

"The worst disappointment is in oneself," she said, quickly; and then, as if anxious to avoid an explanation of her words, turned and joined Mrs. Thorpe, who, as it happened, was advancing toward them.

Fenwick stood quite still, looking after her with a frown, which was with him a sign of puzzled thought. What did it mean? These enigmatical utterances, these abrupt movements and varying moods, were not like Carmela. A change had come over her, yet she was plainly not happy. He glanced suspiciously toward Lestrangle. "If I thought it was *his* fault—" he said to himself; and then paused, with a smile in which there was little amusement.

However much it might be Lestrangle's fault, what was there that he, Fenwick, could do? Absolutely nothing. With this reflection he seemed, as it were, to come to himself; and, determining that he would think no more of a matter which did not and could not concern him, he too advanced to meet Mrs. Thorpe; and when she said, "Do you not think, Mr. Fenwick, that it is time we were starting for Coyoacan?" he answered promptly, "Yes, we will go at once."

(To be continued.)

A VERSE may find him whom a sermon flies.
—George Herbert.

In Thanksgiving.*

© LORD, I thank Thee for this soul!

Long years I waited vainly for it, and I prayed
and wept;

And holier souls than mine with me their cease-
less vigil kept;

Until at last the heart's gates, closed so long, gave
way,

And darkness fled before the light of day.

Lord, Thou hast given me this soul!

Thy hand hath joined the broken threads, and
drawn them unto Thee;

The soul, so tempest-tossed for years upon life's
changing sea,

Hath found a haven in its Saviour's Sacred Heart,
No more to err, to wander, or to part.

Lord, Thou didst love this soul!

And so Thou waitedst patiently, until, when
human hope seemed vain,

The Precious Blood came flowing down in silent,
gentle rain,

Washing away the scars, and bringing hope
divine,—

Ah, Lord, no love so deep, so true as Thine!

O heart, that still dost weep and pray

O'er that poor soul who, like the lost and blindly
straying sheep,

Hath wandered far away upon the dreary moun-
tain steep,—

Take courage, wait! The Sacred Heart still beats,
the fount of love still flows;

And night and day, upborne by angel wings, thy
supplication goes:

"Lord, give me this soul!"

O heart, have faith! And surely soon shall dawn
the blessed day

When, falling at thy Saviour's feet, thou, too, in
joy shalt say,

"Dear Lord, I thank Thee for this soul!"

H. M. C.

* A touching little poem, headed "In Supplication," appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" of August 23, 1890, to which the above lines, in thanksgiving for a conversion mercifully accorded, after many long years of apparently fruitless prayer, may perhaps be considered a fitting companion piece.

The Giant of Mechins.

I.

IT was but little more than half a century since the Gospel had first been preached among the tribe of Indians called the Malachites. These years had been for the Church of New France, for the Jesuit missions, and for the colonists of Canada and Acadia, a period of labor, struggles, and suffering; but they were also years of faith, courage, devotion, and heroism. Continual wars had occasioned devastation and carnage through the length and breadth of the French colonies. The Iroquois, backed by the Dutch, and by them supplied with arms, seemed destined to blot out the Catholic religion and the name of France from this part of the New World. One of the allied nations, the Hurons, had been almost entirely extinguished in these wars; and the martyrdom of many missionaries had left the Church without apostles, the flocks without shepherds.

There is this to be remarked in the history of Catholicism: that those epochs which seem the most painful and hopeless to those who must support the burden, are the very days which stand forth most beautifully and gloriously in the eyes of history and of posterity. And so this terrible period in the history of the Church in Canada has received the glorious title of the Heroic Age.

Many of the savage tribes, among whom the missionaries had gone to carry the seeds of the Gospel, had been abandoned to their former ignorance. Laborers were sadly lacking in this vineyard. However, these first labors had not been without durable fruits, and the tidings of peace and good-will were propagated in spite of the counter-efforts of hell.

"You will ask," say the narratives of that day, "how it is possible that Christianity could subsist in the forests and among a constantly roaming people. Those savages who had their knowledge of God and of His Gospel directly from the ministry of the Fathers, were themselves the means of communicating to the other members of their nation the instructions which they had received, and thus became apostles themselves; and even those who still remained infidels did not fail to bring in their children for baptism."

Among the tribes thus, perforce, left to themselves were the Micmacs and the Malachites. A portion of this latter tribe, and notably the descendants of the Sachem of Kapskouk, frequented at that time the southern shores of "the Big River." Even at the present day the principal village of the Malachites occupies a narrow neck of land in the neighborhood of the parishes of Kakouna and of Ile Verte,—a tiny spot, parsimoniously dealt out to them, of that vast tract which formerly belonged to them in its entirety.

The Malachites, like the Abnakis, their neighbors on the east, and the Montagnais, their neighbors on the north, had, "without a master, and without a teacher to cultivate this first grain and seed, preserved and augmented their faith." Nevertheless, there were still—as one can easily imagine—many infidels among these savages.

At the date of the opening of our tale a new era had begun to shine for Canada. Several years previously Quebec had welcomed the first Bishop of our country, Monseigneur de Laval-Montmorency, with the title of Patriarch and Vicar-Apostolic of New France. On the other hand, the King, desirous of putting an end to the incursions of the Iroquois, had sent to the colonies, under the command of brave and distinguished officers, that noble and gallant regiment of Carignan-Salières, so well able to carry out in the forests of America the *role* adopted by Clovis and his Franks on the ancient soil of Gaul.

The Iroquois had fled before the armies of France; then begged for peace; and with peace, baptism. The Canadian Church was filled with joy. The hymn of triumph intoned by her first pastor had been taken up by all the faithful. It was a renewal of that promise made to the Church: "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." The strong God, who wills that His Church shall be constantly attacked and ill-treated, always ends, by reason of this promise, by giving her the victory. He mocks at the power and the number of His enemies. He is patient, "because He is eternal"; and He well knows how, in His own time, to overturn the plots of the wicked.

II.

Profiting by these happy days of victory and peace, the missionaries multiplied, and hastened in every direction to bring order and abundance

out of the chaos in the Father's fields. Two of these evangelical workers departed from Quebec for Tadousac. One was destined for the mountain missions on the northern shore; the other, crossing the river, was going to build up again the abandoned mission at Gaspesia. Without following this last to the end of his journey, let us at least accompany him to that celebrated spot which was called then, as now, Ilets Mechins. (The word "mechins" is but a popular corruption of the Indian word "matsi," or of the French name "mechant," which are synonymous.)

The missionary, accompanied by a Canadian *voyageur*, was conducted to Kakouna, on the southern shore, near the Tadousac mountains, whence he took a Malachite canoe for the journey to Gaspé. Of the two Malachites who guided the small vessel, one was a Christian, the other a pagan. The latter was not ignorant of the truths essential to salvation, and he even believed in them; but, like many who are not savages and who are baptized, he shrank from the obligations which Christianity imposes. So he put off the moment of his conversion.

During the voyage the missionary perfected the religious education of his two companions. The pagan listened to the instructions of the apostle with as much attention as did the other; and he never absented himself from the pious exercises which the Father always held morning and evening, by the light of the camp fire. But when the missionary called upon him to accept baptism in good faith, he always responded: "Not now; another time, perhaps."

They had been travelling for five days,—days of beautiful weather. On the evening of the fifth day the heavens, until then so serene, suddenly became dark and were overspread with gathering clouds; all signs predicted one of those summer squalls which pass as quickly as they come, but which, however, are not the less dangerous. The travellers had to hug the shore in order to run a narrow strait, called the Passage of the Frogs, on account of the singular formation of the rocks which border it. But before long, however, the little party gained the Ilets Mechins, a delightful spot, once the dread of savages, and since beloved by fishers, to whom it yields up its staple commodity.

The islets are two small rocks situated at a

short distance from the shore, from which they are separated by a narrow channel, deep enough to serve as a harbor to vessels of light draught. The neighboring flat shore formed a sandy cove, whence the ground rose gradually, like an amphitheatre, toward a mountain in the immediate vicinity. A tiny brook, descending from the heights, supplied the purest and freshest of water. In this spot our travellers rested from their labors.

III.

In spite of the natural beauty of the locality, the near approach of night and the threatening squall, it was evident that the unbaptized Indian halted there only with the greatest reluctance.

"What can be the matter with him?" asked the missionary of the Christian savage, as they stepped on the sandy shore.

"He is afraid of Outikou."

"Poor, unhappy man!" the missionary said to himself; "he fears an imaginary giant, and yet does not tremble at the thought of the real giant of the abyss of hell, who roams the world seeking whom he may devour. And you," he continued, addressing the Christian,—"are you also afraid of Outikou?"

"I! Oh, no! Outikou never eats any one who has been baptized and who prays."

"But why is he more afraid of Outikou here than in any other place?"

"Because Outikou lives over there in that mountain."

"You can well mock at Outikou," said the priest; "for I defy him to make himself heard by any Indian who has been baptized."

All races preserve, from the first traditions of the human family, a remembrance of that tremendous battle which took place in heaven in the beginning of time, and which still continues on earth between good and evil. We recognize in the tales of the giants a reminiscence of Satan and his angels as symbolical of the principal of evil; and such tales are to be found in the popular traditions and primitive poetry of all the branches of the race of man. In the moral tales of the forest, the genius of evil is painted in the guise of Outikou leaning on a gnarled pine, which he has violently uprooted,—the wicked shepherd of a flock of black sheep, who allows his unhappy charges to roam carelessly in the paths of perdition, and never lets them hear his

terrible voice until the very moment when the sacrifice is about to be consummated.

The canoe, drawn up on the bank, was turned bottom-upward, and some heavy pieces of fallen timber were placed across the light structure to aid it in withstanding the force of the wind. The light of a bright fire threw its ruddy gleams across the water and on the neighboring islands, making a vivid contrast with the profound darkness of a starless sky; and the group of four travellers stood out boldly against the dark background of the mountain.

They were chatting carelessly while partaking of the simple evening meal, when the wind, suddenly blowing up in a furious gale, extinguished the fire and scattered the glowing embers far and wide, amid a shower of sparks. This accident, by leaving our travellers in total darkness, served to augment the terrors of the unbaptized savage. He was obliged, however, still to continue in his routine of duty. The evening prayers were said in unison, after which each one extended himself on the sand in the shelter of the boat, which was not large enough to protect them completely from the biting wind and the heavy drops of rain.

In a short time the storm had given place to the balmy air of one of those dark but calm nights of midsummer. The travellers slept as they only can sleep who are resting from the fatigues of a long journey—when, without a moment's warning, a cry of terror, shrill and piercing, roused them rudely from their slumbers. At the same instant the savage who had refused to listen to the voice of his conscience threw himself at the feet of the missionary, crying at the top of his voice, "Baptism, Patlialch! Baptism!"

"What ails you now, my son?" demanded the Father, uneasily.

"I have heard the call of Outikou, and that call means only death. I saw him coming down the mountain side. I saw the staff on which he leant; it is a dead pine, which he tore up with his own hands."

"Calm yourself, my son; calm yourself," said the Father, reassuringly; for the poor savage was nearly frantic with fear.

"He has smelled an unbaptized savage; he is prowling about the camp; he will steal upon me and seize me! I held your crucifix to my breast,

and when he saw it he uttered a fierce cry, which seemed to split my head. Then he fled toward the mountain, dropping his staff just over yonder. He crushed the pines under his feet, and sent the rocks bounding down beneath him. But I shall die! I shall die!" cried the Indian, clinging in a frenzy to the missionary's soutane; "I must die, and I will not die without baptism."

"Do not fear," said the Father; "you shall not die without having been baptized. God will not permit that. But at this moment you are not rightly disposed to receive the Sacrament. In the meanwhile pray, and repent of the opposition you have offered to the voice of grace."

When day broke the Indian, grown somewhat calmer, but still under the influence of the frightful vision of the night, dragged rather than led the missionary to the edge of the wood, where, pointing to a pine lying prone on the ground, he exclaimed: "Do you see now the staff of the great Outikou?"

The man of God smiled. "Out of this staff," he said, "we are going to make, before we leave Ilets Mechins, a cross, which we will erect on the spot, so that Outikou may never revisit it."

The giant's staff, transformed into the symbol of salvation, soon reared its arms on the point of land at the mouth of the cove. Since that day the giant has never been seen at the islets. The Montagnais, who call him Atshen, say that he retired to the neighborhood of Lake Mistassini, in the far North, where dwell the Nashkapiouts and other savages who never pray. It is in remembrance of this tale, but by a confusion of places, that the name "Cove of the Cross" is given to a locality situated several miles above the islets of Mechin.

Nor for us does the glorious army of saints and martyrs, the bright choir of virgins and purified souls—who honored their Lord in the flesh, exalted the aspirations and hopes of mankind, glorified human nature through divine grace, and consecrated the whole world,—sleep in the cold grave, or lie torpid in some undefined region, waiting the return of a warm spring morning to wake anew into life and activity. They are now living, full of life,—a sweet, joyous life, in comparison with which what we call our life is but death.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Poor John Eliot.

BY E. F. CARY.

ON a damp, chilly evening in November a course of people were pouring into a large church on B— Avenue. A man, struggling to get through the crowd, said to a policeman: "What is going on here?"—"A mission, Mr. Eliot. Father Benedict is going to preach to-night, and it seems everybody wants to hear him, from the East End to the West End."

The man who asked the question was rather an inconsistent-looking person. He was neatly dressed, but wore no overcoat on this bleak night. The shiny surface of his thin garments showed years of wear, but not a stain nor a grain of dust. A dark comforter wound round his neck concealed the absence of linen; his uncovered hands were well shaped and delicately neat; his tattered shoes seemed to be kept upon his feet by shoe-strings carefully tied. A handsome beard hid the lower part of his face; his dark, hollow eyes and a white complexion indicated ill health or dissipation.

"I advise you to hear the sermon," suggested the policeman. "Everybody's going; I should like to go myself." And as the man followed the crowd, or rather surged with it up the broad flight of steps, the friendly adviser remarked to a fellow-policeman: "It won't do him any harm to hear Father Benedict. I really believe he's been makin' a try lately."

"I ain't seen him for months," said No. 2. "Where's he been?"

"In an asylum," replied No. 1. "You bet I pity him! If he had been killed outright at Gettysburg, instead of bein' knocked on the head with a spent-ball, there'd a-been no end of a row made over him."

"That's about so," said No. 2. "I always kind o' look the other way when I see him on the street, half-seas-over."

"I took him home and nussed him once myself," said No. 1, "when he had 'em real bad. He only wants some one to keep it away from him, and he'd be a real gentleman—one of the old sort. And he knows—great Scot! he knows more'n a whole school committee rolled into one man."

"You bet he does!" assented No. 2. "Well, I'm no papist, any more'n you be, but Father Benedict practises what he preaches; he may do Eliot good. I have a notion his folks were Catholics."

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation had reached the body of the church, and been provided with a good place to see and hear. A lady moved and gave him an end seat. He saw that he was made welcome, and he felt a certain content; for it was the warmth of the church that had attracted him, not the prospect of a fine sermon. He was cold—body, heart and soul were cold,—and the light and heat of the building felt pleasant to him. He had eaten very little for days; but he was faint rather than hungry. In the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat, just over his heart, were concealed two treasures, the thought of which kept up his courage. He meant to get warm now and have a few hours of rest, not sleep: nothing would have induced him to fall asleep in church. It would be uncivil to those about him, and an insult to the preacher, who was going to do his best to interest the audience. Yet this man had slept in a station-house for the last three nights, and would do the same that night, if he slept anywhere.

Presently the whole congregation rose and began to sing the twelfth-century hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden." It sent John Eliot's mind far away, down the stream of time. He and his sisters were standing by their mother at the piano and singing St. Bernard's hymn. "Well," he thought, "they are all dead and in heaven; and I—am not in heaven. That night she sat by my bed and said I was her little hero. Faugh! what would she say now?"

Meanwhile the people sang:

"And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

And he who had failed in the fight listened on.

Then the preacher went into the pulpit and looked silently down upon the congregation, while they settled themselves and fidgeted at last into composure. "If I fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me if the dead rise not again?" That was the text. What was the sermon? From the heights of his own contemplative life, the monk looked down on the mass

of humanity before him, and sorrowed and exulted with them. The soul was the gladiator, the seven deadly sins were the beasts at Ephesus, the reward was heaven. "And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And he that heareth let him say, come. And he that thirsteth let him come; and he that will, let him take the water of life gratis."

"He that thirsteth!" said our listener to himself. "That means the thirst for righteousness." And he laid his hand over his heart, where those two treasures lay that gave him such courage—all his earthly wealth.

And again the people rose with that rushing sound that thousands moving at once always make, and sang another hymn. The lady who had moved to give the stranger an end seat was surprised to hear beside her a baritone voice, with tones like a violoncello, and every word exquisitely enunciated. The people sang out:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long.

Patience! I almost think I hear

Faint fragments of thy song."

Then the crowd began to disperse; and as Eliot stepped aside to let the lady pass, she met his sad eyes and thought that Paradise would indeed soon claim him. He sat down again to enjoy the warmth a little longer before facing the night, which offered him no shelter except darkness. He was sitting near the Blessed Virgin's altar, and enjoying that sense of serenity which her sweet face gives to us all, when he saw the preacher go into a confessional near by and seat himself, opening one of the gratings. There were about a dozen people waiting to go to confession, and Eliot watched them as if in a dream. The moment was drawing near when he must leave the church: the sacristan was putting out many of the lights, and the people would soon be gone. Then he would have to go out and make up his mind. He took from his pocket a tiny paper packet and a ten cent piece, and surveyed them curiously. "One last drink," he said to himself, "and then strychnine! Seven more to go to confession, and then I must go out." He looked up at the picture of the Blessed Mother and thought of his earthly mother; of her voice, like a skylark; of those words: "You are my little hero. I count upon your perseverance."

The last penitent but one had left the confes-

sional; and, to Eliot's own surprise, he rose and knelt down in the vacant place and waited for the grating to be opened. At the end of half an hour he and Father Benedict left the confessional together. Eliot took out his two treasures and gave them, with a smile, to the priest.

"Come with me," the Father said, "and I will give you something better than these would have procured for you." And he took him into the convent and set before him a comfortable meal. "And now," said he, "I am tired and must retire; but Brother Andrew will take you to a hotel near by, where you need only mention my name to receive every attention. Come here early tomorrow and we will straighten out your affairs."

What blessed sleep the wanderer had that night! How bright was his awakening, how full of promise the sunny day! He left the house early, and found himself in the midst of one of those networks of steam railways that in our large cities run between the backs of houses, without any adequate protection for incautious pedestrians. Engines were running about loose, snorting like stray elephants. Some children happened to be playing beside the rails; and one little creature, sitting on a low platform, let herself slowly down and toddled onto the central track. Just then an engine rushed forward; there was a frantic shriek of steam, mingled with the cries of women and children. Upon the track, when the monster had passed, there lay a man holding in his arms, outstretched beyond the reach of harm, a child, whose mother clasped her to her heart with tears of joy.

"Is he dead? Who is he? Where did he come from?" cried the bystanders. "What a brave action! What a hero!"

A policeman pushed his way to the spot. "It's poor John Eliot," said he. "By George, this is better than Gettysburg!" He had the crushed form carried into a neighboring house, and ran for a doctor and for Father Benedict. The priest arrived first, and as he anointed the man for death, Eliot opened his eyes and with a smile faltered out: "If I fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me if the dead rise not again?" Father Benedict kissed the cold forehead. "Pray that I may be with you in heaven," he said.

The glazing eyes closed, and John Eliot was dead.

A Miraculous Madonna of the Antilles.

THE present site of the Anglican church at St. Patrick, Grenada, and the glebe land that surrounds it, belonged at the end of the eighteenth century to Catholics. By the treaty of 1763 the island of Grenada was ceded by France to England; and, despite the opposition of the new proprietors, the English Government displayed considerable liberality in its treatment of the French Catholics, according them two seats in the legislative council, and recognizing their absolute ownership of churches and church property.

For a number of years, however, the island was the theatre whereon two hostile camps were incessantly engaged in conflicts. The French regained possession, and harassed the English; these latter once more became the conquerors, and the English Government shut its eyes on the retaliation which the dominant race were not slow to inflict on their opponents. Churches and glebes were confiscated by the Protestants, and a large number of French families were dispossessed of their lands. The doctrines of the French Revolution, then triumphant in Martinique and Guadeloupe, inflamed the minds of the vanquished French; an insurrection was planned, under Julien Fédon, to wrest Grenada from the grasp of the British. These events took place in 1795 and the years immediately following.

At St. Patrick, the English General Nicolls had posted a garrison of a hundred men, under the command of a captain and several inferior officers. Within gunshot of the post, on the summit of a hill, stood the old and modest thatched-roofed Catholic chapel. It had been confiscated by the Protestants; but as the property surrounding it still served as a cemetery, they had not removed a statue of Our Lady holding in her arms the Infant Jesus. This statue, about four feet in height, stood on a stone pedestal in the open air, a few yards from the chapel. The Catholics frequently came to pray at the feet of the Madonna, much to the diversion of their enemies, who, especially on Sundays, left no means untried to provoke those whom they styled French idolaters. These latter, however, persisted in their reverence for this sole emblem of their worship that had been left them. De-

prived of their pastors, they still brought their dead to the feet of the statue, and there recited the Rosary before committing them to the grave.

One day in 1796 the officers of the English garrison, weary of inaction, amused themselves by firing at a target placed near the chapel. One of their number, scarcely more than a youth, aimed at the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and laid a wager that he could at the first shot hit the globe which the Infant Jesus held in His right hand. He fired, and missed the globe, but shot off the right arm of the Infant. At the same instant he felt a violent pain in his own right arm, near the shoulder, at the very place where the ball had struck the statue. Supposing that the pain was the result of his careless holding of the musket, his companions began rubbing the injured member; but the pain grew more and more intense, and they were soon obliged to desist. A messenger was sent to Granville for a physician; but the doctor could not relieve the unfortunate young man, who, three or four days afterward, expired in horrible agony, his arm up to the shoulder having become mortified.*

Amidst the desperate struggles and the insurrections of slaves which agitated Grenada during the next ten or twelve years, the statue disappeared, the chapel was burned, and the memory was lost of the Madonna and the sacrilegious incident that had aroused so much indignation.

In 1850 it began to be whispered in the village of St. Patrick that a mermaid had been seen by some divers, several feet under water, behind the hill on which stands the Anglican church. Naturally superstitious, the fishermen shunned the locality where the mermaid had been discovered. A few, however, priding themselves on their superior bravery, took their boats and rowed toward the place where the "strange thing" had been noticed. The sea being calm, they succeeded in discovering, in about twelve feet of water, a statue, or something very much resembling one, resting on a bed of pebbles. The statue seemed to be holding in its arms some formless object. "It is some remnant," said the explorers, "of an old

shipwreck." This explanation banished all fear, and consequently all curiosity. No further notice would have been taken of the statue had not some of the old settlers happened to revive the story of the lost Madonna. Several of these settlers were men grown at the date of the sacrilege, and remembered perfectly the statue at whose feet they had so often prayed. Moreover, all declared that they had *seen* the very ball that had detached the arm of the Infant Jesus.

Hearing of these stories, Father McMahon, the pastor of the newly erected Catholic chapel, determined to investigate the matter. Taking two good divers with him, and a piece of stout rope, he rowed out to the spot indicated. He soon discovered what looked like a large statue, and sent one of his divers down, telling him to fasten the rope to the object. The man soon came up, saying that the companion would have to aid him. The efforts of both proved ineffectual; but, having cleaned the surface of the statue, they recognized *Von maman avec icheli* (the Virgin and the Child), and recounted to Father McMahon what they had seen. The priest now felt certain that he had found the lost statue.

The next morning he returned with a dozen men, in a large fishing smack, and in the course of an hour brought ashore the statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus on her left arm. The right arm of the Child was wanting, and, with the exception of a fracture in the lower part of the Virgin's robe, the figure was in a state of perfect conservation. Having been recognized by numerous witnesses, it was placed in the sacristy of the church of Sauteurs, where it remained until 1875. Canon Trouette, who in 1874 became pastor of Sauteurs, placed it in a niche prepared for it in the south façade of the newly built church tower.

This venerated statue is of iron rock, so called from its extraordinary compactness; it is cut from a single block, and is extremely heavy. Tradition informs us that it was made by an Indian in the service of a Spaniard, named Gonzalez, whose shop was in the vicinity. However this may be, it is certain that the features of the Mother and Child present a singular mixture of Indian and Spanish types. The facial lines are delicately chiselled, and the drapery arranged with no mean artistic skill.

* The reverend editor of *Revue du Culte de Marie*, from which journal we translate this account, says that the son of the Protestant physician who attended the young man is still living, and has given assurance of the truth of this statement.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THERE are several virtues which have gone out of fashion in our part of America. Let us pray that they may be sent back as Christmas gifts to a race that badly needs them. Humility went out long ago. It fled, like learning in the Middle Ages, to the monasteries. There is one fast disappearing altogether, growing less day by day; and that is contentment. It is not the general belief in that doctrine which makes anarchists,—that doctrine which Tennyson scorns, in the last part of "Locksley Hall,"—

"Equal born? Oh, yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.

Charm us, Orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat;

Till the cat through that mirage of overheated language loom

Larger than the lion,—Demos end in working its own doom."

It is not this doctrine that is causing contentment to be unknown; but the examples set by prominent men, and the conclusions drawn from them by the newspapers. Prudent parents formerly objected to novels, because they might make the young folk sentimental. There is no fear of that now. The novels teach that the only good in our world is a material good, and that the only basis of life is solid cash. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," cries the preacher from the pulpit, "and all things shall be added unto you." This, however, has come to be regarded by most people as a theory for every Sunday. Most of us on weekdays try to add everything unto ourselves, in the opinion that priests will seek the kingdom of God for us.

Contentment ought to be founded on the knowledge that the best kind of "luck" is the smile of God; and that honest effort, whether it be successful or not, pleases Him. But success must crown effort with us republicans, or we have "no use" for the man of effort. Success means the acquirement of money, and the keeping of money. Very few rich Americans give anything away until Death is about to wrest it from them.

It is the ambition of nearly every man to die rich. Sufficiency and a peaceful life will not satisfy him. And yet among the best qualities in the American nature is a longing for peace and contentment. We are told over and over again, even by some Catholics, that money must be the first object in life; and that the man who does not make the gaining of it his primary desire, fails. If this doctrine holds, from whence would come vocations for the priesthood; from whence would have come our Father Heckers, our Brownsons, our McMasters? Surely there is no modern book better for our young folk just now than Bishop Spalding's "Education and the Higher Life," and the "Life of Father Hecker." In both these books is a lesson which we all need to learn,—a lesson which teaches both contentment and discontent; contentment with a little material good, but discontent with a little intellectual and spiritual good.

Wealth and the evidences of wealth have become so common that they no longer signify the vast power wealth had when it was monopolized by the very few; and great wealth looks beyond itself, as it did in Venice and Florence, for something more satisfying. In Italy it found satisfaction in religion and art. Here it is beginning to look for satisfaction in alliances with people who have traditions; hence the exodus of rich American girls to Europe, with titled husbands.

Riches have never meant contentment, and yet we know that contentment is the best thing in life. If we teach our young people that a passion for money is the great quality to cultivate, we shall unconsciously teach them that suicide is the best way to end life. If we develop competition for wealth, we develop a perpetual fever which eats up the flesh of its victim and drinks his blood.

If in the Christmas time we show forth this doctrine by ostentation and gifts that are merely costly, we bury the Christ-Child out of sight and make the holiest of seasons a mockery.

As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison.—*Ruskin*.

Notes and Remarks.

Père Didon, in his new book, shows that the infidel Renan examined the history of Our Lord according to a system that was concerted beforehand, and that he was thus debarred from understanding the true Jesus. Approaching the life of our Redeemer from the point of view of pure reason, Père Didon is convinced that the veritable Christ has been depicted by himself. He maintains, too, that M. Renan in preparing his "Life of Jesus" journeyed hastily through Palestine, without means of observation, or making an attempt to verify the narrative of the Gospel; whereas he himself made two protracted stays there, and examined every place with the Gospels in hand. By this means he became convinced that the Evangelists invented nothing.

A collection of rare paintings illustrating the old masters has lately been placed on exhibition in New York. Among them are the well-known Rembrandt "David before Saul," and the equally famous Rubens "The Triumph of Religion," which was long the property of ex-President Thiers. In this latter work the Church is represented as a richly draped woman in a chariot drawn by four white horses, each led by an angel. The vices are personified by men, whose brown flesh-tones contrast strangely with the other figures, and who are pushed aside or crushed under the wheels of the chariot; while an angel, poised in mid-air, crowns the Church with the papal tiara.

The report of the special committee on historical instruction in the high schools of Boston has evoked from Judge Fallon a trenchant letter, published in the *Pilot* of November 15. In June last the Boston School Committee adopted, as standard text-books on history, the works of Myers and Sheldon, both bigoted anti-Catholic authors. This action was naturally protested against by Catholics, and a special committee was appointed to solve the difficulty. It was quite natural to expect that a solution acceptable to all parties would speedily be arrived at. The solution has been reached, but its acceptability to Catholics is conspicuously wanting. Briefly, the committee advise the retention of the objection-

able text-books, but recommend for reference the use of other works, among them Fredet's General History. The topical method is to be adopted; and "it is not proposed to strike out from the topics any matter of controversy upon which opinions are still divided. On the contrary, it is proposed to give the pupils access to the authorities on both sides of every disputed matter." This *sounds* well, so also does another quotation from the committee's report: "Moreover, when a disputed historical subject is associated with religious or theological beliefs that are cherished by some, or even by one, of his pupils, the good teacher, either following the rules of ordinary courtesy, or instinctively guided by the spirit of gentleness, is sure not to wound the sensibilities of his pupils."

Judge Fallon does not accept this beautiful theory. In fact, he opposes to it actual practice, as instanced in the case of high-school Master Travis. That "good teacher," "following the rules of ordinary courtesy," "instinctively guided," etc. (as above), commented on indulgences in this fashion: "An indulgence is a permission to commit sin. You pay so much money in advance for leave to commit certain sins. I have taught for thirty years, and don't talk of what I don't know." Teachers of this ilk would be apt to wound the sensibilities of Catholic pupils when perhaps least conscious of it. It is too much to hope that there are not many teachers in the Boston schools as ignorant, bigoted and conceited as Mr. Travis. In the meanwhile historical instruction in Boston is still a matter of controversy.

Collections are being taken up in the churches of Montreal for the erection of a memorial church, at Pentanguishene, in honor of the martyr missionaries Brebeuf and Lallemand. Pentanguishene was the site of their first mission among the Hurons. Readers of THE "AVE MARIA" are already familiar with the history of these two glories of the Church in Canada. Active steps have been taken to secure their beatification.

At the close of the Eucharistic Congress at Antwerp the members went, as pilgrims, to Hoogsstraten, there to venerate a miraculous corporal. In 1380 a priest accidentally overturned a chalice containing the Precious Blood.

The appearance of wine immediately changed: the corporal and a portion of the altar-cloth were stained with blood. The priest, it is related, vainly attempted to wash out the stains; and unable to do so, locked up the linen in a chest, where it remained until the close of his life. Before his death he confided his secret to a brother priest, and the miracle thus became public. Every year, at a stated period, the corporal stained with the miraculous Blood is exposed to the veneration of the faithful. By a special favor of the Holy Father, this privilege was accorded to the members of the Eucharistic Congress.

In Central and Northern India, last year, two hundred and ninety-seven persons, out of a population of one hundred and twenty millions, were converted to Protestantism. To accomplish this the Bible Societies employed eight hundred and forty-one preachers, and expended forty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-six pounds sterling. One hundred and nine Protestant missionaries last year evangelized Persia, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt; and the astounding result of their aggregate labors was the conversion of one girl. And even this "dear soul," it seems, is in danger of relapsing.

Sir Richard F. Burton, the famous Orientalist and traveller, was received into the Church on his death-bed. The example of his devout Catholic wife, it is said, had much to do with his conversion.

In every age the benign influence of the Church has been manifest in the development and perfection of the various branches of human knowledge. The fostering care of Sovereign Pontiffs, the grand works and monuments of Catholic artists and scientists, have left an indelible impress on the pages of the world's history, and formed a precedent to be faithfully and consistently followed to the end of time. Within the past few years there have been many striking evidences of this fact, and especially one which has been emphasized by Dr. Shea in the *Catholic News*—namely, the impetus recently given to the study of American languages.

"Profound scholars in Germany and this country publish their learned lucubrations on

the languages of the Indians. What could they do without the labors of Catholic missionaries and scholars? The languages of the Florida tribes were studied by Father Pareja, who published books on the Timuqua before English settlers landed in Virginia or at Plymouth. The great authority for the language of Maine is the dictionary prepared by Father Sebastian Rale, and embodying the language of the Abnakis. Our knowledge of the Illinois language is due mainly to the grand work of Father le Boullanger. The Franciscans preserved the languages of Texas and California. Bishop Baraga gave us the best dictionary and grammar of the Chippewas; Bishop d'Herbomez, of the Yakimas; the Jesuits, the best works on the Selish and languages of the Rocky Mountains."

The necrology for the closing week of the Month of the Holy Souls bears the names of two members of the Order of St. Ursula remarkable for advanced age and the number of years spent in religion. Sister St. Michael, born in 1809, entered the novitiate of the convent at New Orleans in 1826, and made her profession two years later. She was thus eighty-one years old at the time of her death, and had been a professed religious for sixty years. While her funeral was in progress another aged Sister died in the same convent—Sister St. Gertrude, born in 1800. She had entered upon the sixty-seventh year of her religious profession. *R. I. P.*

By the death of the Very Rev. Father Goldsmith, S. T. D., rector of Notre Dame Church, Chippewa Falls, Wis., where he had labored many years, the Diocese of La Crosse has lost one of its most eminent priests. He was the founder of the *Catholic Sentinel*, which he edited up to the time of his lamented death. Gentle and unassuming, and of saintlike life, Father Goldsmith was beloved and respected by all who knew him. May he rest in peace!

Further offerings for the Carmelite nuns have been received, as follows:

Mr. Lawrence Deneny, \$1; a Friend, Bangor, Me., 50 cts.; C. C. G., \$1; T. M. G., \$1; Bridget Connell, \$1; a Child of Mary, New York, \$5; a Subscriber to THE "AVE MARIA," \$1.

New Publications.

SACERDOTAL MEDITATIONS. By the Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. Translated from the French. In Two Volumes.

The venerable Bishop of Burlington, Vt., has conferred an inestimable favor upon the English-speaking secular priests of the country in placing within their reach this translation of the "Nouveau Cours de Méditations Sacerdotales," by the learned and zealous Jesuit missionary, Father Chaignon. This devoted priest, who died in 1883 at Angers, had for more than thirty years been engaged in the work of preaching retreats to the secular clergy of the dioceses of France, and the one idea uppermost in his mind was to instil into those whom he addressed an abiding sense of the grand privileges and the grave obligations of the priest and pastor. To this end he applied all the resources of his talent and the wealth of his learning; and, aided by his unbounded piety and zeal, his retreats everywhere were crowned with the most signal success. In response to many urgent requests, Father Chaignon was induced to embody the substance of his conferences in the present work, which will ever remain a monument of learning and piety, and secure to the author a prominent place among the great masters of the spiritual life.

The work consists of two volumes octavo, of about 800 pages each. The first volume contains meditations on the duties and virtues of priests, and chiefly of the pastors of souls: embodying considerations on the end of man and of the priest; the dignity of the priesthood, its missions, its powers; and principally the sanctity which such an exalted state demands, and the great means given in order to attain to sacerdotal perfection. The second volume is devoted to a series of reflections on the Sundays of the year, the mysteries of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and the feasts of the greater saints. In an appendix there are found admirable instructions and directions for ecclesiastical retreats, performed either in common or privately; also a "practice" for the monthly retreat, preparation for death, etc. We have no doubt that the work, wherever known, will be heartily welcomed, and we bespeak for it a widely-extended circulation. The Rev. Thomas Donahue, Burlington, Vt., receives all orders for the volumes.

PRINCIPLES OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY: By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

This little volume embraces four lectures delivered before the Detroit College Alumni Association, and is specially "dedicated to the cultured classes

of the community, and to the advanced students in colleges and academies." Although published but a few months ago, a second edition has already appeared, showing that such a work was in demand. The book is divided into four chapters, treating briefly of prehistoric races, actual races in history, species or Darwinism, and cells or evolution; and is a masterly criticism of modern scientific theories. It is written in a graceful style, and betokens a thorough acquaintance, on the part of the writer, with the various subjects discussed.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE NEW LAW EXPOUNDED BY THE FIGURES OF THE OLD. Eighth Edition. Printed for Matthew Turner in High Holburn, 1687. By James Dymock, a Clergyman. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A revival of old English ascetic works has been inaugurated by Orby Shipley, M.A., who is to be congratulated on his success in the initial publications of the series, one of which has already been noticed in these columns. Volume second, "The Great Sacrifice of the New Law," originally appeared in 1676, and in the space of eleven years ran through eight editions,—a fact which speaks most eloquently in commendation of the work. Sacrifices in general, the Mass in particular, and practical directions for hearing Mass, are the points under which the subject is treated.

If Carlyle, seeing "as through a glass, dimly," considered the Holy Mass "the only genuine thing of our time," what should not we think of it,—we who are participants in the merits of the "Chalice of salvation"! A careful study of this little book can not but be productive of much good, and of good in the right direction for all classes of readers; since it is eminently practical in all its bearings.

VALENTINE RIAINT. A Review of Notes and Recollections from 1860-1879. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Edited by the Rev. W. J. Amherst, S.J. Same Publishers.

The introductory chapter of this review gives its *raison d'être* in these words: "It is commendable to give to the world the memoirs of those who in the world have shone with a fair light, and have not hid it under a bushel." The spirit of sacrifice is not rare among ordinary Christians, as many a heart history, if revealed, would prove; and the true ring is easily recognized in the keynote of Valentine Riant's short but beautiful life. To read this book will be to feel her ambition, which was, as she said, "a beautiful place in heaven." To the young especially will there be a noble incentive to a high ideal in the life of this servant of God. Nothing is to be desired as regards the work from a literary point of view.



Our Lady's Symbols.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

DECEMBER snow is white—
We think of thee;

December skies are blue—
We think of thee.

December stars are bright,
And all the world is light
When thy moon gracefully
Glides out for thee.

The snow thy symbol is,
Immaculate!
The blue thy symbol is—
In hope we wait.

The moon and stars are thine,
Gifts of thy Son divine.
Thou, from all sin-stain free,
Come, take our hearts to thee!

How Margery Managed for Christmas.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

IT was snowing, snowing, snowing—oh, how it was snowing! The curtains were drawn closely, and the firelight blazed out cheerfully on the group gathered round it.

"You haven't told us a Christmas story in a whole year, grandma," said gentle Alice. "May it not be one to-night, please?"

Grandma thought a moment, as she let her fingers stray caressingly among the little girl's fair curls. Then she answered: "Yes, I will tell you one; but it has to begin in July."

"That's nice!" said Nell, drawing closer to

the fire. "It will make one think of the lovely summer time. Ugh, how I hate winter!"

"But it shall have to end up with glorious winter," put in Ethel.

"Therefore, I shall suit both parties, and I hope my Margery will prove interesting to all," said grandma, with a pleasant smile.

"I just think it's too mean for anything! I do believe I'm the only girl I know that hasn't got pocket-money." And Margery Davis, giving her tennis-racket a great fling far across the lawn, and tossing her cap onto the floor beside her, threw herself back on one of the rustic benches of the summer-house. A gentle breeze came stealing in through the cool green vines, and, lifting the curls which clustered round the little flushed face, seemed to imprint a kiss of peace upon the puckered brow, as if it would plead: "Little Margy, don't be naughty! don't be naughty!"

But Margery was in no mood for soft whispers or tender caresses. The red lips pouted still more, the bright flush on the round cheeks grew deeper, and an angry light blazed from a pair of dark blue eyes, which seemed as if made only for smiles. She continued:

"There's Genevieve Bartlett, an actual heiress—heaps upon heaps of money. And, then, Bell Warren—she always has lots; and Tilly and Mabel and all the girls. And, oh dear, I'm the only one who never has a cent! Wish I were a beggar; then people would give me pennies."

"Well, I say who wants to be a beggar? Not sis, surely?" And a tall boy stood at the door of the summer-house, and, with both hands thrust into the pockets of his blazer, regarded his sister.

"O Raymond, I wish I were a boy!" cried Margery, with a great sob.

The lad gave vent to a long whistle. "I like you better as you are," he remarked, with a grin. "Guess one of us is 'team' enough for Aunt Lib."

"Aunt Libby's horrid!" declared the little girl, vehemently. "I believe it's all her fault that I don't have any money."

"So that's the trouble, is it?" said Raymond, sitting down beside her. "Well, say, why don't you go direct to the 'gov'?"

Margery rubbed her eyes and sat upright. "Raymond Davis, I don't understand you," she answered, with great dignity.

"Ah, come now," said the lad, "don't try the 'high and mighty racket,' Marg. It doesn't go well with that little pink and white face and the *goldy* curls. You know right well what I mean."

"I suppose"—Margery was somewhat mollified now—"you mean papa. (I wish you wouldn't talk of him as the 'gov'; it isn't respectful and it's vulgar.) But, oh, I couldn't go to him!"

"Why?" queried her brother.

"Ray, don't you remember?" And Margery's face grew very red.

"No," said Raymond, innocently; "I don't know what you're getting at."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Margery, impatiently, "boys are so stupid! Don't you know he gave me five dollars last Christmas, and the very next day it—it—somehow it got lost, and I never found it? Papa was very angry, and Aunt Libby said it served him right for throwing away money on a careless child. So I haven't dared to ask him since."

"Oh, yes," said Ray, laughing thoughtlessly; "now I remember the rumpus: pop looking like a thunder-cloud, Aunt Lib scolding for all she was worth, and you boohooing like an infant. You're always losing things, any way, Marg," he added, with brotherly candor.

Margery sighed hopelessly. "You might say something nice to me, Ray," she said, pathetically. "Now, if I were a boy like you, I might try to earn some money shovelling snow or something."

"Easy sort of thing, that, to do in July!" remarked Ray.

Margery hid her face on his arm, which was thrown round the back of the seat, and was silent.

Boys are generally credited with being somewhat thoughtless, if not hard-hearted. Raymond Davis certainly possessed his share of the former quality, as Aunt Libby could affirm to her sorrow; but his heart was in the right place, at least where his little sister was concerned.

"Come, Marg," he urged, sympathetically; "look up, and don't take on so. I have a dollar, and you're welcome to it, if that will help you any. Here." And he began to fish up from various pockets a number of pieces of silver and nickel, interspersed with an odd assortment of corks, marbles, bits of fishing-tackle, knives, pencils, a curious bug or two, and a lump of putty, to which a dime fondly adhered.

"No, no, Ray—I—sha'n't take it! You don't get so much, any more than I do."

"There, don't be a goose!" said the boy, insisting upon stuffing some coins into her pocket. "I don't mind asking the go—I mean pop—for more. There goes the lunch bell," he added, as a loud clang burst upon the air. "Hurry in, or we'll catch it."

Ray scurried off, and Margery tumbled after him in some trepidation; for her hair was rumpled, and probably her face streaked from tear stains. This would necessitate a visit to the toilet-room, thus delaying her appearance somewhat, and probably exciting the displeasure of her aunt, who insisted upon punctuality. Entering three minutes late, the little girl saw at once that she was in disgrace; and, silently slipping into her chair opposite Ray, attentively studied the tablecloth.

Raymond and Margery at an early age had been left motherless, and from then till a year previous to the time our story opens they had been brought up in boarding-schools. After the death of his wife, Mr. Davis, becoming unsettled in his habits, sought distraction in absorbing business matters and many years of travel. Tiring of that, however, he at length resolved to make a home; and, inviting a recently widowed sister to preside over it, brought the children to live with them.

Mrs. Ward, never having been blessed with a child of her own, had little personal knowledge and experience of children, though many theories as to the methods in which they should be brought up. Among other opinions she held that they should never be supplied with pocket-money. She argued they would probably spend it on candy and sweetmeats, so ruinous to the complexion; or, if not, on useless trifles, calculated in the case of a boy to form extravagant habits, and in that of a girl to foster vanity and love of adornment.

Although Mr. Davis provided the children liberally with all indoor and outdoor pleasures and amusements, they both lived in a sort of awe of their father. Owing to their separation from him during so many years, they were only now becoming intimately acquainted, as it were; and, being a rather silent, stern-mannered man, he invited no confidences from his little ones.

Raymond, however, stood in less awe of him than timid little Margery. When "hard up for tin," as he inelegantly expressed it, he "didn't mind saying so, as pop gave it for the asking, and didn't plague a fellow with questions as to how he was going to spend it." Then, as for what Aunt Lib would say—well, it was a very curious thing; but people did notice that if she had a soft spot in her heart at all it was for Ray, who, spite of many of boyhood's faults, had a very bright, taking manner; a sunny, even temper.

In the case of Margery, however, it was different. Aunt Libby was often heard to declare that she would try the patience of a saint. An unfortunate habit of carelessness and thoughtlessness was continually plunging the unhappy little girl into all sorts of trouble and disgrace. She was always losing things, tearing her dresses, forgetting commissions, and tumbling and falling, and breaking articles generally. "Oh, dear, I really didn't mean to—I forgot!" was an excuse upon her lips twenty times a day; and we can not wonder that her aunt had been sternly compelled to remind her that thoughtlessness is but another form of selfishness. Margery did not always receive the reproofs with the best grace in the world, and was apt at times to show temper or pout. On such occasions nobody could chase away the naughty mood like her sweet and gentle young governess, known in the household as Miss Madeleine.

To-day, as Margery was about to rise from the table after a very silent luncheon, her aunt said: "You may spend the rest of the afternoon in your chamber, Margaret. It will give you a little time for some wholesome reflection upon punctuality at meal-times."

Margery slowly left the room and went upstairs; she was feeling very wretched indeed, and did not care much about the punishment. She sat down and looked abstractedly out of the window. Presently a light step was heard; it paused at her door, and somebody tapped gently.

"Come in!" said Margery, without turning her head.

In another moment Miss Madeleine was bending over her. "Tell me the trouble, dear," she said, kindly. "What is it, Margy?"

It needed only a very little coaxing to draw forth the whole story of Margy's woes. Up at

the tennis-court to-day the girls had with praiseworthy (?) forethought been discussing what they would give one another for Christmas, and how much this, that and the other would cost. Tilly and Mabel and Genevieve and Bell had each informed Margery that she (T., M., G. or B.) was going to give her (Margery) something *lovely*, and then looked as if expecting confidences of a similar nature on her side. But poor Margery, with actual tears in her eyes, had implored them not to give her anything. Whereupon the girls had exchanged dreadfully significant looks, and Mabel had informed her, with a lofty air, that *that* wasn't the way people did things in Riverview. "And, Miss Madeleine," concluded Margy, "that wasn't the worst; but Tilly said her mother told her to ask me to join their W. G. T. T. P. L. T. T. L. Society. You have to pay a dollar a month for that."

"Bless me, child! what is that?" asked Miss Madeleine, in mild amazement.

"What—the W. G. T. T. P. L. T. T. L. Society?" said Margy. "Oh, it stands for 'Who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' They send money and things to poor people, and Tilly's mother is one of the visitors to give them. They generally save up till near Christmas, and then they have a great deal. The girls don't like to give it either, I know," acknowledged Margery; "but their mothers make them. And Genevieve says it's the duty of rich people to help the poor, and giving money is the easiest way. She says it saves the bother of listening to their tiresome stories."

"Ah!" said Miss Madeleine, quietly, "that is very praiseworthy certainly. But I wish, Margy dear, that these new friends of yours were younger—a little nearer your own age, and of your own faith. Their charity would be done in a different spirit then."

"Yes," agreed Margy; "I do often wish some of my dear old convent friends lived near."

After this there was a short silence.

"Margy," said Miss Madeleine at length, "I have a proposal to make. If you promise to follow my advice, I shall, in turn, engage to show you a way of not only making Christmas gifts for all your friends without money, but also how to make the great feast a bright and happy one for some poor person."

The little girl opened her eyes wide in wonder.

"Miss Madeleine," she answered, "I promise! But how *can* you?"

"Never mind; trust to me," returned the lady, smiling mysteriously.

II.

"I do declare, ma, look! But isn't that Margy Davis?" exclaimed Miss Tilly Atwood, in much wonderment.

It was the 23d of December, a very cold day; and Miss Tilly and her mother were driving in their handsome, showy-looking sleigh through one of the poorer portions of Riverview. Mother and daughter occupied the back seat, while the front was piled high with bundles of every shape and description. Mrs. Atwood, who was one of the most active members of the W. G. T. T. P. L. T. T. L. Society, was on her rounds distributing the Society's Christmas presents. On this occasion her daughter was, it must be confessed, her most unwilling companion. But as Mrs. Atwood did all the "getting out and going in, and good-advice talks with the poor people," Tilly consoled herself for being there at all by lolling back among the robes, planning and calculating how much time would be left for shopping after these troublesome, disagreeable visits were over.

And Tilly was in dire trouble about that same shopping. True, her pocket-book was not by any means light; but, with the exception of a very few, she had not bought her presents yet, simply from inability to make a satisfactory choice. Of course, those for pa and ma she would procure at one of the establishments where the family kept an account, and the bill would be sent in to pa with other items. She had done that before for birthdays, etc.; and it never for a moment entered her mind that that was a rather curious way of making a present. But there were all her friends to be thought of. Should Genevieve's gift cost even five cents more than Bell's, Bell was so sharp she'd be sure to find it out; and then she'd say something hateful,—Tilly knew she would. And so it was with all the others: one would be sure to be jealous if another received something better. And really she was growing quite distracted about Genevieve's present, because she couldn't think of anything that Genevieve didn't have.

As for Margery Davis, not the present, but the girl herself, was the puzzle this time. Of late

Margy had been acting very queerly, in Tilly's opinion; that is, Margy couldn't be got to say one word about Christmas gifts; and when the girls would talk of them she would only smile and look as if she had a secret. Now, Tilly knew Mr. Davis was wealthy, but Margy never seemed to have any money of her own.

"Guess he's a miser," the friends had agreed in secret conclave; "and so of course Margy won't be able to give us anything for Christmas."

And it was decided that Margery was to get what was "left over." Moreover, she hadn't joined the Society, and Tilly's ma said Tilly might drop her if she wished. But Tilly didn't propose anything of the kind. She had her own reasons for wishing to be intimate with the Davises. Now she looked after Margery and her companions with much interest before she sank back among the robes.

"Yes, ma," she repeated with conviction, "it is Margy; and that was her brother and Miss—oh, what's her name?—the governess, you know. I wish they had seen us," she added, petulantly.

"Why?" inquired her mother, in some surprise.

"Because," replied Tilly, candidly, "Raymond always makes me such a nice bow."

"Tut! tut! silly child!" said Mrs. Atwood.

"I wonder what they're doing here?" continued Tilly, half to herself and half to her mother. "I'd give anything to know."

But she was destined to remain in ignorance; for the group of three, turning down a side street, disappeared from view, and Mrs. Atwood's way lay in quite another direction. We, however, who are privileged to follow the humbler party of pedestrians, shall soon learn.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

How an Impostor was Detected.

A great deal sometimes depends upon the observance of a small law of etiquette. A certain man had succeeded in passing himself off to the high society of Paris as the Marquis de Ruffac, when one day, being at a ceremonious dinner, he helped himself to olives with a fork, instead of taking one with his fingers as is the custom in polite society. The imposture was at once detected; for the Marquis de Ruffac, the guests declared, would have known better.

The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—A FIRE.

The dreadful event to which Rose alluded in her letter had been the result of Josie's disobedience and vanity. While Josie had kept close to the teaching of the Sisters, she had been liked by everybody at Rosebriar; but the moment she determined that she was entirely too good to be bound by rules, she began her downward career. At school the object of pleasing the little Child Jesus was kept before the eyes of the girls. They were taught to ask themselves, "Would the Blessed Virgin like me to do this or that?" Josie, shortly after coming to Rosebriar, had adopted a new standard. This was: "How can I get the people around me to praise me more?" We have seen, from the bits of letters in the last chapter, what the result was.

Rose had gone reluctantly over to Father Oscott's, that she might help to make life pleasant for the little niece who was visiting him. She had not wanted to leave her dear mother; but that good lady, who was much better and surrounded by willing hands, insisted that she should go. And so Rose went.

In the meantime Alice and Josie had been sulky. Alice was so greatly disappointed over the failure of the birthday party that she took to novel reading. She buried herself in the fortunes of that "Eoline," who was such a favorite in Madame Régence's school. She read some parts of it to Josie, while the two sat in the barn and mingled their tears over the downfall of their hopes. Josie had never heard anything like it. What a magnificent creature Eoline was! How bravely she defied her father and brothers in the scene in which she eloped with the young Duke! Josie listened with flushed cheeks, and wished that she could be another Eoline.

Just as Alice had reached a most thrilling episode ("Eoline drew herself to her full height, and with her right hand pointing to the ambient light of sunset, and her left raised in a gesture of defiance toward her cruel parent: 'Disinherit me, monster, if you will; but—'") Uncle Will was heard entering the barn. Alice threw the book

into the hay, and pretended to be engaged in looking for eggs; Josie could do nothing except sit still and dream of the splendid Eoline.

Uncle Will called Josie to sew a button on his glove. Josie pouted.

"Let's come here again to-night, when they are all asleep," Alice whispered. "You can bring your frock, and I'll show you how to puff the sleeves. I'll provide the light."

Josie nodded and ran off. Her conscience was not at all easy. After all, she argued, the Sisters were too strict; think of the "lovely times" Alice had,—novels and boxes of candy, and puffed sleeves! And, then, the Sisters did not put the girls on their honor, as Madame Régence did. A girl wouldn't do anything wrong if she were put on her honor. Now, at Mrs. West's there were no rules, nobody was suspicious, and how beautifully everything went! Josie forgot for the moment that she had just made an engagement to meet Alice in the barn and to connive at having a light there. A light in the barn was strictly forbidden.

Alice went through the house with an air of mystery. She forgot for a while her disappointment about the party. Even the sight of Mrs. West's pale face among the pillows did not make her feel that she was planning an ungrateful act. Josie took up the tray on which was Mrs. West's dinner without a word; she felt ashamed to look at the kind, gentle woman, who greeted her so sweetly. The evening seemed very long to Alice and Josie. Richard and Bernard went upstairs to talk to their mother after dinner. Alice and Josie did not go; Uncle Will taught them how to cut Japanese chrysanthemums from tissue-paper,—an art he had acquired during a trip to the land of the Mikado. They were not interested. Josie's heart sank at times, as she reflected how wicked she was. Alice had no such qualms. At ten o'clock Richard and Bernard came down to say good-night. Mr. West and Uncle Will went to bed, Alice and Josie to their rooms, and the house was quiet.

Then Alice came to knock at Josie's door very softly. The girls met in the hall, Alice carrying a candle, covered with Bernard's cap. She had the novel under her arm. Josie followed her, trembling, with her best frock thrown over her shoulder, and her hands filled with sewing mate-

rials. They went through Mr. West's study to the garden—it was easy to unbolt Mr. West's door,—and as they crossed the grass the soft scent of the mignonette came to Josie like a reproach.

"O Alice," she said, "let us turn back! I don't think we ought to go out here."

Alice frowned. "Don't be silly!" she whispered. "We'll have a good time, and nobody will be the wiser,—nobody! Come on. I've my pocket full of oranges and cookies. Don't be foolish!"

Josie felt that she would give the world to be back again in her room; she was more ashamed of herself than she had ever been, but she had not the courage to say so and to turn back. They entered the barn and ascended the ladder to the loft. Alice took off a large black apron and hung it in front of the little window facing the house.

"It's all right now," she said; "nobody will guess that we are here." And she took the cap from the candle. The light was dim and the shadows in the large loft very gruesome. Josie remembered that she had not said her prayers. But she could not say them now: she shivered. Alice had no such scruples; she emptied the oranges and cakes from her pocket, and, sitting on the floor, she continued the history of Eoline. Josie was not interested now; every time the wind beat against the window she looked around her in affright. A mouse ran under the hay, and she almost screamed. She tried to fix her mind on the reading and on the puffed sleeves, but it was useless. Alice went on, munching a cake at intervals:

"Eoline never looked so entrancingly beautiful; her eyes, with dashes of emerald light in them, helped to make a toot ensembl [I mean 'toot ongsembl'—don't you call it that, Josie?] which electrified the crowd of notables, the elight [or is it 'aleet'?] of the most aristocratic county of England. She entered the room with an air of no—[Alice spelled 'b-l-e-double s-e'—what would Madame call that, I wonder?—'o-b-l-i-g-e.' Oh, yes! 'knobless obligey'] which astonished the most unobservant. A lurid light shone—"

"What's that?" asked Josie, in a startled voice.

"Oh, I don't know what 'lurid' is! You are not expected to understand every word you see in a novel—"

"What's that?" repeated Josie, not heeding her.

"What's what?"

"Oh, listen!"

Alice was silent. There was a rustling in the room beneath. They heard a gruff voice say, "This is cosey enough, Jim."

Josie started up, but too terrified to scream. They were in darkness: in her terror she had overturned the candle. A moment of complete stillness followed. They could hear the crows among the stubble in the cornfield, disturbed in some way, cawing grimly.

"Tramps!" Alice whispered. Both girls remembered that they had left the barn door open. They clung together; but, even in her fright, Josie did not lose her grip on her precious red frock.

"Let's go up and see the loft," said the gruff voice again. "Come on, Jim."

The girls did not speak. They were not aware whether they walked or ran. All they knew was that they passed through the darkness, through the scent of the mignonette, and found themselves in Mr. West's study. After that they crept up to their rooms.

Once in her room, Josie began to realize how ungrateful she had been. She had been put "on her honor": there had been no rules over her; and how had she acted? She was thankful that she was safe, but even more thankful that Mrs. West had not found her out. This was her first thought. She smoothed out the red dress by the light of the candle in her room, and prepared for bed, putting off to the last moment the act of saying her prayers. Suddenly she became aware that there was an usual commotion in the house. She heard Mrs. West scream; then followed exclamations from the boys; after that she made out Uncle Will's words, as he passed her room: "The barn is on fire!"

She could not move. She sat on the side of the bed, pale and faint. The candle! the candle! It was her work. She felt a hand on her shoulder. Alice, wrapped in a large shawl, was beside her.

"The barn is blazing," she said; "you can see it from my window."

"O Alice," Josie cried, "we shall be found out!"

"Nonsense! I'll not tell."

"And the loss?"

"Nothing at all," answered Alice. "I'll make my guardian give them a new barn. We'll just blame it on the tramps."

"Oh, I wish we could, but we can't! It would be wrong."

"Wrong or not," Alice said, with an ugly look on her face, "we've got to get out of it."

Josie threw herself on the bed and sobbed. "I wish I had never gone to the barn! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

The blaze could now be seen from Josie's window, and a loud crackling was heard.

"We'd better go out and look innocent, at any rate," said Alice. "We didn't mean to do it."

Josie only sighed. She dared not look at the little statue of the Blessed Virgin on the bureau. She trod on her rosary unintentionally as she crossed the room. Alice had no such scruples. Her thoughts were occupied with the danger into which she had fallen.

The two girls went down to the porch, where Mr. West was, wrapped in a great ulster.

"Brownie and Rosalind are safe, children," he said; "the stable has not caught fire yet, and Richard has the horses in the cornfield. One of you had better run upstairs and tell mamma. She'll be glad to hear it."

Alice hung back; she did not care to face Mrs. West. Josie, fearful of some questioning, ran upstairs. Mrs. West's room was in half darkness. The barn was not on her side of the house, and the glow of the fire did not reach it. A shaded lamp relieved the darkness. Josie entered softly.

"Mrs. West!"

A low answer was heard. Josie could not make out what she said.

"Josie, is it you? Oh, I have been so frightened! I heard somebody call out suddenly that there was a fire, and then I must have fainted. Sit down, dear."

Josie obeyed her.

"I am so glad to see you! You seem to take the place of Rose."

The little girl said nothing; the words seemed to cut her heart.

"I heard two steps pass my door to-night, and, feeling restless, I went to the window. I saw two figures moving toward the barn with a light. I was almost sure that it was the boys. And—oh, it breaks my heart to say it—they denied it a little while ago!"

"I am sure they would not go into the barn with a light," said Josie, eagerly.

"Who was it, then?"

Josie felt the blood rush to her head, and her heart stopped beating. "I don't know," she gasped. And as she said it she thought of Sister Evarista, and the room seemed to sway unsteadily.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. West, "I wish I knew it was not Richard and Bernard! The fire doesn't trouble me at all. But I fear with all my heart that they have told me a—a—lie."

"Oh, no! They would not do that!"

"But," Mrs. West insisted, "who could have gone out? Somebody went out, I heard the steps. I saw a light half-covered; I heard steps returning. Who could have gone out? You and Alice did not go, did you?"

"They—they were tramps," stammered Josie.

"Tramps!" said Mrs. West. "There could be no tramps in this house."

"They were in the barn."

"I see, Josie," said Mrs. West, her voice becoming clearer with excitement, "that with your usual goodness you are trying to excuse the boys."

Josie began to cry. Mrs. West, with a perversity of which she was incapable when well, went on lamenting the conduct of the boys. It was torture for Josie to listen. She dared not pray. If she prayed she feared that she might be tempted to tell the truth; and if she told the truth Alice would call her a coward, and the people at Rosebriar would no longer look on her as a model. Oh, if the night were only over! She could see that Mrs. West was ill; she excused herself by thinking that in the morning Mrs. West would forget her accusation against Richard and Bernard.

"I forgot to say that the horses have been saved," added Josie.

"Have they?" asked Mrs. West, indifferently. "I would give the world if I could only be sure that my boys told me the truth."

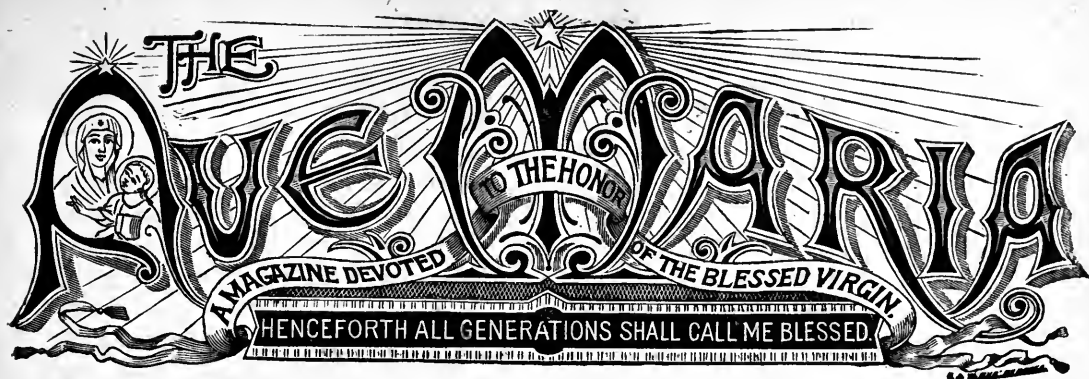
There was silence. Surely Josie's Guardian Angel must have veiled his face; now was her time to tell the truth, and yet she did not speak.

"But what could the boys have been doing in the barn?"

Josie burst into loud sobs.

"I'll say no more, Josie dear, since it troubles you so."

And there was silence.



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Le Petit Gers.*

HOW bleak it stands against the eastern sky,
 Yon mountain gray! See, on its rocky crown—
 Like sentinels of heaven looking down—
 Three lofty crosses lift their arms on high
 In benediction on the passers-by,
 And guard the entrance to that favored town,
 Whose holy Grotto rings with earth's renown
 Since Mary came its shades to sanctify.
 An image of Our Lady hidden lies
 Beneath the crosses on that summit gray,
 To mark a pilgrim's vow: with tearful eyes,
 And telling rosaries along the way,
 He mounted barefoot there, with fear and sighs,
 In penance for a loved one gone astray.

T. A. M.

Fifty Golden Sheaves.

BEFORE me lies a picture of a sweet,
 benevolent, yet strong face, framed
 by the black veil and simple little
 bonnet of a Sister of Notre Dame.
 Printed on the photographic card is the legend,
"Si nous vivons de croix, nous mourrons d'amour."
 The face is that of Venerable Mère Julie Billiart,
 foundress of the Institute of Notre Dame; the
 inscription was her favorite maxim—the rule by
 which she lived and suffered and endured, and,
 when the days of her probation were over, passed
 into life everlasting. Love and sacrifice—these
 were her watchwords; they are to-day the coun-
 tersigns of her daughters.

Once, in the presence of several of her former
 pupils—most of them at that time wives and
 mothers,—one of the heroic band of first-comers
 to America said, in her quaint French way: "I
 have observed much, and I believe that to be a
 pupil of Notre Dame is to be a carrier of crosses."
 —"Ah, yes, *ma Sœur*," replied one of her listen-
 ers, "that is certainly true; but it is also true that
 to be a pupil of Notre Dame is to learn how to
 carry the crosses." To a thoughtful reader the
 incident and the moral it conveys are fraught with
 deep and foreshadowing meaning. For fifty years the
 Sisters of Notre Dame have taught thousands of
 Christian young girls of America how to live, to
 suffer, to enjoy, as Christian maidens should; as
 well as fitted them intellectually to stand abreast
 of the tide of mental development that is char-
 acteristic of the age.

Mère Julie was only a poor farmer's daughter.
 The readers of THE "AVE MARIA" are familiar
 with the details of her life. But, with the wisdom
 and sagacity of the saints of God, she early fore-
 saw that in order to be educators in the full
 sense of the word her daughters must be educated
 themselves, sparing no pains or labor to follow
 the march of modern progress, in so far as it was
 consistent with Catholic principles. So that it
 was a valiant, undaunted, and well-equipped
 band of heroines that, in answer to an invitation
 of the late Archbishop Purcell, arrived in Cin-
 cinnati in the month of November, 1840.

Some of the letters written to the mother-house

* A mountain east of the town of Lourdes. From
 its quarries most of the stone used in the construc-
 tion of the religious houses was obtained. It is very
 steep and difficult to climb.

in Namur at this time would be interesting reading. During the long and tiresome voyage the Sisters studied English to such good purpose that on their arrival at Cincinnati several of them were able to begin teaching at once. They were surprised to see that the children whom, in their vague knowledge of America, they had been wont to call "*les petites sauvages*," were well clad, well mannered, and well pleased at the advent of the Sisters, to whose coming they, in turn, had looked forward with no slight trepidation, fearing that the "elegant French ladies" of whom they had heard so much might be too haughty and severe to descend at once to their democratic American level.

Both were fortunate. No sweeter souls could have been chosen for the mission to the United States than the band who, faithful to the spirit of their founder, had offered themselves in the plenitude of love and sacrifice for the new mission. Sister Louis de Gonzague, a perfect soul; Sister Humbelline and Sister Xavier; Sister Melanie, gentleness itself; Sister Ignatia, diminutive of stature, light of foot, yet with a dignity of carriage and graciousness of manner worthy a queen; Sister Rosine, unlearned in book-lore, but well skilled in all that pertains to household labor. "Captain of the house-workers," the scholars were accustomed to call her. No doubt many who read these lines will remember her strong arms outstretched to gather some eager little toddler to her kind bosom; or the admonitive finger pointed, half seriously, half jestingly, at some transgressor. She was a great lover of children; and while sometimes, by a breach of discipline, one of them had reason to fear her displeasure, an imploring "Please forgive me this time, *ma Sœur!*" was enough to obtain pardon. And before all the rest stands the majestic figure of Superior Louise, that best beloved, the wisest, truest, most generous, most incomparable soul. She was not spared to see this Golden Jubilee on earth, but her children can feel her beneficent influence from where she rests in heaven.

The Sisters were also favored in their pupils. Owing to the deficiency in private schools, the children in the academy were largely composed of Protestants; and the Sisters did not find themselves in such financial straits as they had expected. They soon opened class-rooms for the

poor, as it is part of their rule never to locate where they are not permitted to have free schools for those who can not afford to pay tuition fees.

Their excellent method of teaching, gentle but firm discipline—never, under any circumstances, employing corporal punishment,—their courteous and refined manner, characterized by perfect simplicity; their independence and self-reliance—a reliance founded on the maxim that God helps those who help themselves,—soon won the admiration of all with whom they came in contact.

After some years another academy was established in the West End of Cincinnati; and the boarding-school, which until this time had been carried on at the mother-house on Sixth Street, was removed to Reading, about ten miles distant. It is situated on a magnificent hill-top, reached by a winding road; the grounds are beautiful and the surroundings attractive, making it one of the most popular homes of education in the West.

Later the Sisters of Notre Dame were invited to open a house in Boston, whither they went with some misgiving. It seemed no light undertaking, as well as somewhat out of the established order, to introduce into a city like Boston a company of religious from the younger West. But the result proved their fitness for the enterprise, as well as the sympathy of the people with their efforts; for Massachusetts is now the greatest stronghold of Notre Dame: it can there count twenty-two houses. The remaining eight are in Ohio, Philadelphia, and Washington city. There are also several establishments in California, which have done grand work in the cause of Catholic female education.

Besides the private celebrations which took place in individual houses of the Order, the Golden Jubilee was solemnly celebrated at the mother-house in Cincinnati on Tuesday, Nov. 4. At nine in the morning Pontifical Mass was offered in the convent chapel by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, assisted by several priests. Many superioresses from different States were present. A Gregorian Mass—the *Missa de Angelis*—was sung for the first time in this country by a full choir of nuns, consisting of one hundred and fifty voices, with organ, violin and harp accompaniment by former pupils of Notre Dame. In the afternoon hundreds of congratulating friends

called at the convent, and there were many reunions of old pupils and teachers in the large exhibition room, where hundreds of workers in

"Lawn, satin and lace

With many offerings had decked the place
Like a fairy bower; and silver and gold
Worked in patterns manifold,
And broderies rare in colors gay,
Had lent their richest hues that day
To the fashioning of rare device
In dainty web and banner nice,
With pure design."

This exhibition of workmanship, it is no exaggeration to say, would have been creditable in the palmiest days of either ancient or modern decorative art. Crayons also there were, and pen and ink sketches, water-color and oil-paintings; richly embroidered vestments, and illuminated work almost rivalling that of the Middle Ages. We doubt if anything finer in its way has ever been executed than the sketches on vellum, artistically and beautifully done in gold and colors, which, bearing on each page a picture of some house of the Order in America, the Sisters sent to the Pope on this occasion. The Jubilee was still further made glorious by a telegram from His Holiness granting the Apostolic Benediction.

How varied must have been the thoughts of the participants in these delightful exercises as they passed through the corridors greeting old acquaintances, or lingered in the parlors to exchange reminiscences with one or another friend not seen, perhaps, for years; or paused before the Blessed Sacrament, with a prayer of thanksgiving in the heart for the harvest that had garnered such golden fulness of good works; while the tearful eye and tremulous lip betrayed that memory was busy, and that the dear departed ones held the foremost place in the hearts still left on earth!

Fifty golden sheaves they have gathered, but not here shall the harvest end. Unworldly in their foundation, for she who originated the Order feared nothing so much as the spirit of the world; unworldly in their quiet progress, for their fundamental principle is devotion to the poor of God's children,—so long as they maintain and cherish and disseminate these beautiful sentiments, not only among themselves, but those whom it is their vocation to instruct, so long must they go on increasing and multiplying in

numbers, in influence, and in the far-reaching results of their labors.

Who that has ever sung, or heard sung, the "*Cor Amoris*" in a chapel of Notre Dame, with the sad, sweet eyes of the compassionate Saviour pleading for love and contrition from the world-hardened hearts of His servants, but has felt love and gratitude renewed within the very depths of a perhaps too careless soul? For the children of Notre Dame are all lovers of the Sacred Heart, and the daughters of Mère Julie Billiart are worthy of their mother.*

Wherever there is a convent of Notre Dame there may be found studious scholars, pious sodalists, frequent communicants, thriving confraternities, models of Catholic virtue at home and abroad. Their pupils are recognized on the streets, and in public conveyances by which they go to and from school, by their reserved and ladylike demeanor on all occasions. The writer has heard this remarked many times. These young people, whatever may be their rank in life, become in time ornaments to their respective stations. As wives and mothers, honored members of society or obscure individuals, they are almost invariably an honor to their admirable preceptors. One meets them everywhere, especially in the Eastern part of the United States. In the mansion of the rich as in the cottage of the poor; as teachers in schools, some of them holding high positions; in offices, salesrooms, workshops, and often toiling at servile labor, the pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame, while filling their separate ranks in life, bear with them two charming characteristics—simplicity of manner and a tender devotion to the Mother of God.

The Sisters have organized Sodalities of the Holy Family for aged women in the lower walks of life; and a wonderful improvement has been

* The following act of consecration, dated Amiens, Dec. 8, 1794, was composed by Ven. Mère Julie. Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines, granted 100 days' indulgence to the pious recital of this prayer:

Hail, my good and amiable Jesus, and Mary my Mother! Jesus, my King and my God, I vow and consecrate all my being to Thy Sacred Heart for time and eternity. I vow and consecrate to that Divine Heart all that I am, all that I hope for: my liberty, my soul with all its powers, my memory, my understanding, my will, my imagination, my body with all its faculties; all my plans, all my affections, all my desires, all my words, all my actions, all my

noticed in the members since the establishment of these aids to virtue and piety. Thousands of mothers find in the Sodality of the Holy Maternity strength and assistance for their delicate and arduous task of training young souls for heaven. These tender souls, in turn, are nurtured through the many Sodalities of the Immaculate Conception; and those still younger are proud and happy to enroll themselves under Our Lady's banner as Children of Mary.

Who that ever sat beneath the daily catechetical instruction in the halls of Notre Dame, listening to the clearest explanation of Christian Doctrine ever given by religious teachers, can neglect; or, if so faithless as to neglect, forget; or, if unhappy enough to forget, deny the truths there taught and imbibed? Who that has knelt for the first time to receive Holy Communion at the sacred altar fresh from the thorough penetration of Notre Dame, full of its fervent piety, but will say that a child of Notre Dame can seldom in the hereafter have fallen away through ignorance or lack of instruction? Who that has joined day after day in the sweetly solemn exercises of the Month of Mary in the quiet, softly subdued light of the convent chapel, young voices blended in praise of Mary ascending heavenward, the perfume of incense in the air, odors of rare flowers intermingled with that ever-reminiscent breath,—who, we ask, but must recall it each succeeding May-time as the hurrying years go by; and, recalling it, grow more patient of sorrow and its discipline for that one month at least?

Sweet salutation, then, to her—soon we hope to be numbered in the calendar of God's saints—who to-day in heaven sees as in a glance the fruits of the labors of these glorious fifty years; and to them, the first workers in the vineyard

corporal and spiritual afflictions; all my merits, present or future; every moment of my life, especially my last sigh. I also vow, O my Jesus, to maintain and increase among the faithful the devotion to Thy Sacred Heart. Grant that I may yield my last sigh in Thy Adorable Heart. May it be an act of pure love!

O Mary, Immaculate Virgin, my Queen and my Mother, I consecrate myself to thy Sacred Heart, entreating thee, by the ardent love with which that Heart is filled for men, to accept my vow of consecration, and to present it to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, thy Son. I promise also, through thy help, to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception.

who rest beside her in the smile of God; to them also, the few who are left, and who rejoice that their declining years are departing in such golden radiance of benediction; and, finally, to them, younger gleaners in the field of instruction, upon whose shoulders have fallen the mantles of their brave and pious predecessors! May they falter not upon the way, but, walking in their Mother's footsteps, preserve to Notre Dame its glorious record, its tender piety, its beautiful simplicity, its far-reaching charity, its wonderful humility, unspoiled by prosperity, untainted and untouched by "the spirit of the world."

A CHILD OF MARY.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXV.

THE ancient and picturesque town of Coyacan is much older than the existing city of Mexico; for, after the destruction of the Aztec city of Tenochtitlan, Cortez established himself and his government there, and thence directed the laying out of the present capital. On the northern side of the little plaza may still be seen the house, with his arms graven over the doorway, in which he dwelt at this period; and in the churchyard stands a cross, which tradition says was planted by the conqueror on a mound that was a place of worship in primitive times.

Standing here, under the blue Mexican sky, in the dazzling Mexican sunshine, the long gulf of centuries seems but a brief period across which to look at the warlike figure of the great Spaniard, who, single-handed as it were, won an empire for Spain and for Christ. In the history of the world there are few more wonderful stories than that of the Conquest of Mexico; few more heroic and remarkable characters than that of the man who dared to burn his ships behind him, and, with a handful of discontented followers, throw himself on the resources alone of his own marvellous generalship, diplomacy and tact. That he had faults no one can deny—what soldier of fortune in that or any other age was likely to be without them?—but they were few compared to his great

qualities; and of the brilliancy of his genius, the heroic temper of his courage, the indomitable character of his resolution, and the ardor of his faith, there can be no question. Never before or since did conqueror attain such great results with such inadequate means. So, challenging every criticism that can be made upon him, Hernando Cortez stands, in the eye of fancy, by the side of the cross he planted, and points with one mailed hand to the throngs of dark-skinned people, who pass with such reverent and touching faith in and out of the great open door of the church. He, whose banner bore emblazoned upon it the device, "*Amici, sequamur Crucem, et si nos fidem, habemus vere in hoc signo vincemus*,"* and whose expedition sailed under the patronage of the Fisherman of Galilee, brought a great net of souls to the Bark of Peter, and well deserves the prayers of the Church, whose faithful son he was, and the admiration and respect of all Catholics.

His presence still seems to dominate the quiet little town that once knew that presence so well. The steel-clad figures of the men who surrounded him, and who wrote their names with their swords so broadly across the pages of history, fill the imagination, and come and go in the glancing sunlight. Only the most dull and ignorant person could escape the associations of the place. Mrs. Thorpe declared that she felt herself in the sixteenth century; and Fenwick and Lestrangle varied historical reminiscences by a discussion, which narrowly escaped being a wrangle, over the character of the Conquest and of the *conquistadores*. Naturally, their point of view was very different; although, since both were men of culture, they could not disagree as widely as men of narrower knowledge and ideas would have done.

Carmela listened without comment—standing, a slender, graceful figure, by the side of the old, legend-encrusted cross, around which they were all grouped. Her eyes seemed full of dreams and heroic visions as she gazed before her. In fact, she saw those long-past days of which they talked, with all their stirring movement, their chivalric pomp and religious ardor, more clearly than the living present. It did not occur to her to think that in her person two widely different lines of

ancestry met—the Anglo-Saxon, with its brutal methods of conquest, its simple plan of extirpating weaker races; and the Spanish, with its high ideal of a religious apostolate. But there could be no doubt with which of the two her sympathy was. She turned and gave Fenwick a sweet and grateful smile when he said that, without comprehending the fervor and sincerity of their faith, and the religious end which they held ever in view, it was impossible to understand the character of the discoverers of the New World; and, although their ideal was tarnished now and then by the acts of individuals, that it was preserved and ever kept in sight by the ruling spirits and by the policy of the government, the survival of the native people and their thorough conversion to Christianity abundantly proved.

Perhaps it was Carmela's smile which did more than anything else to end the discussion here. Lestrangle shrugged his shoulders, and said that when two persons regarded a subject from such widely different points of view there was nothing to be gained by comparing opinions. Mrs. Thorpe remarked that she began to find the sixteenth century rather fatiguing, and would not object to return to the nineteenth; upon which Fenwick suggested that, as an appropriate way thither, they should betake themselves to the Pedrigal (stony place), which lies immediately south of Coyoacan.

This charming spot is a wilderness of scattered rocks, among which grow luxuriantly feathery trees, flowering shrubs, and trailing vines, interspersed with the ever-present cactus. Among the rocks and lavish greenery footways lead in every direction, forming a perfect maze of diverging paths, which skirt along low stone walls, passing now and then curious little stone houses, with gardens full of tropical verdure, and again winding by the side of clear, pretty streams. In the midst of this enchanting labyrinth is a picturesque little chapel, dedicated to the Child Jesus, and it was from this point that the party happened to divide—not without intention on the part of one of its members.

Nothing could have been farther from Lestrangle's intention when they set out on their day's expedition than to make any attempt to speak to Carmela alone in the course of it. But of the impulsive and egotistical character noth-

* "Friends, let us follow the Cross; and, if we have faith, by this sign we shall conquer."

ing can be predicated with safety except the certainty of change. As the day went on, and he perceived two things very distinctly—first that Carmela exhibited complete indifference toward him, and second that Fenwick appeared to be on terms of the most friendly intimacy with her,—his jealous vanity urged him to make an effort to assert his own influence, of the power of which he had no doubt. His first attempts, however, were not very successful. When he addressed Carmela she answered him with perfect courtesy; but the sensitiveness which characterized him toward all that concerned himself told him that the old, quick response of interest and sympathy was absolutely lacking. Now, this interest and this sympathy were like the bread of life to him. It was necessary to his existence—certainly to his comfortable existence—that they should be rendered, and he began to entertain a sense of injury in the fact that they were withheld by Carmela. After all, what had he done? Was it his fault that Fate had separated them? Had she expected him to return to her in the face of circumstances which made it impossible? It was natural that, after asking himself these questions for some time, he should have finally felt impelled to ask them of her.

And so, assisted perhaps by Mrs. Thorpe, he contrived that, on leaving the little chapel of the Niño Jesús, Carmela and himself should turn into one path, while Mrs. Thorpe and Fenwick followed another. That these paths diverged in different directions Carmela did not observe for a moment or two, then she paused and remarked: "These ways do not come together. It is best that we go back and follow the others."

"The paths will join a little farther on," said Lestrage, boldly. "We shall meet my aunt and Fenwick in a few minutes. Meanwhile I hope you are not afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"Of what should I be afraid?" she asked, quietly, turning her clear, dark eyes upon him. "But it is best that we should join Mrs. Thorpe," she repeated.

"You shall do so in a moment," he said; "but will you not give *me* a little of the time and attention which I have seen you giving so freely to—others all day? What have I done," he cried, with a sudden impulse, "that you should think me unworthy of your notice? If I was so un-

happy as to cause you suffering a year ago, did I not also suffer myself?"

She started and stood for a moment, looking at him with a surprise which words can but faintly express. Was it possible that he could thus rush into a subject of which she could hardly bring herself to think, much less to speak, without a painful effort? Suffer! Had he, indeed, suffered at all—was he capable of suffering at all—since he could talk of it in this manner, and to *her*? The recoil of disgust with which a sensitive soul feels a rude touch upon its emotions was her controlling sentiment as, after a pause which seemed long to both, she said, coldly:

"Is there any necessity that we should speak of a subject which belongs entirely to the past? I know of no reason for doing so, and I have certainly no desire to recall what is now only matter for regret."

"Is it no more than *that* to you?" he asked, incredulous yet stung. "Carmela, it can not be possible! When I look at you I feel as if it were only yesterday we parted, only yesterday that—"

She interrupted him by a gesture of noble indignation. For one moment he saw a flash of fire in the eyes, usually so full of softness. "Do not speak of those things!" she said, in a voice that trembled slightly, despite its proud command. "Do you know me so little, or do you think so poorly of me, as to fancy that I will tolerate even an allusion from you to a past which it fills me with deep humiliation to remember? I will listen to nothing more! Let us rejoin the others at once."

"No, I beg of you! Give me a moment to explain myself!" he said, startled by her anger, as the anger of a usually gentle person has always power to startle. "You can not do me such injustice as to think that I meant to pain or offend you. I would cut out my tongue sooner. But you must let me say that the past which fills *you* with humiliation, fills *me* with the bitterest regret. There is no reason for your feeling, but there is every reason for mine. I know that I must have seemed to you to play a very poor—let us say, a very contemptible part. But if you will let me explain my conduct you may not blame me so much."

"There is no need for you to explain anything," she replied, with a dignity which im-

pressed him even more than her momentary flash of anger had done. "Since you insist upon speaking of a matter which it would be better to leave untouched, as we leave the dead quietly in their graves, I must tell you that when I closed the door upon that past, I closed it also upon every inclination to blame you. I acknowledged to myself that the fault for which I suffered was more mine than yours. *You* acted as I suppose you were accustomed to act—simply on impulse and inclination, without considering consequences or principles. I might have known this, for you were frank enough. Of your own inconstancy, your disregard of duty, and disbelief in religion, you spoke freely. I had, therefore, no right to blame you when the end came. But I—I, who had been trained to the consideration of all those things—I, too, forgot them; I, too, acted as if the impulses of passion were all that was to guide our lives; and I suffered as I deserved to suffer—"

He endeavored to speak here, but she silenced him by a gesture and went on: "When I came to myself I recognized this—I saw that a feeling with no better foundation than ours could only end as ours had done; and in the sad humiliation with which I condemned myself there was no room for condemnation of you. You had acted according to your nature, your beliefs and your training, and so were hardly to blame. I felt that then, as I feel it now."

A silence followed these incisive words, which Lestrangle found difficult to break. Perhaps in all his life before he had never been so much astonished. Was this indeed *Carmela* who had spoken—the girl whom he had known impressionable as a sensitive plant, swayed by feeling as a reed by the wind, and wholly subject to his influence, save when some deep rock of principle was touched? He felt as if there were nothing in common between that girl and the woman who now so calmly judged the passionate past, condemned herself, and refused to condemn him for reasons less flattering to his vanity than any blame could have been. So totally unexpected was such a manner of regarding the past—so little had he ever dreamed of being judged and put aside with a contempt too lofty to express itself,—that he was like a man from beneath whose feet the ground has been suddenly cut away, and who

looks around in bewilderment for some other standing-place. Involuntarily he took refuge on the first that offered itself, and adopted the tone of reproach which the young girl had disdained to employ.

"You are unjust to me," he said. "You have condemned me without making an effort to understand how painfully I was placed. Your mother made the consent of my parents an unalterable condition to *her* consent. Could I return without it, to meet both her refusal and yours? What should I have gained by that?"

"Nothing certainly," she answered. "But is it not true that you knew always that your parents would be influenced by the wishes of Mrs. Thorpe, and that she was not likely to consent to your marriage with a Mexican girl? Your sister, at least, knew this, and warned my mother of it at the beginning."

Between his teeth he said something not very flattering to the absent Miriam before he remarked: "I thought that by personal persuasion I might be able to overcome the opposition both of my parents and of Mrs. Thorpe. But the last proved impossible—at least at that time; and if I had gained the first without it, how could I have gone back with nothing to offer you but a prospect of poverty and struggle?"

"It would have been impossible—for you," she said, with something like compassion in her voice. "One must be very certain that the thing for which one sacrifices wealth and ease is a thing which one not only values more than these, but which is in itself a higher good. If one is *not* certain of this, then the day of regret—the day when one will feel that one has paid too dearly for its possession—is as sure to come as the sun to rise in the heaven. Believe me, if you had returned I should have spared you that. I always knew—knew it as one knows some things despite oneself—that what you felt for me was not likely to endure in the face of anything unpleasant. I told you when we parted that I could better bear the pain of losing you than to think that you might regret losing a fortune for me. And you know I did not say that without meaning it. You did not feel anything for me which would have repaid you for the loss of fortune, and so it was well you did not return. I have known that from the first."

Her voice dropped with the cadence of one who ends a subject finally. She involuntarily spread out her slender hands with one of the graceful Mexican gestures he had once known well. It signified, as he was aware, that there was nothing more to be said; and he felt as if he himself were dismissed, dropped like an exhausted subject, from those delicate finger-tips. He stood gazing at her with something like an expression of despair on his handsome face. What could he say? It was all true—that quiet, keen, terribly gentle indictment. What he had felt for her had *not* been of a nature to lead to any sacrifice, or to endure in the face of unpleasant consequences, or even of pleasant distractions. He had given her up with a facile ease which amazed him in the retrospect; and confronted by the truth, as it regarded him from her calm, beautiful eyes, the excuses with which he had satisfied himself seemed as paltry and ignoble as his conduct. At length he ventured to speak:

"What can I answer? You are merciless. You make no allowances for me—none. I acknowledge that I was weak and cowardly; that I feared poverty, feared disagreeables, feared everything except what I now see was most to be feared—the loss of your faith and respect. Oh yes, I know that you have disdained to reproach me, but if you still loved me you would!"

"Perhaps so," she assented, with the same gentleness, which seemed to remove her farther from him. "But all that is over. It has been long now since I have seen clearly that we were never intended for each other, and that it was well we learned it so soon."

A vague memory came to Lestrangle of having thought, felt or said something like this himself. Had he not informed himself or Miriam that it was well matters had ended as they did, since Carmela was not in any respect suited to him? The assurance of the same fact from her lips now—now when she had never before seemed so desirable, because so far beyond his reach—seemed to him fraught with the keenness of mockery and punishment in one. All power of reply or of remonstrance was taken from him; and, without exchanging another word, they turned and went back along the path to rejoin the others.

(To be continued.)

"Tota Pulchra Es."

THOU art all fair, O Mother blest!
In thee is found no stain;
Thou'rt purer far than whitest crest
That decks the troubled main.

Thy soul no taint did ever bear
Of imperfection's shade;
And Satan never counted there
The blots his wiles had made.

First creature formed since Adam's fall
Who shared not Adam's sin;
Thy life was spent that mortals all
Celestial life might win.

Blest day, that sees a saint conceived,
A soul all undefiled!
What wondrous mysteries are weaved
Around that sinless child!

Glad sight to Heaven's highest court,
They view their peerless Queen;
And feeble man's most firm support
In that weak babe is seen.

O thou fond Mother, guard me well!
I trust my soul to thee;
Defeat the serried ranks of hell,
Safe guide me o'er life's sea.

And when, all spent my mortal days,
I kiss Death's fatal rod,
Be "*Tota pulchra es*" the phrase
My soul shall hear from God.

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

DECEMBER 8.

THERE was a moment when the salvation of the world depended on the consent of Mary. Man could not be redeemed, satisfaction could not be made for sin, and grace obtained, without the Incarnation; and the Incarnation could not take place without the free, voluntary consent of this humble Jewish Maiden.—*Brownson*.

OUTSIDE of God there is nothing but unhappiness. Experience declares this in loud tones, but my heart tells it to me even louder.

Friar Anthony's Expiation.

I.

THE last glimmer of the receding twilight tinged with a feeble ray the broad nave of the church of the Dominicans in ancient Paris. The uncertain light was just sufficient to show the majestic arches of the temple, resting upon rows of columns so delicately slender that the dome seemed suspended in air by some superhuman power. At length no light was visible but that which came from the lamp before the altar, and from some smaller ones at favorite shrines, shedding over the whole interior a vague, fantastic radiance; and the imagination, dwelling upon the noble pile over which the veil of Night was slowly falling, was excited to a profound religious reverie.

A pilgrim penetrates into the imposing edifice, but apparently pays no attention to the beautiful surroundings. He seeks a remote angle; and, with his head bowed low, and audible sighs escaping from his breast, he wrings his hands as if a victim of despairing anguish. The high forehead, piercing eye, and strongly-marked features, indicate an iron will. Some dreadful misfortune has certainly befallen this person, whose whole deportment, at the same time that it betrays agonizing grief and perplexity, shows him to be a gentleman.

The pilgrim evidently thinks himself alone; but one of Our Lord's faithful servants is silently observing his movements and compassionating his great sorrow. A priest, rising from a long prostration before the Tabernacle, approaches the stranger, and in gentle tones inquires if he can serve him. The unknown, without replying, casts upon the speaker a bewildered look; and then, with an air of indescribable melancholy, surveys the vaulted arcades of the lofty temple. Touched with pity, the religious renews his question in a tone of more winning kindness.

"What will you, friend?—what seek you in this sacred asylum?"

"Peace, Father; peace!" and he beat his breast with violence as he gazed at the monk.

"Peace, brother," said the cowed Dominican, "seeks a heart detached from earth—a pure heart, devoted to the service of its Creator. You

may find her here in these sacred precincts; for whatever may be the cause of your sorrow, religion can soothe, relieve and pacify its throes."

"In Heaven's name tell me who you are that promise peace to such a wretch as I?"

"I am a priest of the Most High God," was the quiet answer.

"And your name?"

"I am called Aquinas, the most humble of the friars of this community; yet, in the name of Our Lord, whatever may be the gravity of your fault or the depth of your grief, I promise you mercy and peace, if you seek them at His adorable feet. Remember, David when he had slain his best friend, his greatest general, still dared to pray: 'O God, pardon me on account of the enormity of my sin!'"

A sudden light seemed to flash over the still kneeling stranger, and he cried out: "What! are you Thomas Aquinas, whose erudition fills all Europe with astonishment?"

"Thomas Aquinas is my name," added the Angelic Doctor, with a smile; "but I am only an unworthy sinner."

"Thank God with me that He has directed my steps hither! You are a son of genius. I, too, have a celebrated name; but, alas! alas! it was the love of a great name and reputation that blinded me, and led me to commit a crime that renders me the most unhappy of men."

"Brother," persisted the religious, "confess your fault; the thief on Calvary, and the Royal Prophet, though his hand was stained with blood, were both forgiven when contrite."

"But, Father, I have done something more revolting, in my own estimation, than the murder committed by the Royal Prophet. Consumed with a thirst for earthly fame, I had traced architectural plans for some of the noblest monuments of my native Germany. I read that Louis King of France wished to build a chapel for the Holy Crown of Thorns, and that he invited the architects of the world to send in their plans for his inspection. I resolved to outdo all my previous works, and drew a plan bolder, grander, more harmonious and graceful in its unity of parts, than any of my former conceptions. On the exterior were treasures of the sculptor's chisel—thousands of angels and demons in groups hitherto unimagined, and as infinite in

their variety as in the details of their positions and operations. In the interior one chapel rose above another, with columns combined and carved in such wondrous intentions and tracery as to astonish the most skilful artists. I saw the sun throwing his rays through stained-glass windows, and Louis devoutly kneeling before the altar my hand had designed."

"My son, you mean to say that, intoxicated with pride, you forgot the glory of Him to whom the temple was to be dedicated?"

"Very true, Father; but I have not yet told you my despicable crime. Near Cologne I fell in with a traveller, who was, like myself, bound for Paris. He was advanced in years, and of a frank and exceedingly amiable disposition. I sought his friendship, but only to prove myself another Judas. He told me he was an architect, and on his way to lay his plans before King Louis. I dissembled my own purpose; and, though fully convinced that I should only smile at his work, I asked to see his plans. Ah, fatal curiosity! I saw them, and I trembled. I was surpassed! My heart beat convulsively. The traveller's genius was greater than mine. You, Father, who are gifted, know what the word 'surpassed' imports to an ambitious man. The architect believed me agitated with a pure emotion; but I, meanest of my kind, watched while he slept, and effaced from his rolls of parchment every trace of his magnificent plan; then I stole away from the place, and left him to awake and find his work forever obliterated. Since that moment the fire of the infernal abyss has consumed my heart. I have tried in vain to reach the palace of King Louis: an invisible hand repels me. Combating against the most intense anguish, I entered this holy asylum in search of peace. Can I, shall I, ever find it again?"

"My son," said the skilful director of souls, "you could not have fallen at once into a crime so base. You must have long abandoned the holy practices of religion. No one falls of a sudden into crimes so opposed to his own natural and acquired gifts and tastes."

"You judge correctly, Father. For a long time I had worshipped myself, my talent, my reputation."

"Come, then, with me to the tribunal of penance; unburden your heart of its weight of sin,

and then you can say with courage, 'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.'"

After hearing the sincere confession of his penitent, the holy Dominican changed his tone of sympathy and compassion to that of a kind but impartial judge.

"Listen, my son, to what God requires of you."

"Father, my heart is ready."

"You must become lowly and meek of heart; on this depends your salvation. Renounce all your dreams of earthly fame; seek to be entirely forgotten, and strive to expiate the past by prayer, fasts, and almsdeeds."

"Does God require of me to enter religion?"

"That would be the surest way to save your soul. And, that your atonement may be the more complete, burn those plans that led you to commit the greatest sin of your life."

Up rose the seemingly contrite penitent. "What, Father!" he exclaimed, his eye kindling with a fierce lustre, his whole frame shaking, and his demeanor showing an utter want of submission. "What!" he repeated, "destroy my noblest conceptions? Shall I never be the architect of the Sainte Chapelle?"

"Unhappy man!" said the confessor. "Do you hesitate to exchange the perishable glory of an earthly title for that of a heavenly one?"

"Father, I accept prayers, fasting, almsdeeds—nay, I will take the holy habit of a friar; but I can not consent to give up the realization of my cherished dream. I have not courage to destroy my epic. 'Let me conceal my name—I will never pronounce it even to yourself,—but do not require of me to burn my plans for the Sainte Chapelle.'"

The priest smiled at this singular mixture of repentance and vanity. But he who mingled with the great and famous of many lands was not disconcerted at this new proof of natural weakness in the human heart.

"Well, my son, you need not destroy them; but you will present them to King Louis by another hand—the hand of one who will never reveal your name. Your work may be accomplished, but you will sacrifice the glory of originating the plan and its details."

"Thanks, Father; thanks!" and the voice of the penitent vibrated through the arches of the deserted church.

"My son, one more counsel. Confide to the Blessed Virgin all your anxiety as to the future. She will find a substitute to carry out your treasured plans, if it be God's will that they be executed."

It was midnight. The son of Count Lendolfo was not wanting in hospitality. He invited the stranger to tarry a while at the convent, and, in holy solitude, to meditate upon the past and shape his future career.

A few months later the architect was clothed in the habit of St. Dominic, the black and white drapery of which so aptly reminds the wearer of what he has been and what he should be. The prior gave him the name of Anthony, and he soon made rapid progress in the way of religious perfection. Many a time the sacrifice of his magnificent plans rose like a mountain in his path; but with the help of his constant friend, Father Thomas, he "laid the mountain low." His director repeatedly assured him that, if he were faithful in making the sacrifice, God would in time fully deliver him from his temptation, or would open to him a way of having his plans adopted through the medium of another but an humbler architect.

II.

About the middle of the thirteenth century there lived in Paris a confectioner named Jacques de Montreuil, who kept a fashionable shop and had apartments in the Quartier Opportune. His customers ranged from the frequenters of the court to the *élite* in the faubourgs of the city, and the *grande*s in the provinces. So great was Jacques' fame that he did not envy even the culinary artists of the royal palace; and he valued his annual income far less than his reputation for unrivalled skill in his art. The height of his ambition was to see his son Pierre an adept in his own profession, and fitted to be his successor; for his occupation, by his ingenious manipulations, had become a sort of fine art.

But Pierre showed no taste for the homelier duties of his father's profession. He would cheerfully and successfully trim a cake or centrepiece that required artistic skill, but for all the rest he felt a deep disgust. His lack of good-will vexed Jacques exceedingly. The old man would fly into a passion, give Pierre a sound beating, and display his anger so ludicrously that all but his victim were forced to laugh at his proceedings.

After one of these domestic scenes the unhappy boy would go to his room and weep a while. But his chalk lay near at hand, and soon he would be busy tracing imitations of the figures the frost had formed on the windows, or sketching the spire of a lofty Gothic church in the neighborhood, with doves settling on its ornaments. He generally remained there until his father's voice died away—which was, as a rule, a pretty long time; for Jacques would recount to the first customer entering the shop the history of his trials with his unfortunate son.

It happened one day, about a year after the opening of our story, that Maître Jacques had an unusually severe quarrel with his son, and the latter rushed out of doors to escape the *ratan*, which was cutting the air with a violent swish. In so doing he ran against a tall, fine-looking Dominican who chanced to be passing, and came near throwing the friar to the pavement. At this the old man's wrath was promptly subdued, and he hastened to apologize. Jacques invited the friar to enter; and the latter, thinking that he might possibly act the part of peacemaker, passed into the shop, and listened to the father's usual story about his unpromising child.

The Dominican was no other than Brother Anthony, the former architect. As he listened with seeming attention to the father's tirade, he looked about and saw among other models for cakes and pastry one representing a church, with its spire formed in a very correct imitation of the one that towered in front of the window. His practised eye discerned great merit in the molded clay, and on inquiring who had formed the mimic ornaments, he was not a little surprised to learn that it was the stupid Pierre. He at once felt a warm sympathy with the boy, and an interior voice seemed to say, "Mary has heard your prayer." When a pause in the old man's voluble talk allowed it, Brother Anthony ventured to remark:

"Maître Jacques, vocation is, or should be, free. If you, for instance, had been always forced to make plain bread and rolls, and never allowed to trim a centrepiece for a handsome dinner-course, you might have said, 'It is a cruel injustice.' Why not be as indulgent to your son as you would wish others to be to you under similar circumstances?"

"Pierre will trim and adorn all day, but he can not make a living in that line; for it is only on great occasions that such work is required," answered Jacques.

"You are proud of your talent; I perceive that this son of yours may acquire by *his* talent a fame that will be lasting and world-wide. Instead of inheriting your name, he may win a more glorious one. And, then, it is so sweet to be the child of one's own great deeds: to owe fame to personal toil rather than to the hazards of birth and fortune, of intrigue or protection. Believe me, there is no greatness under the sun so satisfactory as this."

Brother Anthony forgot for the time being his sacred calling, and went on expatiating on the science and practice of architecture as the summary of all that man deems most exalted. His eye shone, his words flowed in eloquent and well-rounded periods. Maître Jacques and his son listened with rapt attention. "Give *me* your son," he said in conclusion. "Let him come to the monastery; I will teach him the divine art for which God has given him a talent."

"O father, say yes!" cried Pierre, at the same time throwing his arms round the astonished friar, and dropping burning tears upon his neck.

Maître de Montreuil was struck dumb with amazement. Pierre continued with tears to beg his father's consent, and the friar meanwhile thought that he saw in the boy's sensibility a sure indication of genius. Finally, Jacques said to his son: "Pierre, in that case I shall not be disgraced; you may accept the friar's offer."

The only reply of the youth was to hasten to embrace his father, who, to hide his real sentiments, pushed him away rather roughly, saying, "Oh, you sorry, good-for-nothing fellow! May God forgive you!"

A few hours later Brother Anthony knocked at the door of Father Thomas' cell. No answer. Again he knocked, and, at the invitation to enter, he found the great Doctor absorbed in one of his learned dissertations on the false doctrine of the Albigenses. He seemed to have said "Come in" mechanically; for he continued reciting his arguments aloud, and for some moments heeded not the humble religious, who was kneeling by his side. When he looked up he was sur-

prised to see his favorite pale and dejected, his breast heaving with emotion.

"Father, grant me one moment, I entreat you. I come to tell you that I forgot myself; I yielded to my former thoughts and aspirations of pride and human glory." And then he narrated his recent experience.

"Brother, you should remain in your cell, and live in the presence of God. If you are not careful, pride will yet triumph over all your pious resolutions," said the kind spiritual guide.

"Father, I think that 'she to whom all possible honor is due' has found the person your indulgence allowed me to hope and pray for."

"A man, you mean to say, that can execute your plans for the Sainte Chapelle?"

"Not a man, Father, but a youth of natural talent. If you approve, I will ask leave of the Reverend Father Prior to have him come to the convent to receive instructions; and then, in one of those friendly visits that we pay to our gracious monarch, I will present him; and I feel sure that, with the blessing of God and the help of His holy Mother, King Louis will accept the plan."

The saintly friar reflected a while, and then said: "It is plain that the hand of Divine Providence is conducting this matter. Perhaps God is about to give you a greater humiliation in the failure of the enterprise; or perhaps He wills to put an end forever to this desire, which is the sole thorn that now disturbs your peace. But should the youth you speak of succeed in obtaining the royal acceptance, will he disclose the author of his plans?"

"Father, I will keep my promise faithfully: my name or hand shall not appear, although I will direct the execution of the plans."

"But the substitute will not say they are his own?"

"Father, he will never say they are his, nor will he ever pronounce my name."

"Then, my son, ask the permission of Father Prior. You may attempt to instruct him. But be on your guard; Satan sometimes takes an angel's guise."

"*Magnificat!*" intoned Brother Anthony. And his saintly director recited with him the sublime canticle of the Lord's lowly handmaid.

An Episode of Lourdes.

DAY after day for nearly a month I had been going to the Grotto; and every visit I made, morning, noon or evening, I always found the same, little figure there in the corner, almost hidden by the long row of candles constantly burning in honor of our Blessed Lady. An odd figure it was, too; small, because deformed. It was a hunchback, whose body seemed only half the length of the thin legs which supported it. The pointed, wooden shoes which he wore added to the grotesque appearance of the little fellow; for they were at least eighteen inches long, very thick and heavy, and out of all proportion with the size of his feet. But the face—that was something quite beyond my power to describe. It was a face that one could not pass without stopping to take a second look. Long, thin, pale and serene; it seemed like a book, in which one could read tales of hidden sorrow and suffering, joy and peace, combined; but there was that peculiar spiritual expression about it, which told that Heaven smiled within, and the world without was hardly noticed.

Hour after hour that little figure would kneel, either holding open a small prayer-book, with very yellow and very ragged leaves, or with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, reciting the Rosary; while the great wooden shoes, with the toes both turned to the left side, rose up behind him, like the hulks of two ill-formed sail-boats, made by the unskilled hands of some school-boy for voyages on the village mill-pond.

A week or two had passed, and I began to wonder whether the little hunchback did not live in the Grotto all the time. His long and devout prayers put me to shame—though I did not feel a couple of hours at all wearisome, it is so easy to pray in Lourdes; and I had an object to pray for, which made me glad to remain there a month, whereas at the beginning of my visit I had intended to stay only a week.

One day, when I had finished my Rosary and usual devotions, and went, according to the custom of all pilgrims at Lourdes, to kiss the rocks beneath the niche where Our Lady so often stood, my little friend's attitude suddenly attracted my attention. He was kneeling close to the rocks,

where they were blackest, and most highly polished by the hundreds of thousands of fervent kisses so repeatedly pressed upon them. Both arms were lifted up in supplication, and his beads hung from the fingers of his right hand; his eyes were fixed intently on the sacred spot of the apparition, with a look in them like that described by witnesses as usual with Bernadette before the sublime presence of Our Lady's beauty. He seemed to be gazing on some object, which raised him above and beyond the consciousness of all about him. His lips were apart, not moving—as though unable to speak with rapture, because of the vision of heaven which he alone beheld. I felt that I was looking on a saint in ecstasy, and resolved then and there to beg his prayers for the intention which had brought me to Lourdes. But to interrupt him in that moment would have seemed like sacrilege, so I left the Grotto with a fixed purpose of speaking to him the first chance I should have.

That same afternoon I made another visit to the Grotto, and for the first time did not find the hunchback there. I was disappointed; for an inward voice seemed to say to me, "That little saint will not be refused if he asks anything of Our Lady; only gain his prayers and your petition will be answered." Fancy, then, what was my delight at meeting him on his way to the Grotto, just as I was going away from it with a heavy heart.

I accosted him and said: "My good friend, will you please pray for the conversion and return to religious duties of a young person who has knelt and prayed in this Grotto many times in the past, but who now has lost the faith and is forgetful of Our Lady and the love of her Divine Son?" Without raising his modest eyes to look at me, he replied in a sweet, low voice: "Yes, I will do so. But you must not doubt: Our Lady will never abandon any one who has knelt to do her honor here; she will bring back your friend." Then, with a bow of respect, he shuffled along, his wooden shoes clattering over the stone pavement, as he entered and took his usual place in the farther corner of the holy cave. I went to my room that afternoon, with renewed faith in the ultimate success of my pilgrimage to Lourdes.

In the meantime the good Brothers who guard the Grotto, at my request, had suspended

among the crutches and votive offerings which hang there, a framed photograph of the friend for whose conversion I prayed; so that at least the image of her child might be in sight of Our Lady of Lourdes, to remind her how much her protection was needed. A small card was attached to the frame, on which was written, in French, "For the love of Our Lady pray for this person's conversion and salvation." No doubt many an *Ave* went up to our Blessed Mother for the unknown one, whose handsome face attracted the attention and whispered comments of pilgrims every day.

Toward the end of the month I again spoke to the saintly cripple, while he knelt in the Grotto; and, pointing to the photograph, I said: "That is my friend for whom I asked you to pray." He looked kindly up at the picture and whispered: "Is that the one? I thought it was, and have prayed as you asked. But you are a priest; you can offer the Holy Mass, and you know that the graces of the Mass are infinite; *your* prayers, therefore, must be more powerful than *mine*." I replied: "Yes, I say Mass often for my friend, and have done so for many months; but if you will promise to join your prayers to mine, I will say Mass for your intentions to-morrow."—"I will," he said; "though be sure our Blessed Mother will never abandon one who has ever loved her, especially one who has asked her protection while kneeling in this holy place. Your friend will return to her. Persevere in prayer; in time all will come right again."

The days went on. My visits continued, and my faith grew stronger in the sunshine of that saintly hunchback's beautiful words and example. The last news I heard of my friend was the hopeful beginning of what must prove a happy ending: "N—— goes to Mass now; wears the Scapular, and carries always a medal of Our Lady of Lourdes and a crucifix."

Let everyone who reads this little story add a "Hail Mary," that the complete conversion may soon be effected, and the writer will not forget to apply "the infinite graces of the Mass" for the readers of THE "AVE MARIA."

SEDRUOL.

HE who when plunged in agonies of grief,
Makes virtue of it, has obtained relief.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HOW TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS.

THE literature of Christmas is filling the book shops and stands. Everywhere we see pictures of wreaths of holly and the blazing plum-pudding. The magazines and papers are full of allusions to that season

"Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,—
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

But, with all these allusions, there is a lack of something Christian. It is a long step from the hatred of Christmas which the Puritans cherished, to the love of it their descendants show; and yet it is a question whether the celebration of the material side of Christmas is not more hopeless than the Puritan ignoring of the feast. After all, the Puritans did not deny the spiritual significance of Our Lord's birth, though they objected to the outward celebration of it. But in our time many of those who celebrate it with joy and gifts, merriment and demonstration, do not trouble themselves to remember the Fact which the great feast symbolizes. It is a time of pleasure, of cordiality,—a time for the outstretching of hands and of benevolence. But all this is hardly enough, if the great Centre of this rejoicing, the little Child-King born in Bethlehem, is ignored.

Dickens did more than any other English-speaking writer to popularize the celebration of Christmas. He looked at it from the human side. "Tiny Tim" softened many hearts; but, in spite of the good influence of Dickens' Christmas characters, one can not help feeling that the merely human view is almost too much insisted on. What sorrow is there in the world, one asks oneself after reading Dickens, that can not be comforted by cakes and ale, holly berries and a warm fire? If our Christmas merrymakers, like Dickens, insist too much on the material side of the celebration, they are not so hopeful about all things as he was. The modern Christmas story is "clouded with a doubt," and it does not end with the happiness of everybody concerned.

But how can we be surprised at the absence

of the spiritual in the literature written for this time when that Mother from whom Our Lord took His humanity is left out of memory? Christ without His Mother would be an anomaly to all who meditate on the mystery of the Incarnation. The farther the world gets from her, the farther it gets from Him. And, in spite of the general celebration of this happy time, our world is still very far from her; but—and the evidence is near us—it is getting nearer to her; for from the heart of this very humanism, this over-belief in comfort, in luxury, this horror of suffering and sorrow, come three cries. One is for a Mother who has suffered and who knows the needs of other mothers; for the consolation of confession; and for the certitude that the dead who went with imperfections on them are not lost. Therefore we may hope and see brightness in the future.

As to the giving of gifts at this time, we may take a hint from something in Miss O'Meara's "Narka." There is a complaint that the poor are ungrateful. And the good nun in the book retorts that people are grateful only for love; and that we give gifts to the poor, but no love with them. The nun's reproof may be of use to the giver of Christmas gifts. The perfunctory gift had better not be given. It produces no good; nobody is grateful for it. A gift with love, the gift of cheerfulness, however small it may be, makes the heart warm; but the gift wrung out by fashion or custom is never appreciated.

Let us teach the children to give. That child not taught to give something with its own hands at Christmas is an unhappy child; that child not allowed to sacrifice some of its treasures for others does not know the spirit of the little Jesus, whose coming the world celebrates. If children become selfish and hard, it is because they are taught that they are to receive, but never to give.

An old priest, one who had seen much of the world, strongly recommended his friends to pay all their small debts before Christmas. "If you can not give yourself," he said, "help others to give by paying what you owe. A few dollars may not seem much, but it may make all the difference between sadness and joy to a family of poor children at Christmas." And he was right. Let me end with his words: "Happiness never comes except through the happiness of others."

Notes and Remarks.

The question of Christmas gifts is probably exciting pleasure, anxiety and doubt in the hearts of many of our readers. They are anxious to give; but what shall they give? The shops are filled with useless and useful knick-knacks. But what may seem useful to him who gives may be useless to him who receives. There is an easy way of answering this momentous question. Give books—not luxurious and costly books, but books that may be as friends; books that can be kept always within reach. In this way one may be not only a giver but a benefactor. An ordinary gift may lose its lustre. Everybody gives ordinary gifts; but a good book as a present from the poor to the rich, from the rich to those who are not so rich, from husband to wife, from father to children, from friend to friend, is both appropriate and "a joy forever."

As an instance of the revenges of time, we recently published an account of the conversion of Essex Castle, Ireland, into a convent. A still more striking instance comes to us from France. A few years ago the town of Sarzeau was without schools taught by Brothers. The pastor of the town possessed, as a curiosity, the bathing-tub in which the sanguinary revolutionist, Marat, was assassinated by Charlotte Corday. He sold it to the directors of the Grevin Museum, and with the proceeds built the required school. Who would ever have thought that a Christian school should one day rise from the bath-tub of Marat!

An event of capital importance in European politics was the address of Cardinal Lavigerie to the officers of the French Squadron of the Mediterranean. On the 13th ult. the venerable patriarch of Algeria entertained at dinner numerous members of the French Marine; and, in proposing the health of the representatives of the service, spoke words that have created a profound impression throughout Europe. Briefly, the Cardinal advocates the acceptance by all parties of the French Republic as an acknowledged fact, and recommends loyal adherence to the existing form of government on the part of all Catholic Frenchmen. We give an extract of

his notable address, and in recording our humble approval thereof confess that the mystery to us has been that the advised action was not taken long ago:

"But when the will of a people has been clearly manifested; when the form of government has in itself nothing contrary, as was recently proclaimed by Leo XIII., to the only principles that can preserve Christian and civilized peoples; when, in order to extricate one's country from the abysses that menace it, adhesion without *arrière-pensée* to that form of government is necessary—the time is come to declare that at length the trial has been made, and, in order to put an end to our divisions, to sacrifice all that conscience and honor permit for the safety of our country. This is what I teach to those around me; it is what I desire to see taught in France by our clergy. And in thus speaking I am persuaded that my words shall be disavowed by no authoritative voice. Outside the lines of this resignation, this patriotic acceptance, nothing is effectively possible, either for the preservation of peace and order, the salvation of the world from social peril, or even the safety of the worship of which we are the ministers."

Mgr. P. Augouard, who for a number of years has been a zealous missionary in Africa, and whose important testimony regarding slavery we quoted some weeks ago, recently received episcopal consecration in Paris. He has been named titular Bishop of Sinite and Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Congo.

A man who puts his personality first in any work, however good it may be, at once sows seeds of failure. The man who does a great and good thing will be found out, whether he likes it or not. No truly great man has ever attained greatness through the desire to be called great. The sole desire of serving God is the strongest weapon the world has ever known; by this St. Francis, in an age much like ours, transformed it. The advantage of singleness of purpose, or purity of intention, is proved by a remarkable law of ethics, which is so well expressed by Cardinal Newman that it was proposed to call it Newman's law. A more striking passage is not to be found in the whole range of his writings:

"All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue. Again, virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest

pleasure; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure-sake are selfish, not religious; and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue."

We learn from *Le Couteulx Leader* that our valued contributor Dr. Egan, in the course of a lecture delivered recently in Buffalo, reiterated the necessity of good stories, particularly for the young folk. "He had practical illustration of this fact while in Buffalo. In both of the institutions which he visited he was besieged with questions as to the fate of 'Josie' or 'Alice Reed,' or some other favorite creation of his. Mr. Egan's characters," continues the *Leader*, "are of flesh and blood: they are men and women, boys and girls, whose goodness is sympathetic and possible, and whose badness can be cured. There is no total depravity in his books."

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Dr. Egan has often remarked that our best hopes for the future are centred in the children, for whom he is always glad to write, regarding it as a privilege rather than a sacrifice. He is right. It is no compromise of dignity to write for young people; and those who lament that Catholic authors of prestige do not devote themselves to secular work instead of writing children's stories have no just appreciation of our needs. Are Catholic authors to be censured for not offering their productions to the general public because our own literature is so meagre, because there is next to nothing for Catholic children to read? There are not a few persons and personages amongst us who seem to be always considering "the effect on Protestants," and who act as if they thought that what is good enough for non-Catholics is too good for us. A half-hearted article by a Catholic author in some secular magazine is a sort of triumph in the eyes of many Catholics, the approbation of Protestants is such a precious thing. This is a form of snobbishness as contemptible as it is common.

The Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, President of the Young Men's National Union, recently issued a circular, urging all the members of that excellent association to receive Holy Communion in a body on the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Father Lavelle's closing words are fragrant of the true spirit that should influence our young men: "He

writes: "The wish has been often expressed that the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception might become a monumental day every year, on which all the young men of the country would love to receive Holy Communion, even when not urged thereto by society affiliations. The idea is certainly most praiseworthy; it can not be too much ventilated or thought over. In large cities it might be possible to arrange a spiritual retreat of two or three days beforehand. One thing is certain: no one can do a more glorious work for either Church or country than to urge and facilitate the frequent reception of the Sacraments by our young men."

The thought expressed in the last words ought to sink deep into the hearts of those interested in the welfare of young Americans and America.

The death is mourned of the Rev. James Corrigan, formerly President of Seton Hall College, and brother of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. The deceased was gifted with rare qualities of mind and heart, which caused him to be universally beloved and respected. Mgr. Doane, who delivered the funeral sermon, said of him that "there never was a kindlier or more charitable man; his patrimony had long since been spent in deeds of charity. He lived the life of a faithful follower of Christ, and his death was such as a true priest's should be—without debts and without riches." *R. I. P.*

One never tires of hearing about Cardinal Newman, he was so beautiful and so inexpressibly charming a personality—"a rare, sweet soul." "*Cor at cor loquitur*" was his chosen motto, and it was a characteristic one. He loved much and was greatly loved. The Rev. Father Lockhart, who was one of the Cardinal's oldest and most intimate friends, contributes some reminiscences to the *Dublin Review*, in the course of which he writes:

"I had promised him, soon after going to Littlemore, that I would stay three years: he had made it a condition. I gave the promise, but after a year I found it impossible to keep it. With great grief I left my dear master, and made my submission to the Catholic Church. My secession led to Newman's resigning his parish. His last sermon, as an Anglican, was preached at Littlemore. It is entitled 'The Parting of Friends.' He thought he was compromised by my act, and he was much displeased

with me for breaking my promise. After two years he and his other companions at Littlemore were received into the Church....

"Almost the first thing Newman did after his reception into the Church was to take the trouble to come all the way to Ratcliffe College, in Leicestershire, where I was studying, to see me, in order to show that he blamed me no longer. A year after I was ordained priest I went to see him, when he was living in community with Fathers Faber, Dalgairns and others, at St. Wilfrid's in Staffordshire. They had all been ordained. I remember he *would* serve my Mass, as an act of humility and affection. Since that time I have always paid him an annual visit at the Oratory, Birmingham, where he ever received me with the most cordial affection.... Soon after Easter of this year I paid him my last visit. He sent for me to come to him before he rose in the morning, saying that after dressing he might feel himself too much exhausted to receive me. I found him weak—weak indeed in body, but as bright and clear in mind as ever.... I knelt down, took his hand and kissed it. I felt sure I should not see him again. I thanked him for all the good he had done me, since, under God, he had been, as I hoped, the instrument of my salvation. I asked his blessing, which he gave me with great earnestness, simplicity, and tenderness."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

Mrs. Mary Walthew, who ended her days in great peace on the 15th ult., at St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. John Russell, of Lakeville, Cal., who passed away on the 4th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Henry Hyle, who departed this life at Wilmington, Del., on the 30th of October.

Mr. T. P. French, of Ottawa, Canada, who died on the 7th of last month.

Mrs. Julia Doorly, who breathed her last on the 11th ult., at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Anne Noonan, of Cohoes, N. Y., whose exemplary life closed in a holy death on the 19th ult.

Mr. John Brown, of Brownstown, Ill.; Mr. John O'Driscoll, St. John's, New Foundland; Miss Grace Gillens, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Hester Sullivan, New York city; Mrs. Winifred Gilfoyle, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, New Bedford, Mass.; and Mr. Arthur Flood, Sr., Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Young Folk at Rosebriar.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

XI.—A VICTORY.

THE glow of the fire faded away. The contents of the barn burned easily, and the flames soon devoured all within their sweep. The boys went into the house, washed their begrimed faces, and stole quietly up to their mother's room. Richard knocked gently. Their mother, still holding Josie's hand, said softly: "Come in!"

The boys entered. Richard went up to the bed to kiss his mother's cheek; she turned her face away abruptly. Richard drew back, his own face flushing red. Bernard approached.

"Go away—both of you!" Mrs. West said, in a voice very unlike her usual gentle tones.

"What have we done, mother?"

"You have told me that you were not in the barn to-night before the fire."

"Yes," answered Richard, in surprise, "I told you that, mother."

"But you were."

Richard said nothing. Bernard stepped forward and put his arm through his brother's. "We have never told you a lie, mother."

"No—no—not until to-night."

Tears filled Bernard's eyes; Richard stood, pale and silent. Bernard turned his face toward Josie, and she fancied that he appealed to her. Richard's stern glance seemed to threaten her.

"O Mrs. West," she said, sobbing, "I'm sure it was tramps,—I know it was tramps!"

Bernard looked at her gratefully. Richard turned his eyes away coldly.

"Somebody upset a candle in the hay," said Richard; "we found that out. But it was not Bernard or I."

"Who was it, then? The girls?—you can not expect me to believe that they went to the barn to-night. Your father? Uncle Will?"

"O mother," Bernard cried, kneeling by her bed, "you hurt us! Dear mother," he continued, taking the hand Josie had held, "believe us. We would die this minute rather than tell you an untruth."

Mrs. West pushed his hands away. She turned her face to the wall. "It is sad that the only being here I can trust is almost a stranger. Josie, tell my sons to go."

Bernard stood up, but lingered. Richard walked to the door.

"Do not come back," their mother said, "until you can tell me the truth."

The world looked very gloomy at that moment for Richard and Bernard. But to them it was bright compared with the aspect it wore for Josie. She envied them as they left the room. She opened her lips: they seemed hard and dry. No, she would not—she could not destroy all the affection and respect the folk at Rosebriar had for her by a single stroke. Oh, if she had never listened to Alice Reed! Oh, if she had never come to Rosebriar! Oh, if she had told the truth before Richard and Bernard entered the room! The only thing for her to do was to tell the truth to Mrs. West at once; but every time she hesitated it grew harder to speak. She knew well that the golden chain that bound the mother and sons together would be severed unless she spoke. But she dared not speak.

In the meantime Mrs. West lay with her face to the wall, her head throbbing and her heart bursting. She felt that life could never be the same to her, no matter what might happen. Her boys had told her a falsehood. She knew they had gone into the barn with a candle earlier in the night—she had seen them with her own eyes,—and yet they denied it. If Mrs. West had been in her usual health she would not have been so ready to doubt her boys. She was worn out from pain; she had not slept well for many nights; sickness had made her for a time querulous and suspicious and anxious.

Richard, walking to the end of the passage, looked out the small window at the smouldering barn. Bernard stood near him, absorbed in the bitterness of the moment.

"I think I ought to tell you, Ber, old boy," Richard said, turning, with an affected air of carelessness, "that I know who upset the candle."

Bernard looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, I know. Alice and Josie were in the barn. Mother saw *them*, not us."

"Impossible!" answered Bernard.

"But I saw them go out through the door of papa's study; I thought they were making some pleasant surprise for mother. But I couldn't tell on them, you know."

"I would!" said Bernard, hastily.

"No—it is too late now. Besides, they are girls. It would be mean."

Bernard made no answer for a moment. According to his code, it *would* be mean. Then he said: "Josie will tell herself; she is a good girl."

"We shall see. When she could hear mother say what she said to-night without speaking out, she'll hold her tongue, I fancy."

Bernard sighed. "Mother will never be the same, Richard."

"Never!" repeated the other, with a sigh that sounded like a sob.

"I think we ought to tell," Bernard said, after a pause; "life will be so wretched."

"I will never tell. I should despise myself if I told on two girls."

"And when father hears it?"

Richard winced. "Don't let us speak of it. Come, go to bed."

The prayers sent up that night by those two boys were fervent and full of trust and entreaty.

Josie did not pray. Alice came to her room, and the two girls sat together until very late. Alice was almost jubilant. It served Richard right to be suspected. He was too proud and disagreeable. Now he would be less insolent. Alice declared she was never happier in her life. Those hateful boys were in her power.

"Don't you go and tell!" she said, earnestly. "I'll give you my blue tea-gown."

Josie hung her head.

"You are going to tell!"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I wish I could! I wish I could!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice. "Let the boys bear the blame. We'll be away in a few days and we can't suffer."

"It is not right,—oh, I *must* tell!"

"If you tell," cried Alice, "I'll make your life a burden. I'll—"

"My life is a burden now. I don't care whether I live or die. But what will they think of us when they find us out?"

Alice did not reply at once. She looked into Josie's face. "I'd die before I'd tell. You can have my bangle bracelet if—"

Josie shook her head. "The Sisters would not let me wear it, any how. I don't care for bangle bracelets any more."

Alice reflected. What else might she offer? What else would have an attraction for Josie?

"There is no use in offering me anything," Josie said. "I shall have to tell. If I don't tell I can't be a Catholic any longer."

Alice was aghast. "You *can't*? I never heard of such a thing."

"I must go to confession; and when I tell what I've done the priest will say I must acknowledge it."

"But what do you want to confess it for?"

"It is a sin to put the blame on the boys; it is a sin to lie; and if I should die before morning—" Josie covered her face with her hands. "But I will not tell—I will not tell!"

"That's right," said Alice. "I'm glad I don't have to go to confession."

Josie left the room. But thoughts pursued her; what would become of her if she died that night? In her heart she knew that it was wrong to make Richard and Bernard suffer for what she had done. It never occurred to her that she would be punished for it in any way. In her room, with the light of dawn slowly breaking through the window, she thought about it.

After all, sin must be a dreadful thing, if people were punished so that Josie was afraid she might be punished that very night. In the darkness just turning to gray, Josie felt a thrill of fear. The statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child shone whitely through the gray light. She saw the face of the Child plainly.

"I'll tell," she said,—*"I'll tell, little Jesus, if you'll only keep me from dying before I do it."* She fell asleep in the chair, much relieved.

The next day, as soon as Mrs. West had her breakfast, Josie and Alice went into her room and told their sin. Mrs. West had no words of

reproof for them; she was so happy and so sorry, both at once, that she could only kiss them, weeping. Richard and Bernard were called in, and the cloud floated away from them.

"Let me stay with you," Alice implored. "I will learn to be good. And, though I am an orphan, I am so rich that I can give you everything you want, if you let me stay."

Mrs. West shook her head, smiling. "You are too rich to live with us. We are not wealthy; your ways are different from our ways. If you lived here you would have to be poor as we are."

"I would do it!" said Alice, passionately. "I will give Father Oscott—the priest Rose likes so much—all my money. Oh, just let me live with you! If nobody loves me, what is money to me? I want to be loved just as Rose is loved."

Rose came in at this moment, and Alice appealed to her.

"I *know* I am bad," Alice said; "but I can be good if anybody will teach me."

Rose joined her entreaties to those of Alice. Josie did not speak; she was thanking God that she had told the truth.

Alice was not satisfied. She had begun to love the simplicity of the life at Rosebriar. Here was refinement without fashion, elegance without luxury. The gospel of wealth was not taught here. At Madame Régence's money was all that counted; money was loved; it surrounded every action and mingled with every thought. But at Rosebriar Alice felt she would, if she deserved it, be loved for herself alone.

"If I were only poor," she sighed, "Mrs. West would take me in! As I am rich, I must never expect to have a real home. It is too bad! Nice people will have nothing to do with me, for fear other people will think they are after my money; and people who are not nice want my money, not me. O Josie," she said, with tears in her eyes, "you are happy! You're a poor orphan, and people love you for yourself; but I'm a rich one, and I've never met anybody, except the Wests, who did not think of my money first. I'm an outcast—that's all!"

Alice wiped the tears from her eyes and went to her room, angry with herself and the world. Josie, in her room, knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, saying over and over again the act of contrition.

Early the next morning Alice arose. She had taken a resolution. She wrapped herself in a warm gown and sat down to write a letter. She had thought about it in waking intervals all night.

"Dear Father Oscott," she wrote, "Rose West has often told me of the poverty of your people; and so I came to the conclusion to relieve it. My guardian has a great many thousand dollars for me—left to me by my father. Will you take the money—every cent of it? Just give him this note, and he will let you have it, because it is mine to do as I please with."

Alice folded the note, and sealed it carefully with an anchor seal her mother had given to her. And after luncheon she went up to Mrs. West's room and kissed her.

"You will have to take care of me now," she said. "I am poor; I have nowhere else to go. I have given everything to Father Oscott."

Mrs. West, looking at her, reflected on the opposing qualities in Alice's nature; and it dawned upon her that, if the good were helped against the bad, Alice might some day be a good Christian woman, not a frivolous creature. With a triumphant expression on her face, she told Mrs. West the story of her gift to Father Oscott.

Mrs. West smiled. "How old and how young you are, Alice! Your guardian will not give the money to Father Oscott—it is not yours yet; and dear Father Oscott would not take it, if it were yours to give."

"You will not have me, then!" cried Alice, throwing herself down beside the bed.

"Perhaps—yes, after you have gone to the Sisters a while, you can come here."

Alice kissed her and stole out of the room, too happy for words.

Three months have passed. Alice is with Josie at the convent, with the promise that both she and Josie shall in time go back to live at Rosebriar for good. Richard and Bernard are at school. Rose continues to be the "flower of the family." Uncle Will is in the seminary. They will all meet again on Mrs. West's birthday, and hold the postponed entertainment.

The best of it all is that Mrs. West, now quite well again, trusts all her dear children in that love which, after the love of God, is the best thing on earth.

How Margery Managed for Christmas.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

"Here we are!" said Raymond, setting down a large bundle which he carried, and tapping at the door of a very tiny house. Margery and Miss Madeleine also carried parcels, though smaller than Ray's. Their knock was answered by a child of about seven years of age,—a pale, pinched little creature, whose face, however, brightened wonderfully on recognizing her visitors.

"Well, Kitty, how is your grandmother today?" inquired Miss Madeleine, pleasantly, as all three passed in.

"Only for the rheumatiz she'd be as chipper as anybody," said a cheery, aged voice, coming apparently from an inner room.

"Which, please God, we'll be able to cure in time," was Miss Madeleine's answer, as, followed by her two young companions, she entered the room, where, contrary to her bright assertion, a poor old woman sat in utter helplessness as to the use of her hands and legs. But what a neat, cheery-looking old lady she was, to be sure, with her alert, twinkling black eyes and snowy hair!

The room was very poorly and scantily furnished; yet it was so spotlessly clean, and the sun shone in so pleasantly, and Granny's face was so wreathed in smiles, that it would never for a moment occur to a casual observer that the wolf sometimes knocked at the little door, or that sorrow and trouble and pain frequently tried the portals of poor old Granny's heart. But such visitors did come; only, however, to be banished by a beautiful faith and courage, which had helped to bear the suffering spirit aloft on the bright wings of hope.

"Well, dearie," said the old woman, looking toward Margery, "but this is kind of you, very kind,—to come to see an old woman so near the blessed Christmas time, when your little head must be full of plans of your own. And the young gentleman too. I'm sure it's an honor."

"My brother," said Margery, introducing Raymond, who delighted his sister by rising and acknowledging the introduction in his most

polite manner. What would not Tilly Atwood give for just such a bow?

"It's the Christmas time that has brought us, Granny dear," said Miss Madeleine. "We are going round with little gifts to our friends, and Miss Margery insisted upon coming here first. Now, Granny, don't be proud"—as there was a slight but hardly perceptible drawing up of the decrepit figure in the chair,—“remember these are Christmas gifts; all friends give them to one another. Besides, I'm greatly pleased with my little girl's handiwork, and want you to admire it too. See what she made all herself."

As Miss Madeleine spoke she was opening the bundle which Ray had carried, and now displayed a pretty, warm merino dress, just of a size to fit little Kitty. "It is for you, dear," she said, holding it toward the delighted child; while Granny melted at once, and two big tears made the bright old eyes shine suspiciously.

"Bless your little heart, Margery dear!" she said, turning to the girl. "But you didn't do all that yourself?"

"Every stitch, Granny," put in Miss Madeleine; while Margery murmured:

"But Miss Madeleine helped."

"Only in the way of suggestions and cutting," answered that kind lady. "I assure you I did not sew a stitch."

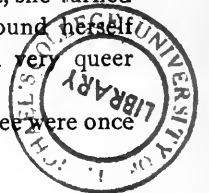
"And—and I made these for you," Margery went on, gaining a little more confidence, and displaying a pair of warm, woolen wristlets. "Only a trifle, Granny; but—but they are for where you have the rheumatism so badly."

Granny caught the little hand that held out the gift and pressed it to her lips, while Margery's face grew very red.

"Thank you, my child," said the old woman, in a queer, choked voice; "thank you for the love, the thought, the sympathy, which go to an old woman's heart, and warm it so that cold or poverty can never enter there. Thank you! thank you! And may the Christ-Child and His holy Mother bless you!"

Margery felt very much like crying herself; and, after giving Granny one quick kiss, she turned abruptly away. In doing so she found herself face to face with Ray, who looked very queer about the mouth and eyes.

Half an hour later the party of three were once



more in the street. Ray walked ahead and was very silent.

"Poor old Granny, how wonderfully she bears up!" was Miss Madeleine's comment. "Nevertheless, she must be unhappy about her son. I wonder if your father couldn't do something for him, Margy?"

Granny's only son, quite a young man, was afflicted with an unfortunate deafness, which rendered it very difficult for him to keep any steady occupation. He was the only bread-winner in the little family, and as he was frequently out of work his grandmother and sister were often reduced to the verge of starvation.

"I have been told he has a good head for figures," went on Miss Madeleine; "to be book-keeper to a patient employer might suit. We shall have to see about it, you and I, Margy," she ended.

"How could I see about it?" said Margery. "I—I couldn't ask papa."

"Well," answered Miss Madeleine, "we'll talk of it another time. Now we shall have to hurry home, so that you may send off your presents."

Margery smiled brightly in anticipation of that pleasure; for she had presents for all her friends. Miss Madeleine had been true to her word; and, although Margery had not received one cent of spending money, except the dollar Ray had insisted on her accepting, no less than eight pretty articles reposed in her bureau drawers at home. "How in the world did she manage it?" we hear some girl readers exclaim. Patience, thought, encouragement, industry and ingenuity,—these were the magic means to a most satisfactory end.

In the first place, her father was to be presented with a black velvet smoking-cap, skilfully embroidered and neatly sewed. Miss Madeleine had begged the remnant from Aunt Libby, who had had a dress of that material made recently. Then, as for the embroidery silk, lining, etc., we shall have to acknowledge that Miss Madeleine had once been guilty of making a "crazy" patch-work quilt; and every girl knows the numberless odds and ends of silks, ribbons, etc., which such an undertaking leaves on one's hands.

For Aunt Libby a pincushion had been thought of; and as Miss Madeleine's wonderful scrap-box opportunely produced a large piece of gold-colored satin, Margery conceived the happy idea

of ornamenting it with her aunt's monogram, surrounded by a wreath of her favorite flowers—pansies. Here her paint-box was called into requisition; and, having already been taking lessons for several years, Margery was capable of some dainty workmanship. For Ray a piece of white satin ribbon was found; and, under Miss Madeleine's guidance, Margery worked his initials on it, and then slyly sewed it in his best hat as a hat-band.

And then for her girl friends. A dainty little "catch all," or hair receiver, made of a white silk fan, which had become broken and unfit for use as a fan any longer, but which, having a spray of rose-buds painted on it, and being brought together in cornucopia shape by running in and out a couple of rows of pale pink ribbon, and finished off at the bottom with an elegant bow of the same and at the top with a loop, Margery knew would go nicely with the hangings in Bell's room. Miss Madeleine's wonderful box furnished the ribbon for that too. A piece of golden brown plush, which had been left over from the trimming of one of Margery's last winter dresses, lined with satin, again from the remnants of the inexhaustible crazy quilt, made a very pretty photograph case, on which to paint in fancy letters, "Mabel's Friends."

For Genevieve and Tilly the woods and fields of the past autumn had brought forth their treasures. But, then, for the first time Margery had to break her dollar. She bought a very nice, plainly bound scrap album for fifty cents, and a bottle of varnish for fifteen. Then numberless expeditions to the woods and fields procured a variety of the most beautiful leaves and ferns. A coat of varnish preserved the leaves in their exquisite tints, and the ferns in their delicate, green freshness, and a little dexterous ingenuity and taste arranged them in all sorts of pretty shapes and designs on the pages of the book. An artistic bow of cherry-colored ribbon ornamented the outside left-hand corner, and Genevieve's present was done. It was one that she could not buy at all events.

To Tilly's lot fell the most unique of all. It was a picture—a pretty landscape painted on ordinary moss, the process of doing which, though it would take too long to describe here, is one of the simplest in the world. This was set in

a disused picture-frame, found in the garret, but which Margery ornamented by dropping on a plain glued surface, in imitation of a pretty pattern, grains of rice interspersed with light colored, prettily shaped coffee beans; a coat of white varnish finished it up in the style of a real East India frame, and the effect of the whole was indescribably beautiful. On seeing it, we may add, Tilly went into ecstasies. Indeed, when all the girls came over the morning after Christmas to thank Margery, they could not have looked more pleased had they been presented with "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

"How much you must have thought of us, to puzzle your brains devising these pretty things!" said Genevieve. And each of the girls echoed her sentiment, appreciating that thought.

"Oh, you dear, darling, delightful creature!" cried Tilly, in a burst of admiration. "You've given me something that nobody else I know can possibly have. How *did* you manage it all?"

"Ah, that's my secret!" said Margery. "Some day I shall tell. And, oh dear, girls," she added confidently, "at first I was in such a pickle!"

But to return to the rest of Margery's managing. Miss Madeleine had taken her to see old Granny, and Margery had become very much interested in the patient old woman, and very anxious to relieve her troubles. Nobody, save perhaps Miss Madeleine, noticed how often part of Margery's dessert was slyly put away, and how mysterious oranges and pears and bunches of grapes and jellies somehow accompanied Margery in the visits. Little things perhaps, but deriving a thousandfold value from the generous spirit which prompted, and the delicate, kindly manner in which they were given. It was Miss Madeleine, however, who had suggested making over one of Margery's dresses, which was very good, but which she had quite outgrown, to fit little Kitty. What a tedious task that was to Margery! But she worked away with a will, and certainly was more than repaid when she finished. Twenty cents' worth of wool made the wristlets for Granny.

Of course dear Miss Madeleine was not forgotten, though the fact of having to work her bookmark—a bunch of white lilies on blue ribbon—all by herself, and so mysteriously, rendered it very difficult at times for poor Margery; but surely Miss Madeleine was worth a little extra

trouble. And, to crown all, Aunt Libby hadn't been obliged to reprove her for carelessness or disobedience in a whole month. Her spare time was so fully occupied, and she was learning such lessons in patience and carefulness, that she was quite a changed little girl.

When her father was presented with his cap on Christmas morning, Margery was astonished to see how he started, and then turned away his face before thanking her in a strangely broken voice. Miss Madeleine knew why, though. Her eldest sister had been a close friend of Margery's mother in their girlhood, and she knew Mr. Davis would remember the first present his young bride ever gave him, so very like this one which now his little daughter presented. Aunt Libby was both touched and pleased to find she had not been forgotten, and the hearty kiss she gave her niece established a closer bond between them. As for Ray, who had been let into the secret of all the transactions, he firmly believed that there never was a fellow who had such a dear, clever, ingenious little sister.

"And she did it all on a dollar, pop," was his blunt remark. "You know you never give Margery any spending money."

With the usual happy masculine innocence as to the way the women folk manage such small details, "pop" didn't seem so astonished as might be expected at that piece of information. Aunt Libby, however, marvelled greatly.

"Well, my dear, you *do* deserve a little pocket-money," she said. "Walter, you must make her an allowance every week for the future."

Whereupon Mr. Davis drew forth a bright gold eagle, and said that should be for the first week.

Often during the course of the day Margery observed that her father looked at her a great deal. She could not dream that her little present had awakened tender memories of happy days long gone,—days whose bliss was made by the companionship of another beloved Margery, who, now he noticed for the first time, seemed to have imparted so much of her own likeness to her young daughter. At evening, before the lamps were lighted, in the tender twilight the family group gathered round the hearth-fire.

"Come here, little one," said her father, drawing the shy and wondering Margery on his knee. "What can I do to make my daughter happy?"

Margery was quite confounded for a moment; then, with an impetuous movement from her little heart swelling with joy and gratitude, she threw her arms around his neck, pleading, "Only let me love you dearly, dearly!" It is hardly necessary to add that after this Margery found she could coax her father to do many things.

What a happy Christmas Day it had been! Truly the Christ-Child, who came down on earth to bring peace and good-will to men, held His tiny hands in blessing over that united household; for Margery had done her best.

The Sistine Madonna.

Raphael well deserves the title of the Painter of the Blessed Virgin; for during his lifetime, short as it was, he placed her face upon canvas more than fifty times. He never wearied of representing those holy features, clothed with light and shining with radiance from heaven. Of all these famous pictures the Madonna di San Sisto, commonly known as the Sistine Madonna, is pre-eminent. Our young readers may not recognize it by either of these names, but they will surely recollect it when they know it is the one wherein the two sweet little cherubs lean upon a balustrade and look up where the Holy Mother holds her Divine Child in her arms. These cherubs have often been copied by themselves, and are favorite subjects with painters and engravers.

As if warned of his impending death, Raphael concentrated in this, his last Madonna, all the excellences which had made his others so admirable; and it is to-day the despair of all who would make a successful copy of it. No one has ever been able to catch the charm of this immortal work. One of the greatest and holiest of artists tried for years, and then threw down his pencil, saying he would try no more.

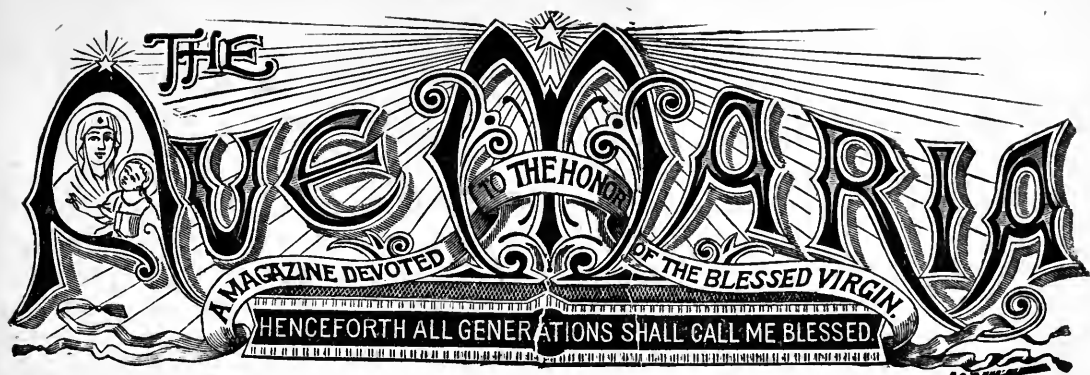
But if people can not copy it, they can admire it, and that they do in crowds. Many look upon it and go away in tears; multitudes gaze, and are refreshed and strengthened. Some have gone so far as to declare that Raphael was inspired when he painted, and so have named him the Divine Painter. And surely he deserves the name if ever painter did.

The Benedictines of Placencia, for whom this masterpiece was wrought, kept their treasure until 1794, when it passed into the hands of the Elector of Saxony. Since then it has remained in the great gallery at Dresden, the Elector's throne having been moved in order to give the picture the best lighted place. Soon after its removal to Dresden it underwent a cleaning and varnishing, and the artists of the world held their breath when they heard that the result was visible in great ugly spots and stains. Of late, however, it has been discovered that the dryness of the colors was the cause of this, and the painting has been renewed and restored by a coat of oil upon the back of the canvas.

A Tribute to Washington.

It is quite natural for us to think of the Japanese as far removed from us in every way, even in the manner of thought; but the children of that far and fair land are much like boys and girls the world over, only—must we admit it?—more obedient and gentle than the children of Free America. But these little "Japs," it is pleasant to know, love our country; and we give herewith what a young girl of Tokio, on a recent occasion, said of George Washington in one of her quaint little essays:

"Look at America! Why is it called the grand Occidental region of the world? How could they fight against the very strong English, when the men were few and unskilled in warfare? One who had a patriotic spirit must have advised the people with tears in his eyes. His name is known all over the world. Even Japan, the small island, celebrates the Fourth of July as a grand day. Is there any one who says that George Washington was a bad man? No, indeed; yet, if we think of it a great deal, we know that he was a human being like ourselves, so he must have sinned before God sometimes. He is known as the 'Father of his Country,' and is loved and venerated by all loyal citizens of America, the greatest republic in the world. Those who laid down their lives for good are not really dead. There is one great day when they will win victory; the crown which they will receive is not one of laurel, but of eternal life."



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The Coming Day.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

UNDER the stars, in the ages olden,
The world awaiting its Saviour slept,
When down the steps of the stairway golden
The morn He chose for His coming crept:
Never had half so fair a dawning
Gladdened the gaze of the waking earth
As when the angels that radiant morning
Sang the sweet song of the Christ-Child's birth.

For as they hearkened and heard the story,
With rosier hues seemed the heavens aglow;
A gentler grace and a grander glory
Transformed the face of all things below:
The rugged mountains their crowns dissembled,
The valleys softened with new desires,
And thro' the ether there thrilled and trembled
The glorious chant of the angel choirs.

And year by year, when each new December
Brings back to us the day once more,
If neither the skies nor the earth remember
To don the splendors that morn they wore,
Faith strips the one of their sombre shadows,
Love floods the other with joy and mirth,
And sweetly over the snow-clad meadows
Echoes the song of the Christ-Child's birth.

WHERE Mary is not loved and honored, Christ is not worshipped; and where Christ is not worshipped, the devils have the field all to themselves.—*Brownson.*

Silvio Pellico.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

READER, hast thou suffered?" is the epigraph prefixed by Cesare Cantù to one of his most charming tales; and he adds the warning: "No? Then this book is not for thee."* With good reason these words might have headed "My Prisons," that sublime poem of active resignation, which will excite tears of sympathy when even "Francesca da Rimini" and all the other beautiful works of Silvio Pellico will be read only by the few.

Outside of Italy, but especially in our country, too little is known of Silvio Pellico. The names of filibusters and cowardly assassins are quite familiar to us; but the true patriots of Italy, not being decked with the Red Shirt, are almost ignored. And yet there are many reasons why the memory of Pellico should be cherished. No man who has borne the name of patriot has left a more beneficent trace of himself, and few have merited a purer glory. He was a man of elevated mind; but, above all, he was a man of heart—a man of generous thoughts and noble inspirations. When a worthy version of "Le Mie Prigioni" shall have been given to the many who can not read it in the original, then the author will be loved where now he is scarcely known; and, being loved, will make his readers better men.

Silvio Pellico was born at Saluzzo in Piedmont, in 1789. "Born of most loving parents,"

* "Margherita Pusterla."

he tells us, "in that condition of life which is not poverty, but which places one near to both the poor and the rich, and thus enables one to know both states exactly, I passed my childhood under the sweet care of my family; then I was sent to Lyons, to the guardianship of an old cousin of my mother, a very wealthy man, and one worthy of his riches. There the first ardor of my youth felt the enchantment of all that can affect a heart yearning for elegance and affection." But a reading of "The Tombs," by Ugo Foscolo, gave him an attack of homesickness; so Silvio went to Milan, where his father held the position of chief of division in the Ministry of War.

Here his first poetical attempts procured him the friendship of such men as Manzoni, Monti, and Foscolo, of the last of whom he says: "I was attracted to him above all others; and this irritable and harsh-mannered man was all sweetness and cordiality to me, so that I tenderly revered him." It was to Foscolo that Pellico went for advice as to which of his first two tragedies he should produce—the "Francesca da Rimini" or the "Leodamia"; and the reply was that the latter was a masterpiece, but that "Francesca" should be thrown into the fire. It was fortunate for the lovers of tragic poetry that Pellico preferred his own opinion to that of the great man. Byron, Madame de Staël, and Schlegel, when visiting Milan, asked for introductions to the already famous author; and Byron, in return for Pellico's compliment in rendering "Manfred" into Italian prose, translated "Francesca" into English verse.

Pellico was a devoted patriot, and therefore intensely hostile to the Austrian rule in Lombardy and Venice. While his own early manhood had been exclusively occupied in attention to the Muses, many of his friends had for a long time been preparing a web of conspiracy against the foreign domination. Some of them had even joined the Carbonari, once a society for the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples during the French occupation and the reign of Murat, but afterward an ultra-republican secret organization, one which knew no scruples in its course of action. When *Il Conciliatore*—a periodical review, but secretly aiming at the expulsion of the Tedesco—was established, Pellico was led to join such eminent contributors as Romagnosi, Melchiorre Gioja, Manzoni, Sismondi, and Gon-

falonieri; but his primary object was the indulgence of his literary tastes. After a while his ardent and unsuspecting nature impelled him to a step which precipitated the catastrophe of his life. He wrote to one of the most advanced Carbonari, asking him what obligations he would incur by joining the mysterious society, what was the prescribed formula of oath, etc.; adding that, if his conscience would permit, he would like to enter an organization apparently devoted to the good of the country. This letter fell into the hands of the Governor of Milan, and just then came the news of an uprising in Naples to startle the Austrian authorities into extra precautions for their tenure of the Iron Crown. Pellico was among the arrested.

The poet now found himself charged, firstly, with having written in a periodical founded with the object of subverting his Imperial Majesty's rule in Lombardy; and secondly, with having corresponded with an enemy of the state. According to the ferocious code established by Austria in her Italian dominions, he merited death. But, innocent as he felt himself of all crime in the matter, he gave way to no despondency; on the contrary, as he afterward wrote, he "was resolved to receive the terrible blow like a Christian, and to manifest no resentment against those from whom it came."

Pellico had been transferred to the Piombi of Venice, and there he heard his sentence. On February 22, 1822, he was led—together with his intimate friend Maroncelli, who had been apprehended at the same time—to the stairway where the Doge Marino Falieri had been decapitated; and there, in the middle of the square, where an immense multitude had assembled, the two friends ascended a scaffold. The sentence was read, and when the officer came to the words "condemned to death," a murmur of compassion ran through the assemblage. But immediately a sigh of comparative relief was heard, as the words were pronounced to the effect that his penalty was commuted to fifteen years of *carcere duro*, or solitary confinement in the Fortress of Spielberg.

Now began Pellico's purgatory on earth. The Fortress of Spielberg, situated in Moravia, and not far from Austerlitz, was at that time the most severe prison in the Austrian Empire. About three hundred assassins and robbers were then

confined in it; but fortunately the poet's sentence exempted him from forced association with this scum. On his arrival he was immediately conducted to a subterranean cell, furnished with a bare board for a bed, and having an enormous chain fastened to the wall. "This chain is for you if you are not quiet," said the jailer. "If you are reasonable, you will carry only a chain at your ankles." When this safeguard had been fastened, the smith, believing that Pellico did not understand German, said: "They might have spared him this ceremony; for before two months the Angel of Death will have delivered him." The unfortunate replied in German, "God grant it so!"

However, from the first hour of his captivity the poet resigned himself to the will of God. He had not been devout, but he had never been hostile to religion. "My youth," he wrote in 1840, "had been a period of delirium, vain philosophy, pride; a fluctuation from one doctrine to another, and of confidence in my own miserable intelligence. In the foolish activity of my worldly thoughts, I had no time to think of God. Many days of imprisonment, ten years in a tomb, were necessary. . . . In that frightful repose I had opportunity to discern the truth, to love the Divine Goodness. I can never thank God sufficiently for this. His apparent anger was merely His love." Pellico forced himself, amid the horrors of his solitude, to "remember that God is always near us,—nay, that He is in us, or rather we are in Him. . . . I even learned to bless my prison, since it taught me the ingratitude of men, my own wretchedness, and the goodness of God."

A few books were allowed to solace his dreariness, but he confined himself principally to the Bible and Dante. Very little paper was furnished him; but by dint of economy, and learning by heart what he had written before he erased the characters for a new instalment of copy, he was enabled to compose two of his finest tragedies—"Ester d'Engaddi" and "Iginia d'Asti"; also many beautiful chants. But the thought of his dear ones at home was ever crushing his heart. "It was not beyond my strength to become resigned to a long captivity, even to the scaffold; but my soul rebelled at the thought of the immense grief of my father, my mother, my brothers, and my sisters." Who could console those loving hearts? "He whom all the afflicted invoke; He

whom they love and whom they feel within themselves; He who gave to a Mother the strength to follow her Son to Golgotha, and to stand at the foot of His cross; the Friend of all mortals." Pellico was allowed to receive letters from home, but they were sometimes delivered in such a mutilated state that they only served to exasperate him. The authorities invariably erased whatever they did not fancy; and one day all that was left of a letter from his father was the salutation, "Dear Silvio!" and the farewell, "We embrace you with all our hearts."

With Pellico to live was to love, and he began to love even his jailers. "I deemed myself happy when the sentinel passed far enough from the wall for me to see him, and whenever he would lift his eyes at my coughing. If his physiognomy was pleasing, if he seemed at all capable of pity, I would throb sweetly as though he were an intimate friend. When he marched away I would await his return with tender disquiet. Oh, it is so sweet to be loved!" A fellow-prisoner named Andryane once sent to Pellico a part of a composition which he could not finish for want of ink. The poet drew some of his own blood, and by means of a sympathetic warden sent it to his brother in literature, with these lines: "It is with my blood that I write to tell you, my dear Alexander, that your work is inspired by Providence, and I beg you to complete it with my blood. . . . So long as any remains in my veins, good young man, you shall have it, so that you may raise to the glory of God one of those solemn canticles which teach men so well that they must seek happiness in the practice of virtue and the worship of the Lord. Would that, with the aid of this blood, I could prolong your life!"

Pellico had been a close prisoner for nearly nine years, when on the morning of August 1, 1830, he was informed that it had pleased the Austrian sovereign to remit the balance of his imprisonment. On September 17 he arrived in Turin, where his family awaited him. "Who could describe the consolation of my heart, and of those cherished ones, when at length I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters? Restored to these objects of my tenderness, I was and am, among all mortals, the most to be envied. For all my past misfortunes and for my present felicity, as well as for

whatever of good or evil may be reserved for me, Providence be praised!"

Our poet left Spielberg a physical wreck; he was "like a flower over a grave." He had left politics "in the hands of Providence," and he devoted the rest of his life "to literature, society, and a little prayer." But when "Le Mie Prigioni" appeared, it was seen that he was still a force in the political world. While Metternich demanded of Charles Albert its suppression in his dominions, the Carbonari raged against it. The Austrian diplomat discerned in the moderate recital an act of supreme condemnation of his government's despotism, whereas the secret societies found a fervent Catholic in the martyr of what they termed their cause.

The word "clerical" had not yet been adopted to indicate a person who was willing to yield justice to the Church and to the clergy; but Pellico was held up to scorn by the atheistic devotees of the Dark Lantern, as one who had succumbed to the wiles of priestcraft. That the victim of the hatred of the entire Masonic school did not find himself summarily "removed" is a mystery, which can be accounted for only on the supposition that it was thought that the consumption contracted in the Austrian dungeon would soon do its work. Meanwhile the order was passed from one end of Italy to the other to hiss the plays of our poet whenever they were represented. This course of the secret societies was an indication to Pellico that his book had been the instrument of conversion for many souls; and, thus encouraged, he published his "Duties of Men," which proved to be a perfect manual of moral and patriotic instruction. The air was filled with shouts about the *rights* of men; a word should be said concerning their *duties*.

In 1845 Queen Maria Amelia, the pious consort of King Louis Philippe, appreciating Pellico's sweetness, sincerity, and utter freedom from baseness of every description, offered him the position of librarian of the Tuileries; but the poet wished to die in Italy. With noble simplicity, however, he accepted the hospitality of the Marchioness de Barolo, a lady illustrious for her charities and literary taste. In the retirement of this thoroughly Christian home he passed the last years of his life, "as happy as one can be in this world." The motto on his letter-paper was,

"I believe, I hope"; and the Marchioness shows that the tenor of his latter days was more than ever in accordance with the device. "People call on him," she writes, "and they praise him. All that passes. For him there is nothing but the thought of God and eternity; and this thought gives him patience to be a professor for my Little Sisters of St. Anne, to whose pupils he teaches Italian and French grammar. He composes for them sacred plays and canticles. He goes to church frequently, not at all into society."

In the beginning of 1854 his friends noticed that his Communions became more frequent, and his desire to see God face to face more ardent. On January 31 he said: "O Paradise, Paradise! I feel that I am going. It is a great happiness to have expiated one's sins on earth. When I wrote 'Le Mie Prigioni' I thought, for a time, that I was a great man; but that was not true, and I have repented of my vanity all the rest of my life." With perfect serenity he asked his confessor to recite the prayers for the dying. When these were finished the priest turned to continue his encouragement, but the sweet soul of Silvio Pellico had returned to God.

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

'XXVI.

AS the party—all of whom had a depressing consciousness that the day had not been a success—journeyed back to the city, Mr. Les-trange decided that he would tell Mrs. Thorpe that there was no reason for his staying longer in Mexico, and take his departure immediately for the States. But by the time they had all dined together at the Café Anglais, and he had afterward smoked a meditative cigar in the quiet, beautiful alleys of the Alameda, one of the facile changes to which he was liable came over him. He reminded himself that he had not come to Mexico with the intention of seeking to renew his broken relations with Carmela, and that therefore the sentiments which she had avowed with such uncomfortable frankness had not altered his position in the least. He had come primarily to satisfy himself regarding Mrs. Thorpe's inten-

tions, and these intentions were still unknown to him. To go away, therefore, in ignorance would be an act of folly of which in his cooler moments he could not be guilty.

Moreover, what, after all, had passed between himself and Carmela? Simply an explanation, in which she had certainly mortified his vanity, but in the course of which he had not committed himself to any expression of desire for the renewal of their engagement. He had not been rejected, because he had offered nothing save apologies. Should the time come when he would offer more, the result (so he began to assure himself) might be different. Already his vanity softened the uncomfortable memory of Carmela's words and looks and tones. Face to face with her, he had not been able to blind himself to their meaning, and he had felt that meaning in every fibre. But now he told himself that they had been dictated by the natural indignation of a woman who felt that she had been trifled with; and that it was impossible for one so young, so full of passionate feeling, and so gentle even in anger, to resist the influence of a man whom but a little time before she had certainly loved, should he care to exert that influence. But, however this might be, at least one thing was clear: he could not go away leaving Mrs. Thorpe's caprices to assert themselves in any manner they chose, and Fenwick to take *his* place with Carmela. A jealous anger seized him when he thought of Fenwick. He fancied how pleased that gentleman would be to see him depart, and he decided that he had been very foolish even to think of affording him the gratification.

Fenwick, meanwhile, was hearing from Mrs. Thorpe a very frank statement of the case. She saw that he was puzzled, and she decided that some explanation was due to him; so, after Carmela had retired to her room, excusing herself on the plea of fatigue, and while Lestrangle was smoking his cigar in the Alameda, these two, seated together in the soft night on the balcony of the hotel, became thoroughly confidential. She told him the whole story, leaving out nothing of her own part therein; and he listened quietly, asking himself how much hope there might be for him in it. Of one thing he felt sure: Lestrangle's return had brought no happiness to Carmela in the present, whatever it might do in

the future; and he said as much to Mrs. Thorpe. She agreed with him, and then added:

"But do not be too certain in the conclusions you draw from that. Women are strange creatures. She may care for him all the time and hardly be aware of it herself. I am inclined to believe that she does, else she would not have shrunk so much from seeing him."

Fenwick smiled. "Women *are* strange creatures," he said, "else surely it would not occur to you to draw such a conclusion from such a fact. It seems to me, in my masculine ignorance, to argue quite otherwise. But I think at least we may be certain that Mr. Lestrangle will not be allowed to simply step into the place he resigned: he must win it, if he is ever again to possess it. How much advantage the past may or may not give him in this I can not pretend to determine, but on one point I am able to assure you very positively: he will not have the lists altogether to himself on this occasion. Carmela Lestrangle is the one woman I have ever known who seems to me worth any effort to win, and I shall certainly make every effort to win her. Should I succeed, I can promise that she will not slip away from me because I have not appreciation enough of her value to hold fast what I have won."

"I am sure of that," said Mrs. Thorpe. She sighed a little. After all, was it so much Arthur's fault that he had been tried beyond his strength, and that this prize had slipped away from his lax grasp? There could be no doubt what was best for Carmela; yet her pity suddenly rose for the man whom her caprice had deprived of so great a good.

"I find that for our wrong acts there is generally a very swift retribution, even on earth," she observed, after a moment. "And, however much we may desire to atone, the possibility of thorough atonement is seldom in our power. When I came to Mexico I thought I had only to put out my hand to undo what I had done. But I soon found how much I was mistaken. I soon found that I was powerless to do anything; and, although disappointed, I could only admire Carmela's whole attitude in the matter. When I first sought her acquaintance she was placed in a position which to many people would, under the circumstances, have been very difficult. But I am unable to give you any idea of the dignity, the

simplicity and the high-mindedness with which she acted. She knew that I was the moving cause of Arthur's conduct; but she ignored the fact completely, or only showed her recollection of it by declining to discuss anything regarding him with me. Until this morning I was in complete ignorance of her feelings toward him. I have told you the substance of what she said then. How much hope there may be in it for him or for you, I confess that I can not tell."

"It is difficult to tell," answered Fenwick. He looked absently at the scene before him. The sweeping curve of the gallery that, with its incandescent electric lights, encircles the front of the old monastic building; the masses of drooping foliage in the garden; the figures moving here and there, giving an effect of life and movement without noise; and the dark-blue sky, thick-sown with shining stars, looking down,—all made a picture which would dwell long in his memory. Yet, as he gazed, he was hardly conscious of seeing it, so clearly did he see instead the sunlight falling in the old Carmelite garden, and Carmela's face as she said, "Nothing that can fill our hearts or make them constant even for the shortest time; nothing which gives lasting happiness or repays one for the pain of which life is so full." The sweet, pathetic tones seemed sounding in his ears, and he forgot Lestrangle to ask himself, with a pang at his heart, if it would ever be granted to *him* to teach her that even human love might mean something beside pain.

The next day it was generally, though tacitly, understood that there was to be no sight-seeing. For the first time since their arrival at Guadalupe Fenwick proposed nothing for the amusement of the two ladies; and, after a brief meeting in the morning, the day passed without their seeing him at all. It was not a very agreeable day to any one. Carmela remained for the most part in her own room, and had so far the advantage of Mrs. Thorpe, who, having summoned Lestrangle, had no alternative but to make the best of his society. He was tired, bored, ill at ease, and not a very interesting companion. He wished to sound his aunt with regard to her intentions, but had not courage sufficient to do so; and he felt distinctly aggrieved that Carmela should avoid him. Had she wished to bring him back to his former allegiance, no conduct

that she could have adopted would have been more likely to do so. He began to long to restate himself in her good opinion and to win again his old power—the power it had been so great a pleasure to exercise,—but how was he to do so if she gave him no opportunity?

This was the question he was putting to himself while lounging in Mrs. Thorpe's sitting-room, and irritating that lady by his restlessness and ill-concealed weariness.

"I really think, Arthur," she said, with asperity, "that if it bores you so much to be here, it will be best for you to go away. I have not the least desire to make a martyr of you."

"My dear aunt," replied Lestrangle, "I have never credited you with such a desire. Nor do I feel myself in the least a martyr. I assure you that I like very well to be here, otherwise I should certainly go away. Have you ever known me fail to gratify my own wishes when it was possible to do so?"

"Never," answered Mrs. Thorpe, emphatically. "In that respect at least I can congratulate you upon perfect consistency. But nothing is easier than to tell when you are bored, and you are badly bored at present—do not deny it."

"Why should I deny what you say is evident? I was not aware of it myself, but we are not always the best judges of ourselves. I confess, however, that I am restless. Uncertainty is, you know, always trying to the nerves."

"And what uncertainty are you suffering?" asked the lady. "You informed me immediately on your arrival that you had no wish to renew your engagement with Carmela, and I do not think she leaves you in any doubt with regard to the fact that she is not anxious to do so either."

"I told you that—yes," he answered; "but I also told you that I would be governed in my conduct by what I discovered of Carmela's feelings. Consequently I am in uncertainty, for Carmela gives me no opportunity to learn anything about her."

"Had you no opportunity yesterday in the Pedrigal?" Mrs. Thorpe asked with a quickness which confused him. "I certainly thought some explanation would be the result of your having so conveniently followed the wrong path."

He was vexed to feel himself color. There was no one to whom he would not have confided the

result of that conversation in the Pedrigal rather than to this woman, who seemed always ready to taunt him with the weakness of which her own conduct had been the moving cause.

"We spoke a little of the past," he remarked; "but not at all of the present. She was good enough to say that she does not blame me for—anything. But that does not make it less necessary that I should blame myself. I acted like—"

"The egotist that you always were," said Mrs. Thorpe, candidly but not unkindly, as he paused. "Let us be frank, Arthur. You acted like an egotist, and I like a tyrant. Well, I at least am punished; for, now that I know Carmela Lestrangle, I would give much to bring her into my life by means of some enduring tie. But this I do not think is to be."

"You mean," he said hastily, too much struck by her words to consider for the moment his pride, "that you do not think she will ever now consent to marry me?"

Mrs. Thorpe did not remind him of the striking inconsistency between the eagerness of the question and the attitude he had up to this time assumed. She only looked at him with an expression which he thought the kindest he had ever seen on her face, as she answered: "I have no reason to make such a prophecy. Carmela is not altogether like other girls—not easily fathomed or understood,—and it is difficult to say what she will or will not do. Only this I am sure of: she will not pardon easily one who has acted as you have done; and if you are to regain what you have lost, it can only be by winning anew her confidence and respect."

"I should prefer to win her heart," he said—"if indeed it has ever been lost to me."

His aunt shook her head. "You make a great mistake," she replied, "in thinking that it is possible to win her heart unless you can first win again her confidence and respect. There may be women who love without considering whether the men they love are worthy or not, but Carmela is not one of them—no woman of the highest order is. Respect, you know, is a necessary part of love. You have forfeited hers, and you must regain it before you can hope to win her love."

"But how am I to do this?" he asked, with a humility which sat strangely upon him, and which was the result of the recollection of Carmela's

words of yesterday coming to strengthen those of Mrs. Thorpe to-day. "It is not an easy task."

"No," said his monitor, "it is not easy; but if you wish to succeed, it is necessary. For myself, I need not tell you how much I should rejoice in your success; for it would take from me a weight of self-reproach which otherwise can never be removed, and it would bring into close relations with me one to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude."

"Of gratitude?" he repeated interrogatively, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"Of gratitude," Mrs. Thorpe answered; "since it is not likely that but for Carmela I should ever have been what I am to-day—a Catholic, in belief at least."

"A Catholic—you!" ejaculated Lestrangle. He stared as if he thought that she had suddenly lost her senses. She could hardly have astonished him more. "But it is impossible!" he cried, after a moment. "How often have we agreed—"

"Yes," she interposed, "I know that we have agreed to a great many foolish things—you and I. But, then, you see, as I have discovered, we were very ignorant, for all that we fancied ourselves so wise."

"And you have come to Mexico to discover that?" he exclaimed, with a contemptuous accent of incredulity.

"Yes," she said again. "It was a blow to my arrogant Anglo-Saxon and modern pride; was it not? I fancied that I was coming to a country of backward progress and medieval traditions, where all the worst superstitions and corruptions of the 'Roman Church' flourished in an atmosphere of ignorance. Well, I have learned lessons here which I hope never to forget,—lessons of touching faith, of noble, unstinted charity; of patience under persecution; of virtue and wisdom so admirable that I said to myself that the religion which produced such fruits was worthy of closest study. And when I came to inquire into its doctrines and practices, I found all reasonable, harmonious and perfect. There were no gaps to be filled by violent assumptions, as in other systems I had known; and instead of an atmosphere of ignorance, I found myself admitted for the first time in my life into clear, intellectual light. This light I know now that I could have found anywhere—for it is the light

of undivided truth which the Catholic Church everywhere possesses; but, as a matter of fact, I never found it until I came to Mexico. I tell you these things, Arthur, in order that you may understand that I act only from thorough conviction."

"Well," observed Lestrangle, throwing himself back in his chair, "I can only say that I am more than astonished—I am stupefied! Had I been asked who was the last person I could imagine likely to yield to the attractions of the Church of Rome, I should have said yourself."

"I should have said myself also," she answered. "But God is aware that I have always been honest with Him: that I have never accepted any sham, or stultified my reason because others chose to do so; and therefore, perhaps, He gave me an opportunity—by a way I could never have foreseen—to find the truth which I have always instinctively desired. And this brings me back to Carmela. If she had not received and treated with the utmost kindness one whom she well knew to be the cause of great suffering to herself, I should not be where I am to-day."

"And how do you propose to reward her?" he asked, with a sudden change of expression.

Mrs. Thorpe looked surprised. "How is it possible for me to reward her?" she asked. "There can be no reward for such a service. But there may be gratitude, appreciation, affection; and these things naturally lead to certain results. Which reminds me, Arthur, of something I wish to say to you—"

"It is coming now!" thought Arthur, grimly.

"As you know," she went on, "I am a very wealthy woman, and I have always intended to make you the heir of at least part of my fortune. I see now that it would have been better for you if I had never allowed this intention to be known; for the knowledge that you would some day be a rich man has had anything but a good effect upon your character. In fact, you have disappointed me so much—I tell you this frankly—that there have been times lately when I have said to myself that it was still within my power to change my intention. But it did not seem to me that this would be just. Having allowed you to grow up in a certain expectation, I am in honor bound to fulfil it. So now, for the first time, I promise you explicitly that the half of

what I possess shall be yours. The other half—

She paused a moment, and Lestrangle listened for her next words with a mixture of suspense and relief. Of late there had been times when he had feared that she would play him one of the cruel tricks of testators, and disappoint all his expectations at last. But now he breathed freely. She had pledged herself, and he knew her too well to fear that she would break her promise. The half of her fortune was less than he had hoped for in his sanguine moments, but more than he had expected in his depressed ones. No one knew better than himself that it represented comfort and ease for life, since Mrs. Thorpe was indeed a very rich woman. But what did she intend to do with the other half? He waited eagerly to hear.

"I have not yet fully decided," she went on after a moment, "what I will do with the remainder—whether I will leave it to Carmela absolutely, or give it to her in trust for some of the purposes of good in which she has interested me, and which are so near her heart. Probably it will be hers unconditionally; for I am sure that whatever is put in her hands will be used for good. But this I shall take a little time to consider; and meanwhile remember that she knows nothing of such an intention on my part."

"I certainly have no reason for enlightening her," said Lestrangle. Then he added, with the grace which distinguished him when he chose to employ it: "Believe that I am grateful for your kind intentions toward myself; and perhaps most grateful that you leave me no longer in doubt of them. It may be, as you say, a misfortune that I have always looked forward to this inheritance, and that my tastes and habits have been formed accordingly. But I am afraid you would hardly have found me more satisfactory under any circumstances."

The last words touched her, and she suddenly held out her hand to him. "My dear boy," she said, in a tone which he had not heard from her lips in a long time, "if I have been impatient, harsh and arbitrary—and all of this I know that I *have* been,—try to forgive me; while I, on my part, will be more tolerant of the things in you which do not altogether please me. So we shall do better in the future than in the past, I hope."

Pedro de Alvarado.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

PEDRO de Alvarado, pricked with pride—
His master, Cortez, spreading sail for Spain,—
Plucked at the conqueror's mantle!

As he stood
Fretful and frowning by the torrid shore
He saw the galleon, lessening on the sea,
Lost in the lonesome waters.

Then he turned,
Ploughed through the heart of Mexico, and sought
The tranquil, the Pacific, where the gales—
Spiced with the balms of Asia and the breath
Of many an isle of luscious fruit and flower—
Fanned in his breast a spark of hope, to flame.
The palm boughs writhing in the vexing wind
Made joyous music; the dull tides made moan;
And the bold breakers climbed the thundering
coast
Snow-white with foam and fury.

Here he paused,
Searching with lustful eye the watery waste,
The sea of Cortez, the vermilion sea.
Bitter his heart, bitter his speech, as one
Consumed with envy; for the malcontent
Hungred for battle, storm and victory:
To wrest dominion from the savage tribes;
To plant his standard on the uttermost peaks
And bind his brows with laurel.

Well he schemed!
Armed with imperial edict and with gold,
Herding his slaves by forest, shore and stream,
Under the lash they wrought; and, ere the moon
Had withered to a shred in the pale dawn,
The banners of his fleet rose on the wind—
Twelve ships, a galley and the lesser craft,
Freighted with men and beasts and food and arms.
New lands, new seas, new peoples conquering,
And to conquer and blazon his name above
Cortez—So, young ambition lured him on,
Perchance to drag from out his golden house
Another Montezuma.

In the hour
When the fair ships were chafing at their chains,
And fresh winds fluttering his slackened sails—

The murmur of the restless retinue
Rose as the ceaseless hum of hiving bees—
Pedro de Alvarado came to shore
To say his last farewell.

Ill fare, ill fate
Was his who ground his heel upon the meek.
Within the hour that was to crown his hopes
One of his vengeful vassals sprang upon
The heartless chief and dashed him to his death.
Like the cloud towers that vanish in the air;
Like the ice palace that dissolves away;
Like the live coal that cools and falls an ash—
His splendid hopes there fell and came to naught,
And all his dreams passed with him to the grave.

In the long years that followed, day by day,
The forked flames of the meridian sun
Sapped the wide seams of the dismantling hulks;
Shrunk the huge timbers, warped the decks, and
snapped
Strand after strand among the ropes that hung
Like tattered spider-webs; until the masts
Tottered and trembled when the sea-fowl perched
Upon the mouldering spars.

And night by night
The mellow moon rose on the dew-fringed sails
Fluttered to ribbons, silvered in her light;
Or fitful stars, that fell like golden rain,
Slid down the spangled sky, and noiselessly
Burned in the ebon waters, and illumed
The phantom shadows of those phantom ships
Till, one by one, they yielded, and at last,
With a great shudder, settled to their doom.

How oft, methinks, do thoughtless youth set forth
With argosies to sweep enchanted seas!
Yet for a cause, what cause O who shall say?
Fast by the shore they wreck their hopes, and leave
Their freighted fleets to rot upon the wave!

As the dead body shall be raised to life, so
also the defeated soul to victory, if only it has
been fighting on its Master's side; has made no
covenant with Death, nor itself bowed its fore-
head for his seal. Blind from the prison-house,
maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs,
their souls shall surely yet sit, astonished, at His
feet who giveth peace.—*Ruskin.*

Friar Anthony's Expiation.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

A FEW weeks later, arrangements having been made with the Reverend Prior of the monastery, Brother Anthony sat in his cell with Pierre by his side, and initiated him into the mysteries of his important architectural project. The friar had first gone with his pupil to the Lady-chapel of the church, and laying the rolls of vellum at the feet of the Help of Christians, had humbly implored her blessing. It was a singularly touching sight to Father Thomas Aquinas, to behold the man who had once, through jealousy, committed a despicable crime, now disclosing all the treasures of his knowledge to a youthful disciple. Nothing could equal the ardor of the teacher except the enthusiasm of the pupil, who grasped the most abstruse points with marvellous intelligence.

"Study hard," Brother Anthony would say. "It is not a mere edifice that we are going to erect: it will be a book, an immense volume, every letter of which will be cut in enduring stone. It will be a poem, admirable as the masterpiece of Dante. Consider the portal: under these symbols are meanings the most interesting and appropriate. The angel on the right, plunging his hand into a cloud, signifies the soul seeking Heaven's inspiration, without which no great work can be accomplished; the angel on the left dips his fingers into an urn—an emblem of mother earth, in which are embosomed treasures that must be brought forth and modelled to serve the artist's purpose. That group of angels signifies the operations at work in original chaos; that other, the operations of the agents introduced by the light of day. The last judgment, with the good on one side and the wicked on the other, denotes the separation of the pure and useful from the bad and the useless. And on the column that joins the two portions of the arch, Christ the Judge sits triumphant."

Continuing his instructions thus, Brother Anthony would explain the allegorical signification, the proper proportions, the intended use—in fine, all that his experience and rare genius had inspired him to contrive for the great ecclesiastical monument. And soon Pierre surpassed his

tutor's expectations. Technical terms presented no difficulty to him, and in a few months Brother Anthony thought he could venture to present him to King Louis. That monarch had appointed certain days when each of his subjects might present a petition in person. Fearing the youth of Pierre might be a drawback to his success, the friar resolved to choose one of those days on which the Reverend Prior and Father Thomas (who was a relative of the King) should go to dine at the palace.

Clothed in a new attire, his rolls of parchment under his arm, the young man obtained admission into the royal gardens; while Friar Anthony sought a retired spot close by, fearing he might betray some involuntary emotion. King Louis was seated, as was his custom, upon the green-sward, beneath a shady elm. Queen Blanche sat at his right hand, watching every word and gesture of her son with fond, maternal interest. A long white veil betokened her widowhood, and a rosary which she held in her hand showed the usual tenor of her thoughts and aspirations. The King's countenance was animated with a look of unusual gaiety. Groups of courtiers were gathered on the left of their amiable monarch, doing homage to his beautiful Queen, Marguerite of Provence.

Pierre followed in the train of petitioners, meanwhile invoking our Holy Mother that, if it were God's will, he might receive a favorable hearing. The fine, open countenance and manly bearing of the youth had already interested the King and his mother, who had observed him for some time silently waiting to present his request; and when at length he modestly laid his roll of parchment on the green turf, and knelt before the King, Louis and Blanche exchanged an approving smile.

"Be calm, my son," said the monarch, as his quick eye discerned the color rising to the cheek of his suppliant. "Tell us what may be the subject of your request."

"Sire," answered the youth, "I come to implore you to accept these plans for the erection of the Sainte Chapelle."

"Plans for the Sainte Chapelle!" said Louis, taking the precious vellum from Pierre's hands. "I am curious to see what so young a candidate can offer in competition. But, my son, you must

not raise your hopes too high: I have already rejected the plans of several famous architects."

The monarch glanced at the neat and precise drawings, while Queen Blanche leaned over his shoulder to catch a better view. At that moment young De Montreuil raised his eyes and saw the Reverend Prior and Father Thomas near by, looking on with the deepest interest.

"Sire," ventured Pierre, "I do not think you will refuse these plans."

The King was not displeased at this proof of self-confidence; and, betraying much admiration in his countenance, he asked: "Did you draw these exquisite designs yourself?"

"Sire, I sketched them all with my own hand."

"It seems impossible that so young a person could be their author."

Brother Anthony overheard this remark, and large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He drew his cowl over his face, lest he might betray his efforts at self-control.

"Sire," answered De Montreuil, with angelic candor stamped on his features, "when I declared I had drawn all these plans with my own hand, I did not mean to say that I was their originator."

"Who, then, is the author? Let him appear at once—but perhaps he is dead?"

A brief silence followed. Father Thomas prayed; Brother Anthony renewed his sacrifice.

"Sire," replied Pierre, gently but firmly, "the author lives; but I have made a solemn promise never to reveal his name."

"He lives! Then why does he not claim the recompense of this marvellous work?"

"Your Majesty, he has renounced the world and all its honors. He serves God alone, and wants no recompense but heaven."

"Who, then, can execute this masterpiece?" asked the monarch.

"If your Majesty will appoint me to direct the work, I promise that it shall be executed in a manner to merit your royal approbation."

"It is difficult to decide this matter," said the King; "for one surprise exceeds another."

"Sire, will not my loyalty in guarding the secret of my benefactor be a guarantee of my fidelity in keeping my pledge to you?"

A murmur of applause ran through the assembly; even the queen-mother bowed in token of her gratification.

King Louis summoned Father Thomas to his side, and the audience, with exquisite tact, silently withdrew. At the end of half an hour his Majesty recalled the audience, and bade Pierre declare his name aloud before all present, which the young man did, as he genuflected with the ease and elegance of a knight of the Middle Ages.

"Pierre de Montreuil," said the King, "we respect your secret; and we appoint you royal architect, with orders to execute the plans that you have laid before us for the Sainte Chapelle. As soon as may be materials, workmen, and the gold necessary for the work, will be at your disposal. Thank God, my son, who, by bestowing on you rare talent, has raised you from an humble to a most exalted position; and never forget to seek only His honor and glory in the work you are about to undertake."

On returning to the convent, Brother Anthony called his substitute to him, and said: "I thank you heartily, my young friend, for your diligence in listening to my instructions. I will daily pray to God for your success. Should it happen that the lessons I have given you do not suffice, call at my cell and we will take counsel together; but if this is not necessary, I beg of you not to disturb my solitude further."

Pierre melted into tears. His heart was full of gratitude to the good friar, and he knelt to ask his blessing. Brother Anthony laid his hand on the young man's head, then shut the door of his cell, and closed their painful farewell.

"Now," said the friar, prostrating himself before his crucifix, as Pierre's receding footsteps struck the tiled pavement,—"now I will expiate in hard penance my execrable crime. Did I not value my reputation more than my immortal soul? Alas, to what fatal depths the demon Pride had plunged me!" And he wept bitterly.

A sudden tap at the door interrupted him, and Father Thomas entered. He sympathized with this courageous soul, gave him wise counsel, promised to pray for him, and recommended him to place all his hopes and fears in the hands of the Advocate of Sinners.

Meanwhile Jacques de Montreuil was listening, half stupefied, to his son's account of his studies and his successful interview with the King. The old man wiped the big tears that coursed down his careworn cheeks, and felt

abashed in the presence of his own child, whom he had often treated so harshly, never dreaming that he was born to a higher station in life than that of pastry cook to the royal household.

IV.

The Sainte Chapelle was daily advancing to completion, and the rumor of its exquisite loveliness was spreading throughout France and even in Italy, the home of the fine arts. Pierre de Montreuil, while engaged upon this masterpiece of architecture, had excited the envy of countless rivals and critics. Some were waiting for the day when, the scaffolding being removed, the ghouls and protruding gargoyles should fall and drag with them some portion of the beautiful edifice. Pierre triumphed over this first sinister prophecy. Then certain superstitious enemies declared that demons helped to sustain the various pieces of sculpture: that the architect must have made a contract with Satan, to succeed in attempts that no one had ever been able to accomplish before. Happily, St. Louis was too enlightened to believe that evil spirits would help to raise a majestic temple to Him who had forever conquered their infernal leader. While the monarch praised the successful executer of another's plans, he failed not to refer to God the honor of the sublime inspirations he beheld taking form before him.

We may picture to ourselves the heroic courage, the inflexible perseverance, that animated the young artist in this magnificent enterprise. How many a night he devoted to deep study, to obtain solutions for the morrow's problems! How many a prayerful aspiration helped him out of serious difficulties! But for the solemn prohibition of Brother Anthony, he would often have sought his assistance; but for the knowledge of that sure resource, he would many times have given up in despair. The King and Queen Blanche sometimes sent for Pierre de Montreuil to talk of the work. Among the young ladies that attended the Spanish princess on these occasions was one whose singular modesty and grace attracted the attention of the architect. True, Aymardine was of noble birth; but should he succeed in his enterprise, King Louis would probably confer on him the order of knighthood, and then he might aspire to the hand of the beautiful girl. This thought helped to stimulate

him, and hence he never once appealed to Brother Anthony.

Meanwhile the good friar, now free to devote himself entirely to the duties of his sublime vocation, began to taste the interior peace that Father Thomas had said would yet be his. Combats were not wanting, but every Christian knows there is nothing sweeter to the soul than the joy arising from self-conquest. When he walked out into the busy streets of the capital, he sought those ways that led in an opposite direction from the Sainte Chapelle. If in meditation a vision of the marvellous structure rose before him, he quickly turned his thoughts to Him "who dwells in tabernacles not made with hands." Often he wondered why Pierre never came to consult him; and when the elastic tread of some youth resounded in the corridor, he would start, believing it was Pierre at last. Sometimes he was tempted to suspect the fidelity of his disciple; but he overcame himself so completely as never to inquire even of Father Aquinas what had become of the young man, or how he was succeeding. These acts of mortification were leading him far on the road to sanctity, and Father Thomas was delighted to see the holy serenity that now beamed on his rugged features.

One day, when Friar Anthony was composing a discourse to be given in the refectory, a familiar footstep assured him of the near presence of his young friend.

"Ah, here you are, Pierre! Why did you not come before?"

"Because, Father, you entreated me not to disturb your solitude, if it were not absolutely necessary to do so."

"And you never met with any difficult problem—anything obscure in the original plans?"

"Nothing that I did not succeed in clearing up by prayer and study and the help of our Immaculate Mother."

The monk felt a movement of innate pride. Quickly humbling himself, however, he asked: "Then the temple is—"

"Completed," interposed the young man, joyfully. "The papal nuncio has been requested to come to Paris, and soon you will have the happiness of assisting at the consecration of the Sainte Chapelle."

"You give me great consolation," said Brother

Anthony; "but nothing could equal the joys of this holy retreat. Now I have only one desire: the day will come, perchance, when my voice from the pulpit of the Sainte Chapelle may warn the proud to beware of the subtle tempter, Satan."

Then they talked at leisure of the events that had occurred since their last meeting, and Pierre confided to his sympathizing friend his hopes and fears in regard to the fair Aymardine. The friar promised to pray for his intentions; and the friends parted, each happy in his God-given vocation.

V.

One bright morning Brother Anthony observed that all Paris was in commotion, and everything wore a festive air. Bells rang out joyous peals, cannon resounded; and while he was yet wondering he received word to prepare to join in the procession that was about to proceed from the royal palace to the Sainte Chapelle—for the church was to be consecrated that day. On the way thither crowds pressed forward to gratify their curiosity; for the last webs of scaffolding had been removed, and the edifice stood forth, worthy of the saintly King who built it; worthy (as far as anything earthly can be) to contain the relics of our Crucified Redeemer.

The long and brilliant procession was composed chiefly of the different religious orders, of bishops, archbishops, headed by the papal nuncio. By the side of the nuncio walked the pious monarch of France, barefooted; and near him his mother, Blanche of Castile, and his wife, Marguerite of Provence. Within a hollow square of plumed knights, Aymardine carried, on a cushion of purple velvet, the holy Crown of Thorns; and on either side two young girls bore on similar cushions the sacred Sponge and Lance. The spotless veils of Aymardine and her companions were fitting emblems of their purity of life.

Among the Dominicans was Brother Anthony, now calmly renewing his sacrifice to God with an humble and grateful heart. Pierre de Montreuil was so preoccupied also in dedicating his great work to Almighty God that he heard not the chants of the priests at the altar; even the soul-stirring tones of the organ failed to reach his ear. The King shed tears of joy, and his royal mother and wife were lost in thanksgiving as they beheld the realization of their hearts' desire.

"Those who seek Jesus and serve Him sincerely shall not fail to be recompensed with His cross." So learned Pierre de Montreuil on that day of triumph. A friendly voice whispered to him: "Aymardine has renounced her honorable position and all worldly prospects to wear the humble livery of Christ on earth, and thus secure an unfading crown in heaven." A sigh involuntarily escaped the young man; but his faith told him that God had the highest claim to her virginal heart. Thus he offered his first great sacrifice.

After the long ceremonies of the Roman Ritual, the clergy and people withdrew. Father Thomas looked about for Brother Anthony. Approaching the newly-consecrated altar, he heard a voice of fervent prayer; he listened: "O Crown of Thorns! O wreath of untold agony, pledge of my suffering Saviour's love! let the points that pierced His sacred brow transfix my guilty heart. Henceforth may every thought, every wish of mine be conformed to Thine, O God of my heart and my everlasting portion!"

Father Thomas gently approached the suppliant and knelt beside him. "Brother Anthony," he whispered, tenderly, "be strong on this day of your final holocaust."

"Father, I am strong in the help of God and His Blessed Mother. Eternity will be too short to sing the praises of redeeming love."

E. V. N.

Commemorative of the Feast of Our Lady's "Expectation."

BY FATHER EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

LOV'D before thy feast of Expectation,
Queen of my heart—ay, lov'd it passing well.

One of the beads thy priest is wont to tell
In his thanksgiving Chaplet of Vocation:

Recounting, from the first sweet inspiration,

Each tender touch of light, and how it fell;

But fondly lingering on the goal to dwell—

Th' irrevocable step of consecration,

Which, daring much, yet wisely, he did take

When Holy Church with caution due bestow'd

Her first of Greater Orders. She that day

Was keeping this thy feast, and seem'd to say:

"Pass calmly on. Not perilous the road
To those who choose it for Our Lady's sake."

II.

But now this day will speak to memory's ear
With charm still deeper; and recall a scene
Of bliss long hoped for, which at last *hath been*.
A priest at the altar stands; and, kneeling near,
His pure-soul'd sister prays, o'erjoy'd to hear
Her brother's Mass. And soon at the rail they
meet—

Meet soul to soul in one Communion sweet;
Heart beats with heart in One supremely dear—
The Heart of Him who gave them to each other
In the one Faith, one Hope, one Love divine.

Such the bright vision, such the music heard,
On this thy feast, at memory's magic word:
While thou art looking on, O Blessed Mother,
Supplying for our feeble thanks with thine!

III.

But thou didst more than smile on us and pray.
A visit to thy shrine: and lo, thy face
Beams softly down upon the very place
Where Amy knelt, another happy day,
To cast the bonds of heresy away!
And here the coveted privilege is mine
To clothe her with thy Scapular—in sign
Of homage thou wilt lovingly repay
With swift protection at all hours, but most
When things of earth to dying eyes grow dim.

"With thee I leave her, then!"—my parting boast:

"With thee for Jesus—safer than before!

What reck's it if on earth we meet no more,
So thou but keep us in thy Heart for Him?"

BUENOS AYRES,

Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, 1890.

NEXT after God in our love is Mary; infinitely below God, because He alone is the uncreated; immensely above all other creatures, because she is the Mother of God. Being the Mother of Jesus, our Brother, she is our Mother too. Jesus loved her above all creatures, and we can not be like Him if we do not love her too.—*Cardinal Manning*.

SENSE beheld in Jesus of Nazareth a man; intellect, a man endowed with supernatural powers; faith, the Word made Flesh.—*Id.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE NEED OF A ST. FRANCIS.

THE same old question that demanded an answer in the twelfth century, and demanded it imperiously, is occupying the attention of England to-day. And this question is, How shall the poor be saved from sinking to the level of brutes? It was answered in the twelfth century by the appearance of St. Francis d'Assisi. In the eighteenth it was answered, Rousseau and Voltaire having paved the way by the fearful outbreak of the poor themselves, many of whom had become as brutes.

Another question which is forcing itself on thoughtful people is, How can the people in all countries be made more Christian, more contented, more helpful to one another? St. Francis, the merchant's son, came out of the little town of Umbria at a time when the hearts even of Christians seemed to tremble before the two Italian vices, Avarice and Revenge. Rome itself had been torn by warring rulers. But St. Francis came; the Holy Father, supremely directed, blessed a mission which, from the human point of view, seemed hopeless. Pope Innocent did not jeer at the poor man who proposed to convert the world through his poverty. And from the moment that the Father of Christendom blessed Francis of Assisi, the world felt more strongly a new force—the force of the evangelical life.

St. Francis was a poet, but he held no theories. The one great commandment of Love was his sole philosophy. It bound him to God, it bound him to man and to nature. He tried successfully to do what Wordsworth and our modern great poets have unsuccessfully tried to do—to bring his people nearer to nature, and to teach them that to love nature was to get nearer to nature's God. The lesson that Coleridge teaches in "The Ancient Mariner" might have been borrowed from a legend of St. Francis:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

But St. Francis lived his poem, though he sung snatches of it in his beloved French, and afterward in the more beloved dialect of the Italian common folk.

He made himself poorer than the poorest. His brown robe was all he had. To be the poorest of God's creatures, to be beaten about by the winds of heaven, to be like Our Lord and to have no place on which to lay his head,—this was his ardent ambition. And this ambition made him the regenerator of the Christian world, threatened on one side by Arabic subtleties and Oriental lusts, and on the other by inordinate love of power and place. Machiavelli was not far wrong when he said that without St. Francis and St. Dominic religion in Europe would have become almost extinct.

To-day the world is rushing rapidly toward a condition of things not unlike that which called for St. Francis. The attempt of Gen. Booth in London to rescue the poor from a degradation worse than death has revealed plague-spots deeper than those that the civilization of Middle-Age Italy knew. But who, carefully reading Gen. Booth's book, imagines that his plans will do more than glaze the ulcer with an appearance of health? Mistaken in many ways as the members of the Salvation Army are, and ephemeral as their work must be, yet it has something in it of the spirit of St. Francis. The Salvation people have realized the truth that to understand the poor, one must be among the poor. The only possible advantage that Gen. Booth's plans can have comes from the fact that his missionaries will be of the poor and with the poor.

The spirit of St. Francis alone can bring peace to the world; and these Salvationists are groping toward it, but they are very far from possessing it. Political economy has failed, as it always will fail, to solve a problem which only Love can solve. If there is less caste hatred to-day than there was in the time of St. Francis, it is because the classes are more indifferent to one another than they were in the feudal days. Looking around us, only one conclusion can be drawn from experience—namely, that the Church of Christ alone can cope with the social evils of our time; and to do so she needs a St. Francis with the spirit of him of Assisi, and new methods of diffusing it.

Notes and Remarks.

Cardinal Lavigerie's address to the officers of the French Marine has elicited a letter from the Bishop of Annecy. After thanking the Cardinal for his outspoken language, the Bishop ventures the assertion that not only is there at present no monarchical spirit in France, but there is not even an appreciable portion of the population who comprehend what is meant by such a spirit. It seems likely that henceforth there will be less energy wasted over the impracticable resuscitation of obsolete dynasties, and more attention given by Catholics to the exercise of their proper influence in the world of French politics.

The pamphlet issued by the committee on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, in 1893, has appeared even more promptly than was expected. It contains a set of very clearly expressed rules for the management of a national Catholic educational exhibit. This pamphlet will be of immense service in directing the efforts of Catholic teachers. In fact, it may be considered as the real initiative of the movement. The committee has done its work well; it remains for the heads of educational institutions to make it effective, and to apply the suggestions practically.

On the first of last July the Republic of Costa Rica made an arrangement with the Bishop of that see to allow a certain sum for the salaries of teachers of religious instruction in the schools. Hitherto Costa Rica has been monopolized by the Freemasons. The change for the better is attributed to the new President, Don José Joaquín Rodríguez.

If "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," one heroic deed claims the whole world's plaudits. In the heart of every man whose nature is not wholly imbruted, there is a chord that thrills responsive to the touch of true magnanimity, and lines of race and creed are effaced in the light of the intrepidity of noble souls. We have seen this verified in the world-wide eulogy sung in honor of the martyr-priest of Molokai; and a more recent instance is the chorus of

praise with which the secular press has greeted the courageous action of the Jesuit missionary, Father John Jutz. In response to the request of Gen. Brooks, this venerable priest penetrated the hostile camp of the infuriated Indians at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota; and alternately expostulated and pleaded with hundreds of these maddened savages, who, it is not too much to say, were thirsting for white men's blood. His immediate mission succeeded: he brought about the desired interview between general and chiefs. That he returned alive from his hazardous enterprise detracts nothing from the magnificent devotion with which he deliberately exposed himself to probable death; but it is a striking indication that even in their wildest fury the red-men do not forget the gratitude they owe to the "black robes," who have never played them false.

The death of Judge John O'Hagan takes from the roll of Ireland's devoted sons a noble name. Judge O'Hagan was a lawyer and man of letters of the highest ability, and above all a faithful Catholic. His political leanings have been criticised; it has been said that he was not entirely sympathetic with all the phases of the movement of O'Connell's time, or with the present Home Rule movement. That he loved his country, however, there can be no doubt. Judge O'Hagan was one of the most brilliant contributors to *The Nation*, and was one of Cardinal Newman's council while his Eminence was rector of the Catholic University of Dublin. Judge O'Hagan's two lectures on Christian political economy were considered so admirable by the great minds of his time that it seems strange they are forgotten. *R. I. P.*

One of Millet's masterpieces, known as "The End of the Day's Work," has been secured by Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, D. C. Though not familiar to Americans, this painting is well known and highly esteemed in Europe. It recalls the "Angelus" in some respects. The hour chosen is at sunset; the subject, a tired peasant in the act of putting on his homespun coat after a long day's work in the field.

The Master-General of the Dominican Order has inaugurated what promises to be a new era in sacred archæology by the institution of a

Practical School of Biblical Studies in Jerusalem. This new and altogether praiseworthy foundation, modelled after the "Schools of Hellenic Studies" at Athens, is open for all clerics or laymen who apply with proper recommendations. Its curriculum of studies embraces all branches of education, even remotely connected with Scriptural studies; and the investigations, conducted on the very ground where the events narrated in the Bible occurred, can not fail to awaken new interest in the sacred writings. When one considers the important aid which archæology, topography, and Oriental studies have already rendered in the interpretation of the Scriptures, one can hardly overestimate the services which may be expected from institutions of this kind.

A London paper tells the following story of the late Cardinal Newman: He was once travelling before his elevation to the cardinalate, from Edgbaston to some station along the line, seated in a third-class carriage, a poor Irish-woman opposite to him. Dr. Newman was not one who gave much thought to his personal appearance, and his black clothes may have had a threadbare and neglected look. His face, worn and thoughtful, evidently suggested poverty and pinching to the warm heart of the daughter of the Emerald Isle; for as she was leaving the carriage she slipped a small coin into his hand, saying, "Get yourself something to eat, me good man. You looks tired and hungry." The great churchman prized that lowly gift more highly than many honors that were lavished upon him.

The Holy Father, in a recent interview with Padre Luigi da Parma, General of the Friars Minor, paid a high tribute to the great Franciscan theologian, St. Bonaventure. "St. Bonaventure's 'Manuducit,'" he said, "is as if it came from the hand of God."

An instance of the great good that may be effected through the circulation of Catholic books, judiciously chosen, is related by a correspondent of the *Catholic Mirror*. A traveller bound West lately dismounted for refreshment at the mansion of the L— family, near the Holston River, West Virginia. They proved to be Catholics, like himself. All the members of the

family and several of their relatives and neighbors—to the number of thirty souls—were converts, brought to a knowledge of the claims and tenets of the Church through the zeal of the Abingdon pastor. The Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain, of Wheeling, their Bishop, had recently been to visit and confirm them in the faith. This case, as so many others, illustrates how Catholic books start doubts, supply principles, and show the sincere inquirer after truth where to find it. The converts in question had obtained a supply of these, hence the triumph of grace that rewarded their good will.

The promoter of the cause of the beatification of the Venerable Curé d'Ars is meeting with encouragement and practical support on all sides. The sainted Curé is already canonized in the heart of Christendom. The miracles wrought by him during life are well known; they have not ceased since his death, and will very likely increase as the time of his beatification approaches. The Rev. Father Wolsely, O. P., in a circular addressed to the Catholics of England, says:

"I am informed that the supernatural favors increase instead of diminish each year! This confirms in just measure the beautiful expression of veneration for this holy servant of God given to us by his biographer. 'The apostleship of saints,' he observes, 'does not finish with their earthly life: their relics also have a mission. The glance of the world still continues to turn toward this little church of Ars, where so many mysteries of love and pity have been accomplished. Everywhere men are expecting marvels, which must render the tomb of this holy priest glorious. During his life he so fled from glory, that after death it must be the recompense of his humility. Already we note that extraordinary graces have been obtained by his intercession. Greater prodigies are hoped for. God has His own time; we must wait for it in humble peace. When it shall please Him to call this new star to shine in the firmament of His Church, it will say, "Behold me!" Ah, that will be the hour of the divine might, and miracles upon miracles will come.'"

We shall be happy to receive and forward to the parish priest of Ars any offerings that may be entrusted to us for the promotion of the cause of the Venerable Vianney. A considerable expense naturally attends the canonization of a saint, so thorough are the investigations, so exact

the requirements of the Holy See as to documentary testimony, etc. The following sums for this purpose have been received since our last acknowledgment:

E. A. M., \$1; Mrs. B. A. Q., \$5.50; a Priest (M. D.), \$1; a Friend, Council Bluffs, Iowa, 50 cts.; M. J. C., 50 cts.; a Friend, \$1.

For the Carmelite nuns:

Mrs. McQ., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; a Poor Sister, 25 cts.; Miss H. R. and Sister, \$3; a Priest, \$5; M. L., \$1; a Friend, \$3; a Client of St. Teresa, \$1; a Friend, Council Bluffs, Iowa, 50 cts.; a Friend, in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; "Sinners, in honor of St. Teresa," \$2.25; M. J. C., \$1; a Friend, \$2.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in Chili:

A Reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$2; a Client of St. Teresa, \$1; T. K., \$1; a Friend, \$2.

For the lepers of the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:

A Client of St. Teresa, \$1; M. J. C., \$1; a Friend, \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother M. of St. Charles, Mother M. Colette, and Sister M. Paul of the Cross, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Fitzgerald, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Sister Gertrude, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Sister Germane (McDonald), of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—all of whom were lately called to their reward.

Major James E. O'Farrell, of Woodland, Cal., whose sudden though not unprovided death occurred on the 14th ult.

Mr. Charles H. Sweeney, who departed this life on the 7th ult., at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Daniel Connor, whose happy death occurred at Manchester, N. H., on the 8th ult.

Miss Regina McGrann, of Lancaster, Pa., whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death on the 26th ult.

Dominic Fitzpatrick, of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Anne Walsh, and Mrs. Anne Connor, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Slattery, Co. Kilkenny, and Mr. Jeremiah Mahoney, Co. Cork, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Hymn to My Guardian Angel.

BEAUTIFUL Angel, wert thou one of those
Whosawthe Child Christ in His manger repose:
Didst enter the Stable, didst kneel by His bed,
And fan the faint aureole over His head?

Tho' dark was that midnight, the Stable was bright
With the glow of the Lamb who makes heav'n all
light;

Who opens, none shutteth; who shuts and none
ope,—

There lay He, Adonnai—our Saviour, our Hope.

The true King of Juda, the key to our bliss!
O who had dared dream of Messiah like this?
Didst rock His low cradle, didst dry His sweet
eyes?—

Our God in compassion come down from the skies.

When rose the first *Gloria* clear on the air
(Sweet anthem that echo'd earth's joyfullest
prayer),

Rang thine with the voices of Seraphs' and
Thrones,

Adoring a Saviour the cold world disowns?

And didst see His Mother, my Lady, my Queen?
Did she smile thro' her tears on that fair midnight
scene?

What like was St. Joseph, my father, my saint?
O would that the vision for me thou couldst paint!

I may not be near Him—His birthday goes by,
And far from His presence I longingly sigh;
Yet plead, dearest Angel, for one Christmas grace:
Joy of joys, *only* joy—'tis the sight of His face!

I. C. S.

ON the night of Our Lord's birth the angels sang, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*" and the whole earth rejoiced. And ever since that blessed night "Glory to God in the highest!" has been the sweetest music of the world.

The First Christmas Long Ago.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.



EAR little children, I have a sweet story about the beautiful journey long ago. Draw around me, and I will tell it to you.

You all know about Holy Mary and St. Joseph. Well, they dwelt in a quiet, simple house. It was on the outskirts of a village, or town, called Nazareth. It was only a simple little cottage, as I have said, such as a carpenter might own. And, sure enough, St. Joseph had his small carpenter's shop at the end. And there was no servant in the house, and there was not even a child. It was all as silent as the church where you go to say your prayers, and where no one ever speaks above a whisper. But everything was so happy there—oh, so happy! There was not a house in all the wide world where there was so much peace and happiness; for our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph were there; and Jesus, all unknown, was there,—for He was not yet born, and men could not see Him.

And a wonderful thing—all the day long Holy Mary was praying! Not that she was always on her knees, but there never was a moment that she was not blessing and praising God. And if you could see when her prayers went up to heaven, you would see that all heaven listened; like when one sweet singer sings alone, and all the rest listen in gladness to what the leader is singing. And God was more pleased with her prayers and her worship than at anything that ever happened on earth or even in heaven. All the choirs of the angels, with all their wonderful powers, did not offer to God a music so pleasing, an incense so sweet, as were the beautiful prayers of Holy Mary.

You know, then, that God loved that holy house; and you must ask some of your older friends to tell you what happened within its walls—or I may tell it to you myself another time; but I could not tell it to you now, for it would lead us away from our story. But this holy house will

make you remember that if you are passing a simple little house, you are not to despise it; for God may love it dearly.

Well, after some time, men, paid by the government of that country, came round to every village, and told the people that they should go and enter their names in the place where they were born. It did not matter where a woman was born: if she were married, she should go with her husband, and put down her name with his; and if she were not married, she should put it down with her father's. Joseph was told of this—or they called upon him, or he saw it posted up,—and it troubled him greatly. It was a very long distance to go to the place where he was born; and he could not hire a carriage, for he had no money; and of course there were no railroads then, you know, as there are now; and they had no servants, as I told you, because they were poor. Somehow, he did not like going with other company, and he knew well Mary would not like it; because they could not be thinking of our Blessed Lord; or perhaps the others would be talking to them, or taking notice of them if they were silent; and so, even if company were going from that place, they would be better pleased to go by themselves.

At length he told it to Holy Mary, and she seemed no more surprised than if she had known it already; and most likely she had, because God tells His faithful servants many things that are to happen. She did not say one word of complaint. She did not ask how were they to go that long journey, when they were so poor; or how could they ever go in the winter time of the year; or how were they to get food by the way; or who was to protect them from robbers. She only asked St. Joseph sweetly to get all things ready, and said that she would prepare herself; for she knew that Almighty God has His own wise reasons in everything that happens. And you will see what His reason was in allowing the Emperor to give the order.

St. Joseph saw that they could not make the journey on foot; he himself might walk it, but Mary never could. "And," he said, "even if I were to ask her to walk all the way to Bethlehem how could I ever think of asking her to walk back again?" For St. Joseph, you know, thought that they were to come back again to Nazareth

when they had written down their names in Bethlehem. He did not know that there was a far longer journey before them; that, when they were done at Bethlehem, they would have to go every step of the way to Egypt, and that was hundreds and hundreds of miles. So he sold some of his goods, and bought an ass. It is not related whether it was a young ass or an old one; but I myself think that it was a young ass, "on which no one had ridden before"; as was the case, you remember, with Holy Mary's Son, Jesus, when he came riding into Jerusalem. I can not think it fitting that the most holy and immaculate Lady should be put on a donkey that had been used for all the purposes of everyday work.

Well, whatever way that was, a donkey was procured for the Blessed Virgin. You must know it was on donkeys that all the people travelled at that time, in that part of the world; but their donkeys were larger and sprightlier and handsomer than our donkeys. There were two baskets placed on the donkey's back; and behind these a covering was laid, on which Our Lady was to sit; a board was hung on by straps, and on this board Holy Mary was to rest her feet. In one of the baskets she had some simple refreshment for the road, and in the other she carried some clothes that she knew she would want when she arrived at Bethlehem; for, you remember, it is written, "And she wrapped the Infant in swaddling clothes." Now, it was not in the cave she got the clothes; she must have brought them with her.

There are some who think that Holy Mary's parents lived near Nazareth, and that her mother St. Anne was still alive; and that it was to her St. Joseph left their little house and place, to care for it till they returned; if not, it was to some trusty relative or friend.

II.

Mary and Joseph took leave of their home, and went away. You do not know, my children, what it is to have to leave your comfortable homes, and go out in the wide world with no friend to help you. When you leave home, you have your parents or some persons to go with you; and they have money to pay your fare in the cars, and to put up at hotels, and keep warm clothes about you, and to leave you safely in the place where you were going to, or to bring you back

again in gladness to your home. But there are many without a home; or if they have a home, it is but a very poor one. If you know any such persons, especially if they are young like yourselves, say a kind word to them, and comfort them, and give them a little. God and your own conscience will make you happy for it.

Well, our Blessed Lady and the gentle St. Joseph travelled away. Holy Mary sat on the donkey, and St. Joseph held it by the head; and St. Joseph was very cautious. He now knew that Mary was the Mother of God; because, you remember, when he was in great doubt and trouble of mind, the angel appeared to him, and said: "Fear not, Joseph; for the Child that she shall bring forth is the Son of the Most High." If you were carrying a statue of the Blessed Virgin, how careful you would be lest you might stumble or fall! But St. Joseph was in charge of Holy Mary herself; so he was very careful. And all the time Mary was praying; just as if you saw a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a procession: he would not be looking about him, or turning his eyes here or there; but would be thinking of the Adorable Sacrament, and saying prayers with his lips, or worshipping in his heart. That was the way Holy Mary did.

It is believed that St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin, was very wealthy; and that the first place where the holy travellers rested was in a distant farm belonging to him. All the people in that place, to be sure, knew Holy Mary, and received her with great respect and honor. This was in the forenoon. When they had stayed about an hour, and the poor donkey had been rested, they again set out; and coming to a large place, they inquired to whom it belonged. On being told that it belonged to a certain rich man, and that it was cared for by a good and holy person and his wife, they went toward the house. The steward and his wife received them with great kindness. The woman was most attentive to Holy Mary, and very earnest and pressing in her entreaties to remain over night.

This was on the slopes of the beautiful mountains of Gelboe, where King Saul, when he was beaten in battle, fell on his sword and killed himself; and where Saul's son Jonathan, who was so loved by David, was killed. On that occasion King David lamented over Saul and

Jonathan; and he prayed that "rain or dew might never fall on these mountains, where the valiant had fallen in battle." You know that our Divine Lord was called the "dew of heaven"; for Isaiah said when he was praying to God to send the Messiah: "Distil your dews, O ye heavens! And ye clouds, rain down the just One." And perhaps this was the reason why the Holy Family did not stay with these good people; but, being refreshed, went away.

They were forever avoiding, as I told you, cities and towns; and so it happened that the first night of their journey they found themselves in a lonely place, with no house or living being near. It began to drop sleety rain, and the stars looked like so many glittering lamps in the heavens. The night was very cold, and the bitter breeze pierced through the clothes and chilled the hands and feet of Holy Mary. They were obliged to take shelter under a large tree, called a terebinth tree; and it is said that Holy Mary prayed to Heaven, and her hands became so warm that St. Joseph held his near—and they were very cold, for he had been holding the reins,—and they became warm too. God does wonderful things through His Immaculate Mother.

Under this tree they had their evening meal. Joseph hung on a branch of the tree the lamp he had carried in his hand. He took the covering off the donkey; and with one or two mats, which Eastern travellers always carry with them, he arranged a seat for Holy Mary. He then took from the basket some small cakes and some fruit; and, going a short way from the tree, he found in the place that Our Lady pointed out a beautiful fountain of water, from which he brought some to drink.

All this St. Joseph did very humbly. Poor St. Joseph was so gentle and so good and so uncomplaining! He did all these things as if he considered it a favor to be allowed to do them. He suffered a great deal from the cold and from the long walk, but he never uttered a word of complaint. On the contrary, he was always saying a kindly word, giving courage and comfort to the Blessed Virgin. "How much better off," he would say, "we are here, alone with the good God, than to be in the midst of a sinful city!" And he would continue: "To-morrow will be a good day, and we will make a long journey. We will be more

hardened than to-day. And when we get to Bethlehem, you will see what a welcome we shall have; we shall not be left out in the cold, but some good people will open their doors and take us in." Poor St. Joseph! how little he knew!

And now, while they are sleeping, let us say a few words about St. Joseph's history. A holy German nun, famed for her revelations, tells us that he was born of an old and noble family. We know that his ancestors were the Kings of Juda, so that he came of a royal race. He was a younger son, and had many brothers. His family lived near Bethlehem in an old house that had been a palace or something great at one time. St. Joseph was very fond of going into a quiet corner, away from his playmates and brothers, and praying there. Sometimes he went a good distance away from them, in order to be secure from their interruptions. It was in this way he came to know about the caves of the shepherds and the secret places in the hills about Bethlehem. That knowledge was of service when Mary and he were refused shelter in Bethlehem; and he took Our Lady to the cave where as a boy he had perhaps sheltered himself the oftenest and found the greatest peace in prayer.

During his father's lifetime he was somewhat protected from the ill-will of his brothers, who began to entertain a dislike for him, as the brothers of the other Joseph (the sons of Jacob) did for the favorite son of the holy patriarch. But when his father had died, then St. Joseph, finding that he was to expect no peace from his brethren, left his home, and went through the country, visiting those places where God had showed the greatest favors to His people, and supporting himself by his trade as a carpenter. He was a silent man; he seldom spoke; his mind was always meditating on the goodness of God; and, like St. Simeon, he was constantly praying that God would send the Salvation to His people. Whatever little money was over and above his daily needs he distributed to the poor, and for the widow and those in need he worked without any recompense.

There is a beautiful picture by one of the great painters, called the "Marriage of the Blessed Virgin." In this picture some men are represented as breaking wands; for the story was that all who came to the Temple to ask from the high-priest

the hand of the Blessed Virgin in marriage, were ordered to bring with them simple wands, or staves. These the high-priest took and placed before the Ark of the Covenant; and immediately St. Joseph's rod blossomed. That is the reason he is always represented in pictures with a rod, having the flower of a lily on the top—the blossoming rod recalling the story, and the flower of the lily telling that St. Joseph was pure as a lily.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Wharf Rat's Christmas.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

Cold? Why, the harbor was blocked with ice—great cakes, that heaved and churned, gritting and grinding in the fierce cross-currents that tugged and clutched at the broken masses; the wind came roaring down from the north with boisterous memories of Arctic snows and frozen seas in its song; and the heavy clouds packed closer and more leaden, threatening at every moment to drop their burden of snow. Car wheels and wagons shrieked and complained; the shop windows were half obscured by a thick rime; and people shrank so deep into their furs that you could only tell where their faces were by the trail of vapor that marked the coming and going of their breath.

A ruddy young fellow, wrapped in a beaver-lined coat, with a big knot of violets freezing in the lapel, shouted out to a passing friend, "Glorious weather, this!" But the old apple-woman at the corner muttered, "Harrrd weather, glory to God!" as she rubbed her stiffened fingers. And "Colder'n red-hot blazes!" was the comment jerked through the chattering teeth of Billy the Foghorn, as he shuffled his feet in shoes of odd sizes and shapes, and whistled to keep up his courage.

You would not have thought Billy was at all the sort of boy to get into a Christmas story. He was ugly, with a wide mouth, a big, awkward nose, light grey eyes, a perfectly uncontrollable shock of colorless hair, that stuck out through all three holes in the wreck of a hat he wore;

and his voice was so hoarse and loud as to justify that stevedore who, hearing him bellow one day on the wharf, dropped the handles of his truck and shouted to his fellows: "Jee-hosaphat, that there boy'd make a first-class foghorn!"

The nickname stuck promptly, and up to a year ago he had been a light-hearted young tough, without a grain of conscience; the leader in every fray and foray; particularly dexterous at "prigging" (stealing), and particularly lucky at escaping the consequences. He could swim like an otter, and strike out from the shoulder like a prize-fighter; he could run like a hare, and swear like a pirate,—all of which accomplishments made him a master-spirit among the wharf rats. Up to a year ago, but about that time a change began to manifest itself. He was now and then seen to sell papers; he stopped all thieving, and only snatched an apple or potato or handful of corn here and there; and on occasions he had even been seen to carry bags and parcels across the crowded space between the station to the ferry. But when he refused to pitch pennies, and began to disappear from the "gang" regularly every night at nine o'clock, an indignation meeting was held, and it was decided to arrest and try him next day, "(1) for desertin' an' contemptin' of his friends; (2) for not divyin' up his money; and (3) for spilin' the games o' pitch-an'-toss." The punishment (decided before the trial) was a fine of "beer for the crowd."

The majority of the boys had been at some time or another in the dock, so they knew the forms and phrases of the police court pretty well; and Billy was accordingly arrested, arraigned, charged, and ordered to give an account of himself. To this last his response was very unsatisfactory, and a cross-examination was begun by the "judge."

"Wot yer ben a-wiolatin' the laws o' this yer gang fur—a-sellin' pape's an' carryin' bundles?"

"Wanter make a livin'," was the short answer.

"Ain't priggin' good nuff fur you?"

"Might git took."

"An' wot ef yer did? Are you gittin' stuck up? Don't the lodgin's an' the wittles suit you at th' 'farm'?"*

"Oh, they're all right. But I got biz'ness I

ain't a-goin' to have broke up by gittin' took."

"May't please yer honor," cut in one of the "court," "he's a-goin' into pardners with Vandybilt."

"Shut that feller up for c'ntempt o' court."

This the sheriff did by tripping him and calmly sitting down on his prostrate figure.

"Why don't yer never treat the fellers?" continued the judge.

"The money gits used fur—gits used in th' biz'ness I'm 'tendin' to."

"Pretty mean biz'ness."

"'Tain't neither."

"Fine him fur contempt."

This was noted by the clerk, and the judge went on.

"Wot yer spoil the games fur—not a-playin' of 'em when yer got money?"

"Got ter use the money, I tell yer."

"Well, an' ef yer played yer might do that, an' have more to use too."

"Yep, an' then agin I mightn't. See anything green in this yere?" and Billy pulled down one eyelid.

"Fine him agin fur contempt," said the judge. Then he added, in a tone of the deepest disgust: "Look a-here, Bill, yer ain't a-goin' to turn *honest*, be you?"

"I ain't a-goin' to stand here an' listen to your sass!" was the unexpected answer. And with a dexterity born of long practice he suddenly threw a handful of mud in the judge's eyes, knocked down one constable, tripped up the other, and fled.

Various battles were fought after this; but he clung to his three newly acquired habits, and kept his secret and his pennies, and gradually the matter was dropped. To-night, which was the 24th of December, he had a bundle of papers, and it seemed to him that he had never sold them so slowly. "Got to stick though," he muttered, "or the young un won't have no Chris'mus"; and he lifted up his foghorn voice and roared his wares above the din.

An old gentleman beckoned him with a sharp "Hi, there!" and he dashed toward him, running full tilt into a young lady with an armful of bundles. One of these—a large paper bag—fell to the ground, and out of it rolled a score of tinsel ornaments for a Christmas-tree.

* The workhouse.

"Scamp!" said the old gentleman, rapping him over the head with his cane. "Pick 'em up, every one"; and then he prodded him sharply in the ribs once or twice by way of helping matters. As he scrambled them together he managed to tuck one into his ragged jacket so skilfully no one saw him do it. Then the young girl thanked him prettily, adding,

"Wouldn't you like this? I made them for our tree." It was a tarlatan bag filled with candy, and feathered-stitched and gathered with bright-colored wools.

"Bet your life!" said Billy, almost snatching it, as he thought: "That'll make the young un grin like a set o' teeth." But somehow the tinsel star in his pocket got suddenly very heavy and the sparkle was gone from it. "Wisht I hadn't a-took it," he thought, with a vague new discomfort. But he shouted lustily till his papers were gone, and then he rushed to the "one-cent stand," where he drank a cup of something called "coffee," which was very hot and tasted strongly of molasses and not at all of milk; and then he stood for a moment pondering: "Ef I wait till it's reel late the people'll be tired out, an'll sell cheap; but the young un'll git lonesome an' skeered mebbe, if I delay much longer; so I'll mosey 'long. I won't stop to eat nothin', but'll git a bucket o' soup on the way home, an' him an' me'll go shares."

And with a light foot he scudded along the market's outer edge. Suddenly he stopped. A daring thought had entered his head. If he could only get "the young un" a Christmas-tree! There was a stall full of them—all sizes, from a ten-foot pine to a two-foot cedar.

"How much a' these yer?" he asked, touching a pretty little pine about a yard high.

"Fifty cents and one dollar, sir. Buyin' for your fam'ly?" answered the young countryman, with a grin.

"Yep," said Billy, winking. "Ten small children home a-howlin' for ther par to come with it. How much these yer?" touching still smaller ones.

"Twenty-five—look out there, Simpson!" as a barrel of potatoes accidentally slipped from the hands of the huckster at the next stall and rolled against the pretty little pine they had just been talking about.

Billy's impulse was to snatch it and run; but he saw three branches were torn and the top broken, so he said: "It's too broke to sell now. Kin I take it 'long?"

"All right," was the answer. "Git!"

"Wot luck!" said Billy. "Now for the trimmin's." And he and his sorry little tree hurried along till they came abreast of and turned into a very small basement shop, where a plump German woman sat knitting.

"Go away, poy! I ain't got noding vor peggars."

"Wait till beggars come a-askin'," was Billy's natural but very impolite answer.

"Vot you vant, den?"

"Wot yer got for a tree—a Chris'mus-tree, yer know, like they got in the shops?"

"Vot you vant mit a tree?"—with a gleam of interest.

"I wants it for the young un. He's a feller wot lives with me. He's lame an' he's little—an'—an' its Chris'mus. D'yer see?"

She saw, but it was a flash-vision of a fair-haired child, dead long ago, whose little crutch had clattered through the room, whose sweet, querulous cry of "Mütter, mütterkin!" from morning till night, had been the dearest sound on earth to her, and for whom Christmas was a season of purest joy. All she said, though, was: "Yas. Vat you vant?"

"I dunno," said Billy. "I say," he added, "look a-here: here's how much I got. Our breakfus and dinner's got to come out o' it, an' the rest kin go fur trimmin's."

There were forty cents!

"Tell me 'bout dot youngling vile I bicks out de stoff," said the good frau, after looking from money to boy several times.

"Ain't much to tell. I found him a-cryin' on the corner one night. His mother got drunk an' jumped out o' a winder an' broke her neck; so there wa'n't nobody to look out for him, and he lives with me. He's awful little, and his legs aches all the time; but he's patienter than a dray-horse an' chirpy as a game-cock. He's sorter soft, though; for when I made him a kinder crutch t'other day, he—wot yer think that young un did, anyhow? He put his arm—'tain't bigger'n a pipe—roun' my neck and *kissed* me. Blamed ef he didn't, the little fool!" And Billy stamped and laughed uproariously in affected enjoyment

of the joke; but his eyes were singularly bright, and the frost had apparently got into them.

"Vere you live, hein?"

"Over on th' flats. Thar's a boat-shed with a back to it, an' a old boat in it. I heaved her up on her side, an' that made one wall. Then I found boards an' wrackage nuff to most make 'nother; an' then I got straw an' rubbidge—a whole lot—to make a warm corner for th' young un. Oh, it's prime, I tell yer!"

A shed open on two sides, gaping seams, no fire, the thermometer at zero! And this was the "home" to which he was hurrying so fast, and with such loving thoughts, although ignorant of the name and source of love!

"Gott im Himmell!" said the frau, looking at him over her spectacles. Then she dived into a tin box under the counter, and, amid much puffing and panting, drew out a small cake with two or three currants dotting its surface.

"Gif dot to de youngling, an'—"

"Hi!" exclaimed Billy, "goin' to gi' me that?"

"Yas."

"Hooray!" cried the Foghorn. "I say, you're a prime lot, *you* are—A No. 1! Why, he'll jest be tickled to death. This here's Chris'mus with a big K."

"Tell him de Christkind sent it."

"That yer name?"

"No, no! De Christkind—de liddle Christ-Child."

"Wot's that?"

And in very broken English, but with a heart overflowing with love of the subject, Frau Hitt told him the story of Bethlehem, and of the beautiful Christ-Child, patron of childish joys.

"Gosh!" said Billy, shutting his mouth as she finished, "that's a story that'll make th' young un's eyes pop."

"Not a story," said the frau. "It's *true*."

"Oh, come off! What yer givin' us?" answered Billy, shutting one eye derisively.

"Yas, true. Tell the youngling so. Here's de drimmin's."

There were two clear candy pipes; a candy dog and elephant—both the same size; a candy chicken; a candy girl, a trifle smaller than the chicken; a string of gilt tinsel; four sugar kisses in gilt paper, three in red, two in purple; a small pewter star attached to a candle holder;

and—oh, crowning glory!—a tiny yellow candle.

She picked out fifteen cents, and gave him back the rest.

"Do you know how to vix 'em on?"

"No'm," said Billy, looking incredulously at the glittering pile.

"Vell, dis vay." And, with a pair of blue eyes haunting her, and a tiny hand tugging at her heart across the long years, she neatly trimmed away the broken branches, fastened the candle on the splintered top, where the star twinkled bravely, strung the candies and kisses on stout thread and tied them over the tree, twisted in the tinsel; and, after holding it a minute before Billy's enraptured eyes, folded a paper round it and handed it back to him, with the cake.

"I say," said Billy, speaking very loud and hoarse and blinking hard, "I dunno wot to say to yer. Thar ain't nobody ever done nothin' for me afore, an'—an'—I'm beat out for suthin' to say. But hold on, I know! The fust time th' young un's legs don't ache I'll—I'll bring *him* here. He's awful cute, an' *he*'ll know wot to say, bet yer life!"

And off he trotted to the river side, tired, cold, hungry, but happier than a king. At the soup-house he got scant measure; for it was after nine o'clock, and the good people who carried on the charity closed at an early hour to get safely out of the turbulent neighborhood. But the spirit of Christmas was abroad here, and when he tendered his pennies he was told to keep them, and a stray roll was placed in his hands. Then came a long, exhausting tramp across the flat, where the wind was playing wild pranks, and the cold was fiercer and more benumbing than in the city; for there the houses broke its force. But at last he was "home."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Thought for Christmas.

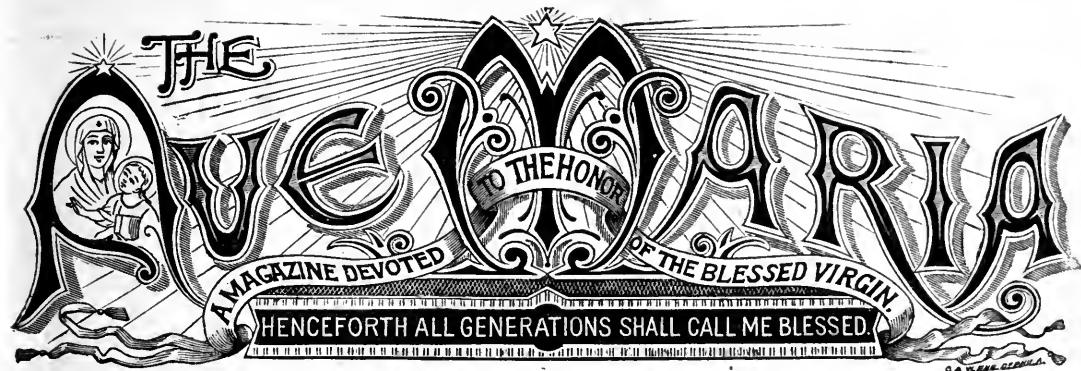
THE Shepherds who watched on the starlit slopes
That night in the long ago,
Were but simple men, of whose fears or hopes
The world cared not to know.
But only the Shepherds heard the song
That rolled through the purple skies,
And only the lowly may join the throng
'Round the Crib where the Man-God lies.





MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA.

(*Raphael.*)



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Christmas in the Olden Time.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

MANY a poet has, with Milton, tuned his lyre to celebrate that rare and joyous festival—

"The night

Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth begins."

They seem to hear, as Dante heard in the dim shades of Purgatory, the spirits chanting "Glory to God in the highest!"

"Like to those

Shepherds who first heard in Bethlehem's field That song."

To Shakspeare's exquisite fancy appealed most strongly the superstitions connected with that hallowed time,

"Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome then, no planets strike;
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

In medieval times it was currently believed by the people that the oxen knelt in their stalls and the bees sang in the hives at the hour of the holy birth. In a very ancient print, still existing, a ox, a cow, a sheep, a raven and a cock are presented, with a Latin scroll in the mouth of each, which reads as follows: "The cock croweth, *Christus natus est*' (Christ is born). The raven keth, '*Quando?*' (when). The cow replieth, '*Tac nocte*' (this night). The ox crieth, '*Ubi, ubi?*'

(where, where). The sheep bleateth, '*Bethlehem.*'"

Scott seized upon the social or domestic side of Christmas, and has left us, in "Marmion," a beautiful and detailed account of "Christmas in the Middle Ages":

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train;
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all."

No detail of the merry scene is neglected. The heir, with roses in his shoes, choosing a village partner; the lord taking his part in the popular game of "post and pair"; the old blue-coated serving-man placing upon the huge table's oaken face the grim boar's head, crested with bays and rosemary; the plum-porridge, the Christmas-pie, the savory goose, the huge surloin, and the wassail-bowl.

It is always of interest at Christmastide to remind ourselves, more or less in detail, of those various customs which served to make the yuletide celebrations of our ancestors at once so picturesque and so full of mirth and geniality. In this task we shall be much assisted by the carols, each of which has direct reference to one

or more details of the Christmas merrymaking.

The wassail-bowl, for example, was an important feature of every Christmas assembly. From its highly-spiced contents toasts were drunk, with the "Washaile," or "Drink-heil," which corresponds to the more modern "Your health," or "I drink to you." In the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. it is laid down that "the chappell shall stand at one side of the hall; and when the steward cometh in at the hall-dore with the wassell, he must cry three times, 'Wassell, Wassell, Wassell!' and then the chappell to answer with a good song." At most of those assemblies, whether of students of the universities or of other youthful revellers, over whom presided the "Christmas Prince," or "Lord of Misrule," with his eight white slaves, his lord-keeper, lord-chancellor, and other attendants, the wassail-bowl had a place of honor. In some parts of the country, as late as the beginning of this century, merry troops of wassailers went about singing the wassail songs, and craving some gift in return.

Robert Herrick has left a "Wassail Song," supposed to be sung by one of these companies of wassailers. It is replete with quaint and delicate touches, as may be seen from the following:

"May both with manchet stand replete;
Your larder, too, so hung with meat
That though a thousand, thousand eat,
Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was served out.

"Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow:
Like to a solemn, sober stream,
Banked all with lilies; and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them."

As Aubrey remarks, "before the civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first diet that was brought in was a boar's head with a lemon in its mouth." The entrance of the boar's head was a most important ceremony at all festivities. It was usually preceded with trumpeters. We read of it being served during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, upon "a silver platter, with minstrelsie"; or being sent to table in "castellys of golde and enamel." The crane also had its place amongst the Christmas delicacies. "It is thought," says the Northumberland Household

Book (1512), "that cranys must be had at Christmas, for my lord's own mees, so they be bought at sixteen pence a pece."

The Christmas-pie was a somewhat costly adjunct to the banqueting, if we may judge by a receipt "for to make a most choice paste of gamys, to be eaten at ye feaste of Chrystemas," which was preserved in the records of the Worshipful Salters company at the time of Richard II., A. D. 1394. The receipt included, besides various condiments and other ingredients, partridges, capons, pigeons, conies, pheasants, hares; and the instructions were: "To smite them into pieces and pick clean therefrom all the bones that ye may, and therewith do them into a foyle of good paste made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body." The crust was adorned with the head and tail of a bird, "many of his long feathers being set cunningly in about him."

The yule-log, or clog, or Christmas block, as it was variously called, blazed upon many a spacious hearth, to assist in the lighting of the hall. A fragment of it was always kept from one year to light the next year's log. Current superstition held the omission of this detail to be in the highest degree unlucky.

"Part must be kept wherewith to tend the Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend can do no mischief here."

The Christmas decorations of holly and ivy had innumerable carols in their honor, such as:

"Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who shall have the mastery
In lands where they go."

Very popular were the solemn old mystery plays, with their Shepherds, Misael, Achael, Cyriacus, and Stephanus; and their Kings, "Melchior, King of Nubia and Arabia, who offered to the Saviour gold," and who is described as "of the least of stature and of person"; Balthasar, King of Saba, the offerer of incense, "likewise of mean stature"; and Jasper, King of Tharsis and Egripville, who gave myrrh and "was most in person and a black Ethiop."

The "Twelve Days of Christmas" had each one its own celebration, all of which came to an end on that doleful morrow of the Epiphany, known as St. Distaff's Day. Then the lads and lasses were supposed to resume work.

"Give St. Distaft all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night;
And next morrow everyone
To his own vocation."

On Twelfth Night, or the Epiphany, the festival of the bean and pea was celebrated, with the choosing of the king and queen. This custom prevailed as well in France, the *Roi de la Feve* being as popular a personage as the Bean King of the British Islands.

Many of the social and domestic customs which belong to the medieval Christmas continued down to the time of the civil wars, and reappeared with the Restoration. Pepys describes a ball given at Whitehall during Christmas week, at which many old customs were observed—the merry monarch himself leading the "country dance."

But the truly religious idea underlying all the celebrations, the inborn conviction that the mid-night of Christmas

"To the cottage and the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down";

the fastings which preceded the feasting; the almsgiving "yearly against Christemasse"; the pious remembrance of Our Lady and the saints,—all departed with the Middle Ages. Yet the echo of that simple, fervent faith, that close connection between the events of this life and the other, between the denizens of heaven and the rich and poor alike on earth, remains in what may be called the religious carols. Of these shall be quoted some fragments, beginning with that ancient one, entitled "Welcome Yule!"

"Welcome be Thou Heaven's King,—
Welcome, born in one morning.
Welcome, for whom we shall sing,—
Welcome Yule!

"Welcome be ye Stephen and John.
Welcome Innocents every one.
Welcome Thomas, martyr one,—
Welcome Yule!

"Welcome be ye good New Year.
Welcome Twelfth Day, both in fere [alike].
Welcome saints, beloved and dear,—
Welcome Yule!

"Welcome be ye Candlemas.
Welcome be ye Queen of Bliss.
Welcome to more and less,—
Welcome Yule!"

A somewhat similar "Yule-Tide Carol" cele-

brates the third day as belonging to St. John,—
"That was Christ's dearest darling one."

The fourth to

"The children young
With Herod's wrath to death were done."

And so on to that fortieth day, when came

"Mary mild
Unto the Temple with her Child."

A charming little carol of medieval origin takes the form of a cradle song, or lullaby:

"This endris night I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among a maiden sung,
Lullay, by by, lullay!

Mary, Mother, I am thy Child, tho' I be laid in stall.
Lords and dukes shall worship Me, and so shall kings
all."

At the conclusion of the verses the Mother asks a boon:

"That child or man that will or can
Be merry upon my day,
To bliss them bring, and I shall sing
Lullay, by by, lullay!"

There are various versions of the popular old carol:

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning;
And who was in those ships all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

In the other versions, beginning respectively, "As I sat on a sunny bank," and "As I sat under a sycamore tree, looking out upon the sea," it is "St. Joseph and his fair Lady" who sail in the ships.

Among the most widely known of the Christmas songs was that one beginning,

"God rest you merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

In the carol of "The Carnal and the Crane," one bird asks of the other:

"Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rocked in?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapped in?"

The other bird saying in answer:

"A manger was the cradle. . . ."

It would be tedious to do more than mention here such well-known carols, some of comparatively modern origin, as "Mortals, awake! With angels join," "Hark! all around the welkin rings," "Joy to the world, now Christ is born," "O God, that guides the cheerful sun!" "Come, behold the Virgin Mother."

The Feast of the Innocents had its own carol, wherein we are reminded how

"The cruel King
This tyranny did put in ure [use]:
All men-children he did slew,
Of Christ to be sure."

St. Stephen had also his own peculiar songs, in the best-known of which we learn that

"St. Stephen was a clerk
In King Herod's hall,
And served him of bread and cloth,
As ever king befall."

The carols relating to the Epiphany are numerous and peculiarly quaint and characteristic, as may be seen from the following lines:

"There came three Kings from Galilee
To Bethlehem, that fair citie,
To see Him that should ever be
By right-a
Lord and King and Knight-a.
As they came forth with their offering,
They met with Herod, that moody King.
He asked them of their coming
This tide-a."

With the Epiphany die away the Christmas songs and the sounds of mirth. With them of those distant centuries, as with us, the Star of Christmas sets for another year. That Star, which the Wise Men saw afar on their desert journey, and which we see with the eyes of faith, shall rise again. When the New Year, the approach of which is so unfamiliar, shall have grown old and drawn near its end, its light shall shine once more. The Star of Christmas shall, indeed, continue to rise with every departing year, until time itself shall have ceased to be.

HE who has not love and veneration for the Blessed Mother of Jesus is unlike our Divine Saviour in that particular perfection of His character which comes next after His filial piety toward God.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Farewell!

OLD YEAR, thou hast brought me sorrow,
In the long hours of thy nights I have fought
with pain;
My soul hath travailed unheard in the blaze of
thy sunshine,
My tears have fallen unseen in the gloom of thy
rain.

Old Year, thou hast brought me sorrow—
Sorrow that loveth my threshold and haunteth
my feet;
But tender and fair is the fruitage of patience
born of pain,—
Through the black shadows of Calvary, reaching
His feet,
The Lamb without spot or blemish, yet who was
slain.
Farewell, Old Year! Let me kiss thy hand again!
M. E. M.

Margaret.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

THE days passed more wearily than ever in the little house by the sea; for December had come in, and Margaret felt that, as Christmas Day drew near, she must die. The sky grew greyer and greyer; and the sea seemed part of the sky, except where the white streaks of the breakers broke its surface. The fire in her little room glowed brightly, and a late chrysanthemum, rescued from beneath a great pile of brush at the end of the garden, perfumed the air aromatically.

There were two pictures in this room covered from sight; and, although Margaret was a Catholic, a lovely medallion done by a Bavarian priest who, served the church at the lighthouse, in which the Adoration of the Magi was represented, had also been veiled. Margaret's heart filled with bitterness at the sight of a child. What right had other mothers to joy when she had none? This wood-carving—so remarkable because the Child Jesus was exquisitely portrayed,—which she had loved above all her pos-

sessions a year or two ago, had become distasteful to her. She found no comfort in the wrapt and joyous look of the Mother; no delight in the lovely, dimpled face of the Child, which was a miracle of art. A dumb, sullen despair had taken possession of her. She was alone in the world, and the weird sobs and moans of the Atlantic in wintry weather seemed to fall in well with her sad thoughts.

Early in the summer she had come down to the sea with her husband and child, the little Wilfred. June had been a dream of happiness,—sunshine and the glow of wild roses, and the dash of the foam on the white sand. Wilfred, who was four years old, had learned to run down to meet the flashing, white spray; and then, when the first drops touched his rosy feet, to rush back with open arms to his happy mother. The three were happy in themselves. The little house, the wild roses, the sea, and themselves, were enough—just enough. Sometimes Margaret felt that she had almost forgotten God in her happiness. On Sundays there was the trip to the little church beyond the lighthouse, through the briar-lined hedge, all aglow with pink and gold. She often said to herself, in a kind of ecstasy, that she was happy. And day by day the little Wilfred bloomed, with his pink cheeks and his golden hair, like one of the roses.

But one day, on which her husband had come down to the sea-shore for part of his vacation, she left him and the child together. She buttoned the little fellow's blue and white bathing suit; and, thinking how pretty his golden curls were as they fell upon it, she bade the two she loved best on earth good-bye. She never saw them again. When she came back from her errand to the town, they were not in the breakers or on the beach. The sand glistened in the sunlight, and the spray rose higher and higher, as the tide came in. She knocked at the doors of the bathing houses, and there was no answer. Could they have gone home? She hastened thither. She called in vain: they were not there.

Margaret sat for a moment on the vine-wreathed doorstep and waited. "They are hiding from me," she said, yet her heart stood still as she said it. "They are hiding from me,—oh, yes, they are hiding from me!" But there was no

movement, except that of the breeze among the vines; and the only creature that came near her was a huge yellow butterfly, which dashed against her hand, leaving a blotch of yellow dust upon it.

Heart-sick as she was, she noticed the golden dust, and wondered whether it was from a flower or not. Every emotion of that short time of waiting seemed etched in her memory. She could live it over again at will at any time in her after-life. She arose from the doorstep, and went toward the pier. On this pier was hung the sign "Dangerous." Here was the famous undertow, the terror of even the stoutest swimmer. There was a small group on the pier, with glasses set for a distant view; and just as Margaret reached the place the life-boat touched the sand. Could there have been an accident? No; for the boat was empty.

In the distance she saw a steam tug; and farther off, far beyond the line of tossing breakers, a schooner gliding eastward. The crew of the life-boat were strangely silent. She went up eagerly to the one she knew best, gruff but kindly Captain Somers.

"Have you seen—?" she began.

He did not answer; he turned his head away. The smallest of the crew—a little boy who had often tossed Wilfred in his arms, and who had still the look of his own babyhood on his face—took her hand softly, and pointed with his to the sea. It was enough. Her whole being thrilled with the awful, unspoken news. It was enough; she knew the sea had taken them.

When she came to her senses, they told her—how old Captain Somers hated the task!—that her husband, with the little Wilfred on his back, had gone out far beyond the breakers. The crew had watched him from their station unconcernedly; for they knew he was an expert swimmer. Suddenly the little Wilfred had relaxed his hold; his arms dropped from his father's neck and he disappeared. The crew saw the father's head disappear under water. When he came to the surface with the child, he was in a direct line from the fatal pier. The crew manned the boat. In vain. The undertow, like the water-nymphs of the legends, like the naiads who drew young Hylas to his death, had carried Wilfred and his father beyond the reach of help. They were gone—that was all. The sea made no other answer. And in

that ever-changing grave, without a cross or flowers, the best beloved of Margaret's heart lay through the golden summer, through the rains of November, and now in the wintry December. The snow that fell melted into the ocean, like their lives.

For weeks she waited for their coming. She lived alone and waited,—alone, alone. Many a time in the night, when the hail tapped on the window or the door, she opened it eagerly, expecting to see the dear yellow curls gleam in the light of her lamp, and hear the sweetest of all voices cry out, "I am here, mamma! Papa and I have been hiding among the rosebushes." One night, when the tap was louder than usual, she found on her threshold a little dead bird, cast from its nest by the wind against her door. Until this time she had been tearless; at the sight of the little creature, with its dragged feathers and torn wing, the tears came.

She would see no one all these months. She hastily went to town in the twilight for the necessities of life, and returned like a spectre. The priest of the church near the lighthouse, who had loved the little Wilfred, came to see her; but in vain. She had answered his knock by saying,

"Go, Father! I can not think, I can not talk. I can only wait."

And when he had spoken again, really as a father might speak to a grief-stricken child, she had only answered with sobs:

"We were so happy, all by ourselves! We were so very happy!"

And a third time she had answered, with a low wail that made the priest shiver:

"Keep Christmas away, Father!—keep it away! We were so happy last year! I must die if it comes!"

The priest went away, shaking his head sadly. And she went back and lived over again that happy evening, when with the little Wilfred in her arms she had sung the *Adeste Fideles* in honor of the feast, while the proud father listened.

But Christmas came nearer and nearer. She who would have given the world to turn back the tide and make it yield its treasures, could not stop time. The priest at the little church always gathered the fishermen and their wives and children at Midnight Mass; and there was, too, after Mass, the Adoration of the Holy Infancy.

All the country around, Catholic and non-Catholic, was proud of the beautiful Crib the priest had made himself. But this year it was rumored that it would be more beautiful than ever, and that Father Hyacinth had carved the loveliest little boy ever seen. Inspired by one of those strange presentiments that come often to good women and sometimes to good men, he had studied the photographs of the little Wilfred; he had cut out a little shepherd to stand near the Holy Child, whose face was like that of Margaret's beloved. Why he had done so he could not tell. He would have told you that the dear child was often in his thoughts.

On Christmas Eve he spoke to his choir of little boys, and begged them to walk along the sands and sing their sweetest carols under the windows of the Widow Margaret. And an hour before midnight she heard childish voices singing the *Adeste Fideles*. At this her heart nearly broke; for surely there, among them, must be the voice of her little boy. After a time the voices grew distant; and, throwing her cloak around her, she followed them afar off. She followed them to the door of the lighted church, which she had not entered since the fair days of June. Turning aside, dazzled by the glow of the candles, she saw the confessional; and, on a sudden impulse, entered it. A few people who had come early wondered at the deep sobs that came from the green-curtained box. At last, absolved, she knelt in the aisle, near the altar railing; and as she dropped her thin hands from before her face an acolyte lit the candles around the Crib. Her heart stood still; the organ softly began:

"Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes—"

Surely that must be little Wilfred—her little Wilfred,—so near the Infant, with the hand of the kind St. Joseph resting on his head! It was he!—it was he!

"Ah," she whispered to herself, "he is not in the sea; he is safe with Our Lord and His Mother! He is not in the sea. I must go to him!"

And, as the joyous anthem swelled louder and sweeter, she fell forward in the aisle, her white, almost transparent hands grasping the lily leaves carved in the wood of the rail.

"I must go to them!" she murmured.

And thus on Christmas Eve Margaret found her little child.

The Sibyl's Prophecy.

WHATEVER critics may say in regard to the immediate occasion of Virgil's celebrated fourth eclogue, or the source of his sentiments and ideas, the thought which strikes the Christian in reading this charming poem, and seems to be predominant throughout, is the one expressed in the language of all the prophets, and embodied in a tradition common to the human family, referring to the coming of the Redeemer of the world. The Mantuan bard dwells on those elements upon which the whole mystery of Redemption rests: the destruction of our innocence, the necessity of a heavenly liberator, and the return of the reign of peace and justice. The following metrical version, which a well-known writer contributes to THE "AVE MARIA," will present this clearly before the mind of the reader:

Now hath arrived

The latest period of Cumæan song;
The order of the ages 'gins anew:
Returnèd is the Virgin, and the reign
Of Saturn is restorèd.

From high heaven

Now is a new and nobler race sent down.
Do thou, O chaste Lucina! favors show
Unto the infant Boy—through whom the age,
The iron age shall end, the golden age
Rise glorious throughout t' awakened world.

He shall receive the life o' th' gods, and He
Shall see the heroes mingle with the gods,
And shall be seen of them; and He shall rule—
Shall rule a world now given to repose—
With all the virtues of His sires!

The earth

Shall yield to Thee, O Child! her cherished fruits
Without the pang of toil; the ivy twine
With lady's-glove; and colacasia
With the acanthus, smiling on its stem:
Home the goats hasten with distended udders;
No more the herds the mighty lions fear;
Cradles, themselves, shall yield the sweetest flower;
The serpent die; the treacherous, poison herb
No longer thrive: Assyrian amomum
Over the land shall flourish and grow wild.

Soon as Thou learnst to read the praise of heroes,
The deeds of sires, and knowst what virtue is,

The fields shall yellow grow with ripening corn,
And the uncultured vine with heavy clusters
Blush with the blushing grape—while hardy oaks
Exude their dewy honey.

Hasten these,—

O cherished offspring of the gods, descendant
Of Jupiter!—beseech Thee, hasten these;
The time is now at hand.

Behold the world

Nodding beneath its vaulted weight; the lands,
The seas and the great firmament, behold
How all things are rejoicing in the age
That cometh!

Ah! I would that life,

The remnant of so long a life, might yet
Remain to me, and with it inspiration
Fitly to sing Thy deed.

* * *

Carmela.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVII.

"IF you are to regain the place you have lost, it
I can only be by winning anew the confidence
and respect you have forfeited."

These emphatic words of Mrs. Thorpe rang in Lestranger's ears with an uncomfortable persistence after he had left her. Their conversation had given him much to think of, but this thought seemed to dominate all the rest—even the astounding declaration of her Catholicity, and the relief, mingled with disappointment, of her promise that he should certainly inherit half of her fortune. Was it strange that, after hearing of the destination of the other half, Carmela began to seem a much more desirable object in his eyes? There are few lovers so disinterested that such an announcement would not quicken their ardor; and to the exceedingly small class who would have been uninfluenced by it Lestranger had no pretensions to belong. He frankly told himself that it was now absolutely necessary that he should make his peace with Carmela. But how was he to accomplish this desirable end, the difficulty of which he could not conceal from himself? Like a mocking echo he recalled Mrs. Thorpe's words: "You must win anew her confidence and respect."

As he had said, it was not an easy task; but if it were essential, it must be done. Only—how? He had no fancy for the long, slow process of building up again a forfeited trust; he desired to attain his end by some brilliant stroke—something which would accomplish the desired result with dramatic effect and dramatic rapidity. No flash of inspiration came, however, to tell him how this should be done; and when he met Carmela there was nothing in her gentle courtesy to help him to a solution of his difficulty.

The next day was Sunday; and, after hearing Mass in the charming old Church of Santa Brigida—an ancient convent foundation, rescued by private munificence from the secularizing hands of the government, served by Jesuit Fathers, and a very favorite church with the higher class of Mexicans,—Mrs. Thorpe and Carmela, attended by Lestrangle, went to the Alameda, where all the fashionable world betakes itself on Sunday morning.

It is a brilliant and beautiful scene which the lovely pleasure-ground presents on these occasions. The wide, shade-arched avenues, usually so quiet, are filled for two or three hours with a throng abounding in all manner of picturesque contrasts of nationality, class, and costume. On rows of chairs, carefully placed in the shadow of the tall trees, with strips of carpet under their dainty feet, sit ladies whose toilets bear the highest stamp of Parisian elegance, and men full of distinction of appearance; while between these lines of spectators, who have come both to see and to be seen, passes the shifting crowd of promenaders, chiefly composed of figures as fashionably elegant as those who watch them; with a large sprinkling of foreigners, and now and then a few of the lower orders in their picturesque dress. In high pavilions among the green foliage two bands are playing alternately; the sun shines with dazzling brightness; the atmosphere is fragrant with the odors of countless flowers; the very air seems to pulsate with pleasure and the sense of gay life.

Lestrangle, to whom such scenes were always enchanting, with their countless suggestions of fashion and gaiety, felt his spirits rise as soon as he entered the beautiful pleasance, and found himself, with his companions, part of the quietly-moving, well-dressed throng. It was altogether

just such an atmosphere as suited him; and his sense of enjoyment was increased by the consciousness of being himself irreproachable in all points of appearance, and of attending two ladies who were equally so.

Mrs. Thorpe was the ideal of an elderly, aristocratic chaperon, while it seemed to him that among all the fair faces present he saw none to compare with Carmela's. Her toilet of black lace, with its graceful masses of drapery, needed perhaps the charming lace mantilla to complete its artistic effect; but if the artist in him desired this, the man of the world was more than satisfied with the picturesque black hat, covered with a mass of soft, curling plumes, which Mrs. Thorpe had purchased in one of the French shops that seem bodily transported from the Rue de la Paix to the Calle San Francisco, and insisted on Carmela's accepting. There are men whom nothing charms so much as the union of fashion with beauty, and Lestrangle belonged entirely to this class. He noted every detail of Carmela's toilet, even to the long, perfectly fitting gloves of tan *suede* on her slender hands; and said to himself that she bore triumphantly the difficult test of dress, and that a man might be proud to walk by her side anywhere. With this thought came also the conviction that it would be his happy fate so to walk through many scenes which his soul loved; for nothing was more impossible to him than to remain long in any depressed or humble frame of mind. The thing he desired had, so far, always been, with trifling exceptions, the thing which had come to him; and he could not believe that Carmela would prove an exception to the rule.

They walked for some time along the stately avenues, around the sweeping *glorietas* or circles, in the midst of which fountains played; great masses of Nile lilies bloomed in the centre of limpid pools of water, or statues stood on pedestals of daisy-starred turf. Every radiating vista formed an enchanting picture; the air was filled with strains of music and the sound of musical speech. Mrs. Thorpe declared that she had never seen a place that fascinated her so much.

"I do not think there is a promenade in Europe to compare with it in picturesque charm," she said. "Mr. Fenwick and I were agreeing in that opinion last Sunday. By the bye, where is Mr.

Fenwick, I wonder? He has absolutely deserted us. I thought we should certainly meet him here."

Some one else had the same thought, although she did not express it. Ever since they entered the Alameda Carmela had, half unconsciously, been expecting Fenwick to appear; and, had she been thinking of herself or her own sensations, she would have been surprised by the disappointment which his non-appearance caused. Involuntarily she contrasted to-day with last Sunday, when he had been their attendant; and knew that she had enjoyed every sight and sound then with a pleasure, a sense of sympathetic companionship, which was altogether lacking now. Had some spirit of wisdom counselled Fenwick to put his value to the test in this way, or was he only depressed by the presence of Lestrangle? However that might be, it is certain that he did not seek them; and it was apparently only by accident that they met him at last—walking with an elderly gentleman, whom, pausing, he begged to introduce as an old friend just arrived from the States. The sound of the gentleman's name made Mrs. Thorpe beam with the cordiality which people generally display on making a desirable acquaintance; and after a moment or two they all moved on together—Fenwick's friend, whom he had presented as Governor Rayburn, walking by the side of Mrs. Thorpe, while Fenwick himself fell back and joined Carmela and Lestrangle, by no means to the gratification of the latter.

This sufficiently obvious fact did not, however, trouble the newcomer. His eyes, with something like a tender smile in their depths, rested on the girl, as if the mere sight of her was a pleasure to him. He, too, noted her toilet, and thought how well its perfection set off her delicate beauty; but he also said to himself that he preferred the nun-like maiden, with poetic eyes, whom he saw in the early morning of every day going to Mass, with the black drapery of her country over her graceful head.

"You look as if you belonged to the *grand monde*," he said to her, smiling. "Yet I think I prefer the Mexican señorita."

"The Mexican señorita is not lost," Carmela answered, smiling also. "She will reappear in good time. But, you know, our customs are very fixed. For a fashionable promenade like this

one wears a fashionable toilet; but for many other occasions—especially, as a rule, for going to church—we dress very plainly and cover our heads with the black mantilla. I have heard," she added, a little maliciously, "that in your country ladies dress to go to church as if they were going to a theatre."

"I can not deny that it is true," he said. "The kind of dress-parade that takes place in our churches will certainly strike me as very strange when I return from Mexico, where, without a thought of personal display, shrouded like nuns, the women go to church simply to pray."

"Even with us," observed Lestrangle, "I think that the people who wear their fine feathers to church are generally those who have nowhere else to display them."

"Unfortunately, there is not even that excuse—if it be an excuse—for many of them," returned Fenwick. "The tendency of human nature to display its fine feathers is very natural," he added. "I do not quarrel with that, but only with the bad taste evinced in the places too often chosen for the display. Now, this is perfect" (with a glance around). "The gay world never found a more charming setting for its brilliance."

"I do not suppose," said Lestrangle, superciliously, "that such scenes have very much attraction for you. One must be familiar with the gay world in order to enjoy it."

Fenwick looked at him for a moment, as if wondering a little at such gratuitous impertinence. Then he answered, quietly: "My familiarity with the gay world has been sufficient to enable me to appreciate it, I believe, with tolerable justice. I am not one of those who worship it for the sake of its prosperity, or who foolishly denounce it as hollow and shallow. Like every other world—that is, like every other order of society,—it possesses much that is good, as well as much that is bad. There is not at bottom a great deal of difference in human nature, whether covered by satin or fustian. Wealth, in itself, forms no distinction, except to the vulgar-minded; but fine manners, liberal education, perfect culture—these things *do* form a distinction; and for the sake of these, which it mostly possesses, I take off my hat to your gay world. There are many worse places in life to sojourn

than within its charmed borders; still, I should not care to abide there altogether."

"And I care to abide in no other place," said Lestrangle, brusquely. "It is the only world in which life is worth living. Were I forced to abandon it—that is, were I deprived of the wealth that is necessary to hold one's place in it,—I should wish to go away and bury myself in some wild part of the world, where no echo of it could ever come to me."

He had forgotten Carmela as he spoke; but she, listening to him, said to herself that it was not strange that love for *her* had yielded before such passionate love for the things which it had seemed necessary for him to renounce in order to win her.

"Oh, there is no doubt of your always having a place in it!" replied Fenwick, lightly. "You are the type of man made for it; and, to do the *beau monde* justice, it always knows its own. Now I—"

"You feel yourself too superior, perhaps?" said Arthur, who seemed still determined to be rude.

"On the contrary," answered Fenwick, with a laugh, "I feel myself too dull. I have a habit of looking at life too seriously to suit the gay atmosphere of which we speak. I arrogate no virtue to myself on that account. It only proves a certain want of adaptability in my nature. My ideal of a man is one whose sympathy is broad enough to embrace all orders of society, to whom 'nothing that is human is strange.' But, nevertheless, we must be content to know ourselves fall far below our ideals," he added, with a smile addressed specially to Carmela.

She wished to tell him how much she liked his kind and gentle philosophy, and how nearly he seemed to her to approach his own ideal; but words seemed lacking to her. It was only after a moment that she said, a little timidly: "It seems to me very narrow to imagine that all good is either in high or low. I have myself seen so much in both—so much charity and generosity in those to whom God has given wealth, so much patience, resignation and fortitude in the poor. But for myself, I think I should not care to be too prosperous. I should fear to grow to love the things of the world too well."

"There speaks your strain of Spanish asceticism," remarked Lestrangle. "You know I always told you that it was in your nature. But you

belong to another race also, Carmelita,—a race which holds and values and makes the most of the things of this world—which, after all, is the only world we know anything about," he added, shrugging his shoulders.

There was much in this speech which offended both his hearers. First, the familiar use of the affectionate diminutive of Carmela's name; and secondly, the words with which he concluded.

"If we know nothing of any other world, it is surely our own fault," she answered, coldly. "And for myself, if I have alien blood in my veins, I am at least wholly Mexican in my heart."

She looked at him with a challenge in her dark eyes, which made him think that he had never seen her so beautiful or so spirited before. It was with reproach not altogether simulated that he said, quickly: "And so you deny your father's race and people! Do you think that is just or well?"

"I deny nothing," she replied. "But I can not admire nor wish to identify myself with a race that has abandoned the faith of God, and worships with a servile adulation the things of this world—its wealth, its prosperity, its power. I would rather be the poorest of my people than the greatest of those who chiefly represented yours among us, so sordid have they been, so steeped in materialism, so—" She paused abruptly, and glanced from one to the other of her companions with a charming apology. "Pardon me," she said. "I forget myself. I should not speak in this manner to you. And, indeed, it has given me great pleasure to learn how delightful and admirable some Americans can be."

"We must not fail to appropriate such a compliment to ourselves, Lestrangle," said Fenwick, lifting his hat. "I feel a serene consciousness that I am one of the delightful and admirable Americans alluded to."

"Can you doubt it?" asked Carmela, turning to him with a smile.

Lestrangle glanced at her suspiciously. Her frankness seemed reassuring, yet he knew well that Carmela could not be judged by rules that held good with other girls. He felt disgusted and irritated in a comprehensive manner with everything, including himself. He dared not ask, even in Fenwick's jesting fashion, if Carmela included him in the class of people so flatteringly

described; for to do so would be to approach too near to subjects which were no matter for jest. If they were alone now— He felt at this moment that it would afford him unfeigned satisfaction to call Fenwick into the green obscurity of one of the remoter alleys, and there run him through the body, like a medieval cavalier or a modern French journalist. But, such heroic measures being impossible, he felt it at least a relief when Mrs. Thorpe turned around and proposed that they should take possession of some vacant seats in a shady nook.

(Conclusion next month.)

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHAT can satisfy him? What can amuse him? What can make him so cheerful that the touch of the east wind will not throw him into gloom? How anxiously his children watch his face! How hypocritically they laugh at his jokes! How gladly they see him depart from the house; and when he pauses in the hall to consider the weather prospect without, how they almost pray that he may not, for their sake, mind the wind or weather! And when he is gone, there is an audible sigh of relief.

And yet he is conscious of having done nothing but his duty. He is a good father; he preaches the most virtuous maxims; he sees that his children are well provided for, that there is fire and food and raiment; he sees that they go to school and to church; and he is a model in the eyes of the world and in his own eyes. He reflects with pleasure on the fact that there is no levity or frivolity in the bosom of his family when he is at home. Tom does not produce his jokes when his father is present; Mary Ann becomes a pattern of propriety, with her thoughts apparently intent on the solemn utterances of her father; and the small children—unless he happens to have a favorite—are as quiet as mice.

His criticism always takes the form of a growl. The daily meals give him his opportunity. The coffee is never just as he likes it,—why are people

such fools as to want anything that does not suit him? Sometimes it occurs to him that his family is not cheerful; then he casts an eagle-like look at his wife, and commands that everybody shall laugh and talk. The humor of the thing does not strike the unhappy creatures, and there begins at once hysterical chatter. No rule is more despotic or irksome than this kind of Home Rule.

If there is a request to be made, who will do it? If it be about a matter of money, his wife trembles. "It is better," she tells the children, "to go without things than to disturb father." But a time comes when urgency demands that he must be disturbed. Tom wants to join a photographic club, like the rest of the boys—it is always "the rest of the boys" that decides Tom in such matters; or perhaps Mary Ann wants a new gown for some function, "like the rest of the girls." Then the manœuvring begins. The most important question is, How can the domestic god be approached? Hearts stand still when he frowns. He jokes sardonically over the toughness of his beefsteak. What cheerful, hypocritical laughter follows! How eager the young folk are to call a cloud a whale, if the amiable *pater* does so!

At last the requests, made in trembling accents, come. And the treacherous but hopeful mother takes a little fright, and says, in a deprecating voice, "How can you bother your father, my dears!" The young people take his first refusal meekly. Then they attempt to play on his vanity, his love of display, his regard for appearances. They never once imagine that they can appeal to his affection for them, or that he has any real sympathy with them. And the anxious mother, with a wan smile, looks on, and hopes they may succeed; in her heart saying that they have such little pleasure, but with her lips pretending to betray their cause. If they win the day, their gain is hardly worth all the anxiety and intrigue. The Jove of the domestic circle relents, *if* he relents, with a growl; so that, in the case of himself and his children, it is good neither to give nor receive.

The time comes when he declares that his children are ungrateful, and he turns fiercely to his wife and demands why *she* made them ungrateful. Was he not a model father? Can any friend or acquaintance say that *he* ever neglected his children? It must be her fault. If Tom has run away, and Mary Ann married without his consent,

the blame can not be his. Why did not she make a more cheerful home? If he were a bad-tempered man or a fault-finding man or a bad man, there might be some reason for such ingratitude; but a man with his virtues to be so afflicted!

Sometimes the children of such a man turn out well. But who can say that they look on his disappearance from this world with unadulterated regret? There are many kinds of gifts which might bring joy to families at this season, but none which would more astonish and entrance a family with a Growler at its head than to see him entirely and unaffectedly cheerful during one Christmas Day.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE INFLUENCE OF BETHLEHEM.

LONG centuries have come and gone. The world has plunged forward through many revolutions. Almost all things are changed. There has been more change than men could have dreamed of. It seems incredible even as a matter of history. The actual past has been more wonderful than any sibylline oracle would have dared to depict the future. History is more fantastic than prophecy. Time moves, but eternity stands still; and thus amidst perpetual change the faith, which is the representative of eternity on earth, remains, and is at rest; and its unchangeableness is our repose.

The Bethlehem of that night, of those forty days, has never passed away. It lives a real life; not the straggling Christian village, on which the Mussulman yoke seems to sit so lightly, on its stony ridge; but the old Bethlehem of that momentous hour when the Incarnate God lay on the ground amid the cattle in the Cave. It lives, not only in the memory of faith, but in faith's actual realities as well. It lives a real, unbroken, unsuspended life; not in history only, or in art, or in poetry, or even in the energetic, fertile worship and fleshly hearts of the faithful, but in the worshipful reality of the Blessed Sacrament. Round the Tabernacle, which is our abiding Bethlehem, goes on the same world of beautiful devotion which surrounded the new-born Babe; real, out of real hearts, and realized by God's acceptance.

But independently of this august reality, Beth-

lehem exists as a living power in its continual production of supernatural things in the souls of men. It is forever alluring them from sin. It is forever guiding them to perfection. It is forever impressing peculiar characteristics on the holiness of different persons. It is a divine type, and is moulding souls upon itself all day long; and its works remain and adorn the eternal home of God. A supernatural act of love from a soul in the feeblest state of grace is a grander thing than the discovery of a continent or the influence of a glorious literature. Yet Bethlehem is eliciting tens of thousands of such acts of love each day from the souls of men.

It is a perpetual fountain of invisible miracles. It is better than a legion of angels in itself, always hard at work for God, and magnificently successful. Its sphere of influence is the whole wide world, the regions where Christmas falls in the heart of summer as well as in these lands of ours. It whispers over the sea, and hearts on shipboard are responding to it. It is everywhere in dense cities, where loathsome wickedness is festering in the haunts of hopeless poverty, keeping itself clean there as the sunbeams of heaven. It vibrates up deep mountain glens, which the foot of priest rarely treads; and down in damp mines, where death is always proximate and Sacraments remote. It soothes the aching heart of the poor Pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice; and it cradles to rest the sick child, who, though it can not read as yet, has a picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its mother's words have painted there. Bethlehem is daily a light in a thousand dark places, beautifying what is harsh, sanctifying what is lowly, making heavenly the affections which are most of earth. It is all this, because it is an inexhaustible depth of devotion, supplying countless souls of men with stores of divine love, of endless variety, and yet all of them of most exquisite loveliness.—*"Bethlehem," Faber.*

ST. ANTONY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

The Monastery of Arcella was a mile distant from Padua; and it was inconvenient, and often impossible, for St. Antony, with his multiplied labors, to get there for the night. It sometimes happened that when he preached or heard confessions in the evening, the city gates were closed

before he had finished. It was necessary for him, therefore, to find a lodging in Padua, and there was no lack of candidates for the honor of receiving him. The successful man was a good citizen, who gave him a room where he could be quite private and uninterrupted. He is generally said to have been Tiso, or Tisone, belonging to the ancient family of the Counts of Camposampiero, famous in the records of their time; and he is called in the ancient chronicles "Il borghese," most likely from the custom of giving that title to any powerful family which was the chief of a fortified town or "borgo."

Tiso loved and revered Antony greatly, and when he became an inmate of his house he closely observed everything about one whom he saw to be a great saint. One night, as he was passing by the door of his room, he saw brilliant rays of light streaming under the door; and on looking through the keyhole he saw a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay upon the table, and clinging with both arms round St. Antony's neck. Who was He? But as he gazed, unable to take his eyes away, and saw the flood of heavenly light with which He was surrounded, and the ineffable tenderness with which He embraced St. Antony, and in return was caressed by him; and as he felt his own soul filled with an ineffable sweetness and rapture in watching the mutual endearments of the Saint and his wondrous Visitor, Tiso knew that it was indeed the Divine Babe of Bethlehem who was consoling His favored servant, and filling him with heavenly delights.

After a time Tiso saw the Child point toward the door and whisper into St. Antony's ear. Then he knew that his secret was told; and that his Lord, in the act of so wonderfully favoring His beloved Antony, was not unmindful of His poor servant outside the door, nor displeased with his loving boldness. So Tiso watched on with deepening joy and rapture, till the beautiful Child vanished, and Antony came back to common life. Then he opened the door, and charged his friend, for the love of Him whom he had seen, to "tell the vision to no man" during his life. Tiso promised; and it was not till after St. Antony's death that he revealed what he had seen. He could never speak of it without shedding tears.

This favor is, perhaps, the most generally

known event in the Saint's life; and, although it rests on the evidence of but one person, all the old chronicles say that Tiso's high position and character, his holy life, and the deep conviction and emotion with which he mentioned it, made him an unimpeachable witness. The whole story, indeed, has such a character of truthfulness in its simplicity and minute details, that it commends itself to our belief on that ground also. We are far from saying that every beautiful imagination carries with it its own evidence. But we may surely believe that the very beauty of a story of this sort forces on those who question it the choice between admitting its truth on the evidence of the eye-witness, or giving him credit for a creative power for which the highest poets might well envy him.—*Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua.*"

CHRISTMAS IN ST. PETER'S.

The services in St. Peter's on Christmas Day, in 1847, were attended by an immense concourse of people. Rome was at that time thronged by strangers from all parts of the world. . . . At an early hour on that day I found the church already occupied by a great crowd. A double row of soldiers stretched from the entrance to the altar, around which the Pope's Guards were stationed; while a series of seats on either side were filled by ladies dressed in black and wearing veils. The foreign ambassadors were in a place appropriated to them in the tribune. Among the spectators were several in military uniforms. A handsome young Englishman, in a rich hussar dress of scarlet and gold, attracted much attention. In a recess, above one of the great piers of the dome, a choir of male singers was stationed, whose voices, without any instrumental accompaniment, blended into complete harmony, and gave the most perfect expression to that complicated music which the Church of Rome has consecrated to the use of its high festivals. . . .

High Mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion; and, though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect, and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering movement will never be forgotten. When the tinkling of the

bell announced the elevation of the Host, the whole of the vast assemblage knelt or bowed their faces. The pavement was suddenly strewn with prostrate forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church—as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes, and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After the pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond anything I have ever heard or ever expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings; or as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a “wandering breath” from the songs of seraphs had been borne to earth.

How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds, which under ordinary circumstances would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave, which for an instant swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth, and leaving it pure as infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world displaced by the solemn strain came back with the echo; but though we “can not keep the heights we are competent to gain,” we are the better for the too brief exaltation.

I noticed on this occasion another peculiarity of St. Peter's. There was an immense concourse of persons present, but there was no impression of a crowd. The church was not thronged—not even full: there still seemed room for a nation to come in. In ordinary buildings, when they are filled to their utmost capacity, the architecture disappears, and the mind and eye are occupied only with the men and women. But St. Peter's can never be thus put down. Fill it full of human life, it would still be something greater than its contents. Men, however numerous they might be, would be but appendages to its mountainous bulk. As the sky is more than the stars, and the wooded valley more than the trees, so is St. Peter's more than any amount of humanity that can be gathered within its arms.—“*Six Months in Italy*,” Hillard.

Notes and Remarks.

It is with feelings of joy and gratitude we greet our readers on the close of another volume of our Blessed Lady's Journal. The unwonted prosperity which has attended the publication during the year just passed may well cause us to rejoice and be grateful for the evident marks of the beneficent appreciation of Her to whose honor all is directed. It is a bright augury of an increased prosperity during the coming year; and we are assured that our readers will rejoice with us, and find herein an incentive not only to continue the patronage thus far generously extended, but also to aid us in our efforts to attain the end for which THE “AVE MARIA” is published—viz., that our Heavenly Mother may be better known, honored and loved wherever our language is spoken. When such a motive forms the inspiring influence of actions, it can not be otherwise than that the days and weeks and months of the year will pass happily, and bring with them Heaven's choicest blessings. Cordially, therefore, do we wish to all our readers

A MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The 3d inst., Feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, was celebrated with much pomp in the Church of St. Nizier, Lyons. His Eminence Cardinal Foulon officiated; and the Abbé Marnas, Apostolic Missionary, recently arrived from a long voyage in China, Japan and the Corea, preached a moving discourse. After the sermon the Cardinal announced that Leo XIII. had accorded a solemn benediction to Lyons and Paris, the two centres of the great work, the Propagation of the Faith,—tidings that reanimated all present with the desire of contributing still more generously to an enterprise that unites in Christian charity all nationalities.

The late Cardinal Newman in his faith and devotion revealed a childlike simplicity, that was very remarkable considering his extraordinary talents. It is said of him that he had the greatest affection for the rather primitive Bambino that for many years appeared, Christmas after Christmas, in the Crib at the Oratory; and for the

antiquated wooden figures that represented the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. When at length a change was made, and two young Oratorians devoted themselves to the task of providing a more comely Infant and more suitable surroundings, the Cardinal was not pleased with the change. "I like the old figures best," he said; "and so, I think, do the poor people." During the month of May he was most regular at the daily devotions, kneeling, with candle in hand, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the church. It is such simplicity of devotion that gives the clearest evidence of the fire of divine charity burning within the heart.

In a sermon recently preached at Jarrow, in England, by the Rev. Ignatius Grant, S. J., allusion was made to some indications among the ruins of monasteries not usually noticed. He drew attention to the remains of the beds of medicinal herbs in the old monastery gardens, set apart for the use of the poor. At Tintern Abbey there are scattered herbs said to be cures for the leprosy. The plants around the old monasteries are all exotics, set and reset there by the kindly monks for hundreds of years for the cure of the poor peasants of their neighborhood. If some travelling tourist would next summer examine the plants in the garden beds at Tintern and Godstow, and give an account of them, we should have a valuable addition to our knowledge of the work of the much maligned pioneers of Christian civilization in England.

Señor Sagasta, generally looked on as a Liberal in religion and politics, recently astonished his friends by assisting at Mass at the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa, and presenting a diamond and a splendid piece of drapery for the ornamenting of the statue. It is shrewdly hinted that the Liberals in Spain and elsewhere have begun to trim their sails for a reaction against infidelity.

In recent numbers of the *Catholic News* there appeared a series of sketches of eighteen states and territories showing that their founders and first settlers were Catholics. We trust these valuable articles will be republished in book form when the series is completed. The writer says

that there are no fewer than five others of which the first settlers were Catholics: Colorado, of which the settlement began at Conejos and Trinidad, where colonists from New Mexico first reared their houses; along the northern frontier the humble and all but unknown Canadian Catholics were the first to rear civilized homes on the soil of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. "Thus in all twenty-two states and territories out of fifty-two, or nearly one-half, were first colonized and settled by Catholics; and their history, if fairly written, must go back to Catholic founders. How, then, can Catholics be regarded as strangers in a land where Menendez, Onate, Calvert, York, Cadillac, Iberville, La Salle, Tonty, Teran, Laclede, Vincennes, Langlade, and so many other Catholics, laid the first foundations of the present thriving and prosperous states, or territories soon to claim admission as states?"

A friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly has given us in glowing words an account of a pathetic incident during their common captivity on board the prison ship. It was Christmas Eve; still, except among the prisoners, no heart seemed to be stirred by the approach of the Nativity. The night wore on in silence, but at the first stroke of twelve a tuneful voice came from one in chains and floated out into the night. It was John Boyle O'Reilly singing the *Adeste Fideles*, and his comrades were quick to join him. "Solemnly the hallowed words rang out from the prisoners' throats in a great, swelling harmony; and more than one of the crew, instead of interfering, was seen to wipe away a furtive tear. The hymn was sung to its close, and the captives were strengthened in soul by their brave welcoming of the holy Christmas morning."

The *Le Couteulx Leader*, in commenting approvingly on a recent "Chat with Good Listeners," adds an appropriate suggestion of its own. "Popular prices," the *Leader* says, "and the habit of theatre-going are so widespread that now everyone feels that he or she must go to everything—plays good, bad and indifferent. We have seen little boys and girls fed and clothed by charity one day, the next going triumphantly with their quarters to buy a ticket for some afternoon per-

formance in our cheap theatres. And we have known excellent young people to excuse their absence from a study-club or sewing-school, or some good work, by the information that they 'were at the *matinée*.' We complain now and then that too few of our men help the St. Vincent de Paul Society or similar charities; and when they plead that they can not afford it, we perhaps suggest the sacrifice of so many cigars per week! It is now in order to urge that women, young and old, limit their play-going to what is genuinely worth seeing; the price of the rest may much better be spent in alms or good books for home reading."

The *matinée* fever is rapidly becoming a plague in cities. If women feel that they can afford amusement, let them remember how bookless their houses often are, and that the time will come when the future of their children will depend on the kind of books provided for them at home. Moreover, a good book lasts; it is a friend; but the theatrical "show" passes, often leaving only bitterness.

Dr. Bellesheim, a German historian of renown, in his latest work, "Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland," gives a final blow to the assertion that St. Boniface established a Church independent of Rome. This learned author rather leans to the opinion of Cardinal Moran that St. Boniface was Irish; but there is, nevertheless, some evidence in favor of the opinion that he was born in Devonshire, England. Dr. Bellesheim shows strong proof that St. Patrick was born in Scotland; he rejects the prophecies of St. Malachi, and he proves conclusively that if the Church gained much under Karl the Great, its progress was due to the zeal of Irish missionaries.

One of the most unusual and most beautiful sights which the citizens of St. Louis have witnessed in many years was the procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, through the Italian quarter of the city, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Nothing could better express the impulsive character of the people or the instinctive love they bear the Mother of God. A long line of men, women and children, headed by a statue of the Madonna gorgeously adorned, wended their way through the streets of the city;

and if the morning air had been softer and less frosty the spectators might easily imagine themselves in far-away Florence. We quote the following incident from the account published in the *Freeman's Journal*:

"Carr Street was reached, and a long halt was made between Eighth and Ninth Streets. At this point a slender young man with a small mustache put in an appearance. Under his arm he carried a weather-beaten violin, over the strings of which he drew his bow in answer to the demonstrative appeals from the crowd. He drew forth beautiful tones; his instrument sobbed like a child for few seconds, then suddenly burst into a joyous refrain, which threw the listeners into perfect paroxysms of delight. Then there was a solemn hush as the player's voice rose softly with the melody. He was singing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and every hat came off the moment the Madonna's name was uttered."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Mary Elizabeth, of the Sisters of Mercy, New York, whose selfless life closed in a peaceful death on the 5th inst.

Mr. Thomas Ears and Mr. Mark McDonough, of Carbondale, Pa., who met with a sudden death.

Mr. Patrick Murphy, who died suddenly at Chatham, N. Y., on the 30th ult.

Miss Annie T. McCarthy, whose happy death occurred on the 10th inst., at Cohoes, N. Y.

Mrs. Patrick Welch, of South Weymouth, Mass., who departed this life on the 2d inst.

Mr. William E. Ryan, who breathed his last on the 22d ult., at St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Devlin, of Newton, N. J., whose holy death took place on the 23d ult.

Sister M. Antonio, of the Sisters of Mercy, Big Rapids, Mich.; and Sister Mary Rose, O. S. D., Nashville, Tenn.

Herman Weitekam, Jr., of Harvard, Ill.; Mr. Francis Murphy, New Bedford, Mass.; Michael McGinn, San Diego, Cal.; Mr. John Driscoll, Springfield, Mass.; Patrick Fegan, Tollynacue, Co. Down, Ireland; Mrs. Daniel Quinn, Pomeroy, Ireland; and Mr. Bernard J. Boylan, Taunton, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Little Brother.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

GOD took the little sister
At the dawn of Christmas Day,—
The sweetest little sister,
Born in the month of May.

And everybody cried and said:
"I wish we had her here!
How sad it is that she is dead!
How darkly ends the year!"

The little brother heard it all,—
He loved the little child,
Who every day was growing tall,
Who was so kind and mild.

"She was the best of all," he said.
And at his words a rift
Of silver broke the cloud of lead:
"She is God's Christmas gift."

How the Christ-Child Found His Way.



IZZAG struggled the December sun, past high buildings, twisting around the jutting corners of the alley, till it rested, one pale ray, on the golden hair of a little girl.

"Next week the Christkind will come, Mutterlein; and then we shall be very happy," said the child.

The mother moved her head in dissent, but did not open her eyes. She lay back in her chair, very weak and ill. The room was cold and barren.

"The Christkind will never find His way here," she replied, after a moment.

The child looked up in quick terror. "Not find His way here!" she exclaimed. "Why, if He is the Christkind He can find His way anywhere. And, mother, we need Him so!"

The mother finally opened her eyes, at the sound of a sob in the young voice. She looked at the frail little girl of ten, regarding those earnest eyes,—the eyes of her dead father, who had been too much artist and dreamer to leave his child anything but these beautiful eyes, his wonderful musical talent, and his old violin.

"There is no"—she began, and then she stopped. How could she meet the appealing look by declaring that the Christ-Child did not come at all to give presents on Christmas Eve: that this was only a beautiful old German legend told to children to explain their mother's gifts,—gifts she was far too poor to purchase for Viola? "There is no hope of His finding His way here," she said, taking up her unfinished sentence, and ending it differently from her first thought. "You must not expect it, mein liebchen."

"Then, mother, the Christkind would not be Himself; for He sees and knows all things," persisted Viola.

The mother did not answer; she laid her head back wearily, and the little girl was silent, while her face took on a deeper shade of pain as she listened to her mother's light breathing, and saw the purple line under the closed eyelids. She laid her little transparent hand on her mother's black dress, as she sat thinking very seriously, with the sunlight resting on her golden hair. After some time an illumination seemed to fall on her face. She arose softly, and, going to the other side of the room, took from its case her father's precious violin. Then she put on her shabby little hat and coat, and, gently closing the door behind her, went out into the alley. She hastened to the end, and, sitting down on a box she found there, began to play—very softly at first; but soon, losing her timidity in her love for music, much louder. Every note she brought forth was a prayer; she was playing to the Christkind, telling Him all their suffering, and begging Him to come to them at Christmas and help them.

A young lady, passing through that poor neighborhood on an errand, paused, amazed. The child had received but little instruction from her father; still she possessed marvellous talent, and played like one inspired. A bright silver quarter suddenly fell into Viola's lap. As surprised as if it had dropped from the skies (for she had seen no one), the child looked up, and beheld what

seemed to her almost like a vision—a beautiful young girl, richly dressed, smiling down upon her.

"Did you drop this?" asked Viola, holding up the silver.

"I gave it to you," replied the lady.

"To me!" cried Viola, a bright flush spreading to her hair, and looking so astonished that the young lady laughed outright.

"Why, my dear, did you not expect to receive something? But if I were you I would go to the main street. People rarely pass here, but there, I think, you would get a great deal of money."

Viola looked mystified; presently her face cleared. "I am not playing for money," she said. "I am playing for the Christkind."

It was now the young lady's turn to be puzzled. "My dear, what can you mean?" she asked.

"You see we are so very miserable, *Fräulein*," the child began. "My dear father has been dead more than a year, and my mother grows more feeble every day. Next week the Christkind will come; but mother says He will never find His way into this alley, and I think if He does not we shall both die. So I am going to come here every day till Christmas and play a little; and I think when the Christkind is bringing good things through the city, He will hear my violin, and come and visit us too."

Viola stopped, frightened; for the beautiful young lady was crying.

"Go get your mother something nice for supper with this," she said, wiping her eyes, and handing Viola a dollar. "And do not fear: the Christ-Child will find you."

Miss Deland went home with her mind full of a plan she had formed. Her house was the meeting place of a number of young girls, who came there every week to prepare some fancy work for Christmas,—work which it was unsafe to do in their own homes for fear of discovery. In two days they were to hold their last meeting, and it was in connection with this meeting that Miss Deland's plan was laid.

The day came and the girls were assembled. They were kind-hearted, pleasant creatures, of fourteen and fifteen years; full of good intentions and generous impulses, but with no more idea of the world that lay close around them—the world of suffering and want—than if they had been babies. Miss Deland stood before

them, and looked at them, all well, even richly dressed, their laps full of the dainty silks and fabrics they were fashioning into Christmas gifts for their friends; and the contrast between them and the child she had seen playing on the corner of the alley swept over her. Her voice trembled with the remembrance as she spoke, and the girls raised their faces to listen with wonder mingled with love; for Miss Deland, beautiful, accomplished, good above all, and just enough their elder with her twenty-two years to command their school-girl worship, was their idol.

"Girls," she said, "instead of reading to you to-day, may I tell you a story?"

Their assent was eager, and the young lady began the tale of the little violinist. She told it well, with simple pathos and perfect sympathy. When she ended, work had been forgotten, and there were few dry eyes among her listeners. Drawing aside the *portière* that concealed the library, Miss Deland showed Viola blushing, and standing in her poor dress, her sweet face resting on the instrument she so dearly loved, and whose name she bore.

"Please play for us, Viola," said Miss Deland, and the child obeyed. Stirred to the depths of their hearts by the music and her story, the girls crowded around the little musician, and eagerly pressed upon her whatever they had to give. Bewildered, but very happy, in this glimpse of fairyland and kindness, the child went home, bearing fruits and delicacies to her mother, and leaving the kind girls to enter into a blessed conspiracy for her future welfare.

Christmas Eve Viola lay down in perfect confidence that even to her, in the dismal alley, the Christkind would find His way. Nor was her faith in vain. In the morning when she opened her eyes a fire blazed on the hearth, a bountiful breakfast was spread on the table, and near her bed was a complete new attire, even to a cozy muff, with a pretty German prayer-book inside, ready for the Christmas Mass.

"Now, mother dearest, did I not tell you," cried Viola, capering about in her little white gown,—“did I not tell you that the Christkind would find His way?”

"Yes, mein liebchen, He has really come," said the mother, gratefully. "Your faith was stronger than mine."

"Ah, dear Infant Jesus, Thou hast made me so happy!" said Viola, kneeling at the Crib, and stretching out her hands. And the older people, hearing the simple act of thanksgiving, smiled at the little girl whose face, transfigured by happiness and surrounded by its wealth of golden hair, looked as one of the angels might have looked who knelt at the Crib in Bethlehem.

The good friends who had done the Christkind's errands so faithfully to Viola did not fail her in the days that followed. Health came back to the mother in her new and cheerful home, where the sunshine flooded all day long. And Viola fulfilled her father's hope when he gave her her name; for she became such a skilful violinist that the whole city was proud of her. But she retained through brighter days the same simple sweetness of the Christmastide when with childish faith she played to guide the Christ-Child to her desolate home.

The Wharf Rat's Christmas.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

Billy had no difficulty about opening his door; no difficulty in making his way to the pile of straw, old carpet and rags, where "th' young un" was nestled; no trouble in finding the little heap of bones that cheerily answered his hail:

"A' right, Billy! My legs don't ache *much*, an' I'm awful glad you're come."

"Hungry, kid?"

"Not so *very*—ef yer ain't got nothin'."

"Got a pile, an' sich s'prises as never you see."

"Oh, then, Billy, I'm most starvin'!" and a long-drawn, quivering breath bore out the truth of the admission.

The contents of the tin pail still retained a trifle of warmth that was delicious to the young vagabonds, and they devoured the food ravenously. When they had finished Billy asked:

"How's that, young un?"

"Prime."

"Got'nuff to sleep on?"

"Yes."

"A' right then; I'll save th' rest for a Chris-mus party to-morrow. Now jest coil down here under my arms an' snooze."

But the cold got keener, and the poor "young un," in spite of his best effort, began to shiver and shake; and when Billy roused up to ask what was the matter, he could not answer for crying,—silent crying, mind. And even when Billy put up his hand and felt the thin little face wet with tears, he tried to keep his pain and suffering to himself.

"Deed I'm a'most warm, Bill. I ain't a-cryin'—my eyes is sort o' sweatin', I guess; for you're holdin' me clost and got me down under the thickest rags." But in spite of the brave saying he shuddered and moaned.

Then Billy sacrificed his cherished plan of a pleasant surprise in the morning, and told all of his adventures to the wondering child, including the story of Bethlehem, and the glories of the Christmas-tree, the bag of candy and the cake.

"O Billy, I loves yer; you're so good!" said the plaintive little voice, broken with sobs. "I guess that there Christkin' sent yer to me las' year fur th' bes' Chris'mus gif' in th' world; don't you think so, Billy?"

But the other was so startled at being called good, and thought of as a treasure, that he did not answer at all, until "th' young un" asked:

"Kin I see th' tree a minet now, Billy? It ud be so awful pretty to think 'bout when I aches."

"Yep," said Billy; "an' we'll hev th' party to-night too, ef you want it. Then to-morrow, 'stead o' havin' it, we kin *think* 'bout it."

So he crept out of the rags and carefully lifted the precious tree nearer the little fellow's nest. One match, two, three, were scratched; but the wind, circling through the shed, blew them out. Each flash, however, had revealed undreamed of splendors to the lame child; and when the fourth match was successfully lighted, and the candle touched off, Billy saw him sitting up, his eyes wide and shining, his thin hands clasped, and the pallor of his excitement showing even through the coating of dirt on his face.

Two others saw him too; but the noise of their movements and whispered comments was drowned in the sudden clash of bells, the volleying of firearms and rockets, and the blare of horns and trumpets, which ushered Christmas in

along the water-front. One, a policeman, was moved to collar them on general principles. The other, a gentleman, in dark plain clothes, with smooth-shaven face and serene eyes, held him back; and it was he who said, as the racket subsided somewhat: "Merry Christmas, boys!"

Billy started, but kept his hold on the tree, tasting for once full measure of the sweets of honest possession.

"Yes, sir, ain't it merry Chris'mus?" piped the little fellow. "An' Billy, he done it all. He allers does things fur me. He made this house, an' he kerries me when my bones is bad, an' he made me a crutch—"

"Shut up, young un!" said Billy.

"My boy," asked the gentleman, in a wonderfully gentle voice, "do you live here?"

Billy nodded.

"And is this the only shelter you can find for your little brother?"

"I ain't his brother," interposed "th' young un."

"He foun' me an' picked me right up, an' he's took care of me prime ever since; ain't yer, Bill?"

"This is no sort of place for a delicate child," continued the gentleman. "He ought to be taken to the asylum, where he will be nursed."

Billy's heart stood still. "Away fum me—th' young un?" he gasped, hoarsely.

"Don't you see it yourself?"

Billy sat back on his heels, stunned. He let go his hold of the tree. It fell to the ground. The tiny candle went out. And his voice sounded strange even to himself as he said across the darkness: "Go 'long wi' th' gent, young un."

"No siree!" piped back the little voice.

"Whar are yer, Billy? I don't want no 'sylums, I wants *you*. You kin take keer o' me best of all. Whar *are* yer, Billy? Come here so's I kin git a-hold o' yer."

But the bull's-eye the policeman turned on showed Billy lying face down, with his face buried in his arms; and the child scrambled out of his rag pile and threw himself on his friend.

"Please to go 'long," he said, gently. "Billy an' me are a'right. I *couldn't* go away fum him. Come, Billy, you was a-tellin' me 'bout the nice party"—and he raised his little voice ostentatiously,—“the candy you're got an' the cake.” Then he looked in triumph at the two figures towering above him.

"Billy," said the gentleman, in that rich, sweet voice, "you and this child must come with me to-night, and to-morrow we'll talk about a great many things. I promise"—as Billy's ugly face, dull with anguish, turned toward him—"that he shall not be taken from you unless you are willing; there's my hand on it."

The big policeman shook his head hopelessly, and appealed with his gloved hands against the folly of it all. But Father Bernhard was busy gathering up the little cripple, who kept his eyes immovably fixed on Billy, and spoke only to ask for his tree, which lay prone. What was the tree to the Foghorn now? He had never felt so beaten in his life; but he picked it up and followed Father Bernhard as he made his way out to an open wagon on the road above the flats, into which he put the boys, covering them with the blanket that had served him as a lap-robe. Then he drove briskly off, with a warm good-night to the policeman who had convoyed him to the hut.

"He's a blamed fool—or an angel!" said the officer of the law. "Thought he was a lunatic first, when he come talkin' to me 'bout three flashes o' light he see on the flats, an' askin' me how to get over there; for there wasn't no house, and maybe some poor soul was freezin' to death, havin' wandered out there drunk. But when I see the white choker, then I knew he was a Catholic priest, an' I gave right in; for there ain't never any countin' on what they'll do next. Comin' from a sick-call in Roustabouts Roost, he was. Why, it ain't hardly safe for *me* to go in there, and he took it as easy as winkin'."

Father Bernhard found his good old Catherine sitting over the fire waiting for him, cross and worried. His supper was there, but of course he could not take it, as it was after midnight; so he gave it to the vagabonds, and sat divided between compassion at the eager way in which they tore at the food and gulped down the coffee, and amusement at the scarcely stifled indignation of the housekeeper, who saw her dear Father's carefully prepared delicacies disappearing into unexpected throats.

But a gentle reminder of the season, and a skilful appeal to her kind heart, soon set her to spreading a pallet for them near the fire, and to hunting in the "St. Vincent's bag" for decent clothes for them. And next morning she routed

them out for Mass, and gave them a breakfast that left no room at all for the famous cake and bag of candy. Later in the day came a long talk with Father Bernhard, the upshot of which was satisfactory to all hands. Billy was to set up in business regularly as a newsboy; was to have a tiny garret room with Frau Hitt, who was a parishioner of Father Bernhard's; and could have "th' young un" with him as soon as he was discharged from the hospital, where he was to be taken next day. And, although this is way beyond the limits of that famous Christmas, I am going to tell you how it all turned out.

Billy worked into an excellent business, and in the course of time had a news-stand of his own. "Th' young un" got better and stronger (though he was always lame), and learned to do the most astonishing things in wood; so that one fine day Frau Hitt's basement had two windows, and she presided complacently over a pretty assortment of cabinet-maker's wares—and "th' young un" too, for that matter; for the kind old woman loved him as dearly as Billy did, and they never tired of repeating in duet the story of the Christmas-tree.

Father Bernhard often dropped in on them, and then there was much rejoicing; for there was a great friendship between the four. He was the godfather of his two "finds," but rarely had to admonish them; for they were like clock-work in their duties. And every Christmas Billy came to him with a small sum saved from his earnings, slipped it into his hand, and stammered: "For fellers like me—when you found me."

No Christmas-Tree.

THE sparrows came to the window,

The robins pecked at the pane,

And Katie sat by the fireside

Counting the Christmas gain:

The dolls and the horse and wagon,

The chair and the little house—

But suddenly tears came dropping,

And Katie sat still as a mouse.

And why do you think she was weeping,

Oh, what could the matter be?

She said: "I love all the birdies,

And they have no Christmas-tree!"

The First Christmas Long Ago.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

Rising early, Joseph remembered, in the morning light, that this was the tree where (so the people said) God had thrown Abraham into a deep sleep; and directing him to look at the heavens, said that his children would be as numerous as the stars; and that in him all the nations of the earth would be blest: meaning that in the Divine Child now going to be born, and who was of Abraham's race, all the people of the earth were to be blest.

Proceeding on their way, the first place where they asked to rest themselves they found a worldly-minded man, who thought of nothing but of advancing in life; who was always fawning on the rich, and who had no heart and no kindness for the poor. When he saw that Joseph and Our Lady were simply decent beggars, he bade them begone. The holy travellers went next to a shepherd's hut. The men there, being accustomed to a hard lot themselves, had sympathy for the poor; and they at once took them in, gave them a place by the fire, and helped them in every way they could.

While Joseph and Holy Mary were thus refreshing themselves, the wife of the man who had driven them away, being told of what her husband had done, came, with her two children, and made apology. She was greatly touched when she saw the sweet face of Our Lady, and she besought her to return and rest at her house. The husband came later on, and begged pardon of St. Joseph; and when he had found that the holy travellers could not delay on their journey, he directed them to a comfortable inn on the side of a distant mountain.

Next day being the Sabbath and a day of rest, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin determined to spend it at this place. Mary walked behind, and Joseph led the ass to the door of the inn; but when he asked for admittance, he was told that the place was full and that there was no room. Poor Joseph, who was shy and sensitive, was going to move away, when Our Lady asked to see the

mistress of the house. She pleaded so modestly with this woman, who had a kind heart, that room was found for them in a small building adjacent.

Twilight fell and the Sabbath began. Joseph lit a lamp, and read some prayers out of a roll of parchment. (Oh, dear children, if you had seen the piety of St. Joseph at prayer! Let us ask him to help us always to say our prayers well; for he is the patron of holy prayer.) The beautiful Sabbath of the Eastern land they spent in prayer. The owner of the hotel, and his wife and children, came to join in their devotions; and the woman with the two children whom they had met on the previous day, and her husband, came also. The children drew near our Blessed Lady. They were not afraid of her. They held in their hands the roll of parchment, and she taught them to read it. The children's hearts were delighted beyond measure when Holy Mary spoke to them; they could not keep their eyes off her face; and when she had finished they could hardly be removed from her. Next morning the holy travellers rose at an early hour and continued their journey.

IV.

With us, dear children, Bethlehem is a city beloved, because it was near it that the Divine Child was born. With the people of old also it was a city of reverence. You remember it is related in the Old Testament that when God had cast off King Saul, He sent His prophet to Bethlehem to anoint the young peasant boy David as king. "And thou shalt call Isai [that is David's father] to sacrifice; and I will show thee what thou art to do. Thou shalt anoint him whom I shall show thee." That is what God said to the prophet. The prophet went, and he called Isai and asked to see his sons; and when God did not point out any of them, the prophet said: "Are all thy sons here?" The father answered: "There remaineth yet a young one, who keepeth the sheep." He was sent for. This was David; and the Bible says: "Now, he was rosy and beautiful to behold, and of a comely face." And Our Lord said to the prophet: "Arise and anoint him."

You know that all the Kings of Judea were descended from David; and they all looked, therefore, upon Bethlehem as a sacred place. There was another reason, too, why Bethlehem was accounted holy. It was written in the sacred

writings that the Holy One—that is our Divine Lord—was to be born there. "And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the Ruler, who shall rule My people Israel."

St. Joseph knew every spot about Bethlehem; for it was there, you remember, that he was born. We are told, also, that it was in the very house where he was born that the government officers were taking down the names of the people. On arriving in the city, he took Holy Mary to these officers to have her name entered. How dear the old house looked to him! But it was so full of strange people that he was greatly pained. Gladly would he have gone away immediately; for, you know, he was shy and sensitive. He heard their jokes and laughter, and it made him tremble. They brought down large rolls from the wall, and searched for St. Joseph's family. At length they found it, and the names were enrolled. St. Joseph then hurried away from the place. His own old home—he had returned to it, and this was the way that it received him!

But here was Bethlehem at last, and they would have rest and peace. At the beginning of one of the streets St. Joseph asked the Blessed Virgin to remain for a few minutes with the ass, while he went to seek for lodgings. Holy Mary stood patiently by the donkey's side and waited. St. Joseph was longer away than he had expected. He had gone through the whole street, and stopped at every house. Strangers as well as townspeople were busy. They saw the patient old man, with the kindly, benevolent face, going from door to door; but what his business was they never troubled themselves to inquire. They saw the young woman standing by the donkey and resting against the pannel; they looked as they walked past; they may have wondered what she was doing there, but said nothing, and hurried on. St. Joseph came back, heavy in foot, but heavier in heart, and told her that he could find no lodgings. He begged her to accompany him to another part of the town, where he felt he would be more successful.

The evening sun was waning, the shadows were lowering, and the air was growing sharp and cold. At the beginning of another street Holy Mary waited, while poor Joseph trudged his way again in search of lodgings. Friend met friend at open

doors as he passed, and greeted each other with kindness. From within came the sound of voices, the laughter of glad hearts, the savory smell of viands, and the shouts of joyous children. The lamps were beginning to be lighted; the blaze of kindling fires now and again shone out on the gloaming, and comfort and peace seemed the portion of all.

Poor Joseph came to the houses of those whom he had known; strangers lived in them now. When he inquired for his friends and relatives, people shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders; they did not know where those persons had gone. He came back once more to Our Lady, and tears were in his eyes. Humbled to the very dust, the gentle heart apologized to his holy spouse. Of course no word of reproach escaped the sweet lips of Mary. She quietly smiled, and reminded him that they had the right of all strangers—that of the public inn.

Now, young readers, you may think that the inns of the Eastern countries were conducted, at that time, like ours of to-day. Such was not the case. They were large buildings, with no furniture whatsoever in them, no one to attend to strangers, nothing cooked or prepared therein. The traveller had his mat with him, made up in a roll. He entered; if he had food, he managed to cook it; he then unrolled his mat, lay down on it and slept. Next day he arose, rolled up the mat and went away. The inns were built and kept in repair by the government. There were several of those in Bethlehem; and during this time of enrolment there were persons stationed in them to prevent overcrowding and disorder. These persons, like officials in most times and places, took bribes, and gave the choice apartments to those who paid the highest price.

St. Joseph had forgotten those retreats of the homeless and the poor; for he never dreamed, you know, that he would be obliged to resort to them, so sure was he that his relatives or friends would be only too happy to meet him and take him in. Never did a poor person come to his own little cottage on the outskirts of Nazareth without receiving shelter and relief. When, therefore, the Blessed Virgin spoke of the inns, St. Joseph led the ass to a large tree on the side of a waste piece of land. He took the covering from the beast, and with it and the mats he

made a comfortable seat for the Blessed Virgin. He then went away; and while he was absent she crossed her hands on her breast and pondered on what St. John afterward wrote in his Gospel: "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him; and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

St. Joseph went to the doors of the inns. He had no money to put in the hands of the keepers, and so they turned him away. "There was no room for them in the inns at Bethlehem." At length he came back to Holy Mary; but so grieved was he that he hardly dared to approach her. He told her of his failure; and then, remembering how he himself when a boy used to go away from the busy city and find freedom and happiness in the country, "Come," he said, "daughter of Israel's kings, Mother of the Promised One,—come out where the shepherds feed their flocks; there are caves there large and peaceful. Come! I will be your guide and protector, and you can lie down in peace and rest your weary limbs."

V.

The path they followed led into the Valley of the Shepherds. This was a stretch of land bounded on all sides by rising ground, of some miles in extent, and of great richness. At the left-hand side of the holy travellers there were a number of caves, concerning which the Jews have many traditions. It is said that Seth was born to Adam and Eve in the very Cave of the Nativity, after the death of Abel; it is also connected with Abraham the patriarch, and with Jacob when returning from Mesopotamia. St. Joseph knew this cave well, and he therefore led the ass straight to it. In front of the entrance he found some brushwood, which he removed. He then hastened to light his lamp; for it was about ten o'clock at night, and very dark. After a little while he succeeded in making a fire, and preparing a comfortable place for the Blessed Virgin in the interior of the cave.

When they had partaken of some refreshments, St. Joseph and Holy Mary read their prayers together near the lamp; after which St. Joseph withdrew, and laid down to rest in a place he had prepared at the entrance. But he could not sleep. Soon he saw light, much brighter than the light of the lamp, coming from the interior of the cave; and he thought of the bush that Moses saw burn-

ing in the desert of Horeb,—burning without being consumed.

We will now take as our guide the holy nun of whom I spoke in the first part of my narrative. This is what she says in her book of revelations—a wondrous book it is:

“I saw the light that surrounded the ever-Blessed Virgin grow brighter and brighter; the glare of the lamp that Holy Joseph had lighted was no longer visible. She had her long robe on her; she was on her knees, and her face was turned toward the east. When midnight came I saw her raised in ecstasy some distance from the ground; her hands were crossed upon her breast. The light seemed as if it were every moment getting brighter and brighter, until it became so intense that I could not see the roof of the cave or anything in it. Instead of the roof I saw a pathway of light that mounted up to heaven, in which choirs of angels seemed to ascend and descend. The Holy Virgin prayed and humbled herself. She was still raised above the earth, when, casting her eyes down, she beheld the newborn Infant laid before her.

“The Holy Virgin remained some time longer in ecstasy; during this time she put some linen round the body of the Child; but she did not as yet touch It with her hands. After a little I saw the Child stir, and I heard It cry. It was then that Holy Mary came to her senses, took up the Divine Child, folded It in the swaddling clothes, and pressed It to her bosom, whilst the angels knelt down and adored. Something like an hour had passed before our Blessed Lady called St. Joseph. He had been praying all the time with his face to the earth. When he came near he threw himself on his knees, and his whole person seemed full of gratitude, of fervor, and adoration. It was only after much insistence on the part of Mary that he dared to take the Child in his arms; and when he did, the tears coursed down his face.”

In that sacred valley the shepherds were on that night watching their flocks. These men, dear children, were simple and pious, and they had been constantly praying to God to send the Holy One of Israel. The good God had heard their prayers, and this very night He was going to show that Holy One to them. You must know that it was not two or three shepherds that were there: quite a number of them lived together, and their

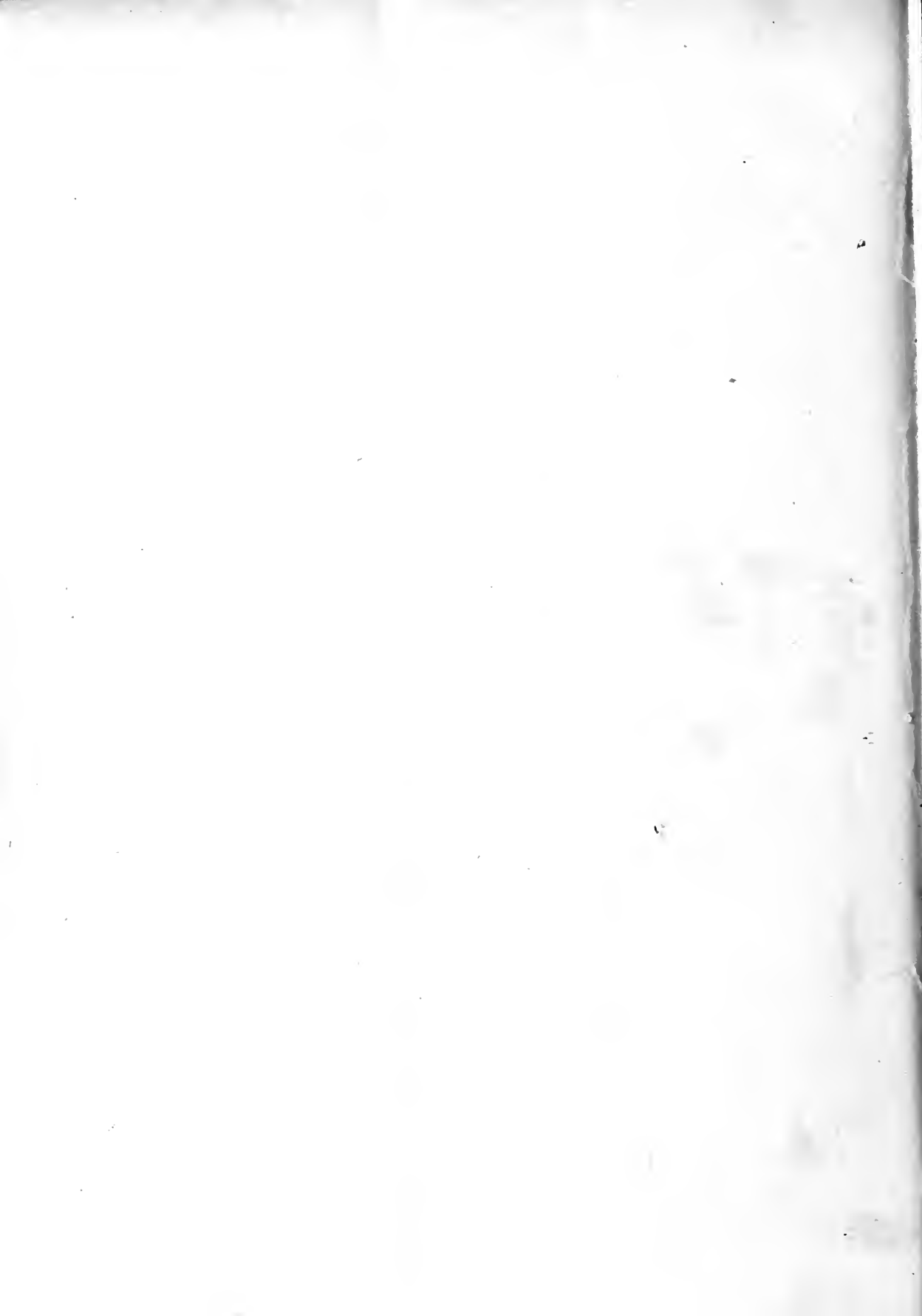
families with them. Night after night they took their turns in watching the sheep. They had built a high wooden tower on one of the small hills, in order that they might see robbers or wild beasts coming; and when they saw them they gave warning to the others, who came to their help. Every night the sheep came near this tower for protection. Some of these shepherds had large flocks and herds, like Abraham and Jacob, as we read in the Scriptures, and had many servants to care for them.

Now I will conclude with another short quotation from the book before me:

“When Our Lord was born I saw three shepherds stand at the doors of their tents, and look with amazement on the singular appearance of the heavens. They gazed all round, but the light seemed most brilliant in the direction of the grotto. I saw at the same time that the shepherds on the watch-tower looked also in the direction of the grotto. While the three shepherds were looking up to heaven I saw a bright, beautiful cloud come down toward them; and while it was approaching I noticed figures in the light, and I heard the sound of joyous music. The shepherds were astonished; but an angel appeared to them and said: ‘Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.’ All this time the light became brighter and brighter around the angel; and then I saw five or seven angelic figures, noble and luminous, holding in their hands a long scroll, on which words were written; and I heard them sing: ‘Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will!’”

A Christmas Flower.

The amaranth, sometimes known as the *immortelle*, received its name from the Greeks on account of its lasting blossoms; and on some parts of the Continent it enters largely into the Christmas-time decoration of the churches, as a symbol, says one author, “of that immortality to which our faith bids us aspire.”







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